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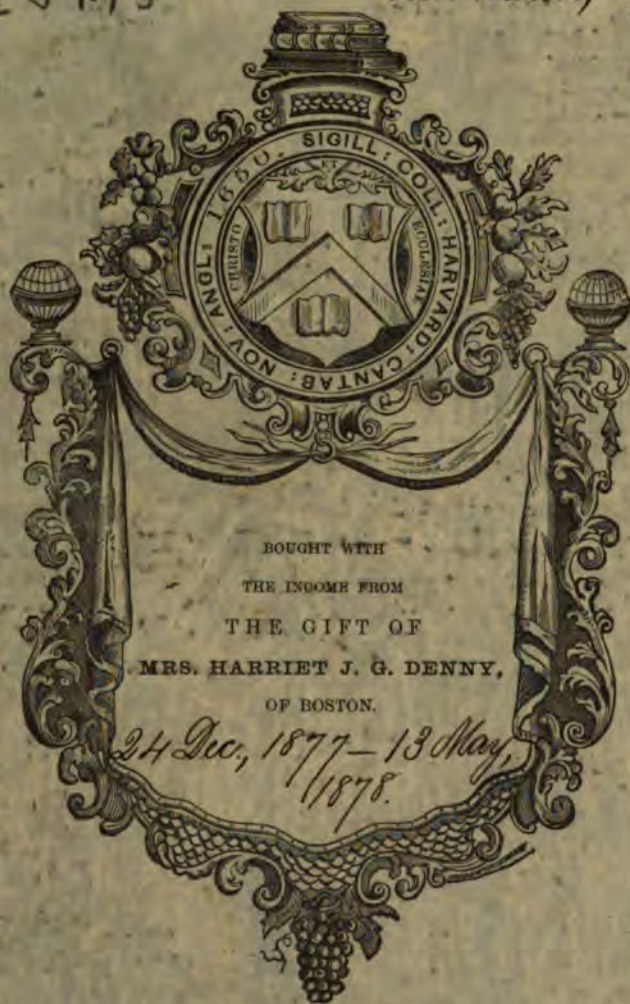
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# POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY.

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JANUARY, 1878.

No. 73.

## THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

BY ROBERT WINTHROP MARSH.



LYMAN WILLISTON HALL—SCIENCE AND ART BUILDING.

THE time was, and that not very distant, when woman was treated as a puppet or a drudge—when she was considered a fit ornament for the parlor, or a useful piece of furniture for the kitchen. Those whose realm was the kitchen, and whose sphere was to study and concoct rare and palatable dishes amid the puzzling mysteries of the cook-room, often became great adepts at getting up home comforts, while very little regard was had to their part in the enjoyment of them.

As to education, except among persons of high rank or great wealth, they had little or none. Much learning was not only regarded as unnecessary, but as positively injurious, and tending to unfit them

in their tastes and bodily constitution for those domestic virtues and accomplishments esteemed desirable, even essential, in every housewife and mother.

The intellectual attainments of the few who were privileged to have what was termed "a fashionable education," were generally of the most flimsy, superficial, and useless kind, fitting its possessors neither for intellectual capacity and enjoyment, nor for skill in the accomplishments and felicities of domestic life.

With the great majority of the sex there was nothing that could be properly called education. They were destitute alike of the loose discipline



and flashy learning of the boarding-school, and of that more solid culture and practical knowledge that should characterize all training of either sex. The little they contrived to pick up, was chiefly the crumbs that fell from the table of their lords and masters—the male sex.

Apropos to this thought, it is related that in the good old days of our fathers, when woman knew her place and did not presume to encroach upon the rights and prerogatives of the superior sex and rudely push her way into the sacred halls of learning, the girls were permitted to sit on the doorsteps of the school-house and listen to the recitations of their brothers—much as Oxford and Cambridge in England, and Harvard and Pennsylvania Universities in this country, graciously permit the girls of to-day to enter the vestibule of the sacred arcana for examination, and possibly to participate in a few picked-out recitations. Out upon such narrowness, trifling and mockery as this! Either shut and bolt the doors of these exclusive institutions, where knowledge is a monopoly of the male sex, as securely as you do the scenes of your nightly orgies, fearful lest your wives, lady-loves, or sisters should get through the keyhole even, and appear in your midst; or else throw wide open the portals of learning and make their God-given privileges as free and pure as the air of heaven or the streams and fountains that gush from the bosom of mother earth!

Even this modicum of learning—this picked-up education—that was thus obtained almost by stealth, was thought to be dangerous, and at best might destroy their taste for work and their desire to acquire skill in the various domestic duties.

What there was of acquirement or manners among the common people, was too often but a poor imitation of very bad models drawn from the upper classes. It was, at best, the soiled linen and cast-off garments of the rich.

Deprived of intellectual pursuits and pleasures, and prevented by the customs of society from diving into the deep things of learning and the grand problems of science, and especially shut out to a great extent from the privilege of communing with the best thoughts of the literary world and, through their written works, with the great and good of all ages, feasting upon their wise sayings, and thus having access at all times to the best of society and the most rational and wholesome entertainment—is it any wonder that the

women often spent their time, when not employed in domestic duties, in gadding and gossiping through the neighborhood; sometimes disturbing its peace, and sometimes getting up intrigues and hatching treason against their selfish and truculent lords; perhaps plotting their ruin, while they possibly were spending their time at the tavern or club-room? Shut out from intellectual enjoyments and their minds deprived of wholesome food, is it any wonder that their mental and social powers were frittered away upon unworthy objects? that they fell into foolish and extravagant views? that they became the devotees of fashion and the slavish worshippers of dress, finery and show? What else was left to them? And yet, without a tithe of the elevating influences that man enjoyed, and in spite of those faults that circumstances wove around her sex, woman contrived to keep ahead of him in refinement, in purity, in sobriety, and in all those virtues that most adorn human nature. With these facts staring us in the face—seeing that “she is more sinned against than sinning,” even her faults being thrust upon her by man—is it not the least that we can do, to make every reasonable and practicable effort to bring her out of this unwilling and enforced bondage to frivolity and ignorance? It would seem to be the simplest dictate of justice. But we ought to do this from principles of enlightened self-interest, if from no higher motive. When I say “we,” I mean *man*, the wrong-doer and woman’s oppressor; for, be it known, this is not written by a woman in disguise. It is rather the confession of one of the offending sex, and an effort to make amends for the wrongs of the past.

We say “enlightened selfishness;” for is not woman the mother of the race? And does she not give character to, and mould and form our sons as well as daughters? Does she not give the law to society? Is she not the angel of mercy in sickness, and in distress of body or mind? Is she not, too, the constant companion of man, for “better or for worse,” for his happiness or misery? And can she not torment and ruin him, if she will, when left to bad influences or given over to goading wrongs and the fury of revenge? What, in fact, is there of good or evil that does not in one way or another spring from her? What manner of person, then, should she be?

In most Pagan nations she is, and ever has been the virtual slave of man—the victim of his passions

and caprices—subject to his pleasure, and liable to be sold or cast off at his will; while in Christian lands she has too generally been treated either as a doll or a domestic drudge.

Christianity found her in bondage, lifted her out of this state, made her the companion of man, greatly improved her condition in many things, and especially instituted that law of kindness and respect towards her sex which has come down to

leopard's skin. Deprived of most of the advantages of a right and full mental and physical training, she yet was expected to exhibit all their strength and fullness, or have written on her forehead "Found wanting." If she lacked in one thing—if in a single gift or capacity—she was found to be inferior to man, though she excelled in many others, they were not taken into account, in striking the balance. If her gifts and attain-



MOUNT HOLYOKE SEMINARY.

our own times. But she has still lacked many privileges and opportunities for usefulness and happiness—for culture and self-support. By a false public sentiment, through mistaken notions of what is for her good and that of those over whom she exerts the most powerful influence in the social compact, she has been kept under a sort of ban of intellectual inferiority and social outlawry. Not being educated generally and thoroughly, nor properly developed in her physical constitution, she could not in all respects be man's equal; and this was set down against her as evidence of constitutional inferiority to the other sex, as impossible to be removed as the spots on the

ments were not exactly the same as the other sex, or in similar lines of investigation and discovery, if they did not develop like traits of mind, it was the sure mark of inferiority.

And woman herself has often hitherto, and is still committing the grave mistake, of trying to make herself like man, and of aping his special talents and pursuits. On the contrary, if she is wise and true to her mission, she will drill and develop herself where she is strong—where she can surpass her envious rival and would-be competitor—and, snapping her fingers at him and his clumsy attempts to imitate and equal her, say to him, "Do that, sir, if you can!" But to try to equal

him in certain masculine traits and powers, would be no less foolish than for Moltke or Bismarck to take up the ponderous and clumsy armor and weapons of the common soldier and try to rival him in the march and battle-field, instead of using their splendid gifts to plan campaigns and work out the policies and schemes of a wise and far-reaching statesmanship.

Woman, if she consults her true interests, will seek to allay prejudice, keep within her sphere as marked out by the laws of her being, and ever strive

To be strong whereshe can,  
Weak only whereshe must,  
And plaudits wring from man,  
O'er her frailty and trust.

The public sentiment has undergone a great change within a few years, though much remains to be done. This can only be accomplished through woman's own discreet conduct, demonstrated ability and success, and the most persevering efforts to rise to her true position.

We well remember when the female sex was habitually spoken of as the "Weaker vessel." If she made a mistake, "That was woman-like." If she discovered defects of character in common with other mortals, that was "A woman's weakness," or magnanimously termed, "An amiable weakness." If she assayed to transact business without a business training (unknown to her sex till of late years), and did it imperfectly, or was made the victim of designing men, it was gravely decided that "No woman was fit to do business as it should be."

After she came to be somewhat better educated, it was still believed, and often asserted, that she could not master the higher mathematics, nor grapple with the great questions of material and intellectual philosophy; nor, in general, cope with the more profound and difficult branches like her stronger rival—man, or, rather, her intellectual superior, as he was considered.

If she entered the calling of the teacher, she was thought to be best qualified to instruct small children. She was commonly regarded in this sphere of usefulness much after the language and spirit of a certificate that was once actually given to a female teacher in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, which ran thus: "Examined and found qualified to teach a very small school of very small scholars."

Woman might possibly do to instruct large pupils in the more common and easy branches. She was usually assigned an inferior position; and always in this and every other calling paid inferior wages. And even now, in this professedly enlightened age, and in this free, democratic Republic, just entering upon its second century of progress in material good and social ideas, in such callings as the will of man and the pleasure of society permits her to enter and fill, the claim of "equal pay for equal service" is not yet conceded to her!

The day is not far distant when every decent man will be ashamed of these unjust discriminations against woman as such, and blush that they ever obtained under a Christian civilization. The day is at hand—yea, has already dawned upon us and is passing up steadily to the meridian, when none will presume to deny woman's equality with man—when none will be so foolish as to claim that the powers of the two sexes are indetical, or necessarily call for the same training, attainments, or pursuits—and when it will be regarded as high treason to the race and the best interests of man, to deny to woman the best education the country affords, or she herself is desirous and capable of obtaining.

Yet there still linger among us relics of a past age—persons that hang upon the verge of obsolete ideas, who sincerely think that full and extended culture will unfit woman for the domestic duties and spoil her for being a good wife and mother. We really pity those who thus stand shivering on the brink of the dead past, with its fast receding ideas, and tremble lest innovation should ruin the world.

In the case of those who oppose the enlargement of woman's culture and her sphere of enjoyment and usefulness, and, what is of vital importance to the many, her means of livelihood; there is some color of excuse for their fears in the character and results of the superficial and imperfect system that has heretofore prevailed, in the training of our girls—young ladies as they like to be called. That system, though improving, and better schools and ideas in the household are taking its place, is still radically defective.

The boarding-schools and young ladies' seminaries have developed a type of character and manners as marked and peculiar as that of the sailor, the play actor, or the gypsy. Everywhere

the school-girl is known for those simpering, sentimental, silly ways, and those false and extravagant notions, that betray her at once and elicit the remark, "She does that because she is a school-girl." At some of her many acts of indiscretion, charity steps in and says, "Oh, you must excuse her, for she is just from the boarding-school." It is understood that she has learned little else than conceited views and affected manners, the art of spending money, a contempt for labor, for her former associates and, perhaps, even for her own parents.

gracefully is conceded by all. I have mastered as much of painting and drawing and ornamental needlework as I shall need. In French I am perfect, and can speak it with the fluency and ease of a Parisian. In music my teacher confessed that he could take me no further. As to the common branches I know enough of them; they are of but little use anyhow to a young lady of my position. Well, I have at length fagged through them. The wonder is that one head can contain it all!"

This may seem like an extreme case. It is by



VIEW OF SMITH COLLEGE AND THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

When she leaves school and goes out into the world, she is of no more use than a moth or butterfly. She may possibly flit through her brief period in sunshine and idleness. But when her candle goes out, she leaves a place as blank and destitute of any mark or impression she may have made, as was her own useless existence.

We think it is Jane Taylor who has drawn her character admirably in a piece entitled, if we remember rightly, "Soliloquy of a School-Girl." We wish we could put our hand on the article and quote directly. But it ran something in this wise:

"Thank fortune, I have completed my education at last, and I can now go out into the world a finished lady. Let me see! That I can dance

no means such. Hundreds of instances like it have occurred; and doubtless many of our readers will recall those where more absurd notions have existed, and far more extravagant language been used. We have often heard parents remark, respecting their children, and especially their daughters, that "they did not care to have them apply themselves to hard study, if they only acquired a certain amount of accomplishments and had the credit of going to a first-class school." It would be found in many cases, that both parents and scholars care more for the name of attending a popular institution, than for what is really acquired.

It is an undoubted fact that our schools for both sexes have turned out numbers yearly that are



supposed to be educated, who are neither one thing nor another, and are good for nothing for themselves or the world. In popular phrase, "they have got just learning enough to spoil them." They are neither intellectual, nor skillful and industrious; neither scholars nor artizans. They hate and despise labor; they do not love their books. They cannot live by their learning or their wits; they will not work.

The time was when many such came forth from our schools, drones and inefficient, a burden to society, a disgrace to their parents, and a reproach to the very name of learning.

Unfortunately there are too many such still, as all who observe carefully are aware. This it is that has brought our schools and learning, so called, into great disrepute among the sober, sensible, and industrious classes, particularly among the farmers.

So, too, our shrewd business men, and our most prudent and thoughtful citizens have come to look upon it in much the same light, and to regard all schools not known to be thorough and practical in their cast, with distrust. They have often seen that

self-made men—persons of a small modicum of applied knowledge—have carved out success and risen to distinction and power, leaving the seminary and college graduates far in the shade. But this superficiality—this sham learning—has been most noticeable and prevalent in the female schools of the country.

Fifty and seventy-five years ago it was far more general than at present. About that time Mrs. Willard's Seminary, at Troy; the Hartford Female Seminary, kept, if we mistake not, by Catherine Beecher; Bradford Academy, Massachusetts; and the Ipswich Academy, and some others were established, in which the solid branches were given more nearly their proper place, and the right moulding of character and teaching of good manners made prominent features.

But there was no institution of learning for the higher education of *woman*—none that offered to young ladies anything like the advantages of our best colleges for young men, in all the land, and, so far as we know, in the world. Of the schools named, and others of a similar character, not one came up to the desired standard; not one was fully endowed and incorporated, with the means of perpetuating its own existence and usefulness, unless, possibly, we except Bradford Academy.

Besides, the expense of extending them was too great for the means of those who most desired and would best use their advantages. It was this surface training of most female institutions, the evils they entailed, and the reproach they brought upon the name of all learning, the almost utter lack of good schools of any kind, the great expense of attending such as existed, and the want of an institution of a higher order, that led to the founding of MOUNT HOLYOKE SEMINARY, at South Hadley, Massachusetts. It was the grand pioneer institution that struck for the higher and better culture of woman, and ultimately the equal



SOPHIA SMITH, THE FOUNDRESS OF THE COLLEGE.

education of the sexes. It was a beautiful, strong, and immovable bridge connecting the two eras in female education—no learning, or sham boarding-schools on the one hand, and thorough, extensive training by rational and practical methods, on the other. That bridge will prove more noble and enduring, and more important and beneficent in its results, than the one of iron that spans Niagara and connects the two peoples of Canada and the United States.

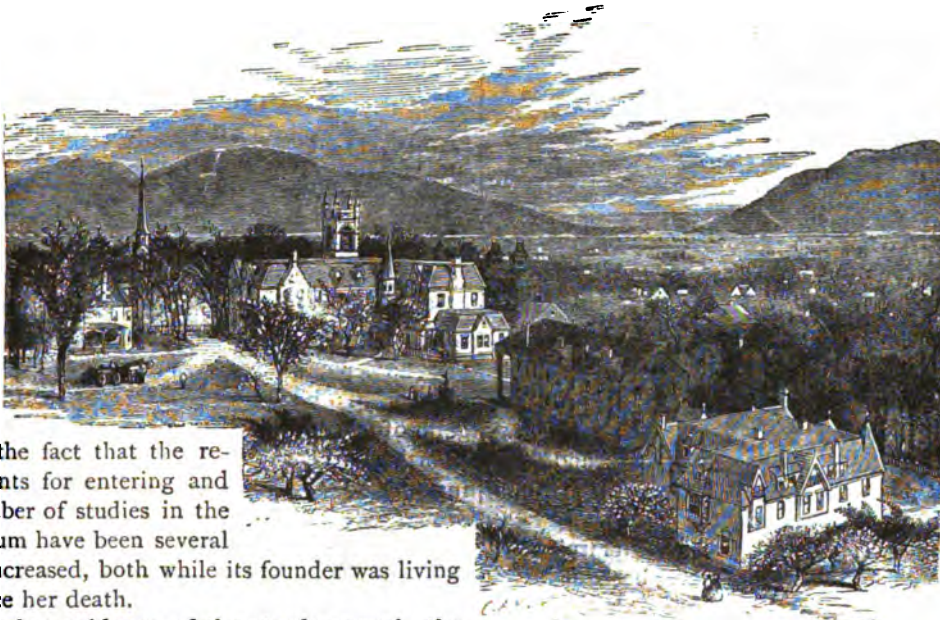
This Institution, though it was called by the name of "Seminary," and started with a course of study but a little more extensive than several of our best female schools, was intended from the outset as a forward step—as a school based upon a progressive plan, in which the standard was to be raised as often as the needs of the sex and the

exigency of the times should make a change necessary or expedient.

Its founder ever held up the idea that the standard of scholarship was to be an advancing one, with "Excelsior" inscribed upon every department; and the system of instruction and management was to be so flexible as to keep pace with the course of events, the growth of our country, and the wants of the age. The best comment upon

graduates, on the principle that "a tree is known by its fruits," and that the achieved fact—the doing of a thing—is far better than empty assertion and high claims, we repeat, that it would be difficult to prove the contrary.

It has been our fortune to meet and know the graduates of Holyoke in various situations and under all circumstances, and to see much of the Institution itself; and we do not recall one, in all



this is the fact that the requirements for entering and the number of studies in the curriculum have been several times increased, both while its founder was living and since her death.

As further evidence of the steady growth, the continued advances of this Institution, and the progressive principle on which it was founded, we state the important fact that it has added a whole year to its course of study, with the corresponding increase in the number of classes—more than doubled its capacity for students, and added the beautiful Art Gallery (which constitutes the frontispiece of this article and number), with that growth in scientific taste and studies which made it necessary.

It is claimed by the friends of this school that, though not technically called "a college," its four years' course of study and thorough mental discipline, in addition to what is possessed by the pupils at entering, are substantially equivalent to what is furnished in the best colleges of the country, male or female.

Trying this assertion by the evidence seen on every hand, in its numerous and accomplished

VIEW OF THE COLLEGE, NORTHAMPTON AND MOUNT HOLYOKE.

this number, that was lacking in mental discipline and thorough scholarship, in the best traits of educated female character, in personal good manners, and in all those substantial, womanly virtues and graces that are really worth having in life. We are aware that this is high praise, and that there may have been faults which we did not see; and there may have been exceptions which we have not known. We wish we could say as much of the graduates of other institutions, including the colleges, and not excepting our own *Alma Mater*. But, to tell the truth, not a few of these have come forth from the classic halls not much wiser or better for their passage through them, *though all their bills were honorably paid*. It is sometimes said of such that "They must go through college the second time before they become scholars." Evidently

they should have studied more severely, or staid longer. Such may have mistaken their vocation.



MOUNT HOLYOKE IN THE DISTANCE—AS SEEN FROM LAKE PARADISE.

It is certain they did not drink deeply at the fountain of knowledge, nor do much credit to the institution with which they had a nominal connection for four years.

“By their fruits ye shall know them ;” and from the products we know what the materials were, and what the processes must be through which they have passed. Tried by its products—its fruits, Mount Holyoke Seminary has never been found wanting.

What must be the foundation of such an outgrowth? What the secret of such decided and desirable results? Who and what kind of a person could it be who originated an institution so fitted to bless the world—so fruitful of good?

It was founded, as all the world knows, or ought to know, by MARY LYON, one of the most remarkable women of this country, and of the nineteenth century. It was reared by her great faith in man, and unlimited trust in God. Into every fibre of its warp and woof she wrought her own mind and heart. Every brick placed in its walls speaks of her labors and self-denials, and of the liberality of the generous donors. Here, within these prayer-consecrated precincts, so grateful and sacred to her mind, for twelve years she garnered the rich treasures of her incomparable instruction into many willing minds and hearts, to be used and repro-

duced again and again by teachers and pupils ; and here, in after years, the very fragments left from the rich feasts of her teachings, have been religiously gathered up by her loving and grateful pupils and preserved as precious heirlooms of the institution.

Briefly, the thread of her useful life ran thus: Born in 1797, in the remote mountain town of Buckland, Franklin County, Massachusetts, of parents possessing deep piety and but little wealth, except in the rich treasure of such a daughter; early manifesting an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, studying, reading, and hearing whatever would feed the flame and increase her mental stores; exhausting the resources of the schools and academies in her own and neighboring towns; making her way by teaching, working for her board, and gaining friends by her great worth, efforts and progress, who helped her along; and finally joining herself to the school of Rev. Joseph Emerson, at Byfield, near Boston, a man who, in goodness and true wisdom, and especially faith in the capacity of woman, and her right to, and need of a higher education, was greatly in advance of his age. To him, Miss Lyon was indebted for the germ of many of her best things, and she was wont to make frequent reference to his views and teachings, as she incorporated them into her institution



REAR VIEW OF COLLEGE BUILDING.

and system of teaching, giving due credit to their honored source.



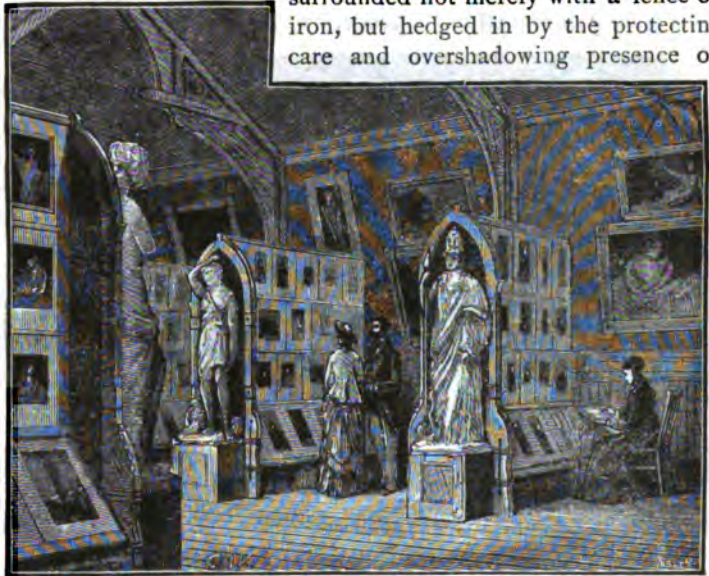
She was a most successful and acceptable teacher for over twenty years—much of the time with her life-long friend, Miss Grant, afterwards Mrs. Banister, in her native town of Buckland, at Derry (now Manchester), New Hampshire, and at Ipswich, Massachusetts—before her great work in establishing and conducting with such remarkable success, the Mount Holyoke Seminary. All this was a preparatory school for the greater undertaking—the crowning work of her life. Her success in founding the Seminary was something wonderful, and will never cease to excite admiration. In 1834 she commenced taking subscriptions at Ipswich among her pupils and their friends. She thus gathered a thousand dollars, which she prized more than any equal sum she ever obtained, around which the rest of her funds crystallized. She then went before the larger public, and in two years had secured enough pledges to warrant laying the cornerstone. In one year more the noble edifice was erected and finished; and on the 8th of November, 1837, she opened with eighty pupils, under those favorable auspices and heavenly benedictions that have ever since rested upon this excellent and most successful institution—the pioneer school in the new era of “The higher education of woman.” The celerity and success of Miss Lyon’s efforts would justify the application of Cæsar’s celebrated expression respecting himself: “*Veni, vidi, vici.*”

She was at the ripe age of forty, when she opened her seminary, and after conducting it some twelve years as teacher and principal, left the scene of her earthly labors March 5th, 1849.

On a gentle swell of ground, just back of the Holyoke Seminary, there is a slight artificial mound, from which ascends a modest shaft of marble pointing heavenward, not ambitiously but surely, into whose upper glories Mary Lyon has entered, enjoying those ecstatic and ever-increasing delights that are the reward of a useful, consecrated and unselfish life.

On this simple monument, among others, is the appropriate inscription, quoted from her own words to her pupils, and beautifully characteristic of the

woman: “THERE IS NOTHING IN THE UNIVERSE THAT I FEAR, BUT THAT I SHALL NOT KNOW ALL MY DUTY, OR SHALL FAIL TO DO IT;” words worthy of the greatest and best of either sex who have blessed the world by their deeds of beneficence, including even Paul himself. Yet the monument of the great and good woman whose remains repose in this quiet mound, is not the tiny shaft that stands over her grave, but yonder noble edifice, the outward repository of MOUNT HOLYOKE SEMINARY, surrounded not merely with a fence of iron, but hedged in by the protecting care and overshadowing presence of



INTERIOR OF THE ART GALLERY.

HIM who inspired her to found it. This is the fitting monument of Mary Lyon, and its yearly graduates the living record of her works; while the hearts of her reverent and loving pupils, and the thousands they shall have taught, are the shrine in which her memory will be sacredly cherished for ages to come.

Having occupied so much space respecting the general features of this Seminary, and in our too brief sketch of Miss Lyon, we can only touch upon a few of its leading characteristics, particularly those of most importance, or that are most frequently misunderstood.

Many suppose that domestic economy is taught here. This is a mistake. It is left entirely with their mothers at home, except what is acquired incidentally. The young ladies are required to take care of their own rooms, and to aid in the culinary department or other domestic work, about



one hour per day, more or less. The part assigned them is adapted to their age, strength, and skill, and is regarded by most of the students as a pleasure rather than a task.

Its leading objects were, and still are, to lessen the expenses; to prevent the annoyances connected with the employment of help, and thus, among other things, to exclude outside intermeddling, which might easily enter through the kitchen door; to afford regular and healthful exercise; to cultivate the habit both of self-reliance and self-respect, and a feeling of mutual dependence, by thus doing

learning, but in genuine Christian culture, combining thorough mental discipline, profound study, and extensive acquirements, grounded upon a deep and earnest religious faith. She did not, however, believe in taking great pains in polishing and preserving the casket, and then casting away or exposing the jewel, as is too often the case. Perhaps we can best illustrate this by referring to the plan for curing physical ills in vogue with Dr. Foster, at the celebrated Institution of "Clifton Springs," Western New York. His first step is to persuade the patients to be reconciled in



ENTRANCE, IN MAIN BUILDING, TO STAIRCASE.

their own work and working together; and incidentally to learn something of, or rather, to keep up their knowledge and tastes for domestic affairs. This feature has worked admirably, far better than was at first feared. The use of steam and other improvements greatly lessens the amount to be done. The spacious and airy cook-room, as well as the girls' own private rooms, are models of order and neatness, such as are rarely seen. We may add, what all acquainted with its history know, that this is not a starvation boarding-school, with scanty allowance, or that which is little better than States'-prison fare; for Miss Lyon and her successors have ever believed in feeding the body, the mind, and the soul, and provided an abundant supply of wholesome food for each.

And this leads us to speak of the religious feature of the school. We have already incidentally alluded to it.

Mary Lyon believed neither in Pagan nor Infidel

mind and heart to God, and thus be brought into their normal relations to the Creator of their bodies as well as souls and so to get the three natures or parts—physical, mental, and spiritual—to act in harmony. Proceeding upon this theory, many wonderful cures have been effected, seemingly, little less than miraculous. Upon a similar principle, Miss Lyon not only believed that reconciliation and peace with God was necessary for the highest usefulness, and for happiness in this life and especially in that to come, but that the highest attainments, the most complete and harmonious de-

velopment and profound mental culture, were only possible with the true Christian, where the mind and heart and the best physical powers all work in harmony together. This is the principle upon which the school has ever been conducted. It is the key-note and leading feature to-day. Though decidedly religious, it is entirely non-sectarian, having five denominations among its present teachers.

Though a person care nothing for religion he cannot help admiring the type of character and the excellent scholarship they turn out at South Hadley. For it will be borne in mind that this Seminary, though decidedly religious, does not teach abstract doctrines merely, or the empty platitudes of a sentimental religion. Its religion is one of good works as well as of doctrines—of truth rendered into the concrete. This kind of goodness mankind do not oppose; on the contrary they even receive it with favor, though a Brahmin

or Mohammedan, Catholic, Protestant or infidel. So long as its fruits are good and the world receives the benefit of its works of beneficence, they will at least treat it as a harmless and even useful idiosyncrasy. Yet this is after all an indirect testimony to its reality, its divine origin and its deep foundation in the nature and wants of man.

One thing more—the small expense of this excellent school. Many will not believe it, when we tell them that the price first fixed for tuition, room, furniture, and board—everything but a few incidentals—was only sixty dollars per year.<sup>1</sup>

Even now, in these times of high prices, and

of students some two hundred and sixty, which is near its average of late years.

The present Principal is Miss Julia E. Ward, a graduate of 1857, of whom it is sufficient to say, that she is a worthy successor of Mary Lyon.

In reluctantly concluding what we have to say respecting this institution, we will only add, that "Mount Holyoke Seminary" (sometimes called "South Hadley," because located in this town) has already made, we will not say an enviable, but a noble and imperishable history for itself; and although the period is brief, none who have worthily taken part in the work, whether teachers



A COLLEGE RECEPTION IN SOCIAL HALL.

with many improvements and great additions to the advantages offered, the whole cost, including most incidentals, is barely one hundred and seventy-five dollars.

Miss Lyon, as we have seen, was the founder and first Principal of this Seminary; since which it has had some four or five principals, still more associate principals, and a very large number of teachers. The present number of instructors—professors, if you please—is about thirty, and the number

<sup>1</sup> We must barely allude to a very important matter—the death-rate and health of this Institution. In health—that is, the average rate—Mount Holyoke Seminary ranks above all the colleges and higher institutions of New England except one, whether male or female, though in this matter it has been greatly misunderstood and misrepresented. This high rate is due to the airy and healthful location, the domestic work, the excellent gymnastic exercises, the walking required of all the students, and, in no small degree, to the excellent food they are provided with.

or scholars, in erecting the temple of her enduring fame, need be ashamed of what has been accomplished, or of their participation in it.

Respecting the superb location of this school, which we intended to speak of in another connection, and which ought to occupy a page instead of a sentence, we may say it is one of the finest in the country; unsurpassed except in its quiet situation, which is no fault in a female seminary or college.

It is beautifully located upon the east side of the Connecticut River, about one mile from it on a straight line, upon a commanding situation, more than one hundred feet above the surface of its water and sloping finely to its banks.

It is in plain sight of Mounts Tom and Holyoke (whence its name), and the views, especially from the observatory of the Seminary, are numerous, varied, and transcendently beautiful.

Towards the close of the last century three remarkable persons were born in Western Massachusetts within a short time and distance of each other.

One was Dr. Edward Hitchcock, the distinguished scientist and Christian philosopher, born at Deerfield, May 24, 1793. Another was Miss Sophia Smith, the founder of Smith College; one of a few persons who knew how to use money wisely, and was not spoiled by having a large fortune suddenly left to her; who was born at Hatfield, in Hampshire County, August 27, 1796. The third person alluded to was Mary Lyon, born at Buckland, Franklin County, February 28, 1797, and of whom we have spoken at some length in another connection. These persons were separated in their nativity by only a few years of time and a few miles—possibly twenty—of distance; yet how distinguished they were, each in his and her own way, embracing quite a difference, and yet alike noted for founding or building up an important centre for higher mental culture—a pure and noble fountain of education!

Suddenly left a fortune, which now amounts to over half a million, Miss Smith wisely took counsel of her own good judgment and benevolent heart, and of good and wise men around her, and put her money, not into some mistaken or miscalculated charity, where it would serve as a bounty for inducing vagabonds to gather and burrow, rather than to be sober, industrious and frugal, and so provide for their own wants. Nor did she think it best to leave it to unworthy and ungrateful relatives to spend foolishly, or wrangle over. But it was all or mostly concentrated upon two noble objects—the founding of an academy in her native town, and Smith College, at Northampton. This institution has sprung into being all at once complete and full-grown, almost before the outside world knew it was contemplated, as Minerva came perfect from the brain of Jupiter. Miss Smith died, June 12, 1870, having arranged and settled the plans for carrying out the great object of her munificent gift, making everything as complete and thoroughly guarded as possible.

In 1873 the institution was organized and a President and other officers chosen. In 1875 the main building and various portions of the premises were so far completed that the first class, in the course of four years, was formed and thus the wheels of the new College were put in running

order and an institution set in motion that shall doubtless wield a great influence and act a noble part in the grand movement being inaugurated in this country and Europe, particularly in England, for the equal education of woman with the other sex.

The location of Smith College has many attractions and solid advantages. Northampton is one of the most classic and beautiful towns in that finest portion of New England, the Connecticut Valley, and the site of Smith College is the most feasible of any spot in or around it, except, possibly, Round Hill, already occupied by other important institutions. The grounds contain some twenty or more acres, slightly and finely varied in surface, with a natural grove and other attractions by nature and art.

The buildings now consist of a main edifice for recitations, lectures, the treasures of science and art, etc., the President's house, and two or three fine buildings used as homes for the students, particularly those from abroad.

And this leads us to specify an interesting feature of the College. The students that board in the institution are to be grouped in families of of about twenty-five each with a lady to preside over it, who is not only accomplished in domestic management, but educated and refined in her manners. This is somewhat like the plan of the celebrated school of the Moravians at Bethlehem, but has the advantage of entirely separate dwellings and arrangements, making it more like a refined home with its quiet and seclusion and all its moulding and formative associations. The main building is a solid and most attractive structure in style and location, looking very much better than the representation herewith given, the reader bearing in mind that the beauty and imposing appearance of some edifices can never be transferred to paper; or do not get there, whether a possibility or not.

As we have before intimated, Smith College is already a "full-blown," and except in the matter of classes and students, "a full-grown institution." The intention of its founder was, to have it start with a course of study and the means of mental discipline in all respects fully equal to any of our colleges for young men.

The trustees and professors have aimed to carry out this idea fully, and to put the matter beyond a shade of doubt. Any classical scholar who looks

at the curriculum can see that the very branches of our best colleges, physical culture, etc. included, or more desirable equivalents, are in it, nothing wanting.

No students are fitted here, and the standard for admission is a high one and intended to secure the first grade of scholarship. The course of study is not rigid and inflexible, but deals largely in equivalents, and in the scientific and practical branches. Yet in no case is the standard allowed to fall below the required level.

The terms at this college are low, and all the charges moderate, when we take into account its high order. The cost is only two hundred and fifty dollars per year, all things included. For those whose circumstances make it necessary, there is a fund or scholarships, from which one hundred dollars can be derived, leaving the expenses to such at one hundred and fifty dollars a year.

Three classes are now organized and in full working order, with an ample corps of professors and teachers, to be increased as the classes and students multiply. Next September, the fourth will enter, and then the four legs of the college stool—the four corners or pillars, perhaps we should have said, not presuming that as yet our readers have studied the anatomy of this to be, learned body—will all be in; and the next year, or 1879, the first class will graduate. And then what? Why the old fogies—the opposers and disbelievers in higher female education may utter their last groans in the community, and wisely making a virtue of necessity, change their frowns into smiles of approval, for female education, full and complete—unchecked and unfettered, is coming to the women of this and other lands, as certainly as that the clear morning twilight presages the advent and glory of the coming day!

The President of Smith College, Rev. L. Clark Seelye, D.D., is from a family of clergymen and scholars, including among them the distinguished President of Amherst College, in which institution the head of Smith College was for some time a professor. He has a fine reputation as a

scholar and preacher, and we have no doubt will fill his present position with advantage to the students and to the satisfaction of their friends and the public at large.

There are other "female colleges," so-called—some of them institutions of great merit. "Vassar" is intended to be substantially equal to our colleges for young men, and is an excellent institution. And the Universities of "Vermont," "Cornell," "Michigan," and some others of late, have thrown open their doors to both sexes.



STUDY ROOM.

But Smith College is the only one, so far as we know, that in its leading studies, its high standard of scholarship and its requirements for entering, stands fully and clearly on a par with Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Amherst, and our other first-class colleges.

This institution has its character and reputation to establish—its history to make. But with its excellent plan, its fine location and large funds, and withal the auspicious omens and promise with which it starts, we have no doubt its career will be one of great usefulness and honor, and its future history written in letters of light.

An institution like Smith College, that has no preparatory course, and proposes to have none, will require numerous feeders, or preparatory schools.

Among these we shall speak only of Smith Academy, at Hatfield, Massachusetts, founded by the lady whose name it bears, and the same that endowed the female college at Northampton. Miss

Smith being a native of this town, at one time there was strong talk of establishing the higher institution here, and not a bad location either. But the beauty and historic notoriety of the place selected, its accessibility and other attractions, turned the scale in its favor, and probably, taking people as they are, and the influences that control and best draw them, it was a wise decision. Of course, the good people of Hatfield would have much preferred to pluck the golden fruit from the whole tree. But one grand shake which brought down fruit to the tune of seventy-five thousand dollars, and which has already increased to nearly or quite one hundred thousand, was a windfall not to be despised—the rather to be proud and grateful for. About one-half of the endowment is to be kept as a permanent and accumulating fund; the rest is devoted to building improvements, the help of indigent and worthy students, etc. The building is finely located and is a beautiful and commodious structure, designed and arranged most conveniently for its purposes, and we think by the same architect who planned Smith College. There is, in fact, a resemblance, just sufficient to show that they originated in the beneficence and far-reaching plans of the same good heart and wise head. They stand to each other as the child to the parent.

Hatfield is one of the rich and beautiful farming towns of the Connecticut Valley, where the meadows are exceedingly fertile and broad, from which the hills on either hand rise with great beauty and terminate in the grandeur of mountain scenery, the finest in all Massachusetts; and we know not which most to admire, the rich fields of corn, and grain, and other fruitage under which the earth groans, with the flocks and herds of the wealthy husbandman that betoken unbounded plenty, or the broad street of the town, the antique and stately mansions abounding in every comfort within, or the grand old shade-trees of more than two centuries growth.

This place has an interesting history connected with the early wars with the French and Indians, full of romantic and thrilling incidents, some of which are strangely woven into the history and adventures of Miss Smith's ancestry.

The Academy is thoroughly organized, with a four years' course of study preparatory for College, with scientific and business departments in English, and is under the charge of Wilder B. Harding, A.M., a graduate of Yale, as Principal. The

tuition is moderate, thus bringing the advantages of the institution within the reach of all.

There is both a school and town library kept in the Academy buildings, accessible to the students. Taking into account healthfulness of location, the thorough instruction, the good morals of the community, the character of the students who gather here, and the almost entire absence of temptations for the young, few institutions offer more safe and solid advantages than this.

Though open to both sexes, like other New England academies, and prepared to fit young men most thoroughly for business or for college, it will be a leading object of this school to fit young ladies for Smith College. The Principal, with most graduates of our best institutions, does not believe in short and superficial courses of study and mental discipline, and the four years of thorough drilling which he gives his pupils ought to fit them to enter and take a high standing in any college of the country. And here we venture the suggestion for the eye of any parent or young person who has a personal interest in the subject of a liberal education, that nothing is gained in the end by a hasty and superficial "fit," or by attempting too much in a given time. A student should never start in his college course in an exhausted, jaded condition, but be thoroughly prepared and fresh and vigorous for his work. This is the more necessary in the imperfect physical training that too often prevails.

We met a young lady the other day, of bright and sparkling intellect and blooming health, apparently, who informed us that she had just graduated at the high school (at Amherst), and been examined and accepted at Smith College, but intended to rest a year before entering. We thought her decision a wise one, and to be commended as an example to others.

When old John Stark, the hero of Bennington, was marching across Charleston Neck towards Bunker Hill, and, it being swept by British cannon and the firing pretty hot, his men showed some uneasiness and very naturally were disposed to hasten their pace. From this circumstance and from the fact that those forces were much needed at the scene of conflict, he was urged to hurry his men, and they were disposed to take the "double-quick." But he coolly says, "Don't hurry, boys! One fresh man is worth three that are tired out." Yet the husband of Molly Stark knew how to hurry at the right time, as he showed most conclu-

sively when he swept over and through the breast-works of Baum, like a resistless tornado. The motto of the student should be, "Make haste slowly but surely, and keep pushing!" remembering that one hour of study in vigor is worth many under exhaustion. Very rarely does a person break down from hard study. It is rather from want of exercise—from destroying the balance between the mental and physical. And here it occurs to us that at Smith Academy they have a very large room for exercise in inclement weather, which is intended to be fitted up for a gymnasium—an excellent idea.

The importance of our subject cannot well be over-estimated. Careful observation will satisfy any one that, fully one-half of the talents and capacity of woman, mental and physical, now run to waste. Her powers are either dwarfed by repression and want of development, or lost to herself and the world for lack of opportunities and employment. Whether, then, we view woman's right to a higher education on its abstract merits, or from the point of expediency, on the ground of its promoting the best good of society, the justice of her claim cannot be denied. Nothing is more

certain, in the near future, than that there is to be a great enlargement of woman's sphere of usefulness and enjoyment; that she is to have more culture and more privileges—more capacity and more opportunity. Her watchword should be, "Equal education with the other sex, and that the best that can be had, with all possible improvements!" "Equal pay for equal services, and every avenue thrown open, suited to the sex, on as fair and broad a scale as to men!" These once obtained and secured beyond dispute, it would be the *MAGNA CHARTA* of her rights—a broad and firm palladium—on which she could rest with a calm and cheerful hope, a sublime trust in the justice of the future, and the full assurance that Time, which sets all things right, will do her ample justice in the end. Nothing can seriously retard its complete triumph and speedy consummation but woman's own apathy, or her rashness and indiscretions. The institutions for the higher culture of woman, like Holyoke, Vassar, and Smith Colleges, will correct these tendencies, and fit her for the eventful and exalted mission to which she is called. We wish her abundant success, and bid her God-speed in the good work!

## SELF-EXILED.

By G. D. L.

ABOUT half-way between Martinsville and Liberty Corner, Pennsylvania, hidden from inquisitive eyes by tall trees and dense-growing shrubs, stands a neatly built house of ancient date; the home of a pair of lovers of a quiet life, who, the world forgetting, by the world forgot, have dwelt there in a semi-hermit way for nigh upon forty years.

Samuel and Joseph Pooley, brothers in mind as well as in blood, claim kindred on their mother's side with one of England's wealthiest nobles, and boast direct descent paternally from a follower of the Norman, who settled in Kent. In 1828 they set up in business together in New York; and in the same year Samuel, the elder of the two, going over to England, fell in love with a beautiful girl, and wooed and won her; at least it was settled that she should become Mrs. Pooley so soon as the success of the New York establishment was assured. A second visit to the old country in 1834

proved less happy in result. Samuel was not prepared to take a bride home with him; and tired of living upon hope deferred, the lady declared off; and not very long afterwards put the renewal of the engagement beyond possibility by marrying a readier suitor.

From that time Samuel Pooley became another man. The brisk man of business, the ardent politician, the lively companion, lost all liking for society, politics, and trade. His brother sympathized with his altered mood; and when, a few years later, a legacy fell to them, they resolved to retire far from the busy city and its restless crowd, and live as men whom man delighted not, nor women either.

Four thousand dollars made the Pennsylvanian homestead and its hundred and five acres their own; and there they have abided ever since, never, except when necessity compelled, finding their way



even so far as the neighboring village. Twenty years ago a sister-in-law spent a day or two at the farm; but from that time to this no woman's foot has crossed its threshold. A newspaper reporter describes Joseph Pooley as a ruddy-complexioned, merry man, with large, round, wide-open eyes, a long, pointed, white beard, and snow-white locks bristling up nearly three inches from his scalp. Samuel, better known as "the Squire," is seventy-three years old—two years older than his brother, and not so stoutly built. He sports a short tuft of iron-gray beard, jutting out abruptly between his chin and throat.

As the inquisitive caller came upon the pair enjoying the cool evening air in the garden, the raggedness of their raiment struck him as something simply perfect. Joseph was arrayed in a woolen shirt (or rather enough of one to suggest what it once had been), a considerable portion of a jacket, and a very fair representation of the leading features of a pair of pantaloons; a pair of stout shoes and a gray felt hat of no particular shape completing his costume. As to the Squire's outfit, the facilities for ventilation were even greater than those enjoyed by his brother. His skin gleamed through innumerable rips and rents, to the great convenience of the mosquitoes, which he did not seem to notice; and his black felt hat was a more antique effort of the hatter's art than the gray one decking Joseph's head.

"It is unjust to say of them," writes the note-taking visitor, "as some do say, that they have not washed their faces or hands for ten years; they wash themselves when they feel like doing it. But seeing them, one would not find it difficult to believe that they had not felt like it for years.

"On the table were standing a number of dishes of coarse yellow and blue and white delf, which had evidently just been used for supper. They always stand there, and they always have evidently just been used. Dish-washing is looked upon as a

superfluous frivolity and waste of exertion. If perchance a sudden freak takes one of the hermits, just as he is sitting down to eat, that he would like to put on a little extra style, he wipes his plate with a bunch of grass or a piece of paper. But they are men of settled habits and seldom have freaks." These Pennsylvania disciples of Zimmermann would be at home among the dirt-loving Eastern Christians, whose domestic arrangements lately wrung from a special correspondent the declaration, that he would rather dine off a Turkish floor than a Bulgarian plate.

Like recluses in general, the Pooleys seem to be physically none the worse for contemning cleanliness, being troubled with fewer infirmities than most men at their time of life; while, unlike the common run of solitarians, they have kept their mental faculties in working order by the constant use of a first-rate collection of books, their library counting up eight hundred volumes. Neither miserly by nature, nor compelled to be so by poverty, they are by no means anchorites; and if they do go raggedly clad, it is not from economical motives, but because they are comfortable in their tatters, and have no reason to study appearances, since those who know them care not how they are dressed; and for the opinion of those who do not know them they care nothing.

Said Joseph to the reporter: "It may seem strange to you that we should exile ourselves in this way from the life of the big town, after such a busy life as ours used to be; but I assure you we see enough of life to content us here. The life of the birds, the bees, the waving branches over our heads, the flowers blooming about us, and the grass beneath our feet—all these fill our hearts with a quiet content; and here we are truly happy."

It is something to know that two men in the world have succeeded in attaining this degree of contentment, though not quite to be generally admired.

## WHITTIER AT SEVENTY.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

O, NOT one act of thine, dear friend, the twilight of thy  
 years  
 Need veil from any critic's eye, or yet bedew with tears!  
 Thy words are richest blossoms, dropped, yea, wasted every-  
 where,  
 Whose fruit the wide world gathers now to crown thy  
 silvered hair!  
 Life hath no Arctic region marked upon its chart for thee;

The "gulf-stream of thy youth" still flows most musical and  
 free  
 Around the broad peninsula whose ever fragrant flowers  
 Are all forget-me-nots, that mark the Poet's sunny hours!  
 Thy gems of thought their perfume are; all fresh as morning  
 air,  
 And some on printed page are pure as whitest wings of  
 prayer!

## PREME ET PROME.

## A REMARKABLE TRAIN OF FACTS.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

## IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

## CHAPTER I. A BEAUTIFUL UNKNOWN.

My name is Charles Fitz Hugh. In the year 1873 I was a student of law, and in my twenty-first year.

One Sunday in the spring of that year I saw a young lady at church who made an indelible impression on my mind and heart. She occupied a seat in the pew immediately behind the one in which I sat.

She was a pale brunette, with very bright, but soft and gentle black eyes and a glorious head of lustrous raven hair. Her form was rather below the medium size, slender, and very graceful.

Her dress was of plain and not costly materials, but perfect in its fit and exquisitely suited to her rare style of beauty.

So far from her presence interfering with my participation in the sacred services of the occasion, I do not remember having ever taken part in them with purer and more intense feelings of religious devotion.

After this my attendance at church was very punctual; and I made it a practice on every occasion to be among the first who left after the services were concluded. Standing, as I did then, on the pavement in a position between the two doors of the church, it was impossible for her to leave the building without my seeing her. But months passed without my meeting her again.

## CHAPTER II. A QUEER RING.

My residence at the time of which I write, was on Columbia avenue, near Warner street, in Baltimore city.

One evening, in the fall of the same year, I left home to spend a few hours at the house of an acquaintance. Near a gas-light on the corner of Greene street and Columbia avenue, I placed my foot inadvertently on a small but hard substance, which turned under the pressure and nearly caused me to fall. I stooped and picked it up, and examined it by the light of the gas.

On unfolding the piece of newspaper which was wrapped closely around it, I discovered a small

box, not more than an inch and a half square, made of some hard, dark wood, apparently ebony. A firm pressure on a small metallic knob caused the lid, which was hinged, to be easily opened. The inside of the box was lined with soft miniature silk cushions, and amid them reposed a massive gold ring brilliant with its setting of gems.

I closed the box, wrapped it in the piece of newspaper, and placed it in my pocket, determined to give the ring a closer examination after my arrival at the house of my friend. During the course of the evening I exhibited my "treasure trove" to the company who were gathered there. All agreed with me that the style of the setting of the ring was, to say the least, in very queer taste.

On my way home I stopped at the office of a leading daily paper, and left for insertion in the next morning's issue the following advertisement:

"FOUND.—At the corner of Columbia avenue and Greene street, last night, a jeweled ring. The owner can have it by sending his address and a description of the ring, and paying the cost of this advertisement. Address C. F. H., at the office of this paper."

It was not late when I returned home. The little clock on the mantel-shelf in my chamber indicated but a few minutes past eleven.

I turned on the gas to the drop-light on the table till it burned its brightest. Taking the little ebony box from my vest pocket, I brought forth the ring, which I placed under the porcelain reflector, in the full blaze of light.

The ring was a massive one of solid gold, handsomely but not elaborately chased. On the back of it was a circular space, between half and three-quarters of an inch in diameter, on which was sculptured in bas relief the figure of a crowned eagle with expanded wings.

Outside of this circular space—which was evidently intended for a seal—and in a line with the periphery of the ring, were four very small gems, two on each side. To the examiner, looking at the figure of the eagle erect, these gems presented themselves in the following order: On the left



side, an emerald and a sapphire ; on the right side, a topaz and an emerald.

This arrangement of the gems was not only very singular, but unquestionably defiant of the rules of good taste. The stones, instead of setting off to advantage the brilliancy of each other, detracted from it. The vivid green of the emerald defied the bright blue of the sapphire, and between the yellow of the topaz and the hue of its companion there was discord not to be appeased.

It was evident that the anomaly presented by the arrangement of the gems must have been due to some other cause than the want of taste. If this quality was wanting in the person who ordered the making of the ring, the artist who fulfilled the order could not have been so deficient of it in his own line of business. Indeed, the workmanship of the ring in all other respects showed the possession of most exquisite taste.

There must have been an object, then, more important than any question of taste, not only in the presence of these particular gems, but also in the order of their arrangement.

I postponed the consideration of this problem, and proceeded to examine the inner surface of the ring. This was perfectly smooth, except that directly under the centre of the seal was a small circular space defined by a faint line. Around this circular space was what seemed to be an inscription in very diminutive letters.

I drew out a drawer of the table and took from it a rather powerful hand-microscope.

Bringing the supposed inscription directly under the full light of the gas, and looking at it through the microscope, I with some difficulty deciphered the following words:

PREME ET PROME.

These Latin words were capable of several meanings. Were they the motto to the coat-of-arms the crest of which was on the seal above them? Probably. In such case they would almost undoubtedly suggest that energy in the pursuit of an object would achieve it. But why, then, were they not engraved on the face of the seal? There must have been an especial object in their being placed where they were.

What was that object?

#### CHAPTER III. A MINIATURE LIKENESS.

PREME ET PROME (Press and Disclose). These English words are the simplest translation of the inscription. Perhaps they had reference to the

small circular space around which they were inscribed. And that space itself must have been defined for some particular purpose ; there was no necessity for a line to be drawn either within or under the inscription in order to make it more legible.

Holding the ring between the fingers of my left hand, I pressed the metal end of the handle of my pocket-knife, held in my right hand, firmly against the centre of the small circular space. At the same instant I felt something lightly touch the palm of my left hand.

The little plate of gold on which the seal was engraved had been lifted from its place, on a miniature hinge, by a delicate spring.

Holding the small circular space, which was exposed by the lifting of the seal, directly under the reflector of the gaslight, I was startled by what I saw there.

I was more than startled—I was amazed.

What a wonderful coincidence !

The portrait of a very beautiful female countenance—of course, in almost extreme miniature—was exposed to view. It was the exact “counterfeit presentment” of the young lady whom I had seen at church almost six months before, and whom I had looked for in vain ever since.

Here was offered to me, perhaps, the means of discovering who she was and where she lived. I congratulated myself that I had already handed in an advertisement at the newspaper office, that it would appear the next morning, and that I should, therefore, have the shortest time possible to wait for a reply. Would it bring an answer?—and from her?

Should the owner of the ring be found, I reflected, whether she or some one else, I should, of course, have to surrender it ; but I determined to have a copy taken of the portrait, that I might at least have her likeness, whether or not I should ever meet with the original again.

Singular dreams of the beautiful unknown haunted my slumbers that night. One of them I still distinctly remember.

She stood vividly before me, illumined by a light colored with the hues of the gems that adorned the ring. In the background of the position which her form seemed to occupy was seen, through this gorgeously-singular light as through a veil, the presentiment of mingled, moving, and changing scenes, enacted apparently by the figures of human beings.

These scenes were some joyous, some sad, some neither the one nor the other. But all of them were dim and mostly inexplicable confusion. Yet, amid them all, the image of the beautiful lady smiled on me, with sometimes a sad, sometimes a pensive, sometimes a cheerful smile; so that the general effect upon me of this vision, and, indeed, of all the dreams of that night, was pleasant and encouraging.

I awoke in the morning full of hope and energy. The determination to investigate, and the desire to discover the mystery of the ring, which had impressed me shortly after finding it, were immensely increased and proportionately strengthened by its apparent connection with the beautiful unknown.

Immediately after breakfast I visited the gallery of one of the most noted photographic firms in the city, and had a negative of the ordinary carte size taken of the miniature in the ring. Informing the artist that the original was a pale brunette, with eyes and hair vividly black, that he might know how to color the copies, I instructed him to prepare for me half-a-dozen photographs in his most finished style. It would be an extraordinary ill-fortune, indeed, which could deprive me of all these.

#### CHAPTER IV. THE OWNER OF THE RING.

FROM the photographic gallery I proceeded to the office of the paper in which my advertisement had been published. Although it was not yet twelve o'clock, there was already a communication directed to C. F. H. I at once and hastily tore open the envelope, and found the following note:

"C. F. H.:—I lost from my vest-pocket last evening a small ebony box containing a seal-ring, on which was the figure of an eagle. The ring was set with four stones—two green, one blue, and one yellow. I passed along Greene street, at the point mentioned in your advertisement, early in the evening. Should the ring prove to be the one I lost, I will willingly comply with your terms—indeed, I am willing to pay you a suitable reward for finding and returning it. You will find me at eight o'clock this evening at my boarding-house, No. — W. Fayette street. During the day I will be at Dr. —'s office, No. — street.

WALTER MERCER."

For a reason which the reader will understand I omit, as much as possible, numbers of streets and names.

This note caused me a great disappointment. Until the moment of finishing its reading, I had entertained the hope that I should receive a communication from the lady whose likeness the ring contained.

And who was this Walter Mercer? My heart felt chilled at the thought—so natural—that he was, in all probability, the affianced lover of the lady. Else why should he be possessed of a ring with her likeness in it?

I could not wait until the evening with this doubt threatening me; and, therefore, hastened at once to the medical office the address of which was given in the note.

On entering the office a young gentleman came from an inner room to meet me.

"Is Mr. Mercer in?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," was his answer; "that is my name. Take a seat."

We both seated ourselves.

"Are you the author of this note, Mr. Mercer," I asked, handing him the communication mentioned.

"Yes, sir," he answered; "I suppose you have the ring with you?"

In answer to this question, I took the little ebony box from my pocket and handed it to him.

He opened the box and looked at the ring.

"This is the article I lost," he observed. "I am much obliged to you for returning it. What do I owe you, Mr. —?"

"Fitz Hugh," I said; "my name is Charles Fitz Hugh. You owe me nothing—the cost of the advertisement was a trifle."

I was very desirous to learn whether or not he had any interest in the ring except that of ownership, but hardly knew how to approach that point without indelicacy. A course was immediately suggested by the reply of the young man.

He produced a pocket-book.

"The ring cost me fifteen dollars," he said. "I have learned, since I purchased it, that its actual value is but twelve dollars. I am willing—and it seems to me but just—to divide the worth of it with you. Almost any one else," he added, noticing my gesture of objection, "would have kept it."

"Have you any reason for valuing the ring," I asked, "beyond its actual worth in money?"

"None in the world," he replied. "I bought it, urged by a thoughtless impulse, at a pawn-

broker's sale night before last, and am, I confess, annoyed to learn that I have lost, instead of won, by my hasty speculation."

"I have taken a fancy to the ring," I said, "and am very willing to pay you for it what it cost you, without taking into consideration the trifling expense of the advertisement."

After some objection from him, on the ground that the acceptance of such an offer would be illiberal on his part, he finally consented to take twelve dollars, the sum which he had learned was the actual value of the ring.

The young medical student did not seem to be aware that there was a portrait in the ring; nor was I so unselfish (perhaps I should say "just") as to inform him of that fact. I was afraid that he might be so interested in the fascinating beauty of the face as to refuse to part with it at any price.

The reader can imagine my pride and delight when I returned the little box to my vest pocket, realizing that I was now the lawful owner of it and its contents.

#### CHAPTER V. FURTHER SEARCH.

LEARNING from young Mercer the name and address of the pawnbroker at whose auction sale he had purchased the ring, I left the medical office and hastened at once to the money-lender's shop.

The pawnbroker showed at first no disposition to give me any information; but the offer of a small fee procured polite attention. The singular character of the ring and its setting had made an impression on his mind at the time it was pawned, and an examination of the article itself enabled him even to find the record on his book and to recall other circumstances connected with it.

It had been deposited, on a loan of five dollars, one year and three months before, by a neatly dressed and elderly female, whose name was Rachel Johnson, and whose residence was No. — East Fayette street.

A walk of some ten or fifteen minutes took me to this address.

On my ring at the door-bell being answered, I was told that no such person lived there. The family now residing in the house had been its tenants for but little over three months.

At the nearest grocery store I learned that an elderly lady named Rachel Johnson had died in

the house in question more than a year before. She was a very respectable widow lady, and kept a few boarders. She had no children that the grocer ever heard of. She had lived in the house only a few months.

I showed him the likeness in the ring, and asked him whether the original of it had, to his knowledge, boarded with Mrs. Johnson.

Yes, he answered; the owner of such a face—or one very much like it—had boarded with Mrs. Johnson, but only a little while, one or two weeks. He had never learned her name. She had only been in his store once, when she had ordered some things for Mrs. Johnson; they were sent to the house and there paid for.

This was all the information I could gain, although, having taken dinner at a restaurant some streets off, I had returned to the neighborhood and spent the greater part of the afternoon in making inquiries.

I returned to my boarding-house in time for supper, much fatigued and considerably disheartened, but determined not to give up the quest.

#### CHAPTER VI. ESTE.

IT occurred to me, while at the supper-table, that the gems in the ring and their arrangement—so contrary to all correct taste—had assuredly some definite object, suggesting, possibly, a name or some other word, as the key to its probable mystery.

I considered.

Emerald, Sapphire, Topaz, Emerald. The initials of these are E. S. T. E., which spell the name of a distinguished Italian family. Was the crowned eagle the crest of that family? If so, my impression was undoubtedly correct.

As soon as I arose from the supper-table, I visited one of the public libraries of the city. Getting hold of a Dictionary of Heraldry, I looked for and found the word "ESTE." The coat-of-arms I scarcely noticed; but the crest was: "A Garb or, banded gules."

This did not answer my purpose. But the word "Este" appeared again in capitals below, and a statement from which I make the following extract:

"The marriage of the Duke of Sussex with the Lady Murray de Ameland, having been deemed a violation of the royal marriage act, it was annulled by the prerogative court. Their children adopted the name of Este, assuming, as coat-of-arms 'so

and so; crest, 'an eagle expanded sable, crowned or.'"

This was what I wanted.

I state here, in justice to those descended from the English family of Este, that the marriage of the Duke of Sussex with the Lady Murray was annulled solely because the Duke, being a member of the royal family of England, had contracted marriage with a subject without the authority of a special act of Parliament. Moreover, as the royal family of England take their name of Guelph from a branch of the family of Este, the children of the Duke of Sussex and the lady Murray de Ameland, being deprived of the one name, had a perfect right to assume the other, the name adopted by them being, in fact, the oldest name of all the branches of the family.

But, to return to my main subject.

The initial letters, then, of the names of the four gems of the ring spelling the word "Este," and the crest on its seal being the crest of a family bearing that name, the ring itself was evidently designed to perpetuate or to recall that name.

My next step in the investigation was plain. Before leaving the library I prepared, and on my return home handed in, at the office of the paper in which I had before advertised, the following:

"ESTE.—Any person knowing any one of the name of Este, or acquainted with the history of a ring the initial letters of the names of the gems composing the setting of which spell that name, will confer a favor by sending his or her address to C. F. H., office of this paper."

The next morning I went to the law office where I studied, and excused my absence during the previous day on the plea of very important business. As I was usually very punctual in my attendance during the regular office hours, my kind-hearted old "master-in-the-law" readily excused me.

On my way to and from dinner, I called at the newspaper office. There was no reply to my advertisement. On my way to supper, I called again with like result. The next morning, however, on my way to the office, the following was handed to me:

"If C. F. H. will call at the address given below, between nine and ten A.M. or between three and four P.M., we may be able to give him some information in reference to the subjects of his inquiries."

The signature to this note was that of a well-known law firm in Baltimore, with the members of which I was well acquainted, and the address was that of an office in the immediate neighborhood of the office in which I studied. As it is scarcely proper, in this connection, to give the correct title of the law partnership referred to, I will, for the sake of convenience, call them Messrs. Wendicott and Wolcraft.

#### CHAPTER VII. THE DEAD OR THE LIVING.

As it was yet but a few minutes after nine, I repaired at once to the address mentioned in the note. I found Mr. Wendicott in.

Mr. Wendicott is a fine looking middle-aged gentleman, with mingled gray and black hair, bright dark eyes and tall and upright form. Although known to be endowed with great energy and decision of character, he possesses much *bon-homie* and a very charming frankness and simplicity of manners.

"Good-morning, Charley!" he exclaimed, advancing to me, and shaking my hand cordially, the moment I entered the room. "You look serious—and pale, too. I am afraid that you study too hard for both mental and physical health. Close study is a good thing; but it may be overdone. Or is there any special trouble on your mind? and can I be of use to you?"

I handed him the note which I had just received.

"You can probably aid me, Mr. Wendicott," I said, "in an investigation which I have undertaken. If you can, and will do so, you will oblige me very much, indeed."

"You are the mysterious advertiser, then," he replied, after looking over the note. "I generally glance at the advertisements while scanning the papers, and doing so yesterday afternoon—for I was absent from the city in the morning—my eyes were instantly arrested by the word 'Este,' in small capitals. That has been an interesting name to our firm for nearly half a century. But what interest can you have in the matter, friend Charley? You arouse my curiosity very much."

"Mine is also very much aroused," I returned. "If you can give me a few moments' attention, I will tell you all I know about the matter."

"Take a seat and proceed with your narrative," he said; "I can give you until ten o'clock."

We took seats, and I related to him how I had found the ring, and my investigations with regard

to it. I made no mention to him, however, of the young lady. When I had concluded my relation, I handed to him the ring.

"You have seen it before," I said.

"No," he answered; "but I have a written description of it, and its mate—for there were two; and this description was so complete that I recognize its object at once. The jewels are intended to record the name of Este; and the crown eagle, as you have suggested, the crest of a branch of that family. But there should be the miniature likeness of a female under this seal."

"There is," I said; and, as I spoke, I touched a spring, and the seal was lifted, showing the likeness.

"What a beautiful face!" he exclaimed, evidently involuntarily.

"It is indeed beautiful," I assented; "and the form of the original is as perfect as her face. I have seen her."

"That is impossible," said Mr. Wendicott; "she has been dead more than sixty years. And a terrible death was hers. The anguish which she must have suffered in the last few weeks of her existence it is dreadful even to think of—if she was innocent."

"Dead!—innocent!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean, Mr. Wendicott? I saw the lady herself less than six months ago; and her face was as the face of an angel."

"The face is very lovely," he said, still contemplating the picture, "and has a very sweet and innocent expression. I cannot look at it and believe for a moment that she could be guilty of a crime."

"I will pledge my life for her innocence!" I exclaimed.

"You are speaking of the lady whom you saw nearly six months ago," he said. "Was she so much like this portrait?"

"Its living image," I answered.

"Tell me all you know about her," he said. "If she is so much like this miniature, she is, most probably, a descendant of Mrs. Este, who died quite young, but left two children, who may have living representatives, or, indeed, be living themselves. If so, and Mrs. Este's innocence should yet appear, this ring would represent a large fortune for them."

I told him of my having met the young lady at

church, and of the efforts I had since made to find her.

"This is very remarkable," said Mr. Wendicott. "I will give you all the assistance in my power. Should the innocence of Mrs. Este be proved at this late date, it would be, indeed, little less than a miracle. Come to my house at half-past eight o'clock this evening, Charley," he concluded, "and I will give you all the information I have."

Thanking him, and promising to be punctual in keeping the engagement for the evening, I took my leave.

#### CHAPTER VIII. A BOX OF OLD LAW PAPERS.

I FOUND it difficult to concentrate my mind, as usual, on my law studies during the day. Imagined anticipations of the promised communication, attended by the memory of the charming face and form of the beautiful unknown, mingled with all the action of my mind.

I was promptly at Mr. Wendicott's residence, on Madison avenue, at half-past eight o'clock, and was at once shown, by the servant who answered the bell, to his study on the second floor.

"I had you brought up here, Charley," said Mr. Wendicott, "that we might be all to ourselves."

A small box, such as lawyers use to file papers in, stood on a table beside him. It was labeled, "Urtman-Esto."

"This box," said Mr. Wendicott, placing his hand upon it, "contains either originals or copies of all the papers in relation to the subject upon which you seek information. Upon reflection, I have determined to let you take them home with you, that you may give them a thorough examination and analysis. I depart from my ordinary rule in doing this. But I am sure I can trust you; and, besides, I have a sort of faith—whether to be attributed to perception or superstition, I cannot say—that good will result from your labors."

"I will take good care of the papers," I replied. "And, if I do not succeed in my purpose, the failure will not be on account of lack of interest or want of energy. I feel a premonition that I shall succeed."

"We will hope so, at all events," said Mr. Wendicott. "The coincidence of the young lady and the ring is certainly very remarkable, to say



the least. By-the-by, you will find the papers all arranged from top to bottom in the box, in the order in which they should be read; you will be saved at least the trouble of arranging them."

"Thank you," I replied; "I will return them to you in the exact order in which I receive them."

I arose with the intention of leaving, and ad-

vanced to the table to receive the box of papers from him.

"Keep your seat a while," said Mr. Wendicott. "I have a statement to make to you which will save you much time and trouble in your examination of the papers; it will enable you to make your researches systematically from the very start."

I resumed my seat.

## THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

AFTER THE FRENCH OF SAINT-RENE FAILLANDER.

THE recent publication of the "Memoirs of Baron Stockmar," by his son, brings to light many interesting facts in connection with the private life of the illustrious personages under whom, during the greater portion of his life, the Baron held positions of intimate confidence and trust. The book is principally composed of letters and private papers written while Stockmar was in the service of Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, afterward King of Belgium, and of her Majesty, Queen Victoria. The esteem in which he was held by his royal patrons may be judged from the inscription on the monument, erected at the time of his death, by the Queen of England, the King of Belgium, and the Crown Prince of Prussia: "Dedicated to the memory of Baron Stockmar, by his friends, the reigning families of Belgium, Coburg and Prussia;" and below, these words: "The faithful friend loves better than a brother; better than a brother is he a sure support."

Christian Frederic Stockmar, the descendant of an old country family, was born at Coburg, on the 22d of August, 1757. His father, a learned lawyer and a worshipper of books, met his death while still young, in the following tragic manner: A fire having burst out in the adjoining house, his first thought was to place in security money which he held on deposit; then going into his library to see what could be done to ensure the safety of his precious volumes, and finding the flames rapidly approaching, he experienced so great a shock that he fell senseless to the ground, and when aid came life was extinct.

So, on the same day and hour, the cruel fire destroyed the homestead, and young Stockmar's earliest recollections were of his home in ashes and his family in mourning.

Development is rapid under such trials. Young Stockmar's natural wildness and vivacity were replaced by a precocious gravity, and after successful studies at the gymnasium of his native city, he pursued the medical course at Wurzburg, Erlangen and Jena. During the Prussian war he had charge of a large field hospital, filled with soldiers of all nationalities. Stockmar returned to Coburg at the end of the war in 1815; however, his stay there was but a short one. His zeal, knowledge and honest firmness displayed during the campaign, had attracted the attention of Prince Leopold of Coburg, who now invited him to accompany him as private physician to England, where the Prince was going to contract a marriage with the Princess Charlotte, only child of the English Regent, and heiress presumptive of the throne.

\*It is at the time of this marriage that Baron Stockmar's private narration begins, which completes or even corrects the most important contemporaneous history. The troubles which existed between the Regent and his wife, the Princess Caroline, of Brunswick, have been scandal in England for half a century; but the story of their daughter Charlotte's life is not so widely known. In fact the annals of her country contain nothing regarding her but three bare dates, those of her birth, marriage and death; and we gather for the first time from Stockmar's narrative a glimpse of the real personality of this unhappy Princess.

The misfortunes of the Princess Charlotte began with her life. One day, in conversation with Stockmar, she allowed these words to escape her: "My mother's life was bad; but it had not been so, had my father's not been worse." Her parents, of whom she could not speak differently, were the Prince of Wales, eldest son of George III. and

Caroline of Brunswick. It would be difficult to mention an alliance in which reciprocal fitness had been more completely neglected. The Prince of Wales required a companion possessing undoubted morality and strong influence, while the Princess Caroline needed a sure and respected guide. At their very first interview, of which Lord Malmesbury was the only witness, they conceived an antipathy for each other. The Prince, unfavorably impressed by the appearance, manner and conversation of his betrothed, gave her a reception which was not only cold but repulsive and rough to the last degree. On the day of the wedding, celebrated on the 8th of April, 1795, in the royal chapel of St. James, so violent was his repugnance that he had recourse to the strangest means to stifle his feelings. He had drunk to such excess that he could scarcely stand upright, and without the assistance of the Duke of Bedford, he would have fallen in the midst of the procession.

The only child of this father and mother came into the world on the 27th of February, 1796. It was a daughter, our Princess Charlotte. There was no smile of fatherly pride and welcome to greet the poor little stranger on her entrance into this world of sorrow, as the Prince had not been living at Carlton House for six or seven months. He passed most of his time either at Windsor or Brighton, and left his wife to live as seemed best to her. Sadder still was the lack of motherly devotion showed by the Princess of Wales for her child. In fact she seems first to have awakened, not indeed to moral solicitude for its future, but to interested vigilance in its welfare, when she learned that the child might be used as a weapon of defence against her abhorred husband.

The infant was scarcely two months old, when a definite separation took place between its parents, the Princess of Wales going to live at Blackheath, where she continued to reside for eight years. During this time, although she was not excluded from official ceremonies, it was always arranged that she should not meet the Prince; and she held hardly any communication whatever with other members of the royal family. In 1804, on account of rumored scandalous proceedings of the Princess Caroline at Blackheath, the Prince attempted to remove from her guardianship his daughter, now a little maiden of eight years old. King George, however, would not

accede to this proposition. Without having much opinion of his niece, he felt some respect was due her, while for his son he had neither esteem or affection. So that, in spite of the father's claims, the little Princess remained at Blackheath. Not until 1811, when the Prince of Wales was invested with the Regency, after the total extinction of the old King's intellect, did he succeed in separating mother and daughter. Charlotte was installed at Warwick House, with a governess; and the Princess of Wales, now established at Connaught Terrace, was allowed to visit her child but once in two weeks. At this juncture of affairs, the Princess of Wales was advised by her friends to call boldly on public opinion, and to trust that the unpopularity of the Prince Regent would react favorably on her cause. She, therefore, drew up a letter in which all her griefs were strongly enumerated; and after having made three attempts to reach the Regent privately with it, and only receiving the poor satisfaction that the Prince had read it, but did not consider it proper to express his wishes on the subject, she published the letter in the *Morning Chronicle*. The excitement produced by this step was intense. Thus far the scandal had not left high circles; now it was bruited throughout England, Europe, and the entire world. Popular feeling was so intense that the Prince could no longer keep silence; his terrible adversary had found means to compel him to express his good pleasure, and he found himself brought to the bar in face of the whole English nation. The letter demanded, in regard to the Princess Charlotte, "Why she had been separated from her mother, and why, supposing it were necessary to remove her from her guardianship, should a girl of eighteen, the heiress presumptive of the throne, live sequestered from the world, as though she were a prisoner? Why should her minority be prolonged, and what was the intention of the Prince in refusing or neglecting to have the sacrament of confirmation administered to her?" A council was assembled by the Regent to take this matter into consideration. It consisted of all the ministers, the Archbishops of York and Canterbury, the Bishop of London, besides the principal judges—in all twenty-four counsellors. The Regent demanded a definite decision, whether it would be expedient—yes or no—to continue to regulate and restrain, as in the past, the relations of the Princess of Wales with

her daughter? Twenty-one out of the twenty-four counsellors replied in the affirmative. It was a verdict of blame and defiance pronounced against the Princess of Wales, and the Regent was triumphant.

The Princess Caroline did not give up the strife. She drew up a protestation, which she addressed to the Presidents of the House of Lords and the House of Commons. Lord Eldon, who was at that time President of the House of Lords, returned the protestation to the Princess, and intimated to her, in the Regent's name, that she should pay no more visits to Warwick House. The President of the House of Commons brought the letter before the House in the meeting of the 2d of March, 1813, and a motion was made to lay the document before Parliament. The motion was rejected, and the Princess of Wales became an object of universal sympathy. People forgot the grave charges brought against her, and thought of her only as a persecuted woman, a foreign Princess, who had been subjected to the most odious treatment ever since she had lived on English soil, and who defended herself with true British energy.

A connecting link seems to run between all the various occurrences of this world. The great events which held Europe in a state of suspense, soon furnished new catastrophes in the domestic drama of the English Court. In the month of March, 1814, Napoleon, after the heroic French campaign, had been conquered by the European coalition. The allies entered Paris on the 31st of March, and on the 6th of April the Emperor abdicated. The following June, the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, accompanied by Marshal Blücher and other celebrities, visited the Prince Regent in London. Great preparations were made to give them a splendid reception. On their arrival in England, the Princess of Wales was warned by the Queen (George III.'s wife) that it was forbidden her to take any part in the festivities given to these illustrious visitors. The Prince Regent was to appear at all the ceremonies, and he had formed the inflexible resolution never to meet the Princess Caroline either in public or private. Once more the Princess drew up a letter to her husband protesting against his treatment. The letter ended with these words: "The time you have chosen for this conduct is of a nature to render it particularly wounding. Many illustrious

strangers have arrived in England, and among them, I am told, the heir of the House of Orange, who is announced to me as my future son-in-law. I am unjustly excluded from their society. My daughter will appear publicly, for the first time, in the splendor which is suitable for the approaching wedding of the heiress presumptive of this kingdom." When this letter was written the question was indeed being agitated concerning the marriage of the Princess Charlotte.

The Queen had been thinking of settling her grand-daughter ever since October, 1813, and had finally decided that the Prince of Orange would be a desirable parti. The Regent made no objections to the project; having separated the young girl from her mother, he had assumed a moral responsibility of which he longed to be rid. It was clear, besides, that the marriage of the Princess Charlotte would dispel, not in right, but in fact, the last tie which still existed between the Prince and his detested spouse. This union, therefore, was desired by the Queen through interest in her grand-daughter, and by the Regent through egotism and hatred towards his wife.

The Princess Charlotte did not decide so quickly; she wanted time to reflect and to make inquiries. She was not a person to allow herself to be disposed of in the name of public expediency and state reasons. The strange and faulty education which she had received had at least preserved her from insignificance. She was very lively, very original, yielding always to first impressions. She must see the Prince of Orange before she could decide; and, yet, ought she to consent to his coming without knowing more about him? To consent to an interview was almost making an engagement. Besides, she was still so young—only eighteen—that there was no reason her marriage should be hurried. These were certainly very wise reasons; and she would have been saved much trouble and vexation had she held firmly to them, and not have been over-persuaded by the Queen to consent to the Prince of Orange undertaking the journey.

In December, 1813, the Prince arrived in London, and was presented by the Regent on the same day to the Princess Charlotte. We have an account of the hurried transactions of this meeting direct from herself. She told her governess, Miss Cornelia Knight, that her father in the early part of the interview, had drawn her aside, and said, "Well, I suppose he does not suit you."

She replied, quickly, "I did not say so, at all; his manner pleases me very well."

The Regent at once led her to the Prince, joined their hands, and without further ceremony they were engaged. She added, as if to console herself for having been hurried into the engagement, "The Prince of Orange does not seem so disagreeable, after all, as I thought he would."

It must be confessed that the affair was managed with great haste; the Regent was himself astonished at the prompt result. The official notifications were made at once. The formal demand for the hand of the Princess took place in March, and the Princess, having given her consent, the King of Holland shortly after communicated the news to the States General. The matter was thus terminated; there remained only to be regulated a few points of detail and questions of form. This being the case, what was the public astonishment in England and Holland, when it became known, in the month of June following, that all was broken off. In spite of the favorable opinion produced by the first meeting, the Princess Charlotte was not long in forming a very different idea of her fiancé. The Prince on his arrival in England had been preceded by a very flattering reputation. He had served under Wellington, and had acquired a certain popularity in the army for his bravery, light-heartedness, and generosity.

It is probable that the Princess was not ignorant of these reports, when she said at the first interview that the Prince did not displease her. By a closer examination the gay young officer lost many of these advantages. A contemporary Dutch writer says of him: "He was without education, and did not even understand the meaning of the word." Charlotte was often shocked by his manners, for he was utterly wanting in what the English call "respectability." Nor did she remain ignorant of the fact that he had been seen coming from the races on the coachman's box, in a state bordering on intoxication. She told Stockmar, two years later: "The Prince of Orange may have been a good commander of his cavalry regiment, but he was not a suitable husband for me; there was nothing of the Prince about him."

It was not, however, the improprieties of the Prince, or the disenchantment of the Princess, which caused, officially at least, the rupture of the projected union. A problem of royal casuistry, which the negotiators had neglected to decide,

rose suddenly between the contracting parties. If Charlotte had need of a pretext to retract, so as not to wound too deeply the Prince's *amour propre*, here it was at hand. In two words, this was the problem: the Princess Charlotte was heirless presumptive of the English crown, the Prince of Orange was also heir presumptive to a throne; he was the son of a Prince whose right to the kingdom of Holland had been confirmed by the victories of the allies. Fancy all the complications arising from a marriage of two persons destined to two different thrones. In the first place, where would the young couple live? In case one of the two should be called to the throne, what would be the position of the other? In case both reigned, how would their duties as sovereigns be reconciled to those of husband and wife? The silence of the contract on so many important points presaged inextricable difficulties.

The Princess Charlotte had never suspected for a moment that she would be required to leave English soil. She was deeply moved when one day she learned suddenly from the Prince that she was to spend two or three months every year in Holland. He added: "The Regent and the ministers advised me not to speak of this to you, but I think it best to let you know, because I desire that we may always act frankly and loyally toward each other." Miss Knight, who was present, says that the Princess was seized by a fit of nervous weeping, calmed herself, however, and promised the Prince not to oppose his wishes. But distrust had taken possession of her mind. What did these mysterious proceedings signify? Why dispose of her freedom in secret? In the month of February, 1814, she treated directly with the Prince of Orange concerning these clauses in the contract, and he promised she should never be forced to remain in Holland against her will; but the negotiations made provision for an establishment in Holland and for none in England. At last, in April, she decided to obtain satisfaction, or break her engagement. She wrote a letter to the Regent that was terse and right to the point. Her father, highly incensed, sent for Miss Knight and vented his anger on her. "If Charlotte persisted," he declared, "the marriage should be broken off, and he would never consent to another." Miss Knight was to report this conversation to the Princess, and bring back her answer on the morrow.

Charlotte made her reply in writing, affirming

it to be impossible for her to change her demands. The Duke of York was sent to her by the Regent, but she met his arguments and remonstrances with the written response: "My only motive for demanding the clause in question is my decision not to leave England. My attachment to my country is the better justified because of the relation I bear to the throne." Upon further pressure, and in reply to the threat that the match should be broken off, she said that the sentiments of her heart, conscience, and duty obliged her to arrange her personal relations and existence in the country where some day her destiny might call her to the head of affairs, and in this country she ought to acquire a knowledge of men and society. She had not foreseen that these difficulties would lead to a rupture of the projected alliance, but she had decided to maintain her claims even if she rendered all other marriage impossible. After three months' discussion, and the total failure of the Regent, the Duke of York, and the Prince of Orange, in the management of the negotiation, the Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool, was charged to carry an ultimatum to the Princess. This minister having been engaged in the most important services during the exciting times of the invasion of France by the allies, and the abdication of the Emperor, the ministry of which he was chief having contributed to the overthrow and banishment of the giant, Lord Liverpool fancied he would have no difficulty in bringing into submission an obstinate girl of eighteen. But the skillful minister had no better success than his predecessors. Although on the 10th of June Lord Liverpool had fixed the wording of the articles in such a manner that the Princess had accepted them in writing, on the 16th of the same month all was broken off, and broken off forever. Was this only a caprice of a rebellious child? Were the reproaches of the Duke of York merited, that she had thus acted through heedlessness, and that all the scruples regarding the duties of the heiress presumptive were only made to veil her whimsical disposition? The events which occurred between the 10th and 16th of June exculpate her from these charges. It was at this time that the sovereigns of Europe accompanied by their victorious marshals arrived in England. The Princess of Wales, as has been said, was expressly excluded from the court festivities given in their honor, and neither was her daughter Charlotte to take part in them. Now the Prince of Orange,

forgetting the reserve which his position demanded, saw no reason why he should deny himself the pleasure of these royal solemnities. Perhaps the idea never occurred to him that on account of the absence of his fiancé he should remain in retirement. The Princess Charlotte's views may easily be imagined. On the 16th of June she had a last interview with her betrothed, and expressed her opinions very clearly. She told him after her marriage it would be impossible for her even to visit Holland for a few days; that she held it a matter of conscience to remain with her mother, who had been so shamefully outraged. She also signified that her house, in spite of the contrary orders of the Regent, would always be open to her mother. The Prince not being willing to sign these new conditions, she declared that all was irrevocably over between them.

The Regent was highly exasperated when he learned what had happened. The next day he addressed a short and angry letter to her; then, that she might have time to come to herself, he let her hear nothing from him for several weeks. Vain hope; the Princess remained inflexible. Losing patience at last, the Regent decided on a *coup d'état*. The 12th of July he appeared unexpectedly at Warwick House, dismissed all Charlotte's attendants, as accomplices in her revolt, and notified her that she was banished to Cranbourne Lodge. Calming her exasperation, the Princess asked permission to retire a moment, in order to gain composure in solitude, but instead of seeking her chamber, she hastened from the house, called a passing cab, and sought refuge with her mother at Connaught Terrace. The long night was passed in the most painful debates. The Duke of York, the Duke of Sussex, Lord Eldon, and Brougham, the great Whig orator, sent to her by the Regent, employed all manner of arguments to persuade her to return. Even her mother said all she could to overcome her obstinacy; the young Princess would not yield. Moody and easily irritated, at times she would make no reply, and again she would hold her own against the most skillful. Brougham explained to her that by a law of George I's reign, the king or regent had absolute right to regulate the fate of all members of the royal family during their minority. She turned to him and exclaimed: "So you, too, desert me; you abandon me to the will of my father, although the people take my part." This



reproach struck home, for Brougham, as popular orator, feared to place himself in opposition to the wishes of the people.

Dawn was beginning to glow in the Eastern sky. There was to be an election that day at Westminster. Brougham took the Princess's hand and led her to the window, and while she gazed on the fair prospect before her, the park, avenues and spacious streets, all bathed in the soft morning light, he said, "In a few hours crowds will throng here, as is always the case on election day; I have only to appear with your Highness on the balcony, I have only to pronounce a few words to the multitude beneath, and you will see the entire populace of this vast metropolis rush to your defence. But this triumph of an hour will be dearly bought, for the immediate consequences will be that the troops will march down to suppress all violation of English law; blood will be shed, and during the remainder of your life you will be followed by the odium which in this country is always attached to such calamities produced by the violation of law."

Deeply impressed by this argument, the Princess at last consented to return to her home. The engagement, however, was definitely broken off, and two years later we see the discarded suitor married to Anna, daughter of Paul I. of Russia, and we again meet him in history under the name of William II., King of Holland.

Among the many princes accompanying the allied monarchs to London, was Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, a handsome young nobleman of but little over twenty-three years of age. Son of Francois of Saxe Coburg and the much-beloved Duchess Augusta of Reuss, Ebersdorf, he had already participated in many of the stirring events of the age. The alliance of his sister, the Princess Julia, with the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, had opened to him the highest circles of the political world. Even after this marriage was dissolved, his brother-in-law retained the most cordial affection for him, and shortly after the battle of Austerlitz, when scarcely fifteen, he had taken service in the Russian army. In 1813 he was among the first Princes who gave the signal for the great German upheaval against the French Emperor. He took an active part in the Congress held in 1814 at Vienna, and a year later at Paris, and had negotiated important territorial enlargements for his brother, the reigning Duke of Saxe

Coburg Gotha. The grace, nobility, and royal elegance of Prince Leopold, which contrasted strongly with the free and easy style of the Prince of Orange, impressed the Princess Charlotte at their first meeting, and caused her to desire a farther acquaintance. She mentioned her desire to her aunt, the Duchess of York, who was the sister of Frederic William III. of Prussia, and more likely than any one else to procure the young lady the interview for which she so ardently longed. Charlotte, poor recluse, shut out from all court ceremonies, had great need of some one to befriend her, and it was at the Duke and Duchess of York's that she found the readiest sympathy. The Duchess decided that the most effective way she could aid her niece, would be for her to give a ball to which both the young people might be invited.

On the appointed evening, and surrounded by a brilliant assembly, the Princess Charlotte met Prince Leopold; they conversed together, and so immediate was the understanding which sprang up between them, that that very evening they exchanged vows of fidelity. After all that had occurred it was rather a bold undertaking to aspire to Princess Charlotte's hand. Imagine the Regent's burst of wrath at such a request! He had threatened his daughter that if she broke with the Prince of Orange, she should never marry; she had broken with him—would he contradict himself so immediately after the rupture! Prince Leopold had not only these doubts, but also personal anxieties to contend with. Would the Prince of Wales receive this ardent suitor as a friend or as an enemy? Strange rumors were already whispered by the envious, as to the means employed by the young Prince to captivate the whimsical Charlotte. There is nothing more to be feared than a word, dropped by chance, as it were, in an assembly; a word, a smile, are sufficient at times to ruin a man in the opinion of those who have power to dispose of his destiny. But these persons who were interested in compromising Leopold in the eyes of the Regent of England, only succeeded in compromising themselves. For the Prince, by the innate grace and frankness of manner, soon more than justified himself; he inspired the Regent with sentiments of affectionate esteem. He also acquired the confidence of the ministry, and even the friendship of several members of the royal family. The Duke of Kent was especially favorable to him; he

regarded Leopold as an excellent guide for the young girl apparently destined for the English throne, and when the Prince left London toward the end of July, 1814, he consented to become the medium of communication between the young lovers.

Messages and promises were all very well, but what was the necessity of all this discretion? Why not openly make their request to the Regent? So spoke the Princess Charlotte in her usual impetuosity. Her political friends—those of the Whig party, especially—added to her impatience by expressing the fear that Leopold showed too much submission to the Regent. The Whigs were wrong; Leopold was the true politician. What would have been his position in England had he carried his marriage through by force? The Prince wished to act with scrupulous propriety, the better to conciliate all parties; and he also felt, with regard to the peculiar position that the Princess Charlotte held on her mother's account, double caution was necessary. His reserve was appreciated. Absent from England as he was, his influence still lived in the remembrances he had left behind him at court. His friends, the Duke and Duchess of York and the Duke of Kent, pleaded his cause with the Regent. The departure of the Princess of Wales for Italy, in June, 1814, smoothed away many difficulties. At last, in the month of January, 1816, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg received an invitation to visit London, and the marriage took place on the 2d of May following. The happy young couple were received for a few days at the Oaklands, the residence of the Duke and Duchess of York, and then returned to London, where they passed the remainder of the season. Their permanent home, however, was to be at Claremont-Esher, a charming spot about sixteen miles from London. Here was assembled the Court of Prince Leopold and the Princess Charlotte; and here the happy young wife gained from a sure and loving guide the knowledge of English society and English interests which once she complained so bitterly of having been withheld from. If the subsequent career of Prince Leopold, as candidate of the Greek throne, and as founder of the constitutional royalty of Belgium, had not brought to light his rare mental endowments, one would attribute the praise which Stockmar lavishes on his character to the enthusiasm of friendship. Highly endowed intellectu-

ally, firm and loyal-hearted, always courteous, he united the simplicity of a perfect gentleman with an intimate knowledge of the highest society. His success was not alone in social life; he exercised in political questions a moderation and justness of opinion which could not fail to create respect. In those days of doubt and despair, when the king was laboring under a dire malady, and England was governed by a despised Regent, all parties turned with hope and love towards this young man. He was pronounced "a model Prince Consort according to the very spirit of British law."

The Princess Charlotte with such a guide could not but develop rapidly. Only a little culture was needed to make this fair flower blossom into beauty. Until this time she had only been an object of curiosity and pity; she now became what she should have been—the hope of a great nation. Stockmar writes: "Union, peace, and love reign in this household. My master is the best husband in the world, and his wife has a sum of affection for him which can only be compared to the total amount of the English debt." He adds: "The conjugal life of this couple is a model of love and fidelity." The public was not ignorant of these details. The monarchical loyalty of England needs to attach itself to persons worthy of esteem. For nearly sixty years, through great crises and disasters, a sovereign whose intellect had succumbed, but whose honor had never failed, had been held in veneration and esteem. The Prince Regent inspired totally different sentiments; and the thought that he, already invested with many royal prerogatives, would soon occupy the throne of England, filled all hearts with bitterness. How much livelier, then, was the joy when the Princess's pregnancy became known. To appreciate the delight with which this announcement was received, the state of the country must be borne in mind. The immense efforts which England had made against Napoleon, had brought on a disastrous reaction after the war. Commercial embarrassments, the interruption of labor, misery among the lower classes, and the crushing weight of public taxes, instigated through the country continual irritation and agitation, and in Parliament party exasperation and antagonism. A crazy King, a depraved Regent, the affairs of the nation in disorder, the coming future wrapped in darkness—such were the clouds through which the na-

tion gladly caught the ray of sunshine shed by the image of the Princess of Wales at the side of her husband.

But this joy was of but short duration. That happy year at Claremont-Esher was to be the last of Charlotte's short life. On the 5th of November, 1817, toward nine in the evening, the Princess gave birth to a boy that was dead before seeing the light of day, and the night of the same day the unfortunate mother was taken from a world where she had known so many trials, and had found but so lately the happiness of life. Prince Leopold could not believe the horrible reality; he fancied it was a dream. In an agony he knelt by the bedside, kissed the cold hands of his dead love, and turning to Stockmar said, "Now I am alone."

Many years after, when destiny had called him to fill the throne of Belgium, husband by a second marriage of a lovely and accomplished Princess, and surrounded by universal respect, he still thought of the Princess Caroline, and of all he had lost in losing her. At seventy-two years of age he wrote for his niece, Queen Victoria, a little book

called "Early Years," in which he says: "The month of November, 1817, saw the ruin of that sweet intimacy, and the sudden annihilation of the Prince's hopes and joy. He never afterward found the same happiness which that short period of his marriage had procured him."

It is not necessary to collect all the testimonies of sorrow called forth by this sad death; let two suffice. Lord Brougham says: "For whoever saw himself the profound sorrow in which the death of the Princess Charlotte plunged England, all description is superfluous, and for whoever did not see it all description is impossible." The most touchingly beautiful tribute to her memory are these lines of Lord Byron's, written when the news of the Princess's death reached him in Venice:

Hark! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,  
A long low distant murmur of dread sound,  
Such as arises when a nation bleeds  
With some deep and immedicable wound;  
Through storm and darkness yawns the rending ground.  
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief  
Seems royal still, though with her head decrown'd,  
And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief,  
She clasps a babe to whom her breast yields no relief.

## THE NIAGARA OF THE POETS.

BY ALLEN R. DARROW.

PAINTING has been called the "divine art," because in its highest excellence it is recreative and reproductive in power. But Poetry is more than that; it is an inspiration, and to its possessor it is preëminently the "divine gift." And while in Painting the highest attainment towards the ideal perfection, though sought laboriously by the many, has been achieved only by the few, so in Poetry, its highest gifts, the genius of inspiration, and a native originality have been possessed by few, very few, of the multitudes who in every age have brought to the altar of fame the offerings and incense of poetic talent. In Painting, they who have succeeded to the highest standards towards perfection are those who, in ancient or in modern times, have produced upon canvas the most exact semblance of that which was their pattern, whether pictured from nature, art, or imagination, and whether the scenes portrayed had their bearing in the domain of forms, emotions, or passions. Not so with Poetry; while this

also is to an important extent an art, and subject to the government of rules in its construction; and too, while drawing its inspiration from the entire realm of nature, and human experiences, unlike Painting, it is not so much the standard of its rules as an art which govern the verdict in approbation, as it is the evidence of genius, the inspiration of originality in subject and thought with the past.

In Poetic writing, familiar subjects are apt to betray the writer into familiar modes of expression; and quite naturally the Poet of mediocre talent, even though faultless in the rules and art by which his verse is constructed, falls into a style which if not a mere parody of the production of some author of genius, is at least a very palpable imitation of it. And the tendency always is to the reproduction of that which in style, if not also in substance, has at some previous time made pleasing and permanent impression upon the mind.

These remarks I offer as introductory to the con-

fession of a recent experience; for it is with respect to these ideas and facts that I make the following record of a miserable defeat and failure on the occasion of a very ambitious attempt by my Muse. Thus I here present the anomaly, unique if not paradoxical, of being myself both author and critic.

I sought (as you will see), by repeated attempts, to write a great poem of our Niagara Falls.

Standing at Goat Island, where the river madly rushing, leaping, dashing, pours now, and changelessly as for unknown ages, its heavy, roaring deluge of waters down into the valley of the lower deep; seeking, by a law as fixed as the universe, and by this tremendous leap, and through a narrow rock-bound channel, a new and broad area for its undiminished wealth of waters. Standing there, with senses all acute, with every faculty of the intellect, and every emotion of the soul wrought to a poetic ardor, I obeyed the promptings of my imagination in the following apostrophic verse:

Sound, sound, sound;  
O, ye rushing waters round,  
Filling the soul with wonder;  
Plunging into depths profound,  
Far below and under.  
O, ye ceaseless rush and roar  
As thy torrent waters pour,  
In one eternal thunder.  
Sound, sound, sound,  
Tremble all ye rocks around,  
All thou knowest, who hath found?  
Shouting from the pit of hell  
What thou knowest, who can tell?  
Man may hearken—lift a hand,  
But can never understand.

Reader, did you ever awaken suddenly from a dream wherein the imagination, uncontrolled by the judgment and will, led you into the happy possession of some long-cherished good?—awake suddenly to find your possessions vanish with the dream? Then you will know something of my chagrin, when once again reading thoughtfully this poem, I awoke to the consciousness that my eloquent production was the veriest plagiarism; that in every line—in spirit, if not in words—I had merely answered from Niagara in reëchoing "Sound" the strangely-grand music of a gifted poet in his song of the Yosemite.

But once more (I said); let now the mode of expression change; let the sublime give place to the devout and reverent, for certainly here is the incentive as well as the inspiration to the highest

religious feeling; and under the influence of this thought again I wrote:

Eternal God, beneath whose hand,  
These waters fall at Thy command;  
From rock-ribbed heights, mid surge and roar,  
To deep abyss they ceaseless pour.  
While they in thunder voice proclaim  
Their echo-song of glad acclaim,  
With trembling awe we bow before  
Thy mighty power, and Thee adore.

Alas! alas! here again I found even the first two lines, chosen with so much care, and which I fancied were to a high degree original, became more and more familiar to memory as the merest paraphrase of the opening couplet of that beautiful and polished song of the Centennial; while the remainder, I sadly concede, reflects, but with imperfect rays, the solemn hymns of Dr. Watts—"Long Metre."

In the wonderful scenery of the Falls, we not only have the suggestion of grand and sublime thoughts, the incentive to devout feelings, but here is also located the history of many an act of romance and tragedy.

The record would be startling could it be known the full numbers of those who have lost their lives in being carried over the Falls. Such a record would include not only the numbers who, by strangely-frequent fatality, take the leap by accident, but also many who voluntarily throw themselves into the flood in suicide; for there is a weird infatuation about the wild scenery which, to certain nervously-unbalanced temperaments, makes the influence of it positively dangerous.

Apropos of these suggestions, I have at command an Indian legend, which, in its dramatic story, includes both classes of victims in Niagara's record of tragic deaths, and which I here give:

Just a hundred summer seasons,  
Since from out an Indian wigwam  
(Tribe and camp of Iroquois,  
Or the warlike Chippewas),  
Came there forth an Indian maiden;  
Clothed was she in native costume—  
Skins of otter, skins of beaver,  
Trimm'd with shells, and knit together  
With beaded thread and eagle feather.  
But with sorrow heavy laden  
Was the dark-haired Indian maiden.  
For a noble, dusky warrior,  
Proud and brave—her favored lover—  
Crossing, with his bow and quiver,  
The swiftly-rushing, roaring river,  
In rash pursuit of deer or beaver,  
Down the rapids went, and over.



When this maiden, heavy laden,  
Sought in death release of burden,  
And to share her warrior's grave,  
Plunged she in the rushing wave.  
To find her lover she would go  
Down the torrent, far below.

Now the warrior and the maiden  
In the spirit land and Eden,  
Far beyond the river shore,  
Dwell together evermore.

It is said of dramatic writings, particularly of the class historic, that to be good they must be "Shakespearean," the old English poet being always recognized as the standard of excellence. If, with all verse description and legendary of Indian life and customs, the standard of appreciation is that they shall be "Hiawathian," then my Niagara legend and verse is not so entirely a failure.

But to pass from this; I remember reading a dozen years ago in the New York *Tribune*, copied probably from the London *Times*, an article from the pen of Thomas Carlyle, written in his peculiar style, a stricture on American customs and institutions, which he was pleased to entitle, "A Shoot at Niagara." The "Shoot" was not only at Niagara, which, in a typical sense, enters into and forms a part of our national reputation the world over, but also of our "American Eagle," our "Star Spangled Banner," and everything which is symbolic of American pride and enthusiasm. While not at all in sympathy with the spirit of his article, the memory of it comes to me in the suggestion and inspiration of subject in conclusion intensely American; a theme fitted to embody, in poetic allegory and tableau, the several emblems or symbols of our national pride, rendered in a style of verse peculiar, but, alas! too long familiar to claim the merit of originality.

Once upon a high cliff standing,  
Where was had a view commanding  
Of the rushing whirling rapids, and the torrent falling o'er,  
When my thoughts had all the seeming  
Of a Prophet vaguely dreaming;  
Suddenly I heard a screaming, high above the waters' roar,  
Louder than the thunder roar.

Startled by this voice amazing,  
My eyes I raised, and heavenward gazing,  
Far above the columned spray-cloud I beheld an Eagle soar;  
Soon with rapid wings descending  
Down upon the rainbow bending,  
Whose prismatic hues unending, the mist-cloud of the spray  
upbare,

Perched the Eagle—yea, and more.  
Long I gazed, both wondering, fearing  
At the sudden, strange appearing

Of this mystic bird there, perching on the bough beyond the shore.

Then I said, whate'er thy fame is,  
Whether good or ill thine aim is,  
Tell me what thy spirit name is, prophetic, sounding to the shore.

Then the bird said—"Evermore."

All my soul within me burning,  
Now I asked, as to him turning,  
What the good and favored omen, of the strange wrought name he bore.

When with wonder and surprising,  
I beheld before me rising  
The blue shield of our Union, and the Star Flag waving o'er,  
Which aloft he proudly bore.

Then amazed, I heard the story  
Of the nation's future glory,  
Made prophetic by the Eagle, and the symbols that he wore.  
And within my soul came stealing  
Every patriotic feeling;  
All my doubts within me healing, by the words he had in store,

When I asked, as once before—

Prophet bird of our Centennial,  
Shall the cycles move perennial,  
Of the nation's life and freedom, in the future, as before?  
Shall the people, still procuring,  
By the ballot laws enduring,  
All their liberties securing, now and ever, as of yore?  
Quoth the Eagle—"Evermore."

Shall the States, all treason scouting,  
Neither one the others doubting,  
Guard the life, twice saved, and purchased with the nation's sacred gore?  
Shall the people, all united,  
By fraternal love cemented,  
Rallying round one flag contented, grow in greatness more and more?

Quoth the Eagle—"More and more."  
Glad—I turned away from gazing  
On this vision had, amazing,  
Where the mighty rushing river, and the Falls are pouring o'er,  
Where the spray cloud still is rising  
With the rainbow hue, surprising,  
Where the spirit of the Eagle broods above the flood and roar,  
Brooding, watching—"Evermore."

While it may be a very strong appeal to the imagination to recognize so good English in the voice of our "Great American Eagle," and in words so cheerfully prophetic and promising, I do not know that it is any more so than to recognize approvingly the same tongue, but in words ominous and doleful, as spoken long ago of the gaunt and ghastly "Raven."

## OUT OF WORK.

BY MRS. HARRIET N. SMITH.

## IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

"So you come all the way from California? I hope you will stop with us, as you have no relatives but your uncle."

With a smile, that to Lucy seemed beautiful, he thanked her father, and said it would make him very happy to do so. He handed Mr. Green his card, and Lucy, looking over his shoulder, read, Fred. S. Fenton. "Pretty name, too," thought the maiden. Thought the young man, as her father introduced her to him, and she shyly gave him a nod and smile, "I wonder if she has a lover?"

The whistle sounded for M— station. An instant after, a jar, a grating, and the cars were rolling over down the embankment. The moment they reached the bottom, and he could recover from the shock, young Fenton gained his feet, happily unhurt, and saw that Lucy and her father were held down under two seats that had become jammed down over them. He sprang to their rescue, and succeeded, by cutting away half of her shawl, in lifting her to her feet, and had the satisfaction of hearing her say, after a few tears of fright and bewilderment, "I'm not hurt at all."

Together they tried to extricate her father, and assisted by the arrival of help from outside, they at last got the seats off his limbs, but as they raised him he fainted with pain, and they found his leg was broken.

"Oh! what shall we do?" said Lucy, as she sank down beside him, after they had been helped out of the cars, and he had been laid on the settee of the station, that had been nearly gained when the accident occurred.

"We've telegraphed to B—, Miss, and if you will tell us your name, we will again, to let your family know," said the gentlemanly conductor, who with the rest of the passengers had all miraculously escaped with a few bruises, and now hovered about the wounded man, offering every assistance. She gave her name and street, and at that moment the doctor arrived, and as he had been restored to consciousness by the restoratives administered, he at once proceeded to set the broken limb, greatly

assisted by the young stranger. Poor Lucy was so terrified she had to be taken in hand by a good, motherly woman who presided at the station, and after a cup of tea and a little soothing, was able to sit down by her father and listen to the doctor, who said if nothing happened her father would be able to be carried home in a week. That *she* had better go right home on the next train that was due in fifteen minutes, and he and the young man would watch with her father until the arrival of her mother, who had telegraphed she would be down on the last train, which would pass Lucy's as she went up.

"Yes, child, that will be best," said her father, as she trembled and hesitated. "There's the whistle, Miss Green," said Fred; "allow me to lend you my cape; you know you had to leave part of your shawl behind in the car, and its cold;" and throwing it over her shoulders, he opened the door and saw her, as the cars stopped, safely aboard and off.

Excited and troubled as she was, she yet could say to herself, "How stupid of me never to thank him: what must he think, and he so kind and polite?" Ah, little Lucy, he'll take his smiles another time.

Though very tired when she reached home, she, while laying off her wraps, quieted poor weeping Bennie, who sat, disconsolate, peeping out into the dark night at the window from which he had watched his mother off. She answered all Mr. Sears's questions about the accident, and, then, as her mother had to leave without supper, busied herself in getting it; and after Mr. Sears had retired, and she had tucked Bennie away safely up stairs, she crept into her mother's bed and relieved herself with a good cry, from which she dropped off into so deep a sleep that when she was awakened by Bennie making the fire in the morning she felt as though she had but just closed her eyes. Making a hasty toilet, she soon had breakfast ready, of which Mr. Sears partook heartily, and, watching her as she cleared it away, he said:

"Why, you are as handy as your mother, girl;

and I guess we'll get along, if she has to stay six weeks instead of one."

"I'll try and make you comfortable, sir, at least."

"No fear, no fear, little girl," and he stumped off to the post-office.

At dinner that day he asked, abruptly, "Who is this young chap that is staying with your father?"

"His name is Fenton," and recollecting that he had whispered her not to tell his uncle of him, she hastened to add: "He's a stranger that got aboard the cars at J—, and is coming here, I believe."

"Fenton, Fenton," said the old man, musingly; "I used to know a fellow by that name. Hope it's not him got back here—can't be. This one's a *young* man, is he?"

"About twenty, I should think," and Lucy hastened out to the pump for some water, fearing more questions.

The days went by. Every second one came a letter from mother, and as often Lucy answered them, telling her, "Bennie was a model boy, and helped *so* much. Crusty Mr. Sears had got so far as to take the 'noisy cub' into his room to read to him, and he was getting so praised that he was quite vain."

"At last," wrote mother, "we shall be home to-morrow if all goes well."

"Hurrah!" said Ben; "and oh, I'm so glad," said Lucy; "for school begins next week; and I *do* want mother to get rested before I leave her all the work to do."

Old John said nothing; but he eyed that girl in her sweet unselfishness, and half-envied the happy father coming home to her love.

"There, Bennie," said Lucy the next morning, "I've got the spare chamber to prepare for the young man that is coming home with father; and so while I am about it, you can feed the hens, keep the fire going, and pare the apples for the dumplings. We'll get up *such* a dinner—won't we!"

"All right," said Bennie, and out he went to feed the hens; and away flew Lucy up stairs. Though the chamber was in good order already, she had to give the bed an extra smoothing, and the curtains an extra touch by looping them away with some blue ribbons. A clean, white cover was substituted for the old one on the little bureau;

and on the stand, at the head of the bed, she placed her nice volume of Tennyson, and beside it a dainty vase filled with scarlet geraniums and chrysanthemums. Last of all—and why did the girl's heart flutter, and a blush mount her cheek, as she placed on the mantel a photograph of herself, in a cone frame? Was she thinking of the eyes that would fall on it soon?

Then, bestowing extra care on the glossy curls, donning a clean wrapper, and tying on her large apron, she came down to prepare dinner, for the travellers were to be in by twelve o'clock. Bennie had a nice fire, and all in readiness for the pudding, and soon it was steaming on the stove, the chicken-stew sending forth its savory odors, the table spread with a snowy cloth, and upon it the best the house afforded.

"There's the cars!" shouted Bennie from the gate-post, where he had stationed himself.

On they rushed into the station, that was but a few rods from the Green cottage. Bennie flew over to get the first sight of father, who, in a few minutes, was being borne on a litter some of his shop-mates had thoughtfully provided, towards the house. Walking beside it, with her mother upon his arm, her satchel in hand, came the young man who, if the truth must be told, had not been out of the blushing Lucy's mind hardly a moment since she had met him.

All flushed with the excitement of her domestic labors and the joy of seeing them all once more, she flung wide the door, and was soon in her parents' arms. Kissing them, she motioned the men carrying her father to the lounge she had drawn out into the kitchen, near the table, for she said: "If father cannot sit up yet, he shall be where we can feed him." As they lifted him on to it, she turned and gave her hand to the young stranger, and welcomed him to a seat by the fire.

Not many minutes had elapsed before all were seated at the bountiful repast, and the young man introduced as a stranger to Mr. Sears. They placed him just opposite him at the table, and the old man had been attentively studying his face with a kind of bewildered look, as though trying to make out something.

At last he said: "Your parents were born in this place, I understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Got any relations here?"

"I have an uncle, I believe, living here."

"What's his name?"

"John Sears. He was my mother's only brother."

"What!" And in his astonishment, down went his glass of water on to the floor, and as Lucy sprang to pick up the fragments and get him another, he added: "Why, that's my name. You don't pretend you are my nephew—sister Alice's boy—do you?"

"Just that boy, uncle; and I hope you are glad enough to see me to take my hand and give me a welcome,"—stretching his arm across the table.

"But—but," said old John, hesitating, "how is all this? when did you come from home? how am I to know certainly you are my nephew, and not a humbug?"

"Look at this, sir," and Fred opened a photograph case and handed to his uncle. The old man put on his glasses, and looked long and with a quivering lip upon the face of a young lady the counterpart of Fred's. The same high forehead, eyes, and smile. "Come into my room, sir," said he, rising abruptly and leading the way. Fred followed, and found his uncle in a chair, trembling and in tears. He went to him, put his hand on his shoulder, and asked: "Won't you own me, uncle, though you did not answer my letter?"

"Own you, boy?" and the old arms were about the neck of Fred; and as he leaned his gray head against the young breast, great sobs shook him. Recovering himself, he wiped his eyes, looked again at the picture of the sister who had loved him so well, compared it with Fred's face, and said: "Yes, just her all over—precious little of that rascal Fenton here. All Sears; and I'm glad of it, too. There, go out to your dinner, boy, and tell them I'm the old brute that would'nt answer the good letter you wrote me when your mother died, but let you struggle on alone there."

"No, indeed, uncle, I shall never tell them that; we will forget all about it, and so come out with me—won't you?"

But the old man could not eat, he said, and wished to be left alone, and so, shutting the door, Fred left him to the remorseful feelings the sight of his sister's face had stirred in his heart.

After dinner Fred invited Bennie to take a walk with him over to the station to get his baggage, for Mrs. Green had insisted he should make her house his home for the present, at least.

"Yes, marm; that was what I was going to ask of you." Mr. Sears had got over his trouble a little, and joined the family. So the walk was taken, the trunks sent over, and Fred made quite at home. He had a long talk with his uncle next day, and on his asking him the state of his funds, Fred acknowledged he had but forty dollars left after arriving at B—. "I hope to get employment in some of the mills here, as I have been used to that work lately."

"Say no more about that; I'm getting too old to attend to business, run after rents and carpenters; you will take the charge, if it suits you, after this, and I'll see that you have spending money enough; and if you don't get married right off, why, I don't see but we are all right."

"All right? Why, uncle, you are too good. I never intended to be dependent upon you."

"Don't you fear, young man. I'll make you pay well for all the crusty old fellow gives you; so go along, and commence by looking over those accounts there on the table. I got my will drawn up yesterday at the lawyer's, and you are to be my heir. I'll try to make up for treating poor Alice so."

Fred thanked his uncle with a full heart, and sat down to his accounts.

It was four months before Mr. Green was able to go to the shops that had started up work the first of April. His long confinement had told upon him in many ways. There was the doctor's bill, the extra expense of getting him home from the place where the accident occurred, and the board-bill for himself and wife while there; and though Lucy gave all her earnings as teacher into the family fund, and Bennie earned quite a sum by carrying papers, though Mrs. Green economized in every way through that spring, yet he found himself behindhand quite a sum when he commenced work. Then, there was the hundred dollars due Mr. Sears. He must speak to him about it that very day, he thought, as he returned, weary and disheartened, at night from the shop.

And all this time how had it fared with the young folks thrown into each other's society? One rather suspicious circumstance had taken place the first night Fred occupied the spare chamber. The first thing his eye fell on as he entered was the picture on the mantel. He approached, held it before the lamp, studied it with a tender look, and then, throwing his eyes around the room to



be certain the curtains were all down and no one there, the audacious fellow kissed it thrice.

What little Lucy would have said to this, I don't know; but, certain it is, it seemed to give great satisfaction to the gentleman. It was hardly to be wondered at that, as the days went by, these two young people should find many a thing in common—should, somehow, sit often on the back veranda, in the pleasant spring evenings, and sing together, for Fred's bass chorded admirably with Lucy's soprano; and Bennie was getting to be quite a lad, and could sing, too, quite a tenor.

It used often to *happen* that Fred overtook Lucy as she came from school; and as they sauntered up the walk old John Sears would look out of his window well pleased. And, somehow, it happened in the winter evenings gone by they always managed, *innocently*, of course, to get seated on the same side of the table when the family drew around it, Mrs. Green with her sewing, father with his paper, and Bennie—ah, that boy! Why was he so attentive to sister Lucy? and, oh! why should he, when all was going on so pleasantly, blurt out, boy-fashion, one evening as they all sat thus:

"Say, Lucy, has Mr. Wade wrote yet whether he's going to take the school again?"

"*Written*, you should have said, Bennie. And why do you ask me? I'm not the one he should notify."

Fred started at the name. He had heard it often in the family, who all seemed to like to talk of the teacher who used to board with them.

The exasperating Bennie opened again:

"Well, he's been writing to you all the time since he went away; and I s'posed he'd tell you whether he was coming back or not."

Lucy bent closer over the book she was reading, and, with heightened color, said:

"'All the time' happens to be twice, you foolish boy."

But Fred had heard enough. Mr. Wade was a talented young man—not so young or good looking as himself, he couldn't help thinking; for he had studied his picture that he had left behind for the family; but they all liked him. He had been hoping to Lucy, and down went his heart and hopes; and soon after he went into his uncle's room, and seating himself, after a little talk, managed quite artfully, as he supposed, to bring the conversation round to Mr. Wade.

Was he agreeable? Worth anything? Did his uncle know whether he was engaged?

"What should I know, Fred, of his love affairs?" answered the old man, quite "up" to Master Fred. "I used to think it might be a match between him and Lucy, and it may be yet. You'd better ask them about it."

"But, uncle, did she seem to like him?"

"Yes, I guess she did, a little. It was natural she should; for if ever I saw love in a fellow's face, I saw it in his. Why, his eyes followed her like Fate; and he was always sketching and bringing home his pictures to her; and he's plaguey smart, too—full of book larning and such. The minister says he'll sit in Congress yet; and that gal just worships knowledge, and is as ambitious as Lucifer."

Poor Fred, he could hear no more. He seized his hat, rushed out, and for an hour, regardless of a cold that had troubled him for days, walked the streets, trying to conquer the mad jealousy the words of his uncle and Bennie had roused.

Cunning old uncle, he was just shaking with laughter, and saying to himself:

"Guess he'll take the hint now, and hurry up matters. I'll give him another dose, if he don't, the bashful booby. As to Wade—he's well enough, and knows a heap, but for all that, if little Lucy don't favor my boy, I'm blest."

Little Lucy had sought her room soon after Fred went out, and there, in sorrowful thoughts, was planning how, without being unmaidenly, she should disabuse Fred of his ideas. She saw at once he mistrusted there was something between her and the teacher. "And, oh," she thought—for we *must* expose her now—"perhaps he will go and marry that proud Belle Baker. She's been dead set at him ever since it came out that he was heir to his uncle; and—oh, dear!—I don't know why I should think any more about him, when there's so many other handsomer and richer girls who want him. He'll never look to poor me—without a cent," and folding to her poor little grieved heart a book of poems he had presented her with, she fairly sobbed out her grief in her pillow.

But how calm and polite she was at breakfast next morning; how gaily she led the conversation, dropping in every now and then with a sisterly remark of the absent teacher. How suitable a match it would be between him and Grace Den-

ham, the minister's daughter, who liked him so much. Oh, the eyes Bennie made; for had not he overheard Mr. Wade say to Lucy one night, after they supposed him asleep on the lounge, "Miss Grace is very bright, very intellectual; but you know, Lucy, I'm not an admirer of her style."

But Bennie was bright, and guessed a little of affairs, and held his peace.

As if to put the finishing stroke to Fred's anguish, at noon Bennie rushed in with, "A letter, Luce, from Mr. Wade. Now we'll know whether he's coming back."

Tantalizing girl! Instead of sitting down and reading it before them all, she put it in her pocket, and went to her room; and Fred made an inward resolve to decide matters that night.

Fortune favored him. Father and mother went out to meeting after tea, Master Bennie went over to his chum's to consult about a kite they were constructing, and Lucy sat demurely sewing until Uncle Sears left the room, after calling up her blushes by remarking:

"You and Fred are unspeakably happy, I guess, to-night."

"Thank, you uncle," thought the young man, "you've put the words into my mouth." As he closed the door, he came and sat down by Lucy, and taking up a bit of cloth, commenced picking it to pieces, saying, in a low voice as he did so:

"No: *I'm* not happy if you are, Lucy, to-night."

"Why not, pray?" and the innocent eyes were raised. "And why should you suppose me happy?"

"Can't you guess, Lucy?"

"No; I'm sure I can't."

"Wasn't there anything in your letter to make you so? I know I've no right to ask about it, but—" and here the poor rag in his hands suffered some, and he paused until she looked up, but dropped her eyes instantly, seeing that in his that warned her *the* question was at hand—"I wish you would give me the *right* to ask about that, and another question, too," and taking courage from the sweet, blushing face that bent to her work, he caught one of those trembling hands, and added, beseechingly, "Won't you give me the right?"

"To ask about the letter? Yes; all you wish," and the roguish eyes lifted a moment, to go down again, as he said:

"Don't trifle with me, dear Lucy. You know I have loved you ever since we met; and I want

to ask you to love me a little. I want you to marry me. I hope you are not engaged to that Wade—are you?" and in his eagerness he drew her back against his breast, and bent so close to her face that a coquettish cry of "There, you made me drop my thimble, you tease!" escaped her, all the while the pretty face, full of the sweetest confusion, drooped lower on his shoulder, and Fred, rightly construing its expression, laid his chestnut locks against her shining curls, and whispered, as she returned the pressure of his hand:

"I'm satisfied, dear. I don't wish to see the letter."

A long, happy silence, broken by something that sounded like kisses, then Fred said:

"You don't know, Lucy, how I've suffered, thinking you were engaged to Mr. Wade."

"And you don't know how *I've* suffered, thinking you only liked me as a friend, and that you would marry a richer girl than me."

"Richer than you!" and the lover's eloquent eyes satisfied little Lucy.

"Let me speak to your father to-night—may I?"

"Yes," whispered she, as she ran off up stairs, sending back a look that raised our hero into the seventh heaven of lovers.

He was demurely reading when Mr. Green came in, and to his inquiry for Lucy, said he believed she had retired. Mrs. Green and Bennie soon went to their rooms, and Mr. Green fidgeted about, wishing Fred would, so he could make all safe for the night, when that gentleman surprised him with the question:

"Do you object to me, Mr. Green, for a son-in-law?"

One look, to see if he was in earnest, and then a cordial, "No, indeed, Fred; you have my full consent. I have never forgotten that week of tender care after the accident; and if the choicest treasure of my heart will compensate you a little, she is yours—that is, if she consents."

"That's all settled, sir," and, with a grasp of the hand, they said good-night. Up stairs, two steps at a time, went the happy fellow, and not only kissed Lucy's picture, but actually went to sleep with it on his heart.

Uncle John was apprised of the state of affairs in the morning, and, with a hearty clap of Fred's shoulder, said: "Good, my boy; I didn't lie to

you for nothing last night, did I? Oh, you young fool not to see how the land lay!" and, with a laugh, Fred acknowledged how jealousy had blinded him in regard to Lucy.

"And now," said Uncle John, "when is it to come off? I'm getting old, and I want to see you and the little girl—God bless her—well settled in a home of your own before I go."

"And I hope," said Fred, "you will live many years in it with us."

"No, boy, no; the old man's nearing another home, Doctor Bolus tells me. I saw him last night."

Fred gave a startled look in his uncle's face, and was struck with its worn and changed expression he, in his preoccupation of mind, had failed to notice before.

"It's all right, Fred; don't look so like that mother of your's with those pitiful eyes. I've been planning this marriage ever since you came back; and there's that cottage on the hill that was vacated last month. We'll have it all repaired, a bay-window thrown out. What do you say, boy? Will it do for you and the birdie? You can build a bigger one, if you like, after the old man's gone."

"Oh, uncle," said Fred, with tears that did him credit in his eyes, "can I ever repay you for all your kindness?"

The old man's lip trembled as, in a broken voice, he answered, "I hope to see Alice there; and perhaps she'll forget how long I neglected her, poor child, and the old sinner will be pardoned though his repentance was so late."

We've only to tell of the furnishing of the cottage, of the grand piano that went into it, of the consultations that took place as to carpets, mirrors, etc., and that a few days after the engagement Mr. Sears surprised Lucy by laying in her hand a thousand dollars, with the remark that he "S'posed she'd have to get some jimcracks for the wedding." Mr. Green, from the payment for his first month's work, took a sum as a beginning towards the repayment of the hundred dollars

and offered to Mr. Sears, but he put it by at once, saying:

"Why, man alive, you're giving the best thing you had to my boy. Who wants your paltry hundred? No, *sir*; give that to Bennie for his readings."

Thoughtful Lucy had insisted father should take enough from her gifts to settle all the bills that worried him; and, to "stop Fred's teasing," she said, the day was named, and the bridal trousseau hurried forward, and at Thanksgiving there was a happy wedding-party assembled at the new home. A happy old man was carried over, tenderly wrapped up, in the carriage that took over the young couple. And though feeble and tottering, he insisted on visiting every room, and seeing that those upholsterers had not "shammed things."

"All right, all right! I see," he said; "and now, Fred, God bless you, and don't do as your old uncle did—shut up your heart till you get crusty and hateful. No fear, I guess, though, with you, little one," he said, laying his hand tenderly on Lucy's head. "And now good-night; I must go home," and, calling the carriage, they saw him well wrapped, and off with Mrs. Green and Bennie.

He retired as soon as he reached home, and, in the morning, when called to breakfast, failing to respond, Mr. Green softly opened the door of his room. There lay the old man, with folded hands, in the long, still sleep of death. The poor heart, let us hope, had rest in heaven with the sister beloved.

Tender tears were shed over the wasted form by Fred and Lucy; and, indeed, the Green family forgot all his past annoying ways in the gratitude his later kindnesses evoked.

Tenderly he was carried to his last resting-place; and when the will was opened, with the exception of a thousand dollars to Mrs. Green, the whole of his large landed property, bank stock, etc., was bequeathed to

"MY DEAR NEPHEW, FREDERICK SEARS FENTON."

## THE GOLDEN SCALP.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY SHEELAH.

WILLIAM PENN, in his ignorance of the topography of the interior, had been in the habit of defining the boundaries of his early purchases of land from the Indians by walking over the ground. Thus: "Two days' journey, with a horse, up into the country, as far as said river doth go;" or, "Back into the woods as far as a man can walk in two days from said station," and such like, were terms by which his transactions were regulated. As long as Penn lived, his justice and benevolence kept matters straight, even with such vague arrangements as the above; but when the good man had passed away, and others, less kind and less scrupulous, followed him, the Indian walk was not always conducted with strict regard to the rights of the original lords of the soil. Hence, dissatisfaction arose on the part of the Indians, and aggravation on that of the white settlers, which increased in bitterness until the breaking out of hostilities between the French and English, when the former made use of all their subtlety to detach the Indians from their allegiance to the latter. The Delawares seized this opportunity to revenge their wrongs, and darkened the fair fields of Pennsylvania by the cloud of savage warfare. It was during these rough and stormy times that the incidents occurred upon which our story is founded.

In the luxuriant Kittanning Valley, where the Monocacy winds its sparkling way, a gay wedding-party assembled in the soft haze of a September morning. The happy couple were Robert Craig and Joanna, the sunny-haired daughter of Edward Marshall. The young friends of the groom accompanied him from his home to that of the bride, where the neighbors, for miles around, assembled; and the marriage ceremony took place with due solemnity at noon. Then followed an abundant and substantial dinner, after which the young people formed parties for dancing and games, while the old folks sat in groups smoking and talking.

Three or four hours were thus spent when, suddenly, a horseman came dashing into their midst, with blanched face and wild eyes, huskily ex-

claiming: "The Indians! the Indians!" Instantly the scene was changed, and mirth and gaiety gave place to horror and dismay. Looking, a broad smoke appeared curling above the trees in the distance, telling that many of the wedding-guests were already homeless. The few arms that the house contained were quickly procured and distributed among the men; the women and children were hurried within doors, and, like the yell of fiends, the war-whoop burst upon the summer air.

The attack was fierce and the defence desperate. Of those who had no weapons, some took to flight, while others stood by their friends, and, with stones and such like missiles, strove to ward off the savage foe. One man was making his escape, when his wife called from one of the windows, "O, George, wait for me!" He turned back as she leaped from the window, and, the next moment, a tomahawk was sunk in his head. But the woman for whom he had died, gave but one shriek of widowhood, when her spirit was sent after that of her husband by the same reeking hand that had butchered him.

And all around the house the encounter raged with terrible fury. The whites fought for dear life, and for those that were as dear as life; while the Indians, filled with anger and hatred, fought like demoniacs. In view of an upper window, where a fair face, crowned with golden locks, looked down in speechless agony upon the strife, young Craig loaded and fired while his ammunition lasted, and then struck boldly and fiercely with his empty rifle until overpowering numbers burst in the house doors and the screams of the women and children broke forth. Then, like a bear defending her whelps, the bridegroom sprung into the midst of the savages, and, with mad strength, tore his way through them. Up the stairs, over their bodies, and unheeding their blows, he bounded with herculean strength, until, bleeding and panting, he reached the room where a group of women, in mortal terror, awaited the entrance of the Indians. Joanna, with a hysterical cry, fell upon



his bosom; and, encircling her with his left arm, and with his right hand seizing a stout chair, which he swung in front of him, he essayed to fight his way out again. But the hope was madness, for several pieces were now fired from the stairway, one of which took effect in his right shoulder, while another sent the blood spurting from his bride's snowy neck. All was now lost. The fair girl that he loved better than life was murdered in his very embrace, while his true right hand was rendered powerless to avenge her. With a groan of unutterable anguish, he laid down the precious form on the floor, not caring that the cruel foe were now binding him as their prisoner. But the worst was not yet. As he quietly went with them, he turned at the door to take a last look at his sleeping bride, when—Oh! horror of horrors!—one of the sanguinary wretches sprang back into the room, and, seizing the golden hair of the prostrate Joanna, ran his knife around her scalp, and snatched it from her head. Like a madman manacled, or a lion caged, was the bound husband at that fiendish act; and the burning rage that filled his breast and leaped through his veins caused torture intolerable. A minute ago Craig had wished to die, that he might rejoin his love in a better land, but now his strongest desire was to live, that he might wreak vengeance for this last inhuman outrage.

As Craig and the women and children, his fellow-prisoners, emerged from the house, the scene that presented itself was sad and sickening. The ground was strewn with the dead bodies of their friends and relatives—every head scalped and bleeding, and the survivors, wounded and bruised, were tied securely to trees and posts. The victorious savages were regaling on the remains of the wedding-feast and collecting the plunder; their grunts of satisfaction contrasting with the groans and sobs that now and then burst from their suffering victims. The last act of the marauders was to fire the house; they then loaded their captives with the spoils and commenced their retreat.

All the horrors and miseries of that journey have never been told. Now they climbed rough mountains, waded through rivers and swamps, and dragged their torn and wasted limbs through thorny woodlands, with but a morsel each of wild meat for food in the day, and staked to the ground like cattle at night, besides the cruel ordeal of the gauntlet which they had to endure in passing an Indian village. Of the women, the aged, and the

children, several sunk under their sufferings, and were despatched by their barbarous captors—their bodies left to be devoured by beasts or interred by any friendly hand that might chance that way. At last they reached Fort Duquesne, where the Indians consigned the faint and broken remnant of their prisoners to the French commander.

But one there was of that stricken band who traversed the weary way without sign of failing, and who, now at the journey's end, did not court the much needed rest. The harrowing scene—ever before the eyes of Robert Craig—of the mutilation of his murdered bride, kept alive the fever of excitement within him, and closed his senses to personal suffering. The savage who carried the precious scalp possessed a fascination for him as intense as was his abhorrence. He watched him as a tiger watches his prey, and ground his teeth as he planned a hundred schemes of vengeance upon him. To him the better treatment of the fort, under a civilized enemy, was no advantage, inasmuch as it separated him from the dear proximity of the golden scalp, and from every chance of redressing the brutal outrage. But his condition took a favorable turn when Captain Contreseur, the commander of the fort, found it expedient to send the prisoners to Canada. While on this journey, by keenly watching for an opportunity, Craig contrived to elude the vigilance of his guards, and escaped.

In an enemy's country, surrounded by dangers and difficulties, yet the bereaved and outraged husband, burning for vengeance, saw no obstacles that could not be easily surmounted. Without food or arms, or anything to help him on his journey save dauntless courage, he struck boldly into the wilderness. And he had but slight knowledge of the way, and only the stars at night to direct him, for he was obliged to avoid the settlements. To tell of the hardships and perils of that lonely travel, of its frightful encounters with wild beasts, of its hairbreadth escapes from human foes, of its hunger and cold, and wet, and its weary straying up and down, would take too long. We must, therefore, sum it all up by saying that only an indomitable purpose could sustain him through it. But, at last, when almost exhausted, he met a hunting-party of the Connecticut settlers on the Susquehanna. Reduced to a skeleton, his clothes worn to rags, and his weather-stained face bearing an expression of wild agony, we need not tell of

his wants or his woes to excite pity and sympathy. Wholesome food, however, and a sleep unbroken by the torment of apprehension, refreshed his body and revived his spirit. Some clothing of skins was also given to him; and, with directions for his way, which now led through a friendly country, he started hopefully again. He got along faster and more easily, as he travelled the beaten road and obtained refreshment at the settlements, until, finally, the deep song of the rapid-rolling Susquehanna gave joy to his ears.

It was evening, after a glorious day in Indian summer, when Craig, with cautious movements, approached the Delaware town of Waiomink. The braves, he learned at his last stopping-place, had lately returned from an expedition with much plunder and great rejoicing. It was an opportune season, therefore, for the man who, alone and unarmed save by a trusty club, had such a terrible account to settle with the tribe. He could exercise all the arts of warfare practiced by his savage foes, and being familiar with their habits, he knew that they were now drinking and carousing after their recent successes, and therefore less wary and dangerous than at other times.

That night the work of vengeance commenced. Carefully reconnoitering around, at a safe distance from the frolic and firelight, Craig came upon an Indian sitting alone, smoking, with his rifle lying on the ground beside him. Quick as thought he aimed a blow with his club at the dusky temple, and the savage fell dead. The avenger gave one look around, then seized the rifle, powder-flask and shot-pouch, and sped away to an opposite point of observation. He had now a firearm by which he could send a deadly message without approaching near to the enemy; and every opportunity that he found to glut his hate was eagerly grasped, while, agile as a fawn, he fled from place to place, and left no clue to find the angry hand that struck at all points and all hours.

A week passed away in this vengeful enterprise, and Craig was getting nervous with anxiety, for he had not yet met him for whom he watched most keenly—Tastamaquah, whose brutal hand had stripped the bride's fair head of its golden scalp. He could wait no longer, as he saw indications of their starting abroad again; so, at night, when they were engaged in an idolatrous sacrifice, he disguised himself like them, and glided around without going near enough to be discovered.

He had before witnessed their abominable pagan rites, but this was a grand occasion, and the scene was truly horrible. Every one of them seemed frantic—singing and howling, and twisting their bodies into grotesque shapes, as they danced around a large fire, while their conjurers powwowed and played juggling tricks. In the midst of this wild and distracting scene, Craig caught sight of Tastamaquah, dancing violently, and making those hideous noises in which each seemed trying to excel. Rejoiced to have at last found his abhorred enemy, Craig heeded nothing more, but with eyes, like those of a lynx, fixed on the unconscious savage, he shadowed him with tireless determination through long hours. At last, wearied with their exertions, and overcome with the potations of whisky that had accompanied the eating of the sacrifice, the frenzied worshippers began to drop away. As the crowd thinned, the spy had to be more careful in concealing himself, until the object of his attention, with a final yell and bound, left the circle. Still following and keenly watching, Craig marked the wigwam into which he entered, then hid behind a tree to bide his time. But very soon the ground was clear, save the fire that still glowed in the centre. With slow step, and staggering, lest some observing eye should still be unclosed, Craig now proceeded to the wigwam of Tastamaquah. There lay his enemy in his power at last. For a moment he looked at the monster, then, seizing the Indian's own tomahawk, he struck it with all his force into the upturned face. Silence still reigned, and the successful executioner had yet to obtain possession of the golden scalp; but he knew where the red-skinned warriors kept those trophies, and in a moment he had a score of them in his hands. His fingers trembled with passionate eagerness, as he turned them over until a cluster of golden tresses shone in the firelight. This he tenderly and reverently pressed to his lips, then placed in his bosom. The others he hung to his belt, and, casting a look of deep satisfaction on the grim savage who was now powerless of evil, he stepped forth, and wound his way carefully out of the sleeping town.

While wandering around, on the first night of reaching Waiomink, he had come upon his own horse, which had been part of the spoil taken by the marauders on that fatal day. He caressed the animal, who joyfully recognized him, and, since

then, made nightly visits to him—finding him by a peculiar whistle. Now that his retributive work was done, he would withdraw to some friendly forest, away from the hated vicinity of the Delawares, and his horse, the only living thing that loved him, should go with him. He therefore proceeded to a certain bush where he had previously, with this view, hidden a bridle and a deer-skin. He then gave a whistle which was answered by a neigh, and soon he heard the sound of hoofs and the faithful creature came trotting towards him. He patted his glossy neck, threw the bridle over his head and the skin over his back, upon which he vaulted and then sped away to the distant wilderness. The sun's beams were appearing in the east when he alit from his tired horse; but, before taking rest himself, he selected a healthy oak and at its foot buried the scalps he had hung at his belt in *Tastamaquah's* wigwam. Then he cut a cross in the tree's bark, and that oak still stands to mark the spot, although the forest has all been cleared around it.

No one who knew Robert Craig in his joyous youth or saw him in the gallant glory of his wedding day, would have recognized him on any subsequent occasion. His bodily sufferings—scarcely noticed by him, so much were they outweighed by greater wretchedness of spirit—told upon his hitherto well-kept system, and gave him a lean, cadaverous aspect, and a wild, sunken eye. In the new life which he had now chosen, there was nothing to restore his identity. He dwelt in a cave and supported himself by hunting. Eschewing the comforts of civilized life and avoiding its associations, he brooded over his wrongs, nursed vindictive feelings, and heeded not the demoralizing effect of such a course upon both body and soul. Sometimes he met with individuals and parties of his own race; but, reticent and gloomy, he manifested no desire for any further intercourse with them than to aid them against, or protect them from, the hated red-skins. In such enterprises he was ever foremost, and his bold and reckless daring, in the worst emergencies of this kind, made him as much a terror to the Indians as he was an esteemed friend and ally of the sorely-tried settlers. But to all he was an object of mystery, as much to those who welcomed his grim, gaunt presence, as to those who regarded him with superstitious dread. "*The Wild Hunter*" was the title that his appearance and manner of life gained for him. His principal abode was

in the Juniata Valley; but he visited, with his faithful horse, all the surrounding country, and everywhere, for many miles, that an Indian fired a gun or raised a tomahawk, his stern, relentless hand followed with avenging stroke; and often did he come galloping up, just in time to prevent fire and massacre, and to send his unerring ball to the hearts of the savage aggressors.

Thus for twelve years lived the melancholy man; a life of a hatred and revenge; dark, unhappy life, into which there shone no ray of comfort; in which no tender thought had place, save when, in lonely hour, he drew from his bosom that cluster of golden curls and pressed it to his lips in soft caress. It was but a few moments, however, until the thronging memories overwhelmed him, and he returned the little scalp to its hiding-place, and stood forth more bitterly furious than before.

But now came a change. The wild hunter, in the midst of his vengeful career, was stricken down by the hand of sickness. This was a fate he had never foreseen. Death he had often thought of as coming to him from the weapon of a savage foe, or when, overpowered by numbers, he might be doomed to slow and horrible tortures. For either of these alternatives he braced himself. But the weary wasting of a sick-bed, alone in a forest cave, was a condition of affairs wholly unlooked for. Oh! how long were the hours now spent in pain and weakness! How galling were confinement and inaction! How dreary to lie day and night without seeing a human face, without a kind hand to reach a draught of water, or a friendly voice to utter a cheering word! And now came a doubt as to whether his last years had been well spent; as to the wisdom of ignoring the advantages of civilization, and devoting the best portion of his life to a wild passion for vengeance. Brought up under Moravian influence, his youth had been well taught in the gentle doctrines of religion. He had also sat at the feet of the sainted Brainard, and had heard the truths of the Gospel in their most wondrous power from the burning lips of Whitefield. What had there been in his wilderness life to harmonize with the principles thus inculcated? or, what had he gained in the interests of body or soul by those years of vindictive bloodshed? These questions, and many more in the same direction, kept agitating his bosom, while his parched mouth and aching head gave sentence against wasted time and strength.

One night he lay thus musing, his feeble hand,

within the bosom of his hunting-frock, pressed fondly the silken hair that lay next his sad, faint heart, when, gradually, a soft light appeared, and, amidst it, to his astonished sight, came the vision of his fair girl-wife. A grieved expression, as well as that one of deep love, which they had ever worn, shone in her blue eyes as she looked pityingly on him.

"Oh, my darling! my darling!" he exclaimed, in weak accents, and attempted to stretch his hands towards her. But she clasped her slender, white fingers, and her sweet voice thrilled through his heart as she said, beseechingly:

"Forgive, forgive, as I have done, and return home."

He began, exerting all his strength, to raise himself towards her, when the light faded away, and she was gone. He may have fainted, he may have slept, but he knew no more until the beams of day entered the door of his cave. A great thirst was upon him, which impelled him to drag himself out to the spring, a few yards away. There stood his horse, who had also come to drink, and whinnied with joy at sight of him. A draught of the clear, cold water seemed to give strength to the sick man; and a longing to put in exercise the desire of Joanna inspired him with the power to do so. Home—he had none; for was not his father's house burnt, and were not its inmates all massacred save a brother, who had been carried away captive with himself? Yet, the voice he loved had said, "Return home," and to the Kittingan Valley he must go, and spend his last few days there.

To decide was to act. Dizzy, but determined, he climbed to his horse's back; and the faithful brute, knowing there was something wrong with his kind master, trod gently and carefully as he moved away. Slowly, and by easy stages, the journey was made; and the traveller's spirits rose as he went on, for everywhere the wild hunter was welcome to the best entertainment the settlers could afford, and woman's kind ministrations were lavished upon him. As he entered the region of country where he was unknown, he urged his horse forward at a more rapid rate, and soon he came upon scenes familiar in his youth. And now he hastened on, impatient, and yet dreading to see the spot hallowed by the blood of those so dear to him. Nearer and yet nearer he approaches, and the old horse seems to recognize the ground,

for he tosses his head and bounds along with evident pleasure. At last he was upon the farm, and up before him loomed the homestead, just as it had ever stood. Astonished—for had he not seen the Indians set it on fire?—he was about to stop and look around, but the horse knew the place and galloped to the door.

The harvest moon was at her full, with not a cloud in the blue expanse to obscure her lustre. In the old farm kitchen the evening meal was spread, and a large family, composed of three generations, sat around the table, when they were disturbed by the sound of the horse's hoofs. The young men went out to see the visitor, whom they met entering the house, while the horse of his own accord walked to the stable.

But no one knew the strange man, in uncouth garments, with long beard and haggard features, who stood looking from one to another, dazed and trembling. The children shrunk, affrighted, from him, till the house-mother, a comely matron past middle age, exclaimed, excitedly:

"I believe in my heart, John, that this is our long-lost son!"

"Am I dreaming?" demanded the stranger, rubbing his eyes and seizing a chair for support. But the family gathered round him with glad recognition, his father grasped his hand, and his mother drew his head to her bosom with tears of joy.

Questions were now rapidly asked, and, in a few words, answered. Thus, Robert learned that his father and one of his brothers had succeeded in escaping when the house was beleaguered; that his mother and sister had concealed themselves in the garret, and remained there until all was quiet; that, on the departure of the Indians, those who had fled came back, and, by their united efforts, quenched the fire, which had not made much headway, and then attended to the solemn duty of preparing their slaughtered friends for burial; and that, moreover, his youngest brother, who had been taken captive to Canada, had returned upon an exchange of prisoners in a couple of years after. At last came the name that he longed, and yet dreaded, to hear.

"But, poor Joanna," said the mother, tenderly, "her recovery was the slowest work of all."

"Joanna recovered!" exclaimed Robert, starting violently, and his eyes opening wide with amazement.

"Yes; even so. The wound in her neck was not mortal. The ball ran down towards the shoulder, and a skillful surgeon extracted it. Her head gave the most trouble, and her life and her reason were long in the scales; but both were almost miraculously preserved, and she at last arose—only the shadow, indeed, of the once plump, rosy girl, but still recovered, thank God, in mind and body. And, so," continued Mrs. Craig, "we lived pleasantly again but for our ceaseless mourning for you, whose fate we could not learn."

Robert buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud. What would he now give for his twelve wasted years? Worse than wasted—spent in the indulgence of the fiercest and most evil passions. And, then, the thought of his poor, stricken love, suffering week after week, and month after month, and he not there to tend, and soothe, and sympathize. He recalled the grieved expression of her gentle face when she appeared before him in his dreary cave, and he tore his hair and wrung his hands in bitterest anguish.

But, where was she now? His mother went on to tell, and clasped his hand the while:

"When George came home from Canada, and brought no news of you, but was surprised at not finding you, as he said you had escaped early on the northward march, we all lost hope of ever seeing you here. We thought you had been killed by savages or beasts, or had sunk under exhaustion in the woods. We thought of everything that could have happened to you, but never thought of your being alive and staying away from home. If such a possibility had occurred to us, we should have got all the neighbors to join us in searching for you. But Joanna's disappointment was painful to see. The hope of your return had much helped her recovery, and now it was all over. She did not want to stay with us any longer, although she had no other home, for all her folk had been killed or carried away, and the house burned down. She wanted to go to the Moravian settlement and enter the Sisters' House. We tried to persuade her that she belonged to us; but it was of no use, she could not content herself here without you. So we gave up opposing her, and father took her down to Bethlehem, and made arrange-

ments, unknown to her, for paying her expenses. We often go to see her, and sometimes she comes home with us to spend a day; and she says she is as happy as she can be in this world."

Robert sprang to his feet with the intention of going at once to Bethlehem; and it was in vain that they tried to dissuade him by urging that he was too tired after his long journey, and that he did not look "presentable," until his mother suggested that his sudden appearance at such a late hour (for it would be the middle of the night before he could reach there) might give a serious shock to Joanna. On this ground he consented to wait until morning, and suffered himself to be led to his chamber.

But before morning Robert Craig was in a raging fever. The excitement caused by the evening's discoveries, added to the fatigues of the journey, in his weak condition, brought a relapse of his late illness with tenfold virulence, and for several weeks his friends stood around awe-struck with the apprehension that Providence had but brought him home to die.

Joanna alone was sanguine. Delighted to have him again, in any state, she flung herself joyfully into his service; and, under her careful nursing, the disease spent its fury, and he lived. Very sweet she looked, when, in the light of sanity, he first recognized her. The rich beauty of thirty years seemed brighter than the bloom of girlhood, while the golden crown seemed well replaced by a little band of silken hair down either temple, surmounted by the neat cap of the Moravian Sisters.

Robert Craig took up life again just where he had laid it down on that day that had opened so brightly and closed so darkly. His gaiety of spirit never returned, but his heart was quietly and deeply happy. Through all the years that war ravaged the country, he served his native State efficiently, but never again raised a weapon in the name of anger or revenge. He was yet in vigorous manhood when the rainbow of peace stretched over a new-born nation; then he and Joanna went fondly, hand-in-hand, down the slope to a serene old age. They were honored and beloved by all their neighbors; and their descendants are among the first people in the Kittanning Valley to this day.



## ART INDUSTRIES.

BY A. H. MARKLEY.

ASIDE from the æsthetic enjoyment which the cultivated derive from art, it produces results infinitely more extended; it appeals to the appreciation of a vastly greater number in its practical application to the industries of civilized man. Through this channel of industrial art, a people can much more surely and rapidly be brought to a high standard of cultivation. The instruments of training probe to the beginning of things, down to the lowest strata of the improving classes; through the byways where the germs of knowledge and taste can be scattered; through the channels of human needs, of the every day life and occupations, of the home surroundings and the luxuries which an increasing income ever seeks, and which satisfy, in many cases, the highest ambitions of those who work for increase of fortune. Especially is this true of a new country like our own, whose art traditions are yet to be born, whose art knowledge is yet in its infancy, and must derive its nurture and support from Old-World traditions and Old-World masters, whose talent has to seek the genius of art amid the palaces and galleries around which the dust of centuries has gathered; for, let the genius of the artist be as it may, he must find the genius of his art away from America's proud hills and nobly-flowing rivers—away from her proud achievements and more nobly-moving institutions. Art is the soul of dead centuries—undying; while all that gave it birth, that gave it sustenance, that

brought it to the strength of a beautiful manhood, that enshrined it and deified it, lie in the mould of a gone past. Modern art is but a child of this



MONUMENT TO CLEMENT XIII. AT ROME—CANOVA'S WORK.

great old god—a mortal child, yet to earn his immortality.

The industries of a nation, to whose mechanical

labors and practical objects have been added the higher elements of design and beauty, of artistic development and intellectual life, form a great



STATUE OF MINERVA.

share in the intellectual history of that nation. The arts of the engraver, the goldsmith, and the metal worker, the worker in pottery and porcelain, the inlayer, the worker in iron and wood, the maker of textile fabrics, both tapestries and woven goods, are the monuments by which human progress has marked its way. Nations of old produced powerful monarchs, astute statesmen, unrivalled codes of laws, but they have passed from off the face of the earth; while those that produce the greatest works of art demanded for the uses of men, make a nationality indestructible. The goldsmith or gold worker ranks among the earliest of artisans who brought to their work a spirit of taste and design combined with the excellency of superior skill. The art of chasing on metal goes far back among the ancient Greeks and Romans, as one may infer from the shield of Achilles—a wonderful remnant of antiquity, and from the subjects of its kind: this art was called by the Greeks "*toreutic*," and the celebrated artists of antiquity used the toreutic art in those portions of their statues not the work of the chisel, among which artists may be named Phidias, Polycletus, Myron, Mentor, and others; the famed statue of Minerva was thus

adorned. And among the celebrated Italian artists we should not omit to mention Antonio Canova, who received instruction in the art of sculpture in the studios of Forretti and Ferreri, of Venice. One of his masterpieces is the monument to Clement XIII., at Rome (shown in our illustrations).

To the gold-worker, and to an accident, the engraver owes his art. One Tomasso Finiguerra, an Italian living about 1440, an ornamental engraver on silver, was accustomed to test the progress of his work by filling it in with a mixture of lamp-black and oil, and taking therefrom impressions upon paper, thus proving his work, and at the same time preserving his patterns. Some claim the honor of this invention for the Germans; but, however that may be, it gave to the engraver his exquisite art—an art which approaches so closely to the fine arts, and its history and pro-



ETRUSCAN TERRA-COTTA FIGURE.

gress enter so intimately into the society of those arts, that it demands more than these outline remarks are intended to give. These silver-



workers filled their designs with a black pigment that hardened in a short time, which style of work was termed "millo." Benvenuto Cellini, a Florentine who lived in the sixteenth century, carried the goldsmith's art to the highest perfection—he being also a sculptor and worker in bronze; those pieces of his work now in existence are of great value and finest art. It would be useless to enumerate the adaptation of metal-working in modern times; objects familiar to almost every grade in life amply attest to the study of beauty and fitness of design entered into by modern workers. The celebrated firm of Elkington & Co., of England, have accomplished more than any other modern means for the reproduction of ancient art, and the introduction of new and original designs. Our own American firms show wonderful progress in the matter of design and workmanship.

Carving in wood and ivory was an art early practiced among the Babylonians, the Grecians, French, Germans, and Italians; rare pieces of work of the sixth and ninth centuries being extant, the churches and cathedrals of the Continent containing many elaborate and beautiful specimens of the work of the Middle Ages, at which time carving seemed to have reached its highest perfection; and of later centuries, following the adorning of the churches, pieces of



A CUP FOUND IN GLASTONBURY RUINS.

furniture, goblets, crucifixes, ornaments, and even portraits in wood, were produced by artists and workers of eminence.

Inlaid work in ivory, metal, shell, wood, and stone, was brought to perfection by workers of ancient times. Buhl, the inlaying of metal or



ANTONIO CANOVA, THE GREEK SCULPTOR.

wood in wood, was named from its inventor, an Italian cabinet-maker, who came to France to ply his art in the reign of Louis XIV. *Marqueterie* is the French term given to inlaying when different colored woods are employed. The term *mosaic* denotes the inlay work of glass or stone, and in very ancient times was mainly employed in constructing the pavements surrounding the palaces and temples, and in the flooring of those buildings. The origin of the term, and of the work denoted by it, is involved in obscurity. It was practiced by the ancient Romans, when the art seems to have been lost, as Andrea Tati, a worker of St. Marks, Venice, is mentioned as having reintroduced it into Italy. In Italy there were two varieties of mosaic-work—Roman and Florentine; the former employing minute pieces of colored glass to form the picture or design. The manufacture of this glass is a papal monopoly carried on in the Vatican, no less than twenty-five thousand shades being produced. In the Florentine work pieces of stone or shell, of the natural colors, are inlaid in black marble, and beautiful results attained. The finest work of this

kind is produced in St. Petersburg in the factories under imperial patronage. In the Indian mosaic white marble forms the ground-work. No stone-



ETRUSCAN VASE.

inlaying has ever excelled the work in the marble walls of the tomb of the Sultana of Shah Jehan, at Agra.

The history of pottery and porcelain may almost be said to form the history of the nations in which it has at any time formed an important industry; and to give but an outline of its history would claim a volume.

The working in pottery, or all objects in baked clay, dates back to the earliest intelligence of mankind. The Egyptians claim precedence in this art. The Assyrians and Babylonians resembled the Egyptians in their work, with probably greater refinement of material and design. The most remarkable pottery of antiquity was the Greek, which seems to have another origin than the Oriental. The term *keramos*, from which we have the word *keramic*, was applied by them to this work.

The Etruscans and Romans give evidence of pottery having been among their earliest arts, and it

was extended to the whole Roman world; yet, long before the conquests of the Romans, the northern nations—especially the Celts and Scandinavians—left remnants of an ancient pottery in the cromlechs, the tumuli, and the graves of their buried heroes. In the New World the existence of earthenware dates to the remotest antiquity—the Mexicans and Peruvians evincing the greatest mastery of the art. Among Oriental nations the Chinese and Japanese hold the highest rank. The art of pottery in China is said to be as old as 2599 B.C.; and the Chinese claim the invention of hard porcelain about 185 B.C. The Japanese date of manufacture is somewhat later. The Persians produced translucent pottery in the fifteenth century A.D. Among modern nations, England, Germany, France, and Italy have taken the lead—the names of Worcester, Sevres, Dresden, and hosts of others, being very familiar. The manufacture of the glaze forms almost a separate art; and with this the varied achievements in the use of metallic colors for porcelain decoration have marked, step by step, the progress of the work in ceramics. The most successful artists of modern times have added their labors to the designing, shaping, and decorating



ETRUSCAN VASE.

of porcelain, and the results attained in many cases are so beautiful and perfect that they merit to be classed among the fine arts.



The weaving of suitable material into forms for use or ornament, gives proof of its existence among men, even in a most rudimentary state of their skillful arts. The savage fashioned animal or vegetable fibre with his deft fingers, or with the rude hand-loom, centuries and centuries before Cartwright revolutionized the manufacturing and commercial world by the introduction of his wonderful power-loom in 1787; and the ladies of the old feudal world sat in their castles, surrounded by their maidens, weaving, stitch by stitch, the famous conquests of their lords in rare tapestries long before Gobelin and Beauvais placed at the feet of royalty their exquisite productions. The Oriental nations, for centuries gone and to-day, hold highest rank in the marvelous permanence of color, texture, and material of carpets and rugs combined with rare purity of design; and the cashmere woven goods of the East gratify the cultivated tastes and form the adornments of wealth. Silks, velvets, and satins, gold and silver cloth, fine laces, textures of purple and fine linen are things of the past, even in the youth of history; and to-day it is not that our looms produce rarer and finer textures, so much as that they produce by wonderful and multitudinous inventions of machine appliances myriad multiples of the hand results of olden times.

Vol. X.—4

The earliest positive knowledge of working in tapestry was given to us by the Saracens, who seem to have revived the art, and introduced it to

the notice of the world. They employed it as a draping for the courts of their houses; as a covering for walls it was first used by the Flemings prior to the early seventeenth century. In 1606 Henry IV. established its manufacture in France under Flemish artists. Those workers aimed beyond the floral and geometrical designs of the Saracens, and introduced subjects of high artistic order, mainly historical; eminent artists furnished their designs, among which may be named the famous Raphael cartoons. Tapestry-making lagged in France for many years after its introduction; finally a firm of Canaye brothers founded an establishment on premises formerly occupied by one Jean Gobelin, a wool-dyer, and from this came the name of the wonderful work they produced.

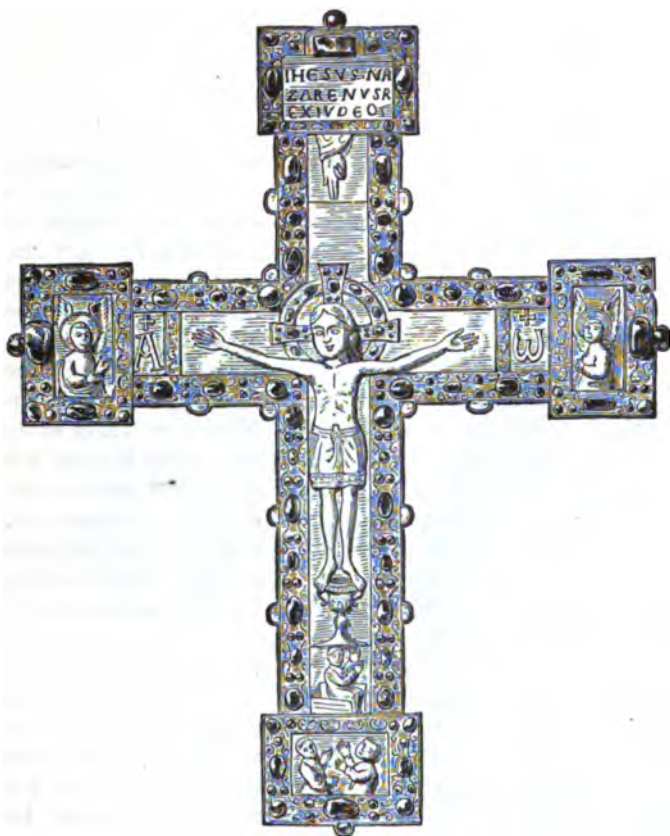
Colbert, minister of Louis XIV., who made France worthy of the "Grande monarch," brought by purchase the manufacture under the royal patronage. A minor establishment was afterwards founded at

Beauvais. Here a slight difference in the mode of working made Beauvais tapestry a distinct variety. Under modern monarchical France the productions of the Gobelins were distributed as



GOthic INCENSE STAND.





CRUCIFIX TO THE CHURCH ST. MAURITURS, MUNSTER, GERMANY.

imperial gifts; they are of great value and few in number.

Step by step America is advancing in the appreciation of the masterpieces of art-work that have so long been treasured in the Old World; and slowly but surely is she reaching out to the foundation of a great producing future. Old-World workmen are coming to our shores to reap the results of a more bountiful harvest offered them, and give us the benefit of their knowledge and experience.

The Exhibition just passed brought in our midst the triumphs of industrial art from all the world; our own work was placed side by side. The result of the comparison has been—we are *young* workmen, but not *poor* workmen; we have much to learn, but we have the capacity for learning.

Subjects before seldom thought of have, through personal observation, aroused general interest. Knowledge follows awakened interest, then advancement and culture. Private collectors are becoming generous in giving to the people an opportunity of seeing what is rare and worthy among their collected treasures. Our infant museums in our large cities are, year by year, adding to their possessions, and bringing before us the results of human energy and human love of the beautiful, giving us hereby the standards for our work that the Old-World artists have had for years before them.

In our own city one valued memorial of the Centennial year has been the founding of the "Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art," with a nucleus of art products in every way promising the great results we look for the Institution to accomplish—the giving to the people that which is perfect in having answered the highest demands of workmanship, and beautiful, as every perfect work must be, and powerful to educate a people to understand, appreciate, and reach the standards placed before them.



SPECIMEN OF ANCIENT MOSAIC.

## THE LOVES OF THE KINGS.

BY MRS. B. F. BAER.

EDWY AND EDGAR.

FOR aught that ever I could read,  
 Could ever hear by tale or history,  
 The course of true love never did run smooth.

SHAKESPEARE.

The casual reader, groping after the main facts of history, is apt to pass over minor details, and in his haste to press great truths on memory's tablets—the fall of this or the sudden rise of that empire, for example—seldom pauses to note the romance that sprinkles almost every page.

Royalty confers no distinguishing attributes apart from its prestige. Monarchs live like the rest of mankind; and, though their forms are robed with "purple and fine linen," and their brows shadowed with diadems, their passions and appetites are only human. They like as other men do, love as strongly, hate as cordially, err as inevitably and fall as frequently as earth's less favored children.

It is our purpose, from the vast field before us, to glean a sheaf here and there and bind it into such a form as may not prove wholly unattractive to our readers.

Eight centuries ago, when Edwy the Fair, a lineal descendant of Alfred the Great, was called to the Anglo-Saxon throne, the literature of his people was in its infancy, the mass of the nation being constantly employed in making aggressions on their neighbors, or repelling the attacks of the fierce Danes, who, with other Teutonic tribes, were accustomed to make annual incursions into Britain, and scourge the island with fire and sword.

Nearly a century later, after the Norman Conquest had opened the way for the rudiments of science and an increased civilization, we find Henry I., surnamed Beauclerc, or good scholar, because he had accomplished the stupendous task of translating *Æsop's Fables* into Anglo-Saxon.

Among the monks, whose influence was beginning to be felt throughout Europe, were to be found the most learned men of the day, many of whom were well versed in the ancient classics, and became writers of no mean repute. Indeed, to the old manuscripts found in the monastic libraries, the modern historian is obliged to credit

much of his information concerning the Anglo-Saxon race.

In those days, when the world was wrapped in the intellectual lethargy of the Middle Ages, the Gleeman played no ignoble part. So a nation who knew nothing of books, whose sports were the most hardy, consisting of hunting, fishing, hawking, and a feasting that would astonish the Englishman of the nineteenth century, it was indispensable that some amusement be provided to while away those hours when inclement weather forbade out-door pastimes, and satiety and drunkenness had put an end to revelry. This niche the Gleeman filled in the early days of our "English cousins," singing his rude verses with a potency that is not to be despised, often accompanying his song with the harp.

These singing poets afterwards became celebrated throughout Europe as minstrels; and still later we hear of them as troubadours. Many of their ballads may yet be found among the sheet music of our ancestors, and are replete with a romantic chivalry that charms us even at this late day. The high veneration with which these Gleemen were held may be discovered in the fact that their persons were sacred alike to friend or foe in time of peace or war; which immunity led Alfred to penetrate the Danish camp in this character, and obtained for him the soubriquet of the Minstrel King, which seems to us a discrepancy, as the singing poets were not known as minstrels until long after King Alfred's time.

Such was the condition of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom when Edwy ascended the throne at a very early age, some historians saying sixteen, others nineteen, none going beyond twenty years; and in this semi-barbarous condition of society must be found whatever excuse—if indeed there may be any urged—that can be brought forward to palliate the atrocious persecutions that harassed this ill-starred monarch at every turn.

Very handsome, as we are informed, and very passionate, the young prince was unfortunate enough to fall in love with a beautiful princess of the royal family named Elgiva or *Ælfygn*, who happened to be first or second cousin to Edwy,

and consequently within the prohibited degrees of the canonical laws, forbidding cousins to marry, a law which still exists in Catholic countries, we believe. However, the prince seems to have followed "the bent of his will" rather than the advice of his spiritual advisers, and the courtship ended in marriage, thereby incurring the undying hatred of the Papal authorities, who headed the strongest political party at that time.

On the day of the coronation Edwy was unwise enough to retire from the banquet before the revels had ceased, thereby infringing the kingly custom, which the Prince of Denmark notices as

More honor'd in the breach, than the observance.

When sought by the Abbot Dunstan, he was found in the queen's room with Elgiva and her mother, and refused to return to the banquet hall. The monk upbraided the king in no gentle terms, heaped the most opprobrious epithets on the ladies, and climaxed the outrage by forcibly ejecting the former from the room.

It is natural to suppose that a fiery young prince, with the coronation honors thick upon him, would resent such a public affront to himself and queen, whom he loved most devotedly; and, as a writer most facetiously remarks, "The king had a ready rod wherewith to scourge the monk."

Dunstan had exercised almost unlimited influence over the preceding king, the weak and superstitious Edred, and taking advantage of this circumstance, Edwy at once required Dunstan to give an accurate account of all the moneys issued from the royal treasury during his uncle's reign. This demand the Abbot refused to comply with, and the king at once proceeded to revenge himself on the offending monk.

Dunstan was banished the kingdom, his revenues confiscated, and his monasteries laid waste. In this unfortunate quarrel Edwy displayed no kingly craft, for he arrayed himself on the weaker side; and though Dunstan was exiled, his cause did not sleep. He had left behind him a powerful friend in Archbishop Odo, who was a Dane by birth, and a zealous advocate of celibacy among the clergy.

It was not long before Odo made his power felt with a singular vengeance. He struck, and the blow fell where it was meant that it should be most felt. All the fatal beauty of the Saxon queen, all the strength of her husband's love, was powerless to save her. She was torn from the king's palace by a body of soldiers, and her face having been

branded with hot irons to destroy its fascinations, was hurried over to Ireland to remain in perpetual exile.

Dissolute as Edwy is represented by ancient historians of monkish proclivities, there is something wonderfully thrilling in the gallantry which urged him to defend his queen against such odds, and pathetic in the love whose faithfulness well-nigh cost him a crown.

Completely broken in spirits by this cruel blow, the king, unable to check the revolt of his subjects, was content to divide the kingdom with his brother Edgar, and was compelled to consent to a divorce from Elgiva likewise. He afterwards remarried, we are told, but to whom seems involved in mystery; consequently we may be pardoned if we doubt it, in the light of subsequent events.

In the meanwhile, the queen was not idle in her retirement; for surrounded by friends, gained by her extreme youthfulness and her great distress, she succeeded in obliterating the scars made by the branding-irons—how this was accomplished is difficult to discover, and more difficult to credit—and suddenly reappeared in England with all her pristine beauty restored, to join her lover-king.

Braving everything, and heroically braving the dangers that beset her at every step, Elgiva attempted to reach Edwy, knowing that she would receive protection at his hands; but she fell into the enemy's net, and was captured shortly after her feet touched her native land, to meet a fate than which no fouler blot darkens the pages of English history.

Peerlessly beautiful, not more than seventeen years of age, we may picture the queen as fair, blue-eyed, yellow-haired, as graceful as the willows that bordered the streams of her native country, and turn from the mental portrait to shed a tear over the memory of one who deliberately threw herself into danger, preferring the risk of being captured rather than be separated indefinitely from the husband whom she adored, and paid the forfeit with her life.

As to whom the orders for the most inhuman torture of the fair captive may be ascribed, is a matter of controversy to this day; but certain it is, that monk nor people raised a hand to prevent or avenge the deed of barbarity, which would better grace the calendar of a Sioux Indian than a nation professing Christianity.

Elgiva was taken to Gloucester, and hamstrung,

from which slow torture she died after three days of excruciating suffering. Her youth, her fidelity and unflinching bravery were powerless to gain her one iota of mercy from her relentless foe, whom Dr. Lingard excuses by remarking that the death, "though cruel, was by no means unusual in that age."

How much Edwy's unfortunate love had to do with shaping his career, may easily be discerned. It antagonized him with the dominant party in the beginning of his reign, excommunicated him from the Church, divided his kingdom, and caused the death of its helpless object as well. Divorced as he was, remarried to another, as he is said to have been, nearly all historians unite in saying that the king died of a broken heart soon after hearing the news of the untimely death of his first, and it may be presumed, only love.

Thus perished two hearts in the first flush of youth, with the weight of twoscore years scarcely touching their brows; perished because they had dared to love, and in loving had proved true through every vicissitude of fortune even unto death. Their lives stand out on the pages of history as a brilliant example of fidelity, that will not soon fade from the mind of the reader; one that puts to shame the cynic's unbelieving sneer of man's truth, and woman's stability.

Even in death their memories have been pursued most relentlessly by the persecutions of their enemies, who declare that the Saxon queen possessed any but a fair reputation, and branding her as the king's mistress. In this connection, Kneightley pertinently observes in her defence: "We give this view of the case on the authority of the honest Saxon Chronicle. Its words are: 'In this year (958) Archbishop Odo divorced King Edwy and Elgiva because they were too sib' (*i.e.* near a kin). There must therefore have been a marriage." It is but just to say, however, that the monkish historians use this term, and probably regarded her as such in the light of the alleged illegality of her marriage.

To the vindictive representations of Edwy's character we can bring no word of palliation, no shadow of excuse; and when brought into contrast with Edgar's, who is represented as a model of wisdom and saintly virtue, we are forced to conclude that other motives than those of the unprejudiced chronicler, seeking to transmit to posterity a true account of the age in which he lived, the

people and the rulers of his country, governed the general make up of the life of this monarch. Represented as licentious beyond description, we have searched in vain for a single instance of the young king's moral depravity. Indeed, he seems to have remained singularly free from the vices of his age, and the aspersions of his calumniators all hinge on his illicit companionship with Elgiva.

Edwy ascended the throne 955 A.D., and died 959, as we have said before, of a broken heart on hearing of the queen's fatal attempt to rejoin him.

Edgar, with whom Edwy had shared his kingdom, at once laid claim to the whole, and was proclaimed king at the age of sixteen. This prince, though very young, adopted a policy as wise as it was crafty, and had evidently learned a lesson from his brother's disastrous career. He conciliated the monks, arrayed himself against the secular clergy, and became at once the idol of the strongest party, whose chroniclers unite in giving him a character marked with wisdom, temperance, and virtue.

Wisdom he may have possessed, and temperance too, as the Anglo-Saxon understood the term; but his virtue seems to have been neither invulnerable nor impervious to female charms, as his biography abundantly proves. Of his first marriage we know but little save that Edward the Martyr was the issue of it, but the second is garnished with as many wreaths of romance as the most extravagant could sigh for.

Edgar, always singularly on the alert where feminine charms were involved, had heard the most flattering criticisms of Elfrida, the daughter and heiress of Olgar, Earl of Devonshire; and contrary to his usual mode of wooing, the king determined, in consideration of the lady's noble birth and great wealth—a charm that lures king as well as subject—to make her his wife, should her beauty be found to equal the panegyrics rehearsed concerning it.

Strangely enough, the monarch, instead of going in person to test the truth of these rumors, and win his bride, despatched his confidant and favorite, Athelwold, to Olgar on a visit to find out if Elfrida was really as charming as she had been described.

Athelwold betrayed his trust by falling violently in love with the young lady, and returning to the king with an adverse report of her beauty, saying, as Hume puts it: "That her charms, far from being extraordinary, would have been overlooked in a

woman of inferior station." Here the romance dropped for a time until Athelwold, seizing a favorable opportunity, besought the king to grant his marriage with Elfrida, as her station and wealth would amply compensate him for whatever defect of person she might possess. Anxious to assist his favorite's aggrandizement, Edgar readily yielded his consent, and the marriage was consummated without a suspicion of fraud finding its way to the royal mind. But a favorite at court stands on the most treacherous of quicksands—royal favor, changeful as the wind—and Athelwold formed no exception, for there were not wanting about the Saxon throne those who were ready to whisper hints in Edgar's ear of the wrongs he had sustained at his subject's hands. Neither was the monarch one to let these hints pass unheeded. He at once declared his intention to Athelwold of paying his respects to the bride in person, during his customary hunt in the forest near her father's castle.

The treacherous favorite was overwhelmed with confusion, but sought permission to ride forward to announce the royal visitor. Wild with despair of the consequences likely to follow his rash and thoughtless act, the young husband fell on his knees before his bride, confessed his crime, threw himself on her mercy and implored her to disguise the fascinating charms that had beguiled him from duty, held him captive in Cupid's meshes, and made him a traitor to his king.

Elfrida dissembled, sent Athelwold to meet his master, and shortly afterwards appeared in the royal presence with her beauty enhanced by every art of toilet and dress that the opportunity afforded. The king was dazzled by her brilliant charms, and secretly vowed that she should be his. Athelwold was killed in the forest, while hunting, shortly after his treachery was discovered, some say by Edgar's own hand, others by the hand of a hired assassin. The husband removed by death, Elfrida was wooed, won and espoused to share courtly honors with the royal murderer during the remaining years of his reign.

Many of Edgar's eulogists complain that this account is traditional, and therefore not well authenticated, and Dr. Lingard observes, in this connection, that, "Malmesbury, on the faith of an ancient ballad, has transmitted to us a story probably invented by his (the king's) enemies." But when we consider the state of the literature of the

age, and the position that the gleeman's song occupied, and the fact that, whether he sang of love or war, he generally based his verses on life scenes, we are obliged to confess that Malmesbury's foundation for this historical romance is not to be despised, nor altogether ignored.

Although twice married, this "virtuous prince" seems to have possessed a spirit peculiarly fond of romantic adventure; and, though these selfsame eulogists touch these disgraceful amours ever so lightly, and skip them with as few lines as possible, we are able to glean sufficient from them to fill us with amazement that any body of Christians in any age should have thought him worthy of the title of "saint."

How so good a churchman as this young king is represented to be, could be guilty of such an offence as the one which led to the singular penance of remaining uncrowned for a half score of years, is an enigma hard to solve. That he broke one of the most sacred laws of his professed religion, and profaned one of its holy places, his friends even do not attempt to deny; and it proves only too well that Edgar allowed no obstacle to bar his way to the accomplishment of his end, not even the sacred portals of a convent.

This romantic adventure, Dr. Lingard affirms; but sententiously observes, that the king's crime was promptly punished by his being forbidden to wear his crown for the term of ten years. Hume, in referring to this penance, briefly and not inaptly remarks: "A punishment very unequal to that which had been inflicted on the unfortunate Edwy, who for a marriage which in the strictest sense could only deserve the name of irregular, was expelled his kingdom, saw his queen treated with singular barbarity, was loaded with calumnies, and has been represented to us under the most odious colors." As some palliation to this otherwise dark picture, a few authors agree that the lady seized by Edgar was not "a bride of Heaven," but a young girl of rank, who had sought safety from the lawlessness of the times in a religious house and a nun's dress. On this point there are divers opinions, but we recommend that the king receive "the benefit of the doubt."

However, his punishment seems to have had no effect on the susceptible prince, and we hear of him again in another escapade only a trifle less disgraceful. Having to make a journey through his kingdom—as he often did—he found himself



compelled to lodge for the night with a nobleman, whose beautiful daughter he beheld for the first time.

Transported by her loveliness, the king forgot the laws of hospitality sufficiently to make a most infamous proposal to the young lady's mother. Knowing only too well that the king's wishes veiled a command, the mother conceived an ingenious deception, and completely frustrated the royal lover's design by a skillful stratagem.

Elfrida, the proxy in this affair, was conveyed to court, where she seems to have enjoyed the highest prosperity that royalty could confer on its favorite; an incident the more worthy of note when compared with the death of Edwy's unhappy queen.

Strange to relate, those rigid religionists, who knew no creed save "chastity and obedience," and had sent Elgiva to Ireland because "it was unlawful for a mistress to remain at court," and afterwards tortured her most barbarously, either winked at Edgar's amour or failed to compel obedience so far as to dismiss the female favorite from court. Certain it is, that we have no account of any such signal punishment being meted out to either Edgar or Elfrida, as marked the romantic attachment of his ill-fated brother.

Edgar died in the thirty-second year of his age and the sixteenth of his reign; and has been handed down to posterity as the wisest and most illustrious of the Saxon kings, crowned with a prudence that gained him the love of his subjects, and a virtue that obtained him a canonization.

With his ability as a king it is not in our province to deal; but as a husband, his career is stained by the blood of Athelwold, who stood between him and his coveted prize, Elfrida, "who seems," says Lyttleton, "to have had the highest contrast in her own person, the greatest external charm, and the most odious internal deformity." Her atrocious murder of Edward, after the king's death, to secure the succession to her own son, more than corroborates this view of her character.

As a lover, his course was tortuous or marked

by a headlong precipitancy, borne of the licentiousness that was a part of his being. The marital vow sat lightly on him; his intrigues were disgraceful in the extreme; and love seems to have been but another name for the unbridled passions of an untamed nature. And yet he flourished! His favorites came and went at their pleasure, and his amours were carried on under the very eyes of St. Dunstan, whose austere piety enabled him to resist the temptations of the Prince of Darkness, and catch him by the nose with red-hot tongs when he presented himself to the monk in the shape of a beautiful woman, to the great discomfiture of the whole neighborhood.

We can scarcely in all the pages of history, find two characters that furnish a more striking contrast than is presented in the lives of these two kings, brothers by blood, and yet so widely differing in state policy, kingly craft, and those traits necessary to form the successful career of a sovereign. Edward was frank, open and impetuous, Edgar was cold, calculating, and worldly wise; the one arrayed himself on the weaker side of the struggling parties, the other was too politic to make such a mistake; the first fell in love with his cousin, and was too sincere and too faithful to give her up at the command of his spiritual superior; the latter was too wily to commit such an imprudent act.

Wherever Edgar placed his affections, he was not likely to forego his desires, but that object was not allowed to stand in the way of his advancement; and we cannot think that he would ever have sacrificed his kingdom for a woman, much less have died for loving too well, as did Edwy. True, Edgar was no worse than the most of his generation. That it was an age of lawlessness, rapine, and gross immorality, we cannot doubt; but when these facts are brought forward as a vindication of this prince, they shed a new lustre over Edwy's character, whose steadfast affection for his beautiful young queen rises to the sublime when we consider its rarity.

## BE KIND TO THE POOR.

Be kind to the poor when you can—

Don't turn them away from your door;

Give a trifle to each fellow man,

However so humble your store.

But if fortune to you has been kind,

Then the blessings of heaven secure.

Don't ever be harsh—bear in mind

To always be kind to the poor.

Be kind to the poor day by day,

As to you with pleading they turn—

Let your offering be what it may,

Their gratitude surely you'll earn.

## THE THREE NAOMIES, AND THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

BY MRS. C. DURANG.

## INTRODUCTORY.

ALL things change with time! Yes! all things do change; everything in nature changes, and America obeys the laws of nature in her transitions, which are more rapid than those of any nation in the world.

She is like a vast kaleidoscope. Look in its glass. All is lovely, all is beautiful. Look again: all is changed. New creations meet your eye still more glorious; yet, scarcely a trace remains of what you beheld a few years ago, although they are not less enchanting. Still we would wish to see, or if not to see at least to hear something of the past of some of the persons, or some of the objects. Old friends and old scenes are so dear to the memory that that they cannot be entirely replaced by new ones.

However, we must submit to change.

The romantic incidents related in these sketches embrace three generations.

I have taken the liberty of compressing time, and have grafted my subjects on history.

Thus I apologize for the disunity of the one, as I have silently left some interims without notice.

The geographical descriptions of American scenery is faithfully adhered to.

A romance without a plot would be like a garden without flowers. Therefore, I have seized on such events as have taken place in the world, and bound them together in these papers, hoping they may be acceptable to those who grant me their patience to read them.

## CHAPTER I. DIFFICULTIES OF TRAVELLING IN FORMER TIMES.

RECOLLECTIONS of past times are interesting to those who have lived through them, and instructive to those who are entering life.

Ancient history has no record of such rapid progress in civilization as that which has taken its course in the United States of America during the last century.

The Continent of America has given birth to a new race of people, as noble in their minds as their magnificent country. They have discovered the use of steam and electricity, they have given know-

ledge to the whole world, and thereby benefited mankind.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century the Capital of the United States of America was removed from the city of Philadelphia to Washington City, in the District of Columbia. It was called a city! but you might have imagined it whatever you pleased. There were ten miles of square land on which cows, sheep, goats, and horses were feeding; the grounds were laid out in streets and avenues (on paper). The plan was a very handsome one, destined at a future day to become a great city; the progress of its improvements was slow at first. In 1806 they had completed a War-office, buildings for the Treasury Departments, and a foundation with a kind of edifice for the President's house; it was rather handsome, being a white building in the centre of a desolate piece of ground fenced in by wooden rails, some wild grass growing within the enclosure which served as a pasturage for the President's cows and horses.

At this period the power of steam being undeveloped, the old-fashioned stages drawn by four horses left Washington daily for the North and the South, with the mails occasionally; and then at different intervals a ship or schooner would reach the city from some of the seaports of the coast, or the West Indies.

Georgetown, which is adjacent to the city, was more thickly built, and separated from it by a small creek, over which was a bridge forming a direct communication between the two places, while Mason's Island, opposite to the city, on the southern side of the Potomac River, was a lovely spot; the large, ancient family mansion stood in the centre of the island, surrounded by its gardens of fruits and flowers, its aviary with birds from every clime, and its cool, shady trees overhanging the river's banks, formed pleasant retreats for the neighboring anglers.

Baltimore being near to Washington, having better houses, and the luxuries of life, with the means of recreation and style for the wealthy portion of the inhabitants, was much benefited by the removal of the capital so near to them, as splendor

and style was panted after by the votaries of fashion at all times, although as yet the millionaires had not burst their embryo blossoms of the golden fruit that was to ripen in America. Some few existed in a chrysalis state, which trade, commerce, agriculture, industry, mining, and war have warmed into a glorious butterfly existence. True, the patroons, such as the Livingstons, Van Rensselaers, etc., were large property holders, and possessed unbounded wealth in their immense estates, yet it is doubtful if any of them could be termed millionaires then. Their lands were like the dreary forests of the far, far West, waiting for improvement before their value could be estimated, as whole miles could have been purchased on which populous towns have arisen, for the same sum that one acre has since been bought for.

Baltimore was really a pleasant, flourishing city, with its beautiful park overlooking the waters of the broad Chesapeake Bay, its romantic hills, which have been cut away to yield to the making of streets, on which handsome buildings have been erected. The trade with the West was large. Merchants travelled to it on horseback themselves, while they sent home the goods they purchased in large vehicles then known by the name of the Conestoga wagon, the body of which was strongly built so as to be able to cross the rough mountains and bad roads. It was covered with canvas stretched over hickory hoops, which protected its strangely-assorted cargoes, consisting of sugars, molasses, laces, muslins, etc. These vehicles are still in use in the far West, and used by emigrants in the overland route to the Pacific. As railroads appear they disappear, and by degrees they will emigrate to lands now unknown; thus Eastern travel dissolves in the Western enterprises—new works and new settlements arise.

Philadelphia was the *first* capital of the United States. As such she must always remain as a revolving centre in the minds of all Americans. In Philadelphia the first Congress assembled. In Philadelphia the Declaration of Independence was written, signed, and sealed. Being the birthplace of such events, the American people must ever retain a strong affection for her in their memories.

The distance between Philadelphia and Baltimore, being about ninety-seven miles, was generally travelled by stages and sailing packets; the time occupied for the journey was from two days to two weeks, depending on the winds and tides.

There was also a line of stages which ran during the winter when the rivers were frozen.

The packets which sailed from Philadelphia to Wilmington, Delaware, or to New Castle, from whence the passengers would take the stages to Frenchtown, Elkton, or Christine, where the packet-boats awaited to bear them across the Chesapeake Bay, consigning them to the winds and waves to take them to Baltimore.

The stage-riding was very fatiguing. If the roads were in good order the journey could be made by them in twenty-four hours. But woe betide the poor travellers if the weather was inauspicious; then they had to take their chances of an upset, or bruises caused by constant introductions to the roof of the stage from the jolting of the vehicle over the ruts and mud-holes in the road; or, you might be very well satisfied in being allowed to sleep the night in the useful conveyance, should the mud lay an embargo on further proceedings at the close of the day. Thus wedged up tight between twelve or fourteen passengers, each one might feel grateful if the four wheels were left under them.

In travelling between New York and Philadelphia there was the same kind of accommodations. Sailing-vessels carried passengers from Philadelphia to Trenton, or Bordentown, from whence stages took them to either Amboy or Elizabethtown, where schooners were waiting to convey them to New York.

The same mode of conveyances was used between New York, Providence, and Boston.

The old landmarks in New York and Philadelphia have almost all disappeared. Farms, country-seats, and pasture-grounds have yielded their quiet comfort to the bustling business streets, whilst the progressive multitude, more energetic in mind than their ancient sires from the Mother Country, rushed to swell the numbers of the fortunate, enterprising throng, eager to participate in possessing some of the vast wealth that was flowing from the soil of this great nation.

Unfortunately, in 1812, that scourge of a nation's morality and happiness—war!—laid its iron hand on this happy people.

“The ways of Providence are indeed inscrutable.” Perhaps the progress in luxury and wealth in the young Republic was too rapid; for “there is an eye that watches over all, and shows its especial care even in the falling of a sparrow.”

Thus the war of 1812, while it checked the commerce of the United States, gave birth to new manufactories, and nurtured those already in existence, it taught the people the uses of industry, and counseled that true independence exists in self-reliance, either in individuals, or in a nation; is one of the greatest qualities in the composition of either, and a sure foundation for greatness.

#### CHAPTER II. THE WAR OF 1812.—A SECRET MARRIAGE.

AMONGST the many prosperous mechanics of Philadelphia was Augustus Clarendon. Industrious, careful, and enterprising, he was rapidly travelling on the road to fortune, when an unlucky early marriage placed him in a most singular position, by which a young infant was left entirely to his care; his wife was carried off to Spain by her father, who had been sent to America in an official capacity.

Despair for a while overwhelmed him, but the energies of his manly nature aroused him to action, and he resolved to follow her.

His business was left in the hands of strangers. His child was placed out at nurse, while he went in pursuit of its mother. Unfortunately for him wealth and power were overwhelming influences against an individual of scanty means in a foreign land where despotism reigned. Thus he wandered over the Continent in a useless pursuit for near five years; on his return he found his business destroyed, and bankruptcy staring him in the face.

Time had covered, or concealed with its dark veil, the deep sorrow of his greatest misfortune, the loss of his wife; on that one subject silence was observed by him, and enjoined on those around him.

He commenced to repair his fortune by a voyage to China, the commerce between there and the United States offering many opportunities for making a rapid fortune.

He placed his child, his dear Naomi Huertas (for by that name he had had her christened, it being the name of her mother), at a boarding-school, and sailed for Canton.

He was prosperous, and amassed a large sum which he invested in teas, silks, etc., the sales of which he calculated would make him independent for life. This whole wealth he shipped on board of the John Brown, which was to sail in a few

days; but accidents will happen, and the vessel was detained in port for some weeks. He became weary of waiting himself, and a vessel being about to sail immediately he took passage in her, and arrived in America just as the war between Great Britain and the United States was declared.

On that long dreary voyage around Cape Horn, Mr. Clarendon had leisure to examine and reflect on the actions of his past life. He found so much to condemn, that on summing up the good and bad, he found the bad balanced heavily against him. He was no lenient judge, and condemned himself severely, shuddering at the many errors that he had committed.

Alas! had not dishonor cast a cloud over some of them. He had involved loved ones in unforeseen difficulties; his course had been onward! onward! without reflection. A sister that should have claimed his protection had been neglected. One image had driven all thought of others from his mind; it haunted him. His night and day dreams made him miserable.

Reasoning with himself he felt that it was his duty to establish a home for his sister Geraldine and his child. Other duties that he had to accomplish in future, flitted through his brain in undefined forms so visionary that they could not find even a shelter for them there at the present time.

Naomie was the counterpart of her mother in her appearance, which caused the meeting between the father and the child to be invested with more than common interest to each other. Oh, how bright to her appeared the future; no cloud appeared to threaten the sunshine of her happiness; to live with her aunt would be a new source of pleasure; but to her father, when the excitement of the meeting was over, the remembrance of the past and fears for the future, forbade hope to visit his mind; her voice, her smile, awoke the memory of departed joys; each day increased his sorrows, and sad forebodings filled, oppressed him, when, alas, the news reached him of the capture of the John Brown with its rich cargo.

All his property was seized!

When the news of this event reached him, he mused over his misfortunes, but for a short time, for his thoughts reverted to the state of his country. A powerful instinct whispered to him that she required his assistance, and he exclaimed: "My child, my poor Naomie, your father is again a

bankrupt. Still all is not lost; my country claims my services; she shall have them, sharing my love and devotion with the beloved objects that are dependent on me for support."

Mr. Clarendon applied for a colonel's commission, and before one month was over his regiment was ready for the field and ordered to Baltimore.

When Naomie saw her father mounted on his beautiful charger at the head of his regiment, her giddy brain became excited with pride, but when he came to bid her farewell, her heart saddened, and tears choked her speech. Her grief was but transient, and her sorrow was beguiled into a false repose; had she been conscious of the dangers, miseries, and trials that he had to undergo, her tender nature would not have been able to endure her fate as she did.

As the war waged fearfully, the dangers that threatened the seaport towns made Colonel Clarendon anxious to have his daughter near him, and not being able to leave his regiment, he deputed a friend of his, a captain of the name of Beaufort, to take charge of her, and to bring her to him, as his sister Gertrude was residing in Baltimore, where he intended to make his home, if possible.

At twelve o'clock at midnight the stage was to start from the corner of Eleventh and Market streets, Philadelphia, for Baltimore.

A few minutes before the time, Captain Beaufort placed Naomie in the stage, and returned to his room for his own luggage. "Punctuality in the hour of starting" was the driver's motto, which he always observed. Therefore, as the State House clock struck twelve, lash went the the whip! away flew the horses. The stage was driven off at the rate of fourteen miles an hour with Naomie in it, without any protector but Providence.

The equinoctial rains had made the roads almost impassable; the hills, or rather the miniature mountains, between Havre de Grace and Philadelphia were full of ruts and heavy with mud, while a misty rain was falling as the cumbrous stage labored to get over them.

In this journey Naomie made her first essay in the world *alone!* the timid school-girl, still a child. She, who was hitherto frightened at a shadow, and afraid of being left alone in the dark, was doomed now to hear the enemy's cannon reverberate its deadly sounds through the hills. The driver and passengers concluded that it was thun-

der that they were hearing, and that it was the sounding artillery of the clouds that was pealing round them, when a messenger from the ferry rode up to the driver, giving him orders to stop at Charlestown, as the British had burnt Havre de Grace; therefore the passengers would not be able to cross the Susquehanna.

Charlestown was a small town of about twenty houses; it overlooked the mouth of the Susquehanna River as it flowed into the Chesapeake Bay, where a fleet of British vessels were anchored.

The stage arrived at Charlestown after dark. There was no hotel in the town; nothing of the kind except a house that they had fitted up a bar-room in, as it was usual for the stages to stop there and water the horses as they passed through. The rest of the houses were entirely empty, the inhabitants having removed all their furniture, beds, bedding and other household goods; even those of the house where they were sheltered had been despatched with the women and children; all except the bar-room furniture and three or four old chairs were gone, as the commander of the fleet had sent word that they purposed burning that town at nine o'clock the next morning.

The hospitality of the roof was given to the passengers for the night, which protected them from the rain, and Naomie was honored with one of the chairs, while the rest of her fellow-sufferers enjoyed the luxury of sleeping on the softest plank they could find.

At daybreak all were ready to start again, as a message had been sent to the driver to proceed within a mile of the river in case there should be an opportunity to cross.

In the morning the sun rose brightly, reflecting its red tints on the water and on the sails of the departing fleet, which had weighed anchor, the commander of it having abandoned the idea of any further destruction in that quarter.

It was reported that the change in the operations was owing to the lady-like reception given to the officers of the fleet by Mrs. Rogers, the mother of Commodore Rogers, who resided near Havre de Grace. The officers of the British fleet, with a corporal's guard, had visited her place for the purpose of destroying it, when Mrs. Rogers met them at the door. They claimed her hospitality. She replied:

"Gentlemen, my son is a Commodore in the United States Navy. Should you meet on board



of your vessels, there would be a contest for the victory of one or the other of you; but under his roof, when hospitality is claimed he would not deny it."

She gave orders for dinner to be prepared and invited them to partake of it as her guests.

They received the invitation with courtesy, and in return ordered a guard to be placed around the ground to protect it from injury.

In the morning the fleet sailed away to Baltimore, hovering around like a vulture threatening to strike, none knew where. At length the winter storms drove them from the coast to seek safety from the winds, waves and storms, in other climes.

Thus Providence protected the United States in a perilous time, and gave her time to prepare for the coming contest.

#### CHAPTER III. BALTIMORE.—BATTLE OF BLADENSBURG.—BURNING.

WHEN the weary passengers from Philadelphia arrived at the Susquehanna they had to wait for the scows or flat-boats to be raised out of the water, as they had been sunk to save them from the enemy. The operation detained them some hours, after which they again set forth to conclude their journey.

It was a beautiful afternoon in autumn when Naomie arrived in Baltimore. The streets were crowded with militia preparing for the defence of their city, as they were expecting an attack, and the citizens trying to escape with what valuables they could carry off.

All was excitement. Martial music seemingly enlivened the scene, while many with aching hearts watched for the results of events with fear and trembling.

To a thoughtful mind there is no severer trial than the suspense and the awful preparations for a military conflict. Widows, orphans, and mothers watching those who were the consoling hope of their lives. Dark shadows cloud the scene. Beings that are now the comfort and support of their family may soon be no more; or, perhaps, some shattered remains will be all that is remaining of many of those that left their happy homes in joyful, manly vigor and thoughts filled with glory. The true Christian must lament that such things can be tolerated in social communities. Yet we live in an age when even female voices and influences urge their kindred to strife, instead of endeavoring to allay

the fierce passions of man. Why do they not urge them to follow the blessed precepts of Christ, of "Forgiveness of our enemies?"

Unhappily, too many preachers leave their heaven-directed purposes to enter into the arena of politics; thus, forgetful of their spiritual duties, urge their flocks to vengeance instead of forgiveness of injuries.

The appearance of the city was enlivened by the pomps of war. Without its real horrors, it was well calculated to delight Naomie. She was yet too young to muse on the dark, melancholy side of the question. Her heart was filled with joy at the prospect of so soon meeting her father. She was amused by the exciting scenes around her, and delighted with the situation of the city, which was sure to attract attention from all the lovers of Nature's beauties even when in its quiet state. There was the romantic clay-colored hills, rugged and steep, rising from Jones's Falls, with its green banks, and Old Town, with here and there some solitary mansion built in their crevices, like an eagle's nest on some almost inaccessible peaks of the then uncut natural high ridges with which Baltimore abounded. Those mansions were pioneers that led the way for laying out the streets, and waited for the hills to be cut away and neighbors to come to them. Perched on these precipices they presented a pleasing variety to the eye, as they were bordered by that beautiful enclosure, Howard Park, with its costly mansion. Howard Park was then occupied by the tents of soldiers quartered there from Lancaster, York, Harrisburg, and other towns of Pennsylvania. Various bands of musicians were playing inspiring airs to keep up the military ardor of the soldiers encamped there.

Under the shades of those ancient trees the officers kept watch. The noble waters of the Chesapeake Bay were under their observation. Vessels of both friends and foes dotted its surface with their white sails, like sea gulls in the vast blue expanse. They manœuvred to entrap one another, till in the darkness of the night, the lighthouse from North Point would blaze forth its flame to guide our native craft to their homeward point, as it flashed, as if in derision over the foe, who, unacquainted with waters of the harbor, failed to use the light for their advantage, as Fort McHenry with her leaden speakers intervened between them and the city.

These objects, as beheld from Howard Park,

kept up an excited interest in the minds of the sociable, hospitable inhabitants of Baltimore.

Geraldine received her niece in her embraces with affection and delight; the dreadful suspense that they had endured at her arrival being so long delayed increased the joys of meeting, and so absorbed Geraldine's attention that she did not at first perceive that her niece was alone.

Now, women's thoughts, likings and words are often enigmas difficult to solve. So it was with Geraldine's. Captain Beaufort was the reverse of her in mind and manners; thus no one would ever suspect her of having any attachment towards him, nor would she believe it herself. Yet how was it? When she perceived that he was not with her niece, alarm and terror seized her. Some inward conviction now struck her that it was possible that he held an unacknowledged corner in her affections which sealed her lips against an open interrogation concerning him; therefore she had recourse to a woman's stratagem to gain intelligence of him, and inquired of her niece, why she had dismissed her escort.

"I had no escort," was the reply.

"None!" exclaimed Geraldine, in terror and amazement.

"No; I came alone from Philadelphia.

"How is that? alone! Poor child! You came alone, without Captain Beaufort! How was that?"

"He went to find his trunk after he had placed me in the stage-coach, and it drove off without him."

"I declare, order and regularity are left out of that man's composition altogether," exclaimed Geraldine. "What will become of him?"

"It is only bad management in him, my dear sister," observed Colonel Clarendon. "You ladies know how to manage things better."

"I hope so," replied Geraldine, coldly.

"You know, sister, that he is an individual that is never satisfied with his situation in life, but always seeking to mend it by some speculation. His desire to change his locality is so great that I verily believe that if a situation was offered to him in Kamtschatka he would walk barefooted to it, for the sake of a change."

"I think you are too severe towards him, brother, for he is kind-hearted, and generous to a fault."

"I do not impugn the goodness of his heart, or his principles, they are both excellent; but his

wandering speculations may be his destruction; it may injure himself and all who are or may be hereafter connected with him."

While they were criticising his conduct Beaufort rushed in out of breath, exclaiming:

"Where is she?"

On seeing Naomie there, and safe, his joy seemed unbounded, and he prepared to apologize for his seeming carelessness and neglect of duty towards her. "The fact was," said he, "on the day that we were to leave Philadelphia I got into company with a person from South America, and we got conversing about the country. He described what glorious opportunities there were there for a young man's making an immense fortune, and I became so absorbed in the subject that I neglected to pack up in time, and had to hurry off in the evening to Madame Chapron's academy for Miss Naomie, imagining that I could bundle all my things into my trunk in a moment. Well! you see I executed one part of my duty by placing her in the stage, and hastened to finish it. When, lo and behold! when I got my trunk packed the servants *were not ready* to bring it down stairs. Servants will be slow when you want them to be quick; so that when my baggage got to the door the stage had been driven off; it was entirely out of sight, with my poor forsaken charge in it. I could not overtake it, so I was obliged to submit to wait for the next stage. What can I do to atone for my fault?"

"Think no more of it," replied Colonel Clarendon. "She is safe now, and that is sufficient."

The comfortable repast that was prepared for them, of which they all partook, banished all thought of the unfortunate adventures of the past days.

The British withdrew from the attack on Baltimore; for the time things became more settled. Colonel Clarendon proceeded to give directions to his sister concerning the course that was to be pursued towards finishing his daughter's education. His wish was that she should be perfected in French, Spanish, and the Portuguese languages, Spanish in particular. He did not wish her to neglect music, but the languages must be paramount to everything; as to the rest, Geraldine might use her own discretion; his mother had educated her, therefore she was the fittest person to direct his daughter.

"I will do my best, brother," she observed.

"But I doubt my capacity. She seems much older in manners and appearance than she really is. She is as tall as I am, although she is six years younger."

Naomie was indeed tall for her age, though she was termed small in her infancy; her appearance was that of a brunette budding into womanhood; her hair fell in dark massive curls over her alabaster neck; her face was oval, being a handsome frame for the well-formed mouth, and brilliant black eyes that shone with a lustre whose expression proclaimed the nature of the mind they guarded and interpreted, while they seemed to penetrate into the thoughts of others; assuredly she was a strong contrast to Geraldine, who was very small and delicately fair; there was a liquid softness that shone in her blue eyes, expressing a tenderness of heart that at once declared there was no shelter there for any harsh feeling; naught but universal love to all her fellow creatures could be found there. A disinterested observer would decide that, from appearances, Naomie would be the most appropriate of the two to direct their course through the intricate mazes of the good and evil events that mortals have to encounter in wardering through this world.

The winter passed over without any great change taking place either in the national affairs or in Colonel Clarendon's family. He entertained many visitors; amongst them was Captain Aubrey Melbourne, and our erratic friend, Captain Percy Beaufort. Both these young gentlemen belonged to his regiment.

The unobtrusive simplicity of Naomie's manner particularly attracted Captain Melbourne's attention. He devoted much of his time in assisting the intelligent child in her studies, and developing the rich resources of her mind.

In the spring the regiment was ordered to Washington, where the pleasing task undertaken by Captain Melbourne (of instructor), was so steadily continued that Colonel Clarendon became annoyed, believing that his lessons to Naomie were but a pretext to conceal his attentions to Geraldine. He thought that it was no time for his sister to be marrying, while the country was in a state of siege. Indeed, he was under a complete delusion. He imagined that Aubrey Melbourne was most desperately in love with Geraldine, and that the affection was reciprocal, not once thinking that the order-loving Geraldine would waste one moment's thought on Beaufort, one so careless

in his habits, wild and visionary in his ideas, always grasping at shadows, yet good-hearted and generous, which qualities must have been the affinities that attracted her, as she possessed both also.

Early in August, 1814, the English fleet appeared with numerous transports at the mouth of the Patuxent River.

It was a reconnoissance that alarmed Baltimore, but their intent was Washington City, on which their vengeance fell.

The British forces were landed at Benedict, on the Patuxent River, forty miles from the Federal City, and skirmished with our forces, who let fly their leaden and iron missiles in their retreat.

During these attacks of the enemy, Commodore Barney, with a few eighteen-pounders, and about four hundred men, made a gallant resistance, but was compelled to blow up his flotilla of gunboats to prevent them falling into the hands of the British, and by a skillful movement he drew off his brave tars with part of his artillery.

All the Baltimore Volunteer Regiments, with the militia, were marched forthwith to defend Washington, and placed under the command of General Winder, who with about four thousand men of all descriptions, clerks, farmers, dandies, lawyers, etc., and chiefly undisciplined militia, took their post on the uprising ground south of Bladensburg, about six miles from the Capitol.

The Anacostia Creek, which is a small stream, a branch of the Potomac, separates this hill from the village of Bladensburg—the road to Washington passes over it, and was crossed by a small wooden bridge. Here General Winder determined to take his stand and oppose the British forces in their advance on the Capitol.

On the ridge of this rising ground Commodore Barney (who had advanced to assist in the defence of the city) took his post with his gallant tars, and some large cannons, supported by a small marine United States Corps, under the command of Captain Miller.

General Stansbury's Brigade, Major Pinckney's Battalion, arrived on the battle-ground the evening before the event took place. Exposed to the scorching heat, completely worn out with fatigue, want of rest, want of food, and harassed with forced marches, they threw themselves on the ground to recruit their strength by a small portion of sleep before the coming day.

In the morning Pinckney's men were ordered

to take post on the hill by the side of Commodore Barney's battery. Their ammunition soon became expended. As the firing became slack the British Infantry charged up the eminence, and captured Commodore Barney's battery at the point of the bayonet. They found the Commodore prostrate, and wounded by the side of his guns.

Three times did that brave officer repulse the English line with his handful of seamen and common ship cannons, and only yielded on the fourth charge when the enemy had completely turned his position. Thus did the sailors and the marines cover themselves with glory. While they were receiving the impetuous charges of the Wellington Invincibles, and gallantly repulsing them, did the army of the degenerate poltroons commence the celebrated Bladensburg races.

The English officers paid due respect to the old Commodore's courage, and had his wounds carefully dressed. But the wound in his thigh was so bad, that he eventually died from its effects.

Thus while the City of Washington was slumbering in the midst of fancied security, the alarm was given that a battle had taken place, and the British were marching on the city.

Never was the difference of the value between the volunteers and the militia more truly tested than on this occasion. The volunteers were inspired in the cause, they felt that their lives belonged to their country, and were ready to yield them in defence of it; whilst the militia that were drawn indiscriminately from the citizens, who were forced to go, crawled to the battle-field like snails from their shells which they were unwilling to leave, glad to hide behind the blades of corn that were growing on the surrounding fields.

Soon the confusion became general. Drums were beating, trumpets and cannons aided the tumult, while soldiers, men, women flew in every direction throughout the whole day.

The night was dark as Geraldine was watching at the window, listening to the reports that were in circulation, when Colonel Clarendon rushed in. He informed her that she must hasten to pack up some clothes, and get Naomie ready to accompany her out of the city to some place of safety. Cæsar was getting the carriage ready to convey them off. "He is a faithful negro; we may trust to him," observed the colonel. Geraldine lost no time in making for their departure, and when she returned Colonel Clarendon gave her some hasty directions.

"As soon as my duty will permit me I will join you, or send for you, in case the enemy do not enter the city; or if they should, and evacuate it after an attack, do not go very far, but try and find shelter on some of the plantations over the river in Virginia. Their hospitable owners would open their doors to you. In travelling through the woods, make some marks on the trees to guide me to you and find the course you have taken."

"I understand you, my dear brother. That mark shall be a cross—the emblem of faith and hope to Christians; it will likewise remind us of our duty to bear with patience our present sufferings. Have you any more advice to give?"

"None. You must let your own discretion guide you, for we do not know what may happen. I must see Naomie. Do not lose any time."

The father hastened to take leave of his child, while the drums and trumpets from without were calling him to the field. She threw herself into his arms and burst into a flood of tears.

"Be calm, my dear child, and learn to bear with fortitude the severe trials that it may be your fate to endure through life, and which no earthly power can avert. Would that my affection and love could shield you from the coming storm."

"You will not leave us, father?" said Naomie.

"In thought, never! my dear child; in person, I must. The highest duties of man on earth call me away. These duties require me to defend my country, to preserve it for my child. But I commit you to a higher power than mine, and trust that He who made us, and all things for us, may watch over you and protect you. In the battle's heat I will invoke His aid; and in the solemn pauses of the fierce conflict my thoughts will ascend to Him in prayers for mercy, and a blessing for my dear child should I fall."

Naomie, unable to sustain the pang of parting from her father, became senseless, and he bore her in his arms to the carriage that was waiting for them, wherein Geraldine had placed some refreshments and clothing. Colonel Clarendon accompanied them across the Long Bridge, where they separated, he returning to the city, while Geraldine and Naomie drove off towards the woods, wandering they knew not whither.

As Colonel Clarendon was going towards the War Office, he met Melbourne, who was in a high state of excitement.

"Where is she?" he inquired, with a faltering voice.

"Gone."

"Gone where? Poor child!"

"Wherever heaven will direct her."

"And you let her go?" added Captain Melbourne, incredulously.

"This is no place for her." Colonel Clarendon was still under the delusion that it was Geraldine that Aubrey meant.

"I must follow and take care of her, then."

"Hold, rash young man! This is the place for you. Here take your stand and defend her. Keep the enemy at bay. Do not let *them* have the chance to follow *her*. But drive him back, step by step, before he invades the path she has taken."

"But we are entirely overpowered by numbers. The city is almost defenceless."

"Do not decrease the small number of ours by the flight of one. Even the dead body of one may form a barrier to arrest the course of an enemy, or turn him aside from his destructive purpose."

The alarm increased through the city; trumpets, drums, and bells sounded, and they rushed to meet the foe.

The road Geraldine took was totally unknown, but she felt no uneasiness, as Cæsar, the negro that drove the carriage, assured her "him an' de hoss war well known in de diggins; so don't be skeered."

However, they soon found that he did not know any more about the road than they did.

The night was very dark. They were weary for want of sleep, and desired Cæsar to drive into the woods so that they could take some rest, no house being near; but they were disappointed, as they were constantly alarmed by straggling parties. She then thought of going to Alexandria, but that idea was relinquished, as there could be no more safety there than at Washington. Therefore they pursued their course on a road that had been made by cart-wheels, which plunged them deep into the forest. The dawning day discovered a mansion to their sight, at which they immediately alighted to ask for a shelter.

Alas, it was deserted.

As the provisions that they had brought with them had been exhausted the first day, they were suffering from hunger, to appease which they searched the house; they found only a few crackers in the house. They were more fortunate in search-

ing the barn, for they succeeded in securing a good supply of eggs, which insured them a plentiful meal. They did not like to take the food without paying for it, but it was necessary to their existence, therefore they left a sufficient sum in the house to pay for what they had taken.

They then proceeded on their pilgrimage, as they were too near the city to be safe. The woods were again their refuge, and a sad one it was. They wandered on until they came again in sight of the river, where they beheld a scene that was terrifically grand. A magnificent display, sublime in all its horrors! The principal edifices of Washington were in flames. The devouring element arose in fearful columns towards the heavens, and shed their burning rays around; as night advanced this dreary darkness was lost in the glowing light of the burning Capitol. Thus the flames devoured that building that was so dear to the heart of every American—the Capitol! The burning of the War Office, President's house, and all the public buildings contributed to the splendor of the scene, as it added to the ruin of the city; while the noise of the roaring artillery announced the work of destruction that was going on.

Woman's nature began to show itself on Naomie; by the trials she was exposed to, a premature development had taken place. Infancy continues to repose in the human mind when no decided exercise calls for it to awaken into action, but let it be once disturbed by any powerful motive, particularly self-defence or self-protection, and it develops itself ere the natural period.

As she beheld the sight around her she exclaimed: "Oh! my dear father! Where are you? Is this the work of man or demons? They'll call this honorable! glorious war! Oh! it is horrible! Is there no escape from it?"

"None!" answered Geraldine. "When your country is invaded it must be defended."

"Would that there were other means of defence. If I was a man I would seek some," replied Naomie, with a sigh.

The night passed in fearful contemplation of the scene before them.

The rising sun warned them that it would be advisable for them to be on the move to secure a safer and more permanent place to rest.

They travelled on till midday, when, overpowered by the heat and fatigue, the poor horse fell dead.



What was to be done?

Cæsar, not liking the prospect of remaining there for the British to take him captive (a position he expressed his horror of), substituted himself for the defunct animal, and performed the duties of the beast to the best of his abilities, while the ladies by turns walked, so as to lighten the burden of the poor negro.

They proceed on slowly till the sun had passed the meridian, when heavy dark clouds hid it in their leaden-colored, vapory embraces; the thunder rolled, and the lightning flashed so incessantly as to cover the whole heavens in sheets of flame; the rain poured down, deluging them, while the moaning wind, tired with weak lamentations, burst in fierce rage, tearing up trees, strewing the way with broken branches, and destroying everything that came within the reach of its violence.

The travellers sought shelter from the torrents of rain in the carriage; but it was all in vain—everything was saturated with water.

Darkness and hunger had again overtaken them when they espied a light in the distance; with rapid steps they soon reached it, when it proved to be a negro's cabin; there was only a negro woman in it, of whom they asked a shelter.

The woman looked at them, and shook her head, as she remarked: "Bress de Lor! but you be's wet; I reckon you may dry your clothes."

"But can we not stay here for the night?" inquired Geraldine.

"E'es may stay har til de ole man comes home," she replied. "But, bress de Lor! what can we do wid de white folks in dis hut. Dem Bretcherses mout come, an' de woud burn us all up; I reckon dis chile woud git into trouble."

"But surely you would not turn us out in this rain," said Geraldine, while she and Naomie were drying their clothes, "when we are willing to pay you well."

The eyes of the old negress glistened with joy at the mention of pay.

"You pay!" she exclaimed. "How much you pay dis nigger?"

"According to the accommodations you give us," answered Geraldine. "At all events let us have something to eat."

The woman placed a large-sized loaf on the table, and a pitcher of milk. By way of encouragement Geraldine handed her two dollars. The woman took them and examined them with the greatest

delight, saying, "Tankee, tankee, misses; but stay a bit till dis nigger git your supper. I hopes you'll scuse us, for you see we no pepparr'd to pervide fur white qualerty; but wait a bit."

She then went to work, and with the help of Cæsar, cooked some chickens, ham, eggs, and fine Indian cakes. Thus supplied, they made an excellent supper, to which hunger, having sharpened their appetites, gave a double zest.

They looked around to see what arrangements for sleeping could be made without too much incommoding the old woman. The hut had a loft, which was reached by a ladder; this appeared to be a place where there was a chance of resting in quiet, particularly as it offered security in case of any stragglers visiting the hut, or if any of the British scouts who were scouring the country should come there they could draw the ladder up and they would be secure from intrusion; the hut itself would not hold out much inducement for such characters to remain. Having arranged for the possession of it, they paid their hostess very liberally, which opened her heart and her mouth to them, by which they learned that her husband and son had gone to Alexandria to sell some corn and other produce, and they would not be back until the morning.

On inquiring if they had any horses that they would sell, the woman replied: "No, Misse, we hab no horse, but we hab one mule, but I skercely tink my ole man will like to sell it, kase it hab to do mos' ob de work ob haulin from our farm. Dere am de oxen, to be sure, but de aint nigh so good, de lazy critters."

As they were thinking of retiring to their upper story, the man of the house and his son rushed in almost frightened to death, their black color evidently retreated with fear.

"Bress de Lor! I'se got home," exclaimed the old negro.

"What's de matter dat you looked so skeered," asked the woman.

"Dem Bretchersers ain't not continted wid burnin de capitol, de Presendents' house, an all de buildin, but de must sind down a sea horse to take Alexandria."

"A sea horse, did you say, Pompey! What kind of an animal is dat?"

"I doesn't zactly know, but de say it be commanded by Cappin Gordon, one ob de enemies' officers."

Geraldine could scarcely refrain from laughing

at the poor negro's mistake, believing the sea horse to be an animal, instead of a vessel of the British navy. But Pompey's indignation could not be controlled.

"Den deres de bridge gone; I doesn't know wedder de dumb critters did it, or wedder de bunt it wid pine knots, but de king's bridge be done gone, so now dis poor nigger can't git to Washinton widout gwine away round in de boats."

"Have the enemy withdrawn from Washington?" inquired Geraldine.

"Why, you see, Missee, I doesn't know zactly, I was so skeered at de talk ob de folks, an dem cannons, or guns, an all de inconveniences fur de war, dat I drapt my bag of corn an cut sticks right strait fur home."

"You doesn't tent to say dat you loss all de corn, does ee?" said the woman. "You mout have held on to the corn, anyhow, if you couldn't sell it. Oh, dearee me! I'se got de misery in my head; I want de meal. I'se feared dat de white qualerty, dat de Bretcherers have druv out ob Washinton, will be lookin fur more ob dem cakes I made fur 'em, an I hasn't no more meal! Oh de misery in my head! Ye doesn't want to sell our ole mule, does 'ee, kase Missee dere wants it, if 'ee does."

"I doesn't want to part wid it, zactly, but if de qualerty wants it right bad, I reckon I'll hab to spare it;" then turning to Geraldine he proceeded. "Missee, I reckon dem folks as hab burned de Capitol has skeered you mightily."

"Not exactly scared us, but have driven us from our homes, by marching on the city and attacking it before the Government was prepared for them, but I hope it will be all right yet."

"Yes, Missee, 'twill be all right, fur we 'Mericans will soon drive the prevaders frum dere soil. But when Missee gets a good night's rest, she an de oder lady will feel better. Violet, has ye fixed up de room fur de qualerty?" he asked his wife, and on learning that all was ready for them, he lit a pine knot and gave it to his wife to light them up the ladder, all the time apologizing for not having better accommodations for them. "However," said he, "I'll make up my accounts to-night, an den I can calkilate how much my mule's worth."

They were much amused at Pompey's patriotism and generosity, as they mounted up the ladder, which they drew up after Violet had conducted

them to the loft. All the inhabitants of the well-filled negro cabin were soon lost in deep sleep, overcome by fatigue.

The mule was caught before they descended the ladder, breakfast was prepared, and the negro ready with his proposition to sell.

"I'se bin thinkin', Missee, that mules am scarce in dese war times. You see, Missee, dey wants de mules for de war. But you wants de mule as much as de war. So I reckon it will be worth one hundred and fifty dollars to Missee."

The mule was not actually worth thirty dollars; but money was not the object at present, therefore Geraldine paid the hundred and fifty dollars, and ordered Cæsar to keep the mule in readiness for their departure. She consulted Naomie what course would be best to take. As the hut was too uncomfortable to remain in, the negroes seemed to be inclined to impose upon them, and to extort as much money as they could from them. They came to the conclusion to change their present quarters, and to proceed by a circuitous route to Baltimore. The mule was harnessed to the carriage, and they set off; but they had not proceeded far when the mule, true to his character, came to a dead halt. He was not used to such service as he was now put to; he did not relish it, nor would he put up with it. Cæsar tried to coax him, then beat him, talk to him; all was in vain; he kicked and reared until he was near breaking the vehicle, and they were obliged to abandon the idea of driving him. Now, to go back or proceed was equally difficult. They sat down on the branches of a fallen tree to consider what was best to be done, when the sound of horses' feet struck on their ears. Geraldine and Naomie turned pale with fright; the negro fell on his knees to pray "that he might not be taken into captivity by dem Britis sojers," when the welcome voices of Colonel Clarendon and Captain Melbourne were heard. They were immediately answered; but a few minutes elapsed before they met; both parties related their adventures.

"We must get back to Washington by to-morrow," said Colonel Clarendon. "You will see much destruction there; but I can find you a shelter in the city. If not, I can in Alexandria—that poor, defenceless city. It had to purchase its safety from Captain Gordon, of the Sea Horse, with a large detachment from the British fleet."

"What is to be done with your great purchase,

Geraldine—that stupid mule? I say, Cæsar, what can you do with him?”

“I dunno, Massa; I talked to the critter very purlitely; but he ain’t used to white folks, an’ he doesn’t know how to behave. He ain’t eddicated right. ’Spose I put your horses to the carriage whiles I drivè him. He considerates de nigger better den de white quality. He, he! He tinks me one of his own specious. ’Sides, I can ride him.”

“Your plan is the only one we can adopt, with the exception of letting the mule go instead of your using him,” said Colonel Clarendon.

“De critter would go straight home; an’ Miss Geraldine’s money for nothin’. So don’t say dat

word, Massa. ’Sides, I doesn’t want to part from him.”

“You would like him for yourself,” said Geraldine, laughing at the cunningness of Cæsar.

“Sartin, surely, Miss.”

“Well, you shall have the mule. She shall be your property. So make haste, and let us get out of the wood as soon as we can,” added Colonel Clarendon.

The horses were soon put in the harness by Cæsar, and the party proceeded towards Washington; Cæsar on his mule, talking to it as though it were a companion, yet all the time thinking how much he could sell him for. With him money was not to be ignored.

## CUBA.

BY MARGARET FIELD.

EVERY few years Cuba and her surroundings become subjects of intense interest to politicians and political economists on both sides of the Atlantic. Indeed, the ultimate fate of this one small island has been a question of profound concern for half a century to divers nations and peoples. Now, when the subject is again being stirred, it behooves us to examine why it, more than the other myriad islands of the great deep, is thus ever important. As is the case with most questions difficult of adjustment and involving interests of vast moment, it is permitted to slumber for the most part or else to awaken only in spasmodical disturbance, and after a few wild throes sink back into lethargic sleep again. Whether such will be its fate under this present stirring, remaineth! For though seemingly lost sight of, in more important national struggles in either hemisphere, though lying *perdu*, a sort of argument in abeyance to be settled in futurity, it has, nevertheless, obtained the thoughtful and earnest consideration of diplomats and statesmen. An highway across the Isthmus of Panama has always been a desideratum, spite of our great Pacific routes; and it has been held as a certain theorem, that the possession of Cuba by either this country or England, will put the power holding it in a position to control a large proportion of the trade between the Eastern and Western worlds. The currents of the Gulf Stream throw the greater part of the travel close

by the coast and harbors of Cuba, and the final destiny of the island therefore becomes the grave and important theme which the threatened coming conflict, like those gone by which have been so gallantly and pertinaciously maintained, would perhaps ultimately solve and bring to a satisfactory conclusion.

The commercial advantages of Cuba are undeniable; the trade of the island in the hands of an energetic, enterprising and capable people, who would develop and thereby increase its requirements, would be invaluable. Nature has evidently designed it for what it has never yet become, a great commercial *entrepôt*. Its position is such that it might be made the common market for a vast portion of the Continent, embracing not alone the southern part of this country, but the fairest provinces of Mexico.

But apart from this, its products are of the greatest magnitude, especially its three staples, coffee, sugar, and cotton; and its fruits and minerals are invaluable. As yet a mere fraction of the cultivable area of the Island is devoted to the really practicable and essential necessity in any land, of raising its staples. The whole area of Cuba is estimated at about forty thousand square miles, or twenty-six million acres. Of this, fifteen million acres are cultivated, leaving eleven million to be counted as worthless. Of the cultivable portion but two million acres are as yet under a state

of real advantageous cultivation, being only one-seventh of the really cultivable portion. And one-half of this is in garden and fruit growth, and not really employed for the production of the most valuable exporting products. This will show how small a proportion of Cuba has yet been turned to account by the indolent natives, or their vicious, tyrannical Spanish masters; and yet the wealth of her travelling inhabitants is always the wonder of the people among whom they find a lodging-place and room for display.

Owing to the cavernous structure of the limestone deposits, the great inclination of their strata, and the small breadth of the island, there are but few rivers of any size, and large tracts of the country are subject to drouths; yet the undulating surface, the continually renewed verdure, and the distribution of vegetable forms give rise to the most varied and picturesque landscapes. Everywhere there is to be seen a mass of luxuriant vegetation and exuberant verdure. Its harbors are remarkably safe and excellent, though except where they afford entrance, the coast is almost inaccessible on account of the reefs and shallow water.

Forests of mahogany, ebony, cedar, and other useful woods, grow in almost rank excess, while the meadow land is crowded with myriad fertility of odoriferous and gaily-colored flowers. All smokers will bear testimony to the rare quality of the tobacco grown upon the Island, especially that raised in the District of Veneta de Abajo, which is considered the most delicately flavored and yet the most powerful of any brands in the market. The oranges, pineapples, plantains, lemons, and limes fill our cities and bring the dealers therein the highest prices received for imported tropical fruits. With all these advantages poured with such lavish hand upon her soil; with an abundance of mineral wealth, vast copper mines, mines of alum, copperas, and coal; huge formations of variegated serpentine marble, chalcedony, magnesia, iron pyrites, quartz and feldspar, slates and schists, still undeveloped and hardly worked at all, lying within her bosom, for centuries she has been a captive to the iron rule of the far-off Spanish crown. Since Columbus, October 28th, 1492, took possession of it in the name of Spain, deeming he had reached the vast Continent, and taking this for the mainland, was content to claim it for his king, leaving it for the Anglo-Saxon race to really discover the vast great world beyond. He

named it Juana. Since his day it has been variously called, but the old Indian title those mild, indolent, hospitable aborigines whom they found upon the Island had given it, still outlives all others, and is the sweetly-sounding monosyllabic word, Cuba.

In less than fifty years, the natives so easily converted to Christianity, so easily swayed, and so kindly natured, were exterminated by every species of cruelty the Spanish invaders could devise. One's very blood curdles at the record of the atrocities practiced upon them. The treatment meted out to the early inhabitants, has been extended without mitigation of harshness to the wretched negroes, imported there about the year 1790, whose ranks in all the years intervening have been constantly replenished by the slave trade to the African coasts. It is said that statistics prove, that the prevalent idea that the slave population of Cuba exceeds that of the whites, is far from true; and that the excess of freemen over slaves is as one to three, although the negro does exceed the white population by more than one-sixth, there being a large number of free negroes on the island.

There has been a deep-seated hatred among the slaves towards the Spanish powers, and it has been for years felt that they would gladly embrace any opportunity of avenging their wrongs; and in the many insurrections, it has taken the strongly fortified power of Spain under Captains-General, with her bitter, relentless punishment of all concerned in rebellion, to suppress the slave power.

But all the whites of Cuba have considered themselves deeply wronged by the mother country, and sought opportunity to slip the yoke of the oppressor. It is asserted that the cruelties perpetrated upon the slaves by their owners, is almost wholly due to the grinding exaction of the Spanish officials, and this likely is the truth. At all events, in all the later struggles, the so-called rebels have enlisted the sympathies of the slaves to their cause by pronouncing them emancipated. It would seem as if Cuba must shake herself free from her tyrants, though her sons fight always under such immense disadvantages. Cuba a free country, will, of course, throw herself into the United States, and become part and parcel of this nation, to which geologically and geographically she once belonged; the outpost, the watch-tower, and the latest born, she may become the most highly valued child of the great Republic of the West.

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this State, shall previously to his taking his Seat in the General Assembly, at their Session to be holden on the last Monday of October instant, take and subscribe the aforesaid Oath or Affirmation.

*Be it further Enacted by the Authority aforesaid,* That each and every male Inhabitant within this State, of Twenty-one Years of Age and upwards, who shall refuse or neglect to subscribe and take the aforesaid Oath or Engagement, on or before the last Day of December, A. D. 1786, shall be, and he is hereby declared incapable to be elected to any Post of Honor or Profit within this State, or to exercise the Functions of any civil or military Office therein, after said Time, or of giving his Vote or Suffrage for electing any Officer or Representative within this State: Provided always and nevertheless, that this Act shall not extend to Persons who are absent out of the State, or to Infants under the Age of Twenty-one Years, who may within Forty Days after their arrival within this State, or their attaining the Age of Twenty-one Years, take and subscribe the same, and thereby be entitled to all the Privileges and Immunities of Citizens.

*Be it further Enacted by the Authority aforesaid,* That no person resident within this State, shall be permitted under any Pretence whatever, either to enter or clear any Vessel or Vessels in either of the Intendant's Offices within this State, unless the Person or Persons so presenting to enter or clear any Vessel or Vessels as aforesaid, shall previous thereto, take and subscribe the aforesaid Oath or Affirmation, and also produce a Certificate to the Intendant of Trade, that the Owner or Owners of said Vessel or Vessels, have also taken and subscribed the aforesaid Oath or Affirmation.

*And be it further Enacted by the Authority aforesaid,* That no Practitioner in the Law within this State shall be qualified or permitted to commence, prosecute, or defend any Action or Suit at Law in any Court of Law within this State, unless he hath previous thereto taken or subscribed the Oath or Affirmation as aforesaid.

*In GENERAL ASSEMBLY, October Session, A. D. 1706.*

*Resolved,* That the preceding Draught of an Act be copied by the Secretary, and be sent by Express to each Town-Clerk of the State, within Ten Days from the rising of this Assembly, That the City and Town-Clerks issue their Warrants as soon as may be to convene the several Towns in legal Meetings, in Order that the Sense of the Freeman respecting the said Bill, by Instructions, may be communicated through their Representatives to the General Assembly at the next Session. And that the said Act be also published in the several News-Papers in the State. *A True Copy:*

*Witness,* HENRY SHERBURNE, *Dep. Sec'y.*

*Newport, October 9, 1786.*

MY FELLOW CITIZENS,

As the Test-Act proposed in the General Assembly the last week for *forcing* a currency of the Paper Money, emitted by this State in May last, at par with gold and silver is expected, agreeably to the order of the Assembly, to be published, and that it will appear in this day's paper, it is to be hoped the freemen, and all the good people of this State, will give it that deliberate attention which an act so

alarming in its consequence requires.—By the first penal law heavy and grievous fines with *disfranchisement* were tried to effect that which no penal law ever yet did effect.—An amendment of this was attempted by taking away that most darling and inestimable privilege, trial by juries.—Neither of these could be borne, or executed, being utterly subversive of the unalienable rights of the citizen, and directly against the Magna Charta, the Constitution of this State.

—Yet, as though it was meant to give a finishing stroke, and the highest possible insult to the feelings of every freeman, and to beat an alarm in the minds of all, this third bill was laid before the House, and eagerly urged by some to be instantly passed into a law:—But like Pandora's box, the bill appeared to be fraught with such malicious designs, and such a train of evils, that, eager and desirous as a very great majority appeared to be, to have something done for bringing the money into circulation, the House could not be brought into so rash a measure.—It was proposed, however, that if the House would not vote the bill off the table, which it is conceived would have been most to the honor of the House to have done, that the bill should be referred to the next session,—that in the mean time it should be published for the information of the people at large:—That if it was necessary such an oath should be imposed, and thereby a flood of perjury introduced to the entire abolishing all moral obligations; if it was necessary that the rights of the electors should be thus cut off, and that the conduct of our legislators should never be liable to be scanned, that it should thus be in the power of the legislators, from time to time, by additional tests (not oaths of allegiance to the constitution) but oaths merely in approbation of the acts of the legislators, thereby putting it in their power to destroy the fair fabric of a republican government, and introduce that of an aristocracy; and by the same principles, finally to establish a despotic power, either in a few or one.—If all this should be thought necessary—the people at large should first give their assent.—The chains should be fastened by themselves.—There have been times that the mover of such a bill would have been thought chargeable with the crime of high treason against the constitution.—But a series and progress of violations upon the rights and liberties of a people, make almost anything familiar and easy to be embraced, till they find the poison has devoured the vitals, or the insinuating sting has reached the heart.

Pause, My Countrymen! Listen not to insinuations of designing men, building up their importance and popularity upon your ruins;—read and think for yourselves; sell not your birthright for a mess of pottage. Let no deceptions fasten upon you.—Let no pecuniary views allure you from the highest regard to your liberties, to the free constitution you are blessed with.—When you have fully seen and examined the baleful effects which must have issued from such an act, you will shudder at the brink which your most invaluable rights stood upon, while it was deliberating whether this bill should pass into an act, or not.—Rejoice and thank your God, that you have escaped as a bird out of the hands of the fowler; and as you have now the power, determine the fate of the snare; condemn it to utter banishment, and caution your representatives; instruct them to a religious

regard to your free constitution, to your Magna Charta, and the fundamental principles of government, well planned and guarded by your great and pious ancestors, and hitherto preserved at the expense of your own blood, and the blood of your fathers, sons and brethren.—From this bill, and from such coercive, unconstitutional and unpolitic measures, turn your attention to the proposals made for taking away the pretended necessity of such measures, and for providing ways and means for making it the *interest* of the people, without tortures, without oaths, and without the loss of our liberty, and the free exercise of the constitution, for accommodating the unhappy divisions of the State, and for giving the paper money the best possible credit.

It was moved, seconded, and after every obstacle thrown in the way, it was finally voted, that a Committee of Ten—five of the majority and five of the minority—should retire and take into consideration, and devise the best ways and means of settling our unhappy differences, and that might most effectually give credit to the paper money emitted.—This Committee of the House consisted of Mr. Marchant, Mr. Anthony, Mr. Brown, Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Shelden, Mr. Wells, Mr. Barton, Mr. Humphrey, Mr. Joslyn, and Mr. Holden.—They were upon the business an afternoon and till late in the evening—and in the morning brought in their report, signed by eight out of ten of the Committee.—The Report was as follows:

“The Committee upon ways and means for establishing and giving the fullest credit to the paper money emitted by this State, humbly report,

“That for accommodating the unhappy difference respecting the paper money emitted by this State, and for establishing the currency upon the most permanent basis, by means the most natural, familiar, and constitutional; it be recommended that all penal laws heretofore enacted for forcing the currency be repealed; that the clause in said emitting act, declaring that a tender of said money, and refusal, shall work an extinguishment of the debt, be so altered, that instead of its extinguishing the debt, a tender made and refused shall stop all future interest in such securities, until the creditor shall be willing to receive his debt, and that upon all executions upon judgments already obtained, and that hereafter shall be served upon the debtor, and upon all judgments that shall hereafter be obtained the debtor shall have it in his power to lodge the debt and cost in the clerk's office of the court where such judgment was obtained or execution issued, and take the clerk of said court's receipt therefore, which shall operate as an absolute and full discharge of such debt; and if the creditor shall not apply for the same within six months from the time it shall be lodged, the clerk shall pay the same into the General Treasury to and for the use of the State. Provided nevertheless, that nothing in these proposals is to be construed or understood to operate contrary to the true intent and meaning of the emitting act otherwise than the different manner of tender.

“That the Excise Act be revived with such amendments as may be thought advisable, the excise to be paid in the paper money emitted by this State.—That the impost duties be paid also in said emission, or in the orders already drawn on the Impost-Office by the Treasurer, and that no further orders be issued.

“That annual State taxes be made as large as may be well sustained by our constituents, and be collected with the strictest punctuality.

“That the *interest* and *principal* of the State debt be paid in said paper emission by annual payments, as far as such taxes, impost and excise may be sufficient, after incidental charges of government are satisfied.

“That an act or acts be made agreeably to the foregoing resolutions.”

To the honest and well-meaning of my countrymen, I address myself.—As you are to be called upon by order of the Assembly, for your approbation or disapprobation of the Test-Act, before observed upon, you will have both that, and the foregoing proposals to deliberate upon. Are those proposals not honest?—Are they not such as must be approved by every cool, thinking, honest man?—The whole minority were ready to have promised their consent, and their fullest support to the paper money, if those proposals could but be admitted, instead of those penal laws that have so much distressed the State and depreciated the money.—For every man must confess the money has been greatly depreciated, and finally stopped from any circulation, saving that of paying off former contracts.

I readily grant that such as have wished for the paper money merely to discharge their past debts may not agree with me—but such as wished to be relieved from their burthens and difficulties by honest and easy means, such as wished for monies to be raised in a manner the most easy to the people—such as wished for the discharge of the State debt by this currency—such men will approve of the proposals made by the Committee—because all those ends would have been answered by them.

What think you then, my countrymen, when you are informed, that although these proposals were made by a Committee of the House, who were ordered to report, and although reported by all the Committee, except Mr. Wells and Mr. Joslyn, yet the House would not even receive the report of their own Committee.—Judge ye, my fellow-citizens and countrymen, who are well-wishers to the peace and happiness of the State?—Who have proposed and promoted measures, the best calculated to give the greatest credit to the currency?—Who are sincere, and who are only seeking their own private, wicked, and designing ends?—You have an important subject before you.

My fellow-citizens, paper credit is a mere matter of opinion.—To attempt to compel the opinions and sentiments of men on any subject whatsoever, whether it be political, moral or religious, is repugnant to every idea of liberty and common sense. Indeed it is impossible by any other force than the force of reason, to convince the understanding. By oaths, fines, imprisonment and tortures, men may be compelled to declare opinions to be true, which in their consciences they know to be false.—In this way men have been hypocrites, but they have ever held in utter abhorrence, the authors of their hypocrisy. If you should suffer this political paper money test to be introduced, it may lead to other tests.—Religious tests may be introduced, and the people of this, yet, thank Heaven! free government, be forced to swallow any creeds that may be imposed upon them, and the most solemn obligations of morality and religion, be utterly annihilated.

Determine then wisely.—Determine whether you will continue freemen, or whether by consenting to such abominable tests, you will fetter yourselves and your posterity in bondage; introduce perjury like an overflowing flood, and totally destroy every moral obligation, and throw the State into anarchy, confusion, and civil wars.

From all which evils, may your determinations, directed by a kind Providence, deliver us.

*A Well-wisher to the State.*

**Novel Attractions in a Curious City.**—A writer describing the streets of Stamboul, says: Every nationality under heaven seems here to have given each other rendezvous for business or pleasure. Mussulman, Jew, and Christian; Syrian, Greek, and Turk; Frank and Armenian, with all the nondescript Levantine brood of half-breeds and hybrids of every color under the sun, from the Ethiopian and the Moor to the Circassian, here jostle each other, and seem almost equally eager in pursuit of some invincible object. No tongue has the predominance, for ten languages assail the ear at every step. Clusters of bright-colored Feringees are met everywhere. Ladies and their attendants, old and young, dark and fair, meet the eye at every turn, offering a solid resistance to any attempt to make way against the current; while flashing eyes and voluble tongues give further evidence of vitality and ubiquity.

Women chaffer with the shopman, toss his goods about, appeal to his conscience, and depreciate his wares with as perfect and practical an understanding of a woman's privileges as the most advanced of their European sisters. The fact possibly lends a sharper edge to their speech, and increases the vivacity of their desire for bargains. In any case, I should judge that both the grave Turk and the plausible Armenian have enough to do to hold their own against such keen, knowing customers. To those who have never been to a Turkish bazaar I fear it would be impossible by words to convey any clear impression of the scenes which arrest the eye at every moment, and every one different from the other.

Albert Smith tried no mean powers of description, and ended by presenting a gorgeous picture of heaped-up riches in every form and shape, from cashmere shawls and jewelled pipes to glittering arms and embroidered slippers. Nevertheless, the miles of these intricate covered ways, lit only from above by small sunk windows, with a line of shops on each side, and stalls jutting out in the midst of a pushing crowd of busy people, of porters with heavy loads, who expect you to look out for the safety of your own head and eyes, have altogether a distracting effect. Nothing but a sincere and conscientious desire for personal knowledge of the most practical kind would ever take a visitor through a series of successive explorations into the deeper byways of this vast labyrinth of shops and alleys, which never appear to end.

Perhaps a passionate longing for Oriental china, of which there are some rare and beautiful specimens to be picked up, or a Persian carpet of unrivalled colors, the indulgence, in fine, of any strongly developed collector's mania, might carry the day and make its victim find compensation for days of exhausted strength; but I do not believe in persis-

tence under weaker impulses. To the traveller, nevertheless, in search of the most characteristic traits or distinctive features of each place and people he visits, let him not fail to go to the two great bazaars of Stamboul, and he will carry away with him memories of Turkish life and customs nothing else can supply, and which time will not easily obliterate.

**A Prize from Antiquity.**—A large roll of papyrus, covered with inscriptions, was discovered some twenty years ago under the floor of an old tomb in Thebes. It was 139 feet long by 16½ inches broad, and looked something like a stair-carpet. Mr. Harris, the lucky finder, bought it for a comparatively low price. His daughter, Miss Harris, felt convinced that it was a treasure, and to make sure against accidents, set herself to the immense work of tracing every sign and letter on it upon a paper of equal extent. She succeeded in making a fac-simile of it. Her father died, and the lady took a house at Koumel Dyk, Alexandria. A few years ago an explosion occurred in the house, which was reduced to fragments. Of its contents the two chief treasures alone escaped unharmed—the papyrus and Miss Harris herself. The great Egyptian archaeologist, M. Brugsch Bey, examined the papyrus and told the Khedive of its great value, and the Egyptian Government offered the sum of £2,000 for it. But Miss Harris would not part with it. She brought it to England, when the British Museum purchased it for a larger sum, and from that time to this, Dr. Birch and his corps of Egyptologists have been deciphering it, while scribes have been engaged in copying it. It proves to be a complete record of the life and works of Rameses III., and a statement of the condition of things at Thebes three thousand years ago.

**A Remarkable Family.**—To our esteemed correspondent, W. G. F., we are indebted for this: Perhaps you would like to tell the readers of the MONTHLY of a FOURTH OF JULY FAMILY living in Allentown, Pennsylvania. Mr. and Mrs. Barney Ward have been married a little over ten years, and thus far they have had eight children, each born on the Fourth of July. See the record:

- July 4, 1869—A daughter, Bridget, living.
- July 4, 1871—A son, James, dead.
- July 4, 1872—A son, Barney, living.
- July 4, 1873—A son, dead.
- July 4, 1874—A son, Charles, living.
- July 4, 1875—A daughter, Mary Ann, dead.
- July 4, 1876—A son, dead.
- July 4, 1877—A son, Winnie, living.

Somebody complains because the father has been unable to take part in Fourth of July celebrations out of town.

One thing is certainly beyond dispute concerning this family, and that is the patriotism of the parents. The 4th of July will certainly be to them a day of celebration, even should it cease to be observed as a national holiday. The day will to them possess a three-fold interest: To keep green the memory of the four loved ones gone; to commemorate the nativity of the four now living; to honor the day as one of declared independence of the Colonies. But is there not a meaning deeper than all these things in such coincidences of birth?

## LITERATURE AND ART.

Gail Hamilton's novel of "First Love is Best," has for its object (as explained in her preface), reformatory measures regarding the novel of hapless denouement; at present, as she asserts, largely on the increase. She has fairly taken up arms in defence of woe-begone heroines, with a view to conveying them through incredible trials, to ever-blooming shores of bliss.

There are persons who timorously acknowledge to a marked preference in favor of the novel of happy ending. These are often quiet, unobtrusive women, whose lives have been fullest of trouble; persons of whom we patronizingly speak as having nothing to live for; forgetful that if they have borne much their compensations may have been in beneficent correspondence; as also, that conceptions of happiness and unhappiness resolve themselves at last into conditions of temperament. "The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" may assail them, bruising and wrinkling the fair exterior, while leaving in undisturbed serenity germs of hope within. Tender-hearted women who have outlived the sentiment of their youth, so far as they are personally interested, and who with inherent longings reach out to its portrayal in story. Women who instinctively avoid the tragedies of life, and who so far as their own experiences are concerned, throw a romantic flavor over its roughest edges. Women absorbed in every-day incidents to the exclusion of worrying remembrances. Through a yielding quality of temper they are enabled to weep over harrowing situations of distress, and to rejoice in the triumphant finale, at the dropping of the curtain. And these are among story-readers, for whom writers weave fabrications of highly-wrought coloring, which are recognized on both sides as such, yet by a compact having its foundation in mutual dependencies, tacitly adhered to.

There is another class of readers whose sentiment has taken a wider range into far-away realms of space. There is a glory somewhere for us all! And these in delineations of romance, surreptitiously delight in obscurity of expression and in figurative representation; under shelter of which the imagination is left free to wander in green pastures and along unbidden pathways. The logic which would clip the wings of Pegasus, is an act of oppression to which they cannot subscribe; logic, which if unanswerable in practical views of utility, would yet cast disparagement upon the divinity of creative thought. Such as these would shrink and shudder before the prompt speech of Gail Hamilton.

With painful certainty they perceive that failure is the rule, and success the exception in the every-day world. What wonder then that they look coldly upon delineations of art which celebrates victory alone, or that with sympathizing instincts they should prefer the imagery reversed to shaded coloring? The novel of felicitous ending, to this class, savors largely of the inane. The warp and woof of life is strangely mixed. Streaks of gray, and streaks of vermilion alternate with wave-like regularity. The ups and downs of life are proverbial; and if at intervals rest is vouchsafed, it is well. But there's hastening; joys and sorrows forever wave their adieus.

The aggressive prose of Gail Hamilton may serve to point a moral with wonderful exactness; but so far as adorning a tale is concerned the drapery sadly lacks in softness of texture, and in delicacy of workmanship. Her logic glares with blinding force upon the quivering nerves of sensibility; her brilliants glow and scintillate with steady persistence through sunshine and storm; not perceiving the happy effect of light and shade in the picture destined for immortality.

**Genealogical Notes:** *Containing the Pedigree of the Thomas Family, of Maryland, and its Connections.* By LAWRENCE BUCKLEY THOMAS. Baltimore: Charles Harvey & Co., Publishers.

This work contains the pedigree of over fifty families, with biographical sketches of much interest and value to the historian as well as to the present generation. It is embellished with six full-page and seventeen smaller illustrations, coats-of-arms, views, etc., and is a quarto of one hundred and ninety-seven pages, printed on heavy tinted paper, with blank pages for notes, and bound in extra cloth, half Morocco, and half Turkey.

It would be well were more of such publications issued, as they serve to show in definite form the connecting links between the past and present, while at the same time they establish certain rights which so frequently are the cause of protracted litigations and much bitterness among kindred. Selfish interests so frequently predominate over justice, that we cannot but welcome anything which tends to mitigate the evils growing out of such triumph. The family tree should be one of the priceless souvenirs of every household, and in what better form can it be preserved than in volume form, handsomely printed and bound as in the one here referred to?

**History of the City of New York.** By MRS. MARTHA J. LAMB. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

We have received Parts XV. and XVI. of this entertaining and instructive history: They complete the first volume, which is now ready for delivery. We have noticed this publication several times, as the Parts appeared, as a credit to both author and publishers, and the completion of this first volume sustains our previous "good words" for it. The author, in the preface, says: "It is the outgrowth of more than a dozen years of careful study and persistent research. The most eminent scholars of the land are among those who have given me counsel and encouragement. I have never lost sight of the magnitude and importance of the task before me, New York being the central point in all American history; nor have I in any instance indulged fancy at the expense of historical exactness and symmetry. My original purpose to produce a standard authority, has been my latest purpose. On all matters where difference of opinion exists, I have examined both sides without prejudice or partiality. If, in the treatment of a subject which combines so many sources of thrilling interest, and which is dear to the heart

of every American citizen, I have given warmth and color as well as life and expression to realities, and found favor with the great sympathetic reading public, then my labor has not been in vain."

**Margaret Fuller's Place in Literature.**—It is now almost universally acknowledged that our literature is a power in the world; the well-known question of Sydney Smith "Who reads an American book?" being now accurately answered by, "Who that has in any degree the true spirit of culture, does *not* read an American book?"

As we are a great nation, so have we a great literature. But this literature has not, like a Genii's fairy palace, grown in one short hour. It is the result of self-renunciation and patient work, of fidelity to conscience and the laws of art. Much has been done which of necessity is not of permanent value; in the stern analysis of the future shall they be determined.

It has certainly been her remarkable eloquence in conversation, more than her contributions to the literary treasures of the world which has made the interest in Margaret Fuller so absorbing, her fame so illustrious, not only in her own country, but in England, France, and also Italy. The eloquent voice has long since grown silent, the bright and beautiful life has been shadowed by tragic death, and yet the influence of that life still abides; a strong inspiration, a stimulus like that of mountain air. It must be that many of the peculiar characteristics of her genius were infused into her writings, though they are, indeed, very imperfectly representative of her intellectual depth or range of vision. Her genius shone the brightest in contact with other minds. Nevertheless, by these writings must her true power be determined; by means of these we may arrive at not an inaccurate idea of her permanent place in American literature.

Margaret Fuller's written works but faintly indicate her genius, because her faculties were trained more for reception than production; with a fine conceptive imagination, she yet lacked executive power. Hence the drudgery of the pen was distasteful. "How can I ever write with this impatience of detail! I shall never be an artist. I am delighted with my sketch, but if I attempt to finish it I am chilled." This was as much owing to the intense physical pain which was always her attendant evil genius, as to the structure of her mind. But though her works are fragmentary and defective in formal completeness, they are full of the "tide marks" of great thoughts; though in cultivating her powers for the acquisition of knowledge, those of creation were not sufficiently exercised; still she has written well. It were not an exaggerated assertion that if more years of life had been granted her, with restored health, and the rich experience which her life abroad bestowed, she would have devoted her mature powers to the production of work which would have, in every way, fulfilled the promise of her youth. The loss of her history of the great Italian struggle for freedom, is a great and irreparable one. Strange mystery of Providence, that fatal accident off Fire Island Beach!

Her writings are too well known to warrant a full catalogue. The articles on Goethe and on Goethe's works are the finest and most exquisite of all. The style is vigorous,

compressed and brilliant, the thoughts logically adherent to the main line of argument. Her ideas are neither vague nor shadowy, but clearly defined and distinguishable from one another; and because she knew just what she wanted to say and said it in the most concise, hence forcible way, there is a pleasing contrast between her and Carlyle, who sometimes wearies us by repetitions of the same praises of his hero. With appreciative skill Margaret Fuller has discovered the subtle quality of Goethe's genius and helps us to discover and admire it; yet with what fearlessness and precision she points out what we all, that is if we are in any degree honest with ourselves, feel in regard to Goethe's character—that with his keen, flashing intellect and marvelous genius, there were failures in his life which we cannot but sternly condemn.

Her translations from the great German poet are considered to be excellent; in fidelity to the original, and as far as possible reproduction of its charms and grace, unsurpassed.

A word of praise cannot be withheld from the "Essay on the Modern English Poets." It is the clearest exponent of one of Margaret Fuller's most prominent characteristics—order. Each poet has given him his true position in regard to each other according to the invariable laws of poetry and art. The whole essay indicates the singular fineness of her perception of beauty; her comprehensive analytic intellect; originality and depth of thought; mechanical skill in the formation of sentences. All unnecessary words are rejected; each sentence is a model of brevity combined with greatest beauty, yet every word is so enlightening in its suggestiveness, and so many valuable hints are given that the subject can be carried on endlessly if the reader be anything of an independent thinker. Everything Margaret Fuller wrote has this power of germinating in other minds and bearing rich intellectual fruit. It is one of the many proofs of her genius. Thus her influence is not lost, now she herself is gone; its effects are remote, stretching far away into interminable years.

Her sketches of the eminent men and women she met abroad are truthful pen portraits—that of Carlyle, published in the memoirs, one of the best of the kind ever written. It shows keenness of observation, unerring insight into the essential principle of diverse manifestations of character, and skill in delineation; while its felicities of expression and of allusion are numerous.

It will be impossible, in this short paper, to attempt to criticize "Summer on the Lakes," "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," nor any of Margaret Fuller's less important writings. The subjects of these latter are sometimes trivial, and they are treated in a light, racy, superficial style; but they were written for recreation from arduous study, and should, though disappointing to us, be judged as such.

Some of her best and most earnest thoughts on art and life are given in letters to her friends. After all it is by these that one is most magnetically attracted towards this noble and high-spirited woman, who, though sleeping beneath the "waves of the tossing Atlantic," still speaks to all who choose to listen. They form a record of her life—its love, its faith, its heroism, and deep-hearted tragedy. They indicate intuitive knowledge of human nature, its needs and resources; thorough, profound scholarship, and deep sympathy for all who



looked to her for guidance and help. The work she did by these letters, written most often while suffering intense pain, was wide-reaching in its influences—a work than which none could conceivably be greater. It was to impress others with the greatness and dignity of the purposes which ruled her own life, to raise them out of the dull and heavy atmosphere which they had always breathed, into a higher altitude of spiritual and mental culture. Undoubtedly this was as much accomplished by the silent power of her own attainment and progress as by her inspiring, soul-stirring words. It is said that the art of letter-writing is rapidly becoming one of the lost arts; that letters parallel to those of Lady Mary Montague or Madame de Sévigné will never again be seen. We think the world may take courage and not wholly lose its faith in the eternal progression of the race while there are such letters written as F. W. Robertson's and Margaret Fuller's.

In support of what has been said about Margaret Fuller's conversational power, I am glad to find this testimony from a writer in the *Westminster Review*. "She was as copious and oracular as Coleridge; brilliant as Sterling; pungent and paradoxical as Carlyle. Gifted with the inspired powers of a Pythoness she saw into the hearts and over the heads of all who came near her."

And now what is Margaret Fuller's place in American literature?

Intellectual greatness is displayed in many ways. The poet sees qualities in material objects and in the common experiences of humanity invisible to men of coarser perception—less subtle insight. He can combine these isolated experiences into an artistic whole by the uniting power of his genius, and sing songs for our endless rapture and delight. But there is another phase of intellectual greatness displayed in our age, in point of fact the natural and inevitable outgrowth of our way of thinking, and the degree of perfection which has been attained in all branches of learning and science. This critical faculty is inferior to the "vision and the faculty divine," but it is of the same nature, partaking of the same essential spirit, and ruled by the same laws. Margaret Fuller was "no artist, and never wrote an epic, romance or drama, yet no one knew better the qualities which go to the making of these."<sup>1</sup> She was essentially a critic, perhaps the most scholarly critic America has produced. When, in 1840, the celebrated *Dial*, to which contributed Emerson, Theodore Parker, Thoreau, and other leaders of the Transcendental movement, was started with an aim to elevate the minds of the people to a higher grade of culture, to furnish a high standard of art to guide, no one was believed to be so suited for its editor as Margaret Fuller.

At the present time it were well if her rigid analysis of books to be reviewed, and reliable accuracy in criticism could be imitated. She had a clear eye for the beautiful, the great and true, and welcomed them from whatever source they came. This unprejudiced reception of new ideas, this recognition of universal rather than narrow or local principles, this freedom from the servitude of long-

cherished current opinions, made her criticism comprehensive and liberal, instead of subjective or conventional. Her intense love of truth, both in speculation and action, her fearless way of saying what she thought, made whatever she uttered vigorous and effective. Yet, because she scorned to minister to a false public taste, because she endeavored to raise the multitude up to her standard rather than stoop to them, because she aimed keen shafts of satire against injustice, falsehood and pretence, careless if they struck those whom ignorant favoritism wished to shield, she was often misunderstood, and had to endure the charge of being influenced by personal animosities. Her keen, sagacious eye saw what American literature lacked—that with all its vigor and originality it needed cultivation. Culture was the shibboleth of the Transcendental party. Margaret Fuller announced its importance most decisively; and what was still better, made her own life an inspiration and guiding star to all aspiring minds, by her power of acquiring knowledge, showed of what attainments the human intellect is capable; while, by her fortitude in bearing disappointment, by her power of evoking from hours of intense physical agony blessing and rapturous spiritual enjoyment, in fact, by the whole bent of her moral nature towards all which is noble and beautiful and true, she showed that the human spirit is also capable of education.

As an editor she was exacting in her claims, because her taste, being refined and exalted by close acquaintance, we might almost call it friendship, with the best works of art in every language, could not tolerate with equanimity what was ignoble, coarse, or untrue to their universal laws. In point of fact, sincere and earnest belief was the formative cause of her most extreme dogmas.

She does not impress us as ever having ventured beyond her depth. She had a well-defined idea of her own limits as well as capacity, hence avoided many of the mistakes and perplexities into which those critics fall who have not her practical common sense, accurately disciplined mind, and great powers of generalization. She erred once and that grievously. It was in her estimate of Longfellow. With this exception she was one of the most reliable of critics.

The habit of abstract thought and the constant study of poetry did not contract her horizon; her ideas in relation to social and political conditions were consistent with the most scientific and realistic modes of thought. And yet everything she wrote is beautifully colored by the brilliant hues of her ever-restless imagination.

Indeed her critical writings indicate a calm, generally impartial judgment, an intuitive grasp of truth, a well-trained analytic faculty, and a keen, penetrating perception of beauty. Bright, subtle wit, originality of idea and expression, and innumerable rich allusions give these writings grace and freshness; while strong will, vigorous intellect and magnetic genius make them powerful in their influence upon us.

She was certainly, next to Emerson, the most noble representative of the Transcendental movement in New England, a "peer of the realm in a new world of thought." Her death, sad and tragic as it was, left a void which has never yet been filled.

<sup>1</sup> Emerson.

## CURRENT MEMORANDA.

**Thoughts on the Seasons.**—On Time's dial are recorded the revolutions of planets and systems through boundless space, pauseless and ceaseless in their motions. To us, the inhabitants of the earth, the dual revolvings of our planet upon its axis, and in its orbit around the sun, bring darkness and light, and distinctive seasons of the year.

Spring has come and gone; summer with its sultry sun has made the seeds of the field, the grass of the valley and grape of the vineyard to gladden the heart of the husbandman, while the plants of the grove and trees of the forest have awakened into a newness of life. And to this silent influence of the solar orb the dews and winds of heaven have yielded their tribute of vital forces. Light, also, has brought on its wings visions of the beautiful, to which it has graciously and regularly bestowed its ratio of creative power. All the elements of earth, sea, and air have formed a unity to reward the tiller of the soil, and over and above all the Supreme Ruler has wisely guided and bountifully sustained the children of men. Autumn, likewise, has come and gone. The chilly winds and icy snows of winter are already here, completing the circle of 1877.

As we look back in memory on that past, barren boughs first come to view, scattered here and there over wide domains. Then the budding season comes on apace, followed by leaf, bud, and flower, while the face of nature puts on its inviting smile, dons its verdant plumage, decked with garlands gay. In succession, next we see waving fields of golden grain, and orchards inviting with their tempting fruit. Later on we witness burdened granaries and well-stored barns, replenished tills and wardrobes. The year has, indeed, been a fruitful one, and the nation's heart in thanksgiving has gone up to the Great Benefactor for his manifold mercies and goodness.

Following the train of thought into which we are led, we cannot pass by or ignore the scenes and incidents born out of and connected with the dying year. The retrospect is not upon a void, nor is it a wilderness of meaningless confusion. Amid the jars and conflict of human motives and



THE BABE IN THE MANGER.

actions we see here and there, now and then, much to admire and instruct. Order and harmony are not entirely absent qualities on the panorama before us. That priceless jewel—consistency—throws its lustre on favored portions of the canvas. Truth is not dead, nor virtue stifled, though both have struggled with error and corruption. "The cares of the world and deceitfulness of riches have choked the word in many places, still, in the main, the triumph of right gives us cause for rejoicing. We still believe that

"Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again—  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies amid her worshippers."

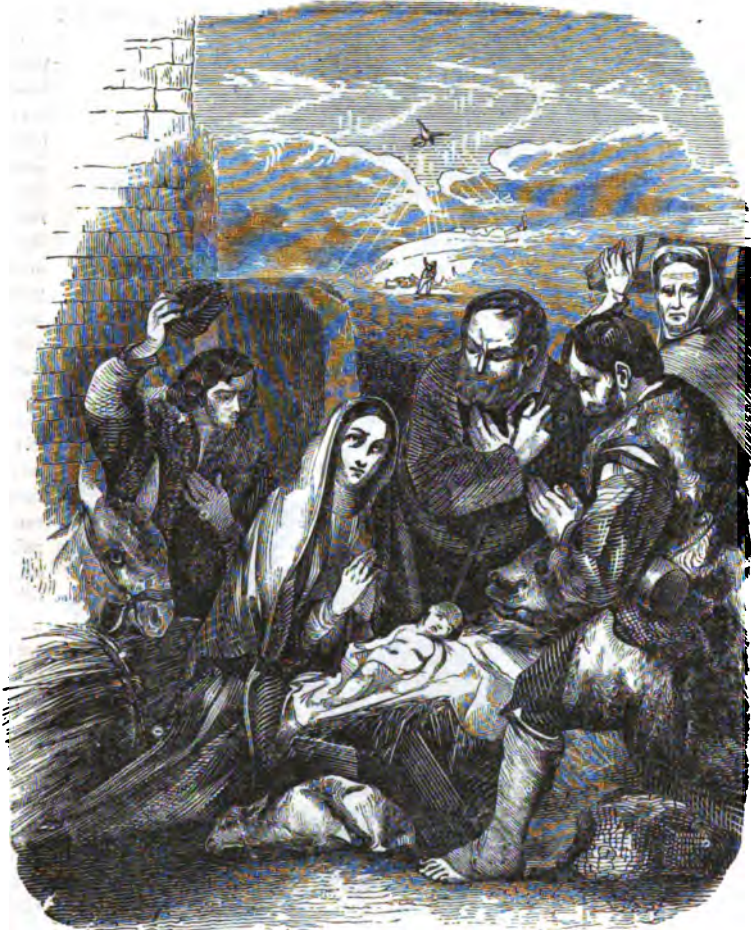


All along the highways and byways of life's journeyings are scattered fragments of wrecked hopes of the young and old. Favored schemes and projects have fallen still-born, or grown to maturity, only to be crushed by public opinion, or some adverse combination. Through it all, however, there glimmers light sufficient to cheer us onward as a nation or individuals. Perfidy to trust has been exposed and the actors brought to shame. Violators of the elective franchise have been scourged by the righteous indignation of a free people, and the purity of the ballot-box made more secure for the future. Long standing barriers between the two great sections of our country have been removed, and those once in war against each other are now at peace. The sister States have joined hands in a more perfect union. Confidence has taken the place of distrust, love in lieu of hatred, while the tide of trade and wheels of prosperity tell of better times in the near future. To our minds that future was never uncertain. We felt that we only had "to labor and to wait."

Hope, that twin sister of Faith, through all checkered scenes and vicissitudes of life, has buoyed us up, imparting a newness of spirit, when the old would flag or falter by the wayside. It, indeed, has rarely for any great length of time refused to reflect its brightness upon our pathway. Even more than the silver lining to the dark cloud, has it illumined and cheered our footsteps. It could not be reasonably expected that we would always realize anticipations, nor reach the summit of happiness. The dark hours have better prepared both mind and heart to understand and appreciate the bright ones. The king of winter makes more welcome the maid of spring. But whether doubting or trusting, the world moves onward, like the steady flowing river shimmering towards the sea. "Time and tide wait not" for the impulses or actions of men.

Already we are reminded of the near approach of a season made memorable in human history. In all our marts of trade and places of barter attention is arrested by signs of the coming event. Kindred and friends long separated are looking forward to the annual reunion. Hands are again to be clasped and hearts knitted closer together. Discord is to give way to concord, contention to harmony. OLD things, unseemly, are to pass away, and all things are to become

NEW. Distance is to be spanned, and many lonely hearts and cheerless homes, we feel sure, will soon rejoice with kindly words, and we trust by still more worthy deeds. The young and old, the gay and grave will form happy throngs around festive boards. All over this broad and beautiful land—aye! wherever Christianity has found a footing, the joyous season will be hailed with words of exultation. Nay, more! wherever humanity aspires towards a higher life, will greetings and reconciliations take place. The character of this season is not a unit. A trio of interests cluster around it. What they are, our readers need not be told; but what they fully signify all may not comprehend. In some respects they correspond with the



THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

three marked periods, natural to mankind, each fraught with the liveliest interest and most anxious solicitude. The first of these, though beyond our own volition, dates an epoch ever to be remembered: it is that of birth. The second, in a large degree, is an event of choice, and one of our own creation, yet it is scarcely less weighty and far-reaching in its consequences of happiness or misery: it is that of marriage. The third is in accordance with the infallible laws of nature, and from which there is no appeal, though it is more significant in its results than either named, for it terminates in endless felicity or banishment from the joys to come: it is death. But far above all these epochs in every human life, in importance, is that *one* event we are on the eve of com-

memorating. It is the BIRTH OF CHRIST, whose coming was foretold by Isaiah the Prophet. He was spoken of as the *to be* "Wonderful Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting King, and Prince of Peace," upon whose shoulders were to be the governments of the world, and in whom the hope of mankind was to rest. In the Annunciation angels gave to Mary its import, and caused her heart to leap with joy. So, too, the Wise Men of the East were given a sign in the heavens to proclaim the Messiah's coming, and to serve them as a guide to where the child was born. In our illustration we behold "The Babe in the Manger," whose nativity spoke of Divine power and immortality to men. It is an old story, but made ever new each recurring season. As we look upon the picture of "The Three Wise Men," their faith is worthy of all consideration. It is not their offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh; for these in themselves are of but little value compared with their abiding faith in God's revelations to them. Their trust in these is what gives their acts potency, and renders their importance measureless as affecting human destiny.

Now the characters of these wise men are worth knowing in respect to their individuality and personality. We are informed in traditional story that their names were Melchior, Jasper, and Balthazar. The first is represented to us as an old man, with long beard, who brought to the child Jesus an offering of gold. The second is described as a beardless youth, whose tribute was frankincense. The third, it is related, was black, or a Moor, with large, spreading beard, who tendered, as his gift, myrrh. They are also spoken of as having been the patron saints of travellers.

Speaking of saints, let us not forget St. Nicholas, the patron of boys (Why not girls also?). We learn that he was the Bishop of Myra, and made his exit from the world in the year 326. In those times, and since, the young were and have been taught to revere him: and the popular fiction, which represents him as the bearer of presents to children on Christmas eve, is not only well known, but universally dramatized at least once in every year. Elsewhere it is

related of this saint that he supplied three destitute maidens with marriage portions by secretly leaving money at their window; and as his day came just before Christmas, he thus was made the purveyor of the gifts of the season to all children in Flanders and Holland, who put out their shoes or stockings in the confidence that Santa Klaus, or Knecht Globes (as they call him) will put in a prize for good conduct before morning. Another legend describes the saint as having brought three murdered children to life again; and these rendered him the patron of youth.



CAUGHT IN A SNOW STORM.

Viewed from any standpoint, the custom is a beautiful one, and we hope it will be fostered for all time. While the 25th of December commemorates the birth of Christ, may the joyous event be made thrice joyous by gifts to and from both old and young. The merry bells, happy hearts, and silver voices, will add a peculiar sweetness to the words, "A Merry Christmas," or, "A Happy New Year," both of which go out with this issue from our editorial sanctum, and from the publishers of the AMERICAN MONTHLY, to contributors, subscribers, and friends. Think of us, as we shall of you, throughout the season and the coming year.

**Our Young Friends** have frequently been subjects of our consideration. True, we have only incidentally alluded to you in connection with Christmas, yet our hearts have often gone out towards you in confidence,

sympathy, and hope. We know too well that life would be a blank without your smiles and ringing laughter. The serious side and stern realities of life are to most of you unknown. Well that it is so. Sorrow and tribulation will come to you soon enough. Those older than you must fight the world's battles now. So it is decreed, and wisely, too. We need your love and childish faith. Nor is this all; your innocence and gaiety give those older the joys of home. Your elasticity of spirits turns many dull hours into mirth and song. The care of you is recognized by both father and mother; but think not that you are useless appendages to the household. They could not dispense with you; and why should we forget you? Listen, then, to what we have to say



through this medium. There are many ways in which you can increase your own happiness and those associated with you. First of all, cheerfully submit to the government of those who are appointed to guide and direct your footsteps. Filial affection and obedience can only honor you; it may, as it generally does, make you wiser and better. Boys and girls love sport, and they should have it; but with it there are, at times, necessary restraints. Be willing to bear disappointment now and then.

We know you think sometimes that it is a great thing to be free to act like older people, and that their pleasures are greater than yours. This is not generally so. Many hardships and crosses have to be endured by those who provide for your many little necessities and pleasures. Bread-winning is often difficult. See, in our illustration, a father battling with the elements. To be "Caught in a Snow Storm" is, to the buoyant heart, usually *grand*. 'Tis not so always. If far from home, on prairie wild, or some wilderness strange, where roam the lurking savage or ferocious beast, it then becomes a terrible thing. Hundreds perish thus every year. How much happier are you than they!

You, perhaps, remember the story of the Fox and Grapes. In our illustration we read that



"THEY ARE SOUR."

But this is not the thought to be inculcated. The lesson is, "Not to condemn the grapes because they are beyond your reach." Your young heart will often yearn for, and your hands stretch out eagerly towards things not sweet or wholesome for you. Many tempting forms will invite you to take possession of them; but wisdom may say "it will defile." Condemn not because they are to you forbidden. In riper years you may see much good in even sour grapes.

Little boats should keep near shore;  
Larger ones may venture more.

The sea of life is full of shoals and quicksands. We want you to shun them. When time shall give to you more age and wisdom, then will be required of you endeavors more manly and womanly. We love courage and boldness in behalf of right. Usefulness is born of action, if only rightly guided. Our men dwarfs are the creations of inactive lives. We say, then, to you, be up and on the wing. Cultivate muscle and mind. Never allow time to hang heavy for want of exercise and wholesome motion. Most young people do not. The approaching season will furnish ample sources of amusement. Let it not be single-handed and alone. Share your joys with others. George, in our illustration, is dividing his fun with puss. "The House Pet on Skates" is better than no sport at all. Our representative men and women lead active lives. Their early years were preparatory ones. Make yours likewise. Cultivate a love for the beautiful and good, and you can then grow up, like them, **HAPPY**.



THE HOUSE PET ON SKATES.

## GOSSIP AND NOTE BOOK.

**How to make Music.**—Keep your eye on your neighbors. Take care of them. Do not let them stir without watching. They may do something wrong if you do. To be sure, you never knew them to do anything bad, but it may be on your account they have not. Perhaps if it had not been for your kind care, they might have disgraced themselves a long time ago. Therefore do not relax any efforts to keep them where they ought to be. Never mind your own business—that will take care of itself. There is a man passing along—he is looking over the fence—he is suspicious of him; perhaps he contemplates stealing, some of these dark nights; there is no knowing what queer fancies may have got into his head.

If you find any symptoms of any one passing out of the path of duty, tell every one else what you see, and be particular to see a great many. It is a good way to circulate such things, though it may not benefit yourself particularly. Do keep something going—silence is a dreadful thing; though it is said there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour, do not let any such thing occur on earth; it would be too much for this mundane sphere.

If, after all your watchful care, you cannot see anything out of the way in any one, you may be sure it is not because they have not done anything bad; perhaps in an unguarded moment you lost sight of them—throw out hints that they are no better than they ought to be, that you shouldn't wonder if the people found out what they were after a little while, then they may not hold their heads so high. Keep it going, and some one else may take the hint, and begin to help you along after a while, then there will be music, and everything will work to a charm.

**Tempting Ways.**—A young lady known as a regular chatterbox having monopolized the conversation for the first half-hour at the table, asked a Quaker present how he liked tongue, remarking at the same time, that she had prepared it in several tempting ways, to which he meekly replied, "In repose." A slight lull in the conversation followed.

**The Eye as a Chart.**—Dreadful limits are set in nature to the powers of dissimulation. Truth tyrannizes over the unwilling member of the body. Faces never lie, it is said. No man need be deceived who will study the changes of expression. When a man speaks the truth in the spirit of truth, his eye is as clear as the heavens. When he has base ends, and speaks falsely, his eye is muddy, and sometimes a-squint. I have heard an experienced counsellor say that he never feared the effect upon a jury of a lawyer who does not believe in his heart that his client ought to have a verdict.—*Emerson.*

**Equal to the Emergency.**—"At what age were you married?" asked she, inquisitively. But the other lady was equal to the emergency, and quietly responded: "At the parson-age."

**A Beautiful Legend.**—There is a charming tradition connected with the site on which the Temple of Solomon was erected. It was said to have been occupied in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family; the other had none. On the spot was a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in shocks, the elder brother said unto his wife: "My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day; I will arise, take of my shocks, and place with his, without his knowledge." The younger brother, being actuated by the same benevolent motives, said within himself: "My elder brother has a family and I have none; I will contribute to their support; I will arise, take of my shocks and place with his without his knowledge."

Judge of their mutual astonishment when on the following morning, they found their respective shocks undiminished. This course of events transpired for several nights, when, each resolved in his own mind to stand guard and solve the mystery. They did so; when, on the following night, they met each other half-way between their respective shocks, with their arms full.

Upon ground hallowed by such associations as this was the Temple of King Solomon erected—so spacious so magnificent, the wonder and admiration of the world. Alas! in these days, how many would sooner steal their brother's whole shock, than add to it a single sheaf!

**Persistence.**—"My dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another woman's hair on your head," said Mr. Smith to his wife. "My dear Joe, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing another sheep's wool on your back."

**Was it Reason or Instinct?**—An instance of extraordinary intelligence in a dog is given by a correspondent of *Land and Water*. The gentleman who witnessed the event was a short time since on a visit to Scotland, and during one of his walks he came across some men who were washing sheep. Close to the water where the operations were being carried on was a small pen, in which a detachment of ten sheep were placed handy to the men for washing. While watching the performance his attention was called to a sheep dog lying down close by. This animal, on the pen becoming nearly empty, without a word from any one, started off to the main body of the flock and brought back ten of their number, and drove them into the empty washing pens. The fact of the dog bringing exactly the same number of sheep as had vacated it, he looked upon at first as a strange coincidence—a mere chance. But he continued looking on, and much to his surprise, as soon as the men had reduced the number to three sheep, the dog started off again and brought back ten more; and so on he continued throughout the afternoon, never bringing one more nor one less, and always going for a fresh lot when only three were left in the pen, evidently being aware that during the time the last three were washing he would be able to bring up a fresh detachment.



# THE COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT,

## FOR THE

### CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES.

"The Compound Oxygen Treatment; Its Mode of Action and Results," is the title of a handsomely gotten-up pamphlet by G. R. Starkey, A.M., M.D., and bearing the imprint of Starkey & Palen, No. 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia. This pamphlet treats of the "Compound Oxygen Treatment" as practiced by the publishers, both of whom are physicians. It should be read by everybody, that the merits of this potential curative agent may become generally known. It will be mailed free to all parties desiring it.

Mr. W. M. Claflin, Manufacturer, 1006 Arch Street, and Mr. H. J. Jacobs, Chief Clerk in the Architectural Bureau, Washington, were both confirmed consumptives eighteen months ago. We have their testimonials, written this June, that they are entirely well the last year.

Hon. W. D. Kelley thanks us "for renewed health, strength and the hope of years of comfortable life."

We are also permitted to refer to Hon. S. S. Field, United States Supreme Court; Judge Samuel Smith, New York; Hon. Montgomery Blair; Ex-Governor Boreman, West Virginia; T. S. Arthur, and many more.

#### *From Arthur's Home Magazine for July.*

"In our magazine for this month will be found an advertisement of what is known as the 'Compound Oxygen Treatment,' for which unusual curative powers are claimed. Two or three years ago we spoke very favorably of this treatment. Since then we have had large opportunity for observing its effects, as well in our own case as in that of others, and can now speak of it with even greater confidence than before. One of the marked effects attendant on this treatment is an increase of healthy action in the whole system, every part of which seems to respond to the influx of a new life. We found this especially so in our own case, and in that of many others with whom we have conversed.

"Nearly five years have passed since we began using this treatment. Up to that period our health had been steadily declining; not in consequence of any organic disease, but from overwork and consequent physical and nervous exhaustion. The very weight of the body had become tiresome to bear, and we regarded our days of earnest literary work as gone forever. But almost from the very beginning of our use of the Compound Oxygen, an improvement began. There was a sense of physical comfort and vitality not felt for years, and this slowly but steadily increased. Literary work was resumed within a few months, the mind acting with a new vigor, and the body free from the old sense of weariness and exhaustion. A better digestion, an almost entire freedom from severe attacks of nervous headache from which we had suffered for twenty years, and from a liability to take cold on the least exposure, were the results of the first year's use of the new treatment; and this benefit has remained permanent. As to literary work in these five years, we can only say that it has been constant and earnest; and if its acceptance with the public may be regarded as any test of its quality, it is far the best work that we have done.

"So much for the results of the Compound Oxygen Treatment in our own case; and we give it for the benefit of any and all, who, in despair of old curative agencies, are looking anxiously for relief in some new direction."

*From Hon. Wm. D. Kelley.*

WEST PHILADELPHIA, June 6th, 1877.

DR. GEO. R. STARKEY, Philadelphia.

Dear Sir: Just about four years have elapsed since, overcoming a violent prejudice against any treatment that was offered as a specific for a wide range of apparently unrelated diseases, I yielded to the wishes of my friends, and abandoning other medicine, put myself in your charge.

Gratitude to you and duty to those who may be suffering as I was from chronic catarrh and almost daily effusion of blood in greater or less quantities, but always sufficient to keep one reminded of his mortality, impel me to say to you, and authorize you to give any degree of publicity to my assertion, that the use of your gas at intervals has so far restored my health, that I am not conscious of having discharged any blood for more than a year, and that my cough, the severity of which made me a frequent object of sympathy, has disappeared. In short, my experience under your treatment has convinced me that no future dispensary will be complete that does not embrace the administration by inhalation or otherwise, of your agent or its equivalent, to those who, from their vocation or other cause, are, as I was, unable to assimilate enough of some vital element to maintain their systems in healthful vigor.

Thanking you for renewed health, strength, and the hope of years of comfortable life, I remain

Your grateful friend,

WILLIAM D KELLEY.

The author of the following letter is Chief Clerk of the Architectural Bureau. His letter fails to present adequately his condition when he began treatment. He does not state, as he might, that he had had more than forty hemorrhages; that some had blamed me, and more had considered me a fool, for encouraging him to try once more to recover his health. Up to last February, he had had no occasion to ask a doctor for a prescription.

[COPY.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 7th, 1877.

DR. G. R. STARKEY.

Dear Sir:—Your favor of the 6th inst. is received, and in reply, I have pleasure in bearing testimony as to the efficacy of your Oxygen Treatment in my case.

As you will remember, I began the experiment (for so I considered it) in April, two years ago. At that time I was so reduced in strength, by frequent hemorrhages, as to be unable to walk to and from my office without the utmost exertion.

After two months' trial, I discontinued the treatment at your suggestion, being so far recovered as to feel no need of it. My health has been uniformly good from that time to the present.

Very truly yours,

H. G. JACOBS.

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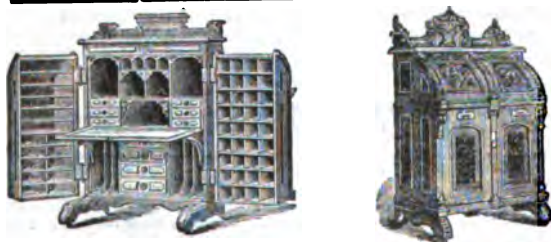
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# POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY.

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## STATUS OF THE CONTESTING POWERS IN THE EAST.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.



ALEXANDER II., EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

### I. THE RUSSIANS.

THE Russian has so many charming qualities, that there is a sense of ungraciousness in referring to his qualities of another character. He is a delightful comrade, his good humor is inexhaustible, he puts up with hardships with a light heart,

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he is humane, has a certain genuine if unobtrusive magnanimity, and never decries an enemy. In the whole course of my experiences I encountered only two boorish and discourteous Russian officers. There can be no greater mistake than that the Russians are a suspicious race. The frank

simplicity of the army amounted to a serious military error; spies might have swarmed unchallenged, and I have no doubt were in truth plentiful. Newspaper correspondents, once received, were accorded a freedom of movement, and were unchecked for a boldness of comment, with a liberal toleration, and often indeed a frank encouragement unprecedented in the annals of war. There was something magnificent, although it was not quite war, in the open candor of the advice given to correspondents, a week or so in advance, to betake themselves to specified points where in-

ordinary weight-carrying marcher, tramping on mile after mile with a good heart, with singular freedom from reliance on sustenance, and with a good stomach for immediate fighting at the end of the longest foodless march. He never grumbles; matters must have come to a bad pass indeed, when he lets loose his tongue in adverse comment on his superiors. Inured to privation from his childhood, he is a hard man to starve, and will live on rations, or chance instalments of rations, at which the British barrack-room cur would turn up his nose. His sincere piety according to his narrow lights, his



RUSSIAN PEASANTS AT HOME.

terest was likely to develop itself. Generals or staff-officers seldom hesitated to communicate to the inquiring correspondent the details of their dispositions, or to allow, indeed to encourage him, to visit the forepost line. It is to the credit of correspondents with the Russians, many of whom were necessarily inexperienced in the discernment of what might probably be published as against what ought to be withheld, that the responsibility of self-restraint was so generally recognized. The Russian officer has the splendid valor of his nationality; he is no braggart, but does his fighting as a matter of course, and as part of the day's work, when he is bidden to do it. As for the Russian private, I regard him as the finest material for a soldier that the soldier-producing world, so far as I am acquainted with it, affords. He is an extra-

whole-hearted devotion to the Czar—which is ingrained into his mental system, not the result of a process of reasoning—and his constitutional courage, combine to bring it about that he faces the casualties of the battle-field with willing, prompt, and long-sustained bravery. He needs to be led, however; not so much because of the moral encouragement which a gallant leader imparts, but because his reasoning faculties, for lack of education, being comparatively dormant, he does not know what to do when an unaccustomed or unlooked-for emergency occurs. He is destitute of perception when left to himself. Some-

body must do the thinking for him, and impart to him the result of the process in the shape of an order; and then he can be trusted, while physical power lasts, to strive his pithiest to fulfill that order. But if there is nobody in front of him or within sight of him, to undertake the mental part of the work, the Russian soldier gets dazed. Even in his bewilderment, however, he is proof against panic, and we saw him with sore hearts at Plevna, on the 30th of July, standing up to be killed in piteously noble stubbornness of ignorance, rather than retreat without the orders which there were none to give. The Turkish soldier is his master in the intuitive perception of fighting necessities. The former is a born soldier, the latter a brave peasant drilled into a soldier. If the Turk advancing finds himself exposed to a flank attack,



he needs no officer to order him to change his front: he grasps the situation for himself; and this is what the Russian soldier has neither in-

utterly false. But as I must not speak of mere belief, it behooves me to say that of all events which occurred south of the Balkans I have merely



GENERAL JOSEPH VLADIMIROVITCH GOURKO.

tuitive soldierhood nor acquired intelligence to do.

Of the multitudinous "atrocities" on Turkish refugees charged against the Russian soldiery with so great persistent circumstantiality by Turkish authorities and their abettors, I have never found the smallest tittle of evidence, and on soul and conscience believe the allegations thereof to be

hearsay knowledge. "Atrocities" in plenty were, however, charged against the Russians north of the Balkans, and respecting these I can speak from a wide range of personal experience. The Turks resident in the towns and villages of Bulgaria were peremptorily enjoined by commands from Constantinople to quit their homes and retire before the advancing Russians. In the great majority



of cases they did so, and their evacuation was accomplished before the first Russian reached the vicinage of their abodes. This was so at Sistova, at Batuk, and at many other places where murder and rapine were circumstantially and lyingly averred against the Russian soldiers. The Turks, who anywhere chose to remain were unmolested without exception so far as I know. The orders that

chance of the Russians. They were unmolested by the Bulgarian inhabitants and equally by the Russians. They dwell contentedly in their cottages, they have reaped their harvests and thrashed out their grain; you may see them fearlessly sauntering about their lanes, turban on head, none making them afraid. About Poradim, on the Plevna front of the Russians, many Turks re-



SCENE ON THE QUAY AT ST. PETERSBURG.

they should be so were strictly inculcated on the Russian *éclaireurs*; the Bulgarians were made acquainted with the injunctions of the emperor by the imperial proclamation widely, although surreptitiously, circulated in Bulgaria before the Danube was crossed.

To this day you may see the *cadi* of Sistova walking about the town with an air as if he owned it. Gorni Lubnica is a large village not two hours' ride south of the imperial and grand-ducal headquarters in Gorni Studeni. Nearly half its population were Turks, more agricultural than most of their fellows, and of these a considerable number chose to remain in their dwellings and take their

mained in their dwellings; they met with no molestation, and are now earning a livelihood by carting to the front projectiles to be hurled against their brethren. It happened that by an accident I entered the town of Bjela in advance of the Russian calvary, and while there still remained on its outskirts some Turkish irregulars. These went; nearly the whole of the civilian Turks had already departed, but there remained behind a few, some living openly, some seeking concealment. In the evening the Russian calvary came in. The Turks who had chosen to stay openly at home were simply visited by an officer and bidden to stay where they were; those in concealment were

searched for by the Russian soldiers, aided in their investigation by the Bulgarians, when discovered kept under guard all night till the general had seen them, and then liberated, to return to their homes and avocations. The pillage of the subsequent night by Russian infantry stragglers was the only instance of serious indiscipline of which I am cognizant, and it was no pillage of Turks,

Tirnova swarmed with Bulgarians professing bitter hostility to the Turks, fraternizing warmly in copious raki with the Cossacks.

Now, if ever, was the train kindled for insult and injury to the Turks at the hands of the Russians, under the temptations of instigation and drink. But by the Russians not a hair of their heads was injured, not a scrap of their property



VIEW OF RUSTCHUK FROM GIURGEVO, ON THE DANUBE.

but a rough miscellaneous sack of property, Bulgarian as well as Turkish, in which no personal injury was inflicted. A number of Bjela Turks who with their families had sought refuge in the woods around, and were suffering much from hardship and exposure, were visited and invited to return by order of the Emperor. They reoccupied their habitations, reaped their harvests, and I have seen them walking about the place among the Russians and Bulgarians with the utmost independence of bearing. When the Turkish soldiers in a panic evacuated Tirnova, there remained behind some sixty Turkish families. The Russian force was a flying detachment chiefly of Cossacks.

touched. As soon as might be, the officer in command detailed a guard to protect from marauding Bulgarians the section of the Turkish quarter where the population remained, and that guard was maintained till the Russians instituted at Tirnova a civic government.

Constantly accompanying Cossacks and other Russian cavalry in reconnoissances on the front of the Rustchuk army, I never noticed even any disposition to be cruel. Where Turks were found they were made prisoners, in virtue of the obvious necessities of warfare; when complained of, the accusations were judicially examined and justice done deliberately according to martial law.



I do not aver, remember, that atrocities were not committed on fugitive Turks; but not by the Russians. While the Turks yet remained in their entirety in the mixed villages, the Bulgarians did not dare to meddle with them. Nor would they venture to interfere with remnants remaining behind from the general exodus, because they knew the terms of the emperor's proclamation, and were afraid to be thus actively vindictive. But reprisals

were not to be apprehended from the Turks "on the run," encumbered with wives, children, and household substance; there was little danger that any brutality perpetrated on these forlorn fugitives should reach the ears of the Russians; and the Bulgarians in places questionless hardened their hearts, and fell on with bitter, curish venom. But north of the Balkans, at least, Cossack lances and Russian sabres wrought no barbarity on defenceless men, women, and children. The Russian of my experience is instinctively a humane man, with a strong innate sense of the manliness of fair play. The Turkish prisoners I have ever seen well and even considerably treated.

The main causes of the inability of the Russian armies to achieve successes proportionate to the undoubted intrinsic quality of their fighting material are to my thinking three; corruption; favoritism (with its inevitable concomitant and result, intrigue); and general deficiency of a sense of responsibility among the officers all down the roll. Let me devote a separate paragraph to each of these blighting causes.

I tremble to think how high corruption reaches in the Russian army; I shudder to reflect how low it descends. It permeates and vitiates the whole military system. To be venal, so far from not

being recognized as a crime, is not so much as regarded a thing to be ashamed of. Peculation faces the inquirer at every turn; indeed it lies patently, glaringly on the surface. An illustrious personage, high in the army and near the throne, has mines which produce iron. Desiring to sell this iron for military purposes, he, spite of his rank and position, had to accede to the universal usage and bribe to gain his purpose—a perfectly honest and legitimate purpose.

A Vienna contractor comes to intendant headquarters with intent to sell boots to the army. He learns that it is no use to forward his tender direct in a straightforward business way; he must be introduced. He finds the right person to introduce him, and duly arranges with him the terms under which the favor of introduction is to be accorded. The introduction is made, and the contractor displays his samples and states that he is prepared to supply boots of that quality at six roubles a pair. The answer given him is that his offer will be accepted, but that his

invoice must be made out at the rate of seven roubles per pair, although the payment will be at the rate of the tender. The Russian government had an account with the Roumanian railway, whereon the statement of the latter showed the former to be a debtor to the amount of ten million roubles. The Roumanian people pressed for payment, but obviously a preliminary duty was a searching audit. The Russian functionary concerned comes to the director of the railway with a proposition. This proposition is that the audit shall be a merely formal operation, on condition that he, the Russian functionary, shall receive a *douceur* or commission of half a rouble on every thousand roubles, for smoothing the track



PRINCE CHARLES OF ROUMANIA.

of an operation which if rigidly, far more if hostilely, carried out, must be arduous and vexatious. Fifty copecks on each thousand roubles seems a bagatelle, but where ten millions of roubles are concerned, the *doustouri* reaches the pretty penny of nearly a hundred pounds. Scarcely anywhere are the accumulated Russian stores at Bucharest, at Fatesti, at Simnitzer, at Sistova, at Braila—protected by shedding from the destructive influences of weather. Why should they be, when it is in the interest of all concerned except the State and the army, that the inevitable result should ensue—the rotting and condemnation of a huge proportion of the accumulated stores?

The contractors are paid by a commission on the quantity of material laid down by them in certain specified places; their commission is earned when that work has been accomplished; their commission swells in proportion to the quantities of fresh supplies rendered necessary by the unserviceability of what has already been laid down. Every intendant concerned has a pinch, greater or smaller according to his position, of this commission; it is to the direct general and several interest of the gang, that as much weather damage as may be shall occur among the supplies when once laid down.

If any man wants proof of the universal system of plunder, he has only to visit Roumania and use his eyes. He will find the restaurants thronged with gentlemen of the twisted shoulder-knots. Their pay is a pittance, and it is in arrears: Jews, Greeks, and Bulgarians, the debris of the mer-

cantile class, they have no private fortunes. But each gallant besworded non-combatant eats of the costliest dishes, and orders sweet champagne in grating French; the *tout ensemble* of him would



A TARTAR FAMILY.

not be complete unless his companion were some French or Roumanian beauty, as venal as himself, who is serving him, as he is serving Holy Russia. A French correspondent, with a disinclination for going to the front, and a desire to employ his spare time, has been employing himself in



collecting and authenticating cases of speculation throughout the Russian army, the record to be published at a safe season when the war is over. The exposure will astonish the world—at least that portion of the world which does not know Russia. In the mean time I venture to assert that every article of consumption or wear supplied to the Russian army costs, by the time it comes into use, more than double what it

The aim in making appointments at the beginning of this war seems to have been to exclude from active service every man who has ever distinguished himself in a previous command. Todleben has been only sent for now as a last resource. Kauffman, the conqueror of Khiva, was left behind to chew the cud of his experience. Bariatinsky was not withdrawn from the neglected retirement into which he had been suffered to lapse. Kotzebue's



NATIVES OF A HERZEGOVINAN PROVINCE.

ought to do under a well-managed and decently honest system. Of other and yet baser corruption—of the little difficulty with which men of whom other things might be expected are to be found willing to be virtual traitors for a consideration, by offering to sell secrets and secret documents—I dare not trust myself to speak. The subject is too grievously melancholy.

Favoritism brings it about that commands are bestowed on men within its ring-fence, with little or no reference to qualifications. The Russian officer does not need merit if he can only attain to "protection;" with "protection" a youngster may be a colonel in command of the grizzled veteran of hard campaigns and many decorations, who, destitute of "protection," is still but a first lieutenant.

experience of command in active service remained unutilized. Tcherniaeff, who with a mass of untrained militia kept the Turks four months at bay, was left for months to cool his heels in Russia, was at length insulted with the offer of the command of a brigade in Asia, and has now finally been ordered back into retirement at the instance of the Archduke Michael—jealous of the ovations with which a fine soldier and really capable chief was received on arriving at the former's headquarters. Nepokoitchitzky's claim to be chief of the staff lies simply, so far as I can gather, in his knowledge of the Danubian valley on the Roumanian side of the river, derived by having served in the force which in 1853-54 scarcely covered itself with glory in fighting against the



Turks. At Ploesti he seemed to me to fulfill the rôle of a superior sort of staff sergeant, always walking about with a handful of returns and states. He is a dumb man—and dumb seemingly from not having anything to say. Levitsky, his *sous-chef*, is a young professor, utterly devoid of experience except in the handling in manœuvres of comparatively small bodies of men; pragmatic and arrogant, but with a strong will, which, in conjunction with his incapacity, has been one of the chief factors in the failure hitherto of the Russian army. But he is within the ring-fence of "protection," and holds his ground against the clamors and murmurs of the army. To be within that pale is to be safe, if not from contumely, at least from open disgrace. If there be one thing more certain than another in connection with this war, it is that Prince Schakoffskoy ought to have been tried and broke for insubordination and disobedience of orders at the battle of Plevna of the 30th of July. But he still commands his army corps, and, so far as I know, did not even receive a direct reprimand. In the old days Krüdener would have been sent to Siberia for the unmilitary and insubordinate act of assembling a batch of correspondents, and essaying to vindicate his conduct through them to the world by the publication of the essentially private orders under which he was forced peremptorily to act. But he holds his position in command of a corps, although his immunity may indeed be owing to the fact of his grimly and threateningly holding the telegrams which exonerate him at the expense of others. Schilder-Schuld-

ner, the hero of the utterly "unspeakable" first fiasco at Plevna, still retains the command of the fragment of that brigade which his crass blun-



SERBIAN WOMEN DECORATING GRAVES.

dering shattered there. General Kriloff, who the other day, entrusted with a mass of Russian cavalry, and charged with the task of blocking the Sofia road, supinely failed to intercept reinforcements and supplies marching on Plevna, enjoys the equivocal credit of an exploit which the

English military reader may be excused for regarding as well-nigh impossible. He commanded for a year a cavalry division at Warsaw, during the whole of which time he possessed no charger, although he drew rations, or rather their money, equivalent for six.



GRAND DUKE MICHAEL, COMMANDER OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN ASIA.

Favoritism as inevitably begets intrigue as rottenness engenders maggots. Under an irresponsible absolutism the Absolute must have an almost impossible thoroughness and strength of purpose if favors do not frequently go through caprice and from other motives than the sheer claims of honest desert. So far as I can see, even the recognition of merit in the Russian court and military circle is too often capricious. Young Skobeloff had

fought as splendidly on the gray morning when we crossed the Danube and plashed through the mud on its further bank to come to close quarters with the enemy as on the day when he gained the name of the "hero of Lovca," or on that other later day when he stood master of the three Turkish redoubts on the south-west of Plevna. But whereas on the news of Lovca he was toasted at the imperial board, and whereas the Plevna fighting worthily earned him his lieutenant-generalcy, after the first exploit, when the emperor embraced Dragimiroff and shook hands with Yolchine, he turned his back ostentatiously on Skobeloff, simply because he was out of favor, and had not yet got back into favor by dint of hard fighting.

Every Russian circle I have had experience of—the camp, court, the headquarter staff, the subsidiary staffs, the regiment, the battalion—each is a focus of unworthy intrigue. Men live in superficial amity one with another, while, to use an Americanism, they are "going behind" each other by every underhand means in their power. Young Skobeloff was under a cloud, and Prince—— was his enemy. Skobeloff, who is not a courtier, cleft the cloud with the edge of his good sword, and the cloud drifts on to settle above Prince——. General Ignatieff is in high favor, seemingly fixed firmly in his place close to the emperor's right

hand, a man of power, influence, and position. The bad fortune of the war goads certain people, on whom the odium lies of that bad fortune, to wrath against the man who had done so much to bring the war about. There is a period of swaying to and fro of the forces of intrigue, and then Ignatieff goes back to Russia to assist his wife in the nursing of her sick sister. The wheel will come full circle again, no doubt,



and then that presently afflicted lady will recover.

The mischief of this all-pervading intrigue is that it is a distraction of the forces that ought to be concentrated on real and earnest duty. A man cannot concentrate all his energies on aiding in coping with the king's enemies without when he has to spend—or waste—a share of them in plotting to get the better of a man in the next tent, or to foil the devices of that man to get the better of him. And unfortunately, the man who is the greatest adept in intrigue, and benefits by it in the attainment of a high place, has not always—indeed, as intrigue is demoralizing, it may be said seldom—the qualifications which the high place into which he may have intrigued himself demands.

The deficiency in an adequate sense of responsibility is greatly caused by the evil treated of in the last paragraph. But indeed, it seems to me that the lack of that thoroughness which a sense of responsibility inspires is innate in the Russian military character, so far as preparation, organization, and system, distinguished from mere fighting, are concerned. The Orientalism of the Russian extraction tends to *laissez-faire*—hinders from the patient, polding, steady industry of the north-German soldiering man. Nobody holds himself directly charged with the responsibility of the urgent mending of a bridge, and the bridge is not mended. Nobody has it borne in upon him that it is a bounden duty he owes to himself, to his comrades, and to the State, to see that reserves are ready at hand to be used in the nick of time, and an enterprise collapses for want of reserves. A general of division gets an order to send forward into the fight two of his regiments. His luncheon is spread under yonder tree. A German or an English general would disregard his food

and concentrate himself on the proper execution of the work; his staff-officers would compete with each other in orderly zeal for the successful fulfilment of the order, and crave furthermore for the good luck of being permitted to take a share in the “fun.” It is as likely as not—I have wit-



MEHEMET MURAD, THE NEW SULTAN OF TURKEY.

nessed the scene—that the Russian general endorses the order, and passes it on to the brigadier by the messenger who has brought it, while he and his *faintant* staff officers, who have been sitting supinely about when they ought to have been in the saddle, seek the grateful shade of the tree and the contented enjoyment of the refectory. Coming down from the Shipka Pass while the fate of the fighting there hung in the scales, I was sent for

by the Commander-in-Chief to give a narrative of what I had seen. The circumstance vividly impressed me that with the exception of Monseigneur himself, nobody appeared to feel that the general staff, and he himself as a member of it, had intense, engrossing, overwhelming concern with the issue of that terrible combat. The subject was discussed with vivacious interest—indeed, with curiosity, with more or less of intelligence ;

sympathy. He is a true patriot, earnestly striving for the welfare of his country. But he toils amid obstacles, he struggles in the heart of gathered and incrusting impediments, the perception of which on his part must, it seems to me, kindle wrath which is unavailable, bring about misgivings which must awfully perturb, induce a despair which must strike to the very heart. He is not answerable for the growing up of the false system



A WOMAN'S NORMAL SCHOOL IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

but very much in the tone in which it might have been discussed by a coterie in the Army and Navy Club. With the exception indicated, there was no recognition or apparent realization of responsibility. I left the kibitka with the curious sense that I, the stranger and the foreigner, was, save one, the man who felt the most concern in the episode and the result. Except as regards the actual fighting, there is a strange, inappropriate dilettanteism about the soldiering of the officerhood of the Russian army. There is a disregard of the grand military fact that if success is to be achieved, every man, each in his place, must put his hand to the work as if he were working for his own hand—ay, for his own honor and his own life.

One word as to the Emperor. I would have it to be understood that no word I have written can apply to him. His position in proportion to the fullness with which his character is recognized, must move to the sincerest respect and the deepest

which strikes at the vitals of the Russian army, but he cannot but recognize the blighting curse of it. He is not the Hercules to cleanse the huge Augean stable ; but he knows, and in this hour of terrible trial must revolt from the foulness of it with a disgust that is all the more loathing because it is impotent. I sincerely believe that the Emperor is the Russian who in all unselfishness suffers the direst pangs of anguish under a Russian disaster.

## II. THE TURKS.

THE Turks have blundered greatly in the management of their military

affairs, but two mistakes of theirs were of such exceptional magnitude, that they loom high above minor errors. The Turks are barbarians, pure and simple. They have neither part nor lot in civilization : their religion and its injunctions, their origin, the area of their empire, their conservatism, bar them out from membership in the European family circle. It may be and has been contended that this being so, Europe is no place for them ; but with this phase of the subject, involving as it does argument, I have no concern. I would merely remark that when it shall have been conclusively proved that they are out of place in Europe, there remains the physical task of acting on the conclusion ; and that task, to the lot of whomsoever it may fall, does not quite bear the aspect of a holiday undertaking. Meanwhile they are barbarians, and they are in Europe. As barbarians and as non-aggressives, it would have been quite consistent for them last spring to hold some such language as the fol-



lowing to all whom it might concern: "We do not want to go to war, but if any power thinks proper to assail us, we give due forewarning that we are barbarians, and will defend ourselves by barbarian tactics. Our religion enjoins on us the ruthless slaughter of the infidel. If we are assailed we give fair warning that we will neither ask nor give quarter; that we will, *more nostro*, torture, chop, hack, and mutilate our wounded enemies, encumber ourselves with no prisoners, despise such finicalities as flags of truce; our battle-cry will be *deen* to the Giaour. You are entitled to know this, because the knowledge may be a factor among the considerations which affect your final resolution. If after this intimation you are still bent on assailing us, why, then, come on and see how you like it."

This intimation the Turks did not make, but they have consistently acted according to its literal terms. I have myself seen great clumps of mutilated Russian dead on battle-fields. I have watched, without the need of a glass, the Bashi-Bazouks swarming out after an unsuccessful attack on the part of the Russians, and administering the *coup de grâce* with fell alacrity, under the eyes of the regulars in the sheltered trenches. This style of fighting is working its inevitable result on the Russian soldier, who hesitates to face this grim additional casualty of the battle-field, and it is no improbable supposition that the candid premonition of it would have weighed with the Russian authorities on whom would have vested the responsibility of making war in the face of it. But the Turks have tried to blow hot and cold—to profit by their barbarism, and plow with the heifer of civilization. While slaying and sparing not, they have addressed whining, and it may be added lying, appeals to Europe, invoking the enactments of the Geneva Convention, which they themselves set at naught. Wielding the axe and chopper of

ruthless savages, they have acted like a pack of querulous and mendacious old women, in cackling to Europe their trumped-up allegations of violations of civilized warfare on the part of their enemies. They have thus sacrificed the sternly intelligible consistency of an attitude of persistent indomitable barbarism, and have admitted the



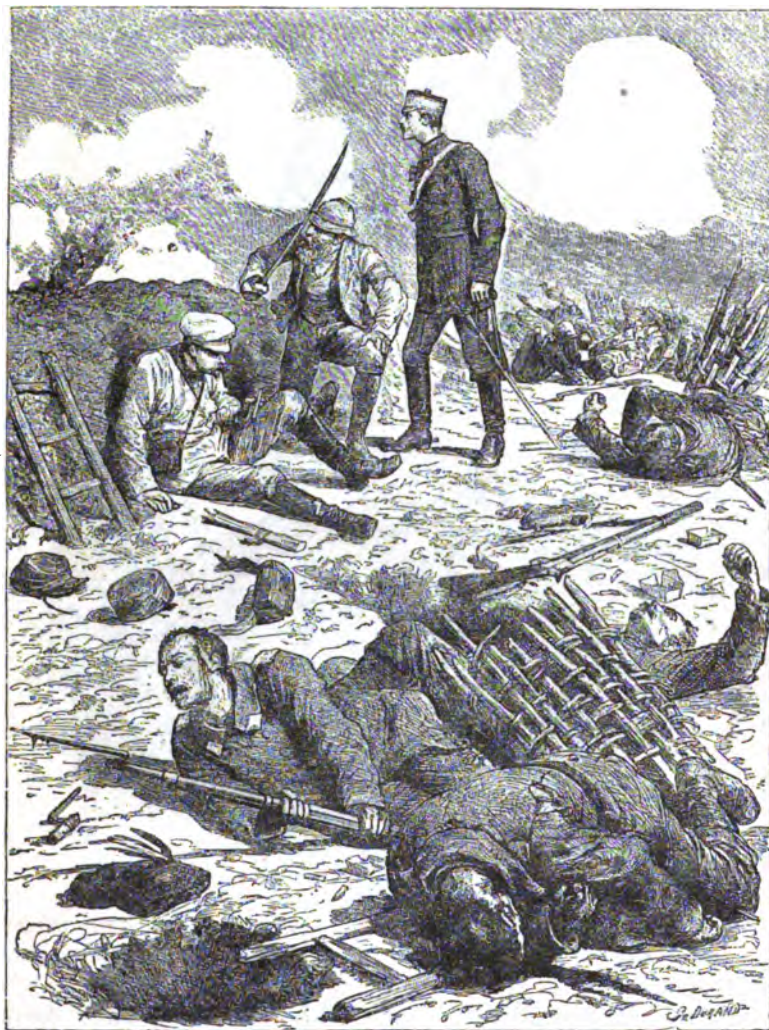
HOBART PASHA, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE TURKISH NAVY.

jurisdiction of a court from whose bar it should have been their policy to stand aloof. This has been one capital error on their part; an error which may cost them infinitely dearer than defiant contumacy would have done.

Their second cardinal error comes within the pale of civilized warfare. Not having chosen to resist in force the Russian crossing of the Danube, and having elected to fall back before the invaders of Bulgaria, it was on the part of the Turks a grave military omission that they did not lay waste the territory which they left open to that invader's

occupation. Had the territory been exclusively inhabited by their own people, it would have been none the less a military duty to have destroyed the crops, burnt the villages to the last cottage, and left only desolation behind them. It might have

swarms with them. If the Turks should have obeyed the demands of a military necessity, had the civilian population been mainly their own people, how much less incumbent on them was it to admit deterrent humanitarian considerations as



COLONEL WELLESLEY INSPECTING THE GRIVITZA REDOUBT.

been that some fanatic philanthropists might have clamored of the inhumanity of this line of action ; but sensible people would have sorrowfully recognized it as one of the stern necessities of ever-cruel war. The Russians could have uttered no reproach, with the precedent in their own history wrought by Kutusoff, Barclay de Tolly, and Rastapchin. If precedents are wanted of a later date, the American civil war—a war between brethren—

the case stood ! The whole Turkish population was ordered back by a command from Constantinople : there remained only Bulgarians, co-religionists of the invader, notoriously sympathizers with his aims, notoriously disaffected to Turkish rule, sure to become guides, spies, hewers of wood and drawers of water to their "deliverers," willing vendors to these of their substance. To leave behind, instead of reeking desolation, a land flowing with milk and honey, a land swarming with unmolested friends to the invader, was a piece of military lunacy almost unparalleled. The Turks should have driven the Bulgarian population inland before them to the last man, and left extant not a sheaf of barley that could have been destroyed. That they did not do so was the second of the two glaring mistakes I have indicated. When the defects of the Russian supply system are taken into consideration, there is no need to waste space in detailing the certainty, or in speculating on the probabilities, with which desolating tactics were pregnant.

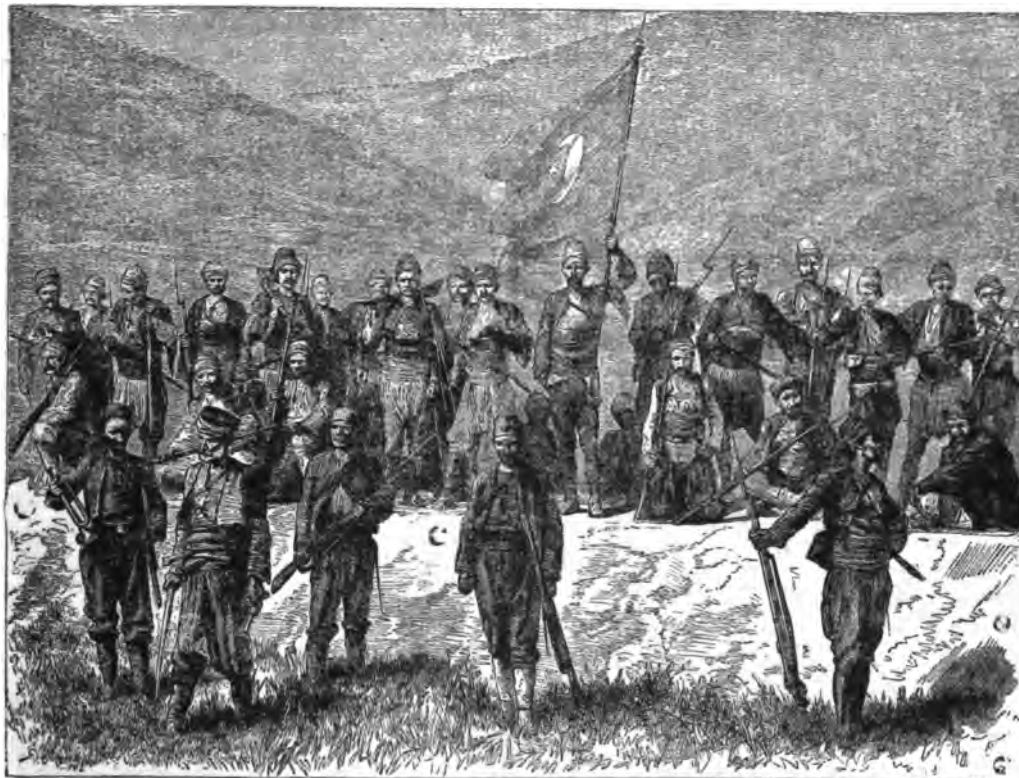
It is no task of mine to inquire why the Turks did not pursue these tactics. It may be said that they did not because of their crassness, their hurry, their carelessness, their lack of military foresight ; why suggest further reasons ? But the outcome, as a hard fact, stands that the Bulgarian population, left behind unmolested when the Turks fell back, were spared unheard-of suffering. They were in fact left in full enjoyment of their pros-



perity, it might be forever, certainly for an indefinite period. I want to know, if the Turks choose to assert that they thus sacrificed themselves and spared the Bulgarians from motives exclusively of pure humanity, on what valid grounds is any one to contradict them? If I find my way into a cellar full of untold gold, and am found coming out

those characteristics which, while they exist, will always make a race subject to some one or other—to have by no means a bad time of it. Proof of this belief I will adduce in detail when I come to deal with the Bulgarians.

But just cast a hasty glance at the conduct of the barbarian Turks during the past two years.



THE TURKS BEFORE PLEVNA, WAITING THE ATTACK.

with empty pockets, am I not, even were I by habit and repute a thief, entitled to claim that my honesty deterred me from plunder? I have said that the Turks are barbarians, and that they are ruthless savages when their fighting blood is up; but there is no inconsistency between this attribute and the attribute of contemptuous good-natured humanity, or rather perhaps tolerant unaggressiveness, when nothing has occurred to stir the pulse of the savage spirit. And I sincerely believe, on the evidence of my own eyes and ears, that the Turks—the dominant race in virtue of those characteristics which, until the millennium, will ever continue to insure the dominance of a race—allowed the Bulgarians—the subject race in virtue of

The period opens with the Bulgarians, subject indeed to the Turks, taxed, no doubt, heavily and arbitrarily, annoyed occasionally by a zaptieh who must have been nearly as bad as the omnipotent “agent” on the estate of an Irish absentee landlord, bound to dismount when encountering a Turk on the road, just as a rural inferior at home is virtually bound to touch his hat to his local superior; but withal prospering mightily. The recently imported Circassians are a thorn in their flesh, against whom they have to put up iron bars and keep numerous fierce dogs, precautions which do not always avail; but the Circassian nuisance may be “squared” by judicious occasional presents of poultry and farm produce to the moullah

of the district. The Bulgarian population, it is true, are debarred from aspiring to any, even the meanest public function, not even having the distinguished privilege, so much prized by the business Englishman, of being summoned on a jury when private avocations are exceptionally engrossing. To judge by the manner in which the Bulgarian civic functionaries appointed by Prince Tcherkasky are presently fulfilling their duties,

although circumstances may inspire a doubt whether the iron of this prohibition ate deeply into the Bulgarian heart. The country was badly governed, or rather in effect it was hardly governed at all, and this is exactly the state of things in which the astute man who knows the trick of buying protection is sure to get on by no means badly. I do not mean to say that it was all smooth and pleasant for the Bulgarians, or indeed



FINAL CHARGE OF THE TURKISH CAVALRY AT THE BATTLE OF KACELJEVO.

from the municipal councillor who is making haste to be rich by pillaging alike casual Russian and resident countryman, to the street policeman of Tirnova or Gabrova, who, clothed in a little brief authority, whacks about him indiscriminately with his rattan, it may be questioned whether the general progress of the world was seriously retarded by the enforced abstention of the Bulgarians from a share in the management of public affairs.

It was no doubt a sad thing that the stalwart manhood of the Bulgarians was debarred from proving in the defence of the country that it had a heart in keeping with its thews and sinews,

for any of the races of which the population of Turkey in Europe is made up; but their lot, from all I have been able to learn, was tolerable enough. It seems to have been a lot for which the practical British philanthropist would gladly see a considerable section of his fellow country-people exchange their own wretched, sodden, hopeless plight. The life of the Bulgarian was eminently preferable to that of the miserable victims of the "sweater," who exist rather than live in Whitechapel garrets. I think Devonshire Giles, with his nine shillings a week and a few mugs of cider, would cheerfully have put up with



the *zaptieh*, exclusion from a share in the management of public affairs—although his home share of that privilege is so large and so highly prized—and would have even been resigned under the dispensation of debarment from military service, for the sake of the rich acres of pasture and barley land, the cattle and brood mares of the rural Bulgarian. I know that the Russian peasant soldier who has crossed the Danube as the “deliverer” of the Bulgarian from “oppression,” feels with a stolid, bewildered envy that, to use a slang phrase, he would be glad indeed “to have half his complaint.”

The times, no doubt, had a certain roughness, and occasionally there were Bulgarians who could not accept the roughs with the smooths, and who kicked against the pricks. There have been Irishmen who have manifested active discontent with the rule of the “hated Saxon,” and who have been made to suffer for their peculiar way of looking at things. The discontented Bulgarians sometimes were sent to prison, but mostly escaped into neutral territory without undergoing this infliction; and wherever they found themselves—in Bucharest, in Galatz, up among the hills at Cronstadt, or down in the flat at Crajovo or Turn Severin—there they sedulously plotted against the Turkish dominance over the Bulgaria from which they were exiles. I suppose they had a perfect right to do this, and to strive to implicate in their plots their brethren who still remained “oppressed,” if prosperous: only the man who plots and the man who joins a plot must, like the man who speculates, be prepared to take the consequences of failure.

As for the argument that the Turks were newcomers and have no abiding places in European Turkey, but that their tenure there is but the empire of superior power—if that is to be admitted and acted on, there logically follows a revolution in the face of the world, and all but universal chaos. We must quit India, and bid an apologetic adieu to the Maori, the Kaffir, and the Hottentot, the Spaniard from whom we wrested Gibraltar, the Dutchman from whom we masterfully took the Cape. We are to take ship from the jetties over which frown the Heights of Abraham, and leave the French *habitants* and the remnant of red men left at Cachnawaga to settle between them the ownership of Canada East. Poland must revolt against Austria, Prussia, Rus-

sia; the Tartars of the Crimea are to make a struggle for independence; the Irish are to drive forth the Saxon viceroy and his myrmidons at the point of the shillelagh; the Austro-Hungarian empire shall blaze into a chaotic conflagration, in which “furious Frank and fiery Hun,” Serb, Magyar, Croat, and Teuton shall seethe confusedly.

The Bulgarians who abode at home, ignoring their substantial prosperity, and stimulated by their grudge against the Turk by reason of his masterfulness and his religion, tempted further by encouragement that came to them from Russian sources in Constantinople, listened to the voice of their exiled countrymen persuading them to insurrection. Persistent efforts have been made to minimize the radius and importance of the organization of that uprising, which collapsed so futilely and for which the penalty was so tragic. But these efforts can avail nothing before hard facts. When Tcherniaeff was in England last winter, he detailed to me the widespread ramifications of the organization for the revolt all over Bulgaria, north as well as south of the Balkans, of which documentary evidence and fullest verbal assurances were furnished to him by the various committees outside Bulgaria, as he passed through the south of Russia and Roumania on his way to Servia. I could name several gentlemen with whom Tcherniaeff, during the same visit, entered into the fullest particularity of details on this subject. It was by reason of the assurances of support and coöperation on which his knowledge of this organization entitled him to rely, that he dared to violate strict military considerations, and struck across the frontier into Bulgaria as soon as Servia had declared war. We know how feeble and patchy was the rising of the Bulgarians in reality, but that was owing not to the scanty area of the organization, but to the unpracticality of the conspirators and the faint-heartedness of the instruments. There was no outbreak at all north of the Balkans, but do not let it be supposed therefore that there was no organization for revolt. At Poradim, just before the July battle of Plevna, I, in company with a Russian staff-officer of high position, fell in with a Bulgarian who, now a thriving villager there, had during the previous year been the agent in Plevna of the American Book Society. Six years previously he had been imprisoned for active disaffection, but had re-

gained his liberty by bribery. He had been the head centre of the insurrectionary organization in and around Plevna in 1875-76. He showed us the lists of memberships and of subscriptions—the latter not particularly reckless in their liberality. Everything had been pre-arranged, but when the time came there was not even a "cabbage garden" rising. The conspirators realized that the theory and practice of insurrection were two very different things, and remained content with the former luxury. The "head centre" had thought it prudent to relegate himself to village life, and to make a friend of the local moullah through the medium of presents of poultry.

But the Turkish barbarities, like the Bulgarian actual risings, were localized. Perhaps the Turks were ignorant of the north-Balkan complicity; perhaps they ignored it; perhaps, seeing it had come to nothing, they gave no heed to it at all. Be that as it may, in all my wayfarings, from the Lom near to the Vid, from the Danube to the Balkans, I could neither hear of nor find human being who had suffered because of the business of last year; and I am sure I inquired sedulously enough. I found no man scored with yataghan slashes, no woman with a story of outrage, which from my later experiences I believe she would have been frank enough with if she had cause to speak. Last year's straw-stack stands in the farm-yard of every Bulgarian cottager; the color of its thatch proves that his habitation is not an erection of yesterday. The two-year colt trots on the lea along with the dam and the foal. His buffaloes are mature in their ugliness; his wife's white-metal water-pails are pitted with the dints of years. And if the belongings of the rural Bulgarian furnish testimony to the hitherto stable security of his way of life, not less do the surroundings of the towns-people prove their abiding conviction of non-molestation. Of the vines whose leaves and tendrils spread with verdant green shade over the garden arbors of Sistova, and whose fruit clusters dangle on the brown fronts of Drenova's old oaken houses, the gnarled stems are as thick as my wrist. Pretty Maritza of Tirnova shows you proudly her blooming balsams, and tells you how she took the trouble to bespeak the seed a year in advance from a famous balsam cultivator across the Balkans in Kesanlik. It is to be doubted now whether he will ever grow balsams more. Her mother displays the yet remaining large stock of

her last autumn's preservings. And, by the way, it was of this same mother that the tale was written to England how the Pasha had informed her he would hang her, and indeed had even fixed the day for the operation, on the charge of concealing some obnoxious personage. I was given to understand, indeed, that some unpleasant communications had passed between the Pasha and the good lady, but how much, or little, she was perturbed thereby, may be gathered from the fact that she did not desist from her placid preparation of paprika paste—no, not on the very day named or reported to have been named for disqualifying her from the further enjoyment of that dainty.

The Turkish soldiers, when the Russians made good their footing on the southern bank of the Danube, evacuated Sistova without so much as breaking a twig on the front of a Bulgarian house. Their civilian brethren had already departed with like unanimity of harmlessness. The disorganized bands of soldiers fell back through the rural villages without so much as filching a Bulgarian goose or requisitioning a Bulgarian egg. A Turkish army abode for days around Bjela, and finally departed, its rearguard consisting of irregulars, without a jot of injury wrought on the townfolk or their property. All along the Turkish retreat from the Jantra to the Lom, the Bulgarian experienced the same immunity. The Turkish inhabitants quitted, and the Turkish troops ran away from Tirnova without a blow or a robbery. It may, in fine, be said that the Turks departed absolutely harmlessly out of the territory from the Danube to the Balkans, of which the Russians stood possessed when their area of occupation was largest. How the Bulgarians requited this forbearance—or immunity, if the other word seems to ask too much—will have to be told later.

As the Russians have drawn in from the outskirts of that area, and the Turks have occupied the vacated territory, the immunity has ceased. It is not given to barbarians to accept with Christian resignation, or civilized phlegm, the spectacle of their dwellings wantonly razed, their crops stolen and sold, their little garden patches obliterated. They know that the miserales they find unaccountably remaining in the villages deprived of Russian protection, were the culprits. They know that these welcomed the enemy of the Turk, acted as his guides, served him as spies, and found in him a customer for the Turkish crops.

They know that these hung on the rear of the hapless retreating Turkish villagers in July, and slew them ruthlessly—men, women, and children—when the safe chance offered. So the “unspeakable” Turk lets the rough edge of his barbarism come uppermost again, and perpetrates atrocities—inflicts reprisals? Bah! what matters it about a form of words?

### III. THE BULGARIANS.

I HAVE found it impossible to avoid saying a good deal of the Bulgarians when writing under the preceding heading, and so much are the two subjects intermingled that in writing under the present heading I cannot hope wholly to exclude reference to the Turks. It must be understood that as I have never been across the Balkans, my observations in the character of a witness must be held as applying exclusively to the Bulgarians between that range and the Danube within the region of the Russian occupation. Nor must it be forgotten that this country is Bulgaria proper, where the Bulgarian race is purest; the Roumelian Bulgarians are affected, whether for good or evil, by a considerable miscellaneous intermixture of other races.

An outspoken Russian of my acquaintance, after a large campaigning experience of them, gave it as his belief regarding the north-Balkan Bulgarians that they must either be the result of a temporary lapse in the creative vigilance, or that they must be accepted as a refutation of the Darwinian theory of the survival of the fittest. My Russian friend had doubtless good cause of disgust for the Bulgarians, but I venture to regard his expressions as rather too strong. My experience of the Bulgarians, indeed, is that they have fewer of the attributes calculated to kindle sympathetic regard and beget genial interest than any other race of whose character I have had opportunities of judging. But they have some good points, more especially the rural Bulgarians. They have prospered by reason of sedulous industry practiced to some extent at least under arduous conditions, and this is an unquestionable merit. Their prosperity has indeed been used as an argument why the Turks, whose bent is far from being so keenly towards industry, and who accordingly do not display evidences of so great material prosperity, should therefore cease to be the master people. It is not for me to combat this or any other argument,

but I may venture to suggest that if a maximum of prosperity is to be regarded as the criterion, Britons must retire *en masse* into private life in favor of the Jewish element. It tells doubtless in favor of the Bulgarian that he is in name a Christian; although his “evidences of Christianity,” so far as I have cognizance of them, consist chiefly in his piously crossing himself in starting to drive a vehicle for the hire of which he has charged double a liberally reasonable sum, after having profusely invoked the name of the Saviour to corroborate his asseverations that the price he asks is ruinously low. He cannot be denied a certain candor, which sometimes has a cynical flavor in it, as when he coolly tells a Russian, who in the character of his “deliverer” is remonstrating against his withholding of supplies or his extortionate charges for them, that “the Turk was good enough for him, and that he didn’t want deliverance.” The Bulgarian is singularly adaptive. He realized his “deliverance” with extreme promptitude of perception, resulting in bumptious arrogance. He drove his ox-cart with nonchalant obstinacy in the only practicable rut, and grinned affably when your carriage-springs were broken in scrambling out of it to pass him. In the towns he held the crown of the causeway; in the country regions near the forepost lines he sees it to be expedient to pursue the career of a double spy and a double traitor.

If ever one race owed a deep obligation to another, the Bulgarians did to the Turks, for the forbearance of the latter in leaving them and theirs unmolested in the evacuation before the advancing Russians in the last days of June and in July. The non-molestation on the part of those “unspeakable” barbarians was as thorough as that on the part of the last remnant of the German army of occupation, which Manteuffel marched out from the gates of Verdun through fertile Lorraine and over the new frontier line bisecting the battle-field of Gravelotte. And how was this forbearance requited—a forbearance that might have gone far to dim the memory of the conventional “four centuries of oppression?” The moment the last Turk was gone from Sistova—not before, for your Bulgarian is not fond of chancing contingencies—the Bulgarians of that town betook themselves to the sack, plunder, and destruction of the dwellings vacated by the Turks. They might have served an apprenticeship with the Circassian, so dexter-

ous and efficient was their handiwork. I have seen few dismaller spectacles than that presented by the Turkish quarter of Sistova when I visited it two days after the crossing. To me, as representing a journal whose good-will the Bulgarians cherished, the Bulgarian *patres conscripti* of Sistova strove to mitigate the disgrace of this wanton outrage. It had been wrought by the scum of the place while as yet order had not succeeded to anarchy—the Cossacks had had a hand in it, which was a lie—the town was ashamed of the outburst of spite, for which nevertheless it was hinted there was some palliation in the “four hundred years of oppression.” But stern measures had been taken to arrest any further devastation (there was little left to wreck), a committee had been formed to collect into the care of the authorities all the plunder, penalties had been enacted for its retention, and the effects were to be stored to await the return of the owners, to whom in the meantime—some of them being understood not to have gone far—overtures were to be sent begging their return and assuring them of safety. I went out from among the *patres conscripti*, and, ascending the staircase in the minaret of a mosque which had been wrecked and defiled, saw from the summit Bulgarian youths pursuing unchecked the work of wanton destruction on outlying Turkish houses. If the committee was ever formed at all, no results followed. The plunder remained with the plunderers; nobody was punished.

It would be interesting to hear Prince Tcherkasky's candid opinion as to the fitness of the Bulgarians for civic self-government. I never had but one occasion to appeal to an official Bulgarian, and the result was not encouraging. I had bought a pony from a Bulgarian citizen of Sistova. As I was not prepared for the moment to take the animal away, I handed to the vendor, in the presence of witnesses, half the purchase-money, and a trifle to keep the pony well till I should send for it in a couple of days. The transaction occurred in the man's own house; he was no horse-coper, but everything around him indicated that he was a respectable citizen. Two days later I sent my servant for the pony. On his way he met the citizen riding the beast. My servant hailed him, whereupon he immediately wheeled about and galloped off to parts unknown. My servant, and subsequently myself, visited his residence, where

his sister, who was his housekeeper, smiled blandly upon us, and declared herself ignorant whither he had gone or when he would return. I made a formal complaint in writing to a Bulgarian official in the police-office, indicated as the right man to whom to complain, but never again saw either citizen, pony, or money. The complaint died a natural death.

Let me say a few words of what was virtually the civil war between the Turks and Bulgarians, which fringed the edges of General Gourko's operations across the Balkans. I speak, it is true, from hearsay evidence, but there could be no better nor more direct hearsay evidence. The Bulgarians begged arms of the Russians, and received them; then, hot with the fell memories of last year, and conscious that Russians were with and for them, they fell on the Turks with the most ruthless reprisals. I anticipate with interest the publication of his experiences by Mr. Rose, the correspondent of the *Scotsman*, who accompanied General Gourko's advance, and in whose way-fell frequent opportunities of witnessing the conduct of armed Bulgarians. Be it understood I am not blaming them for what they did. I neither praise any one nor blame any one. But this I say, that all the Turks are reported as having done on their reoccupation of the districts, the Turkish grip on which was temporarily let go by reason of Gourko's raid, is on credible evidence not one whit more barbarous than was the conduct of the Bulgarians towards the Turks when Gourko's star was in the ascendant. The barbarian has acted like a savage in his reprisals; the Christian acted equally like a savage in what were virtually his reprisals for what happened a year previously. The one “terror” has but followed on the other. Apologists for the proven barbarity of the Bulgarians—men who acknowledge that they saw them driven away with with horror by Russian officers from their work of slaughtering Turkish wounded, over whom an advancing Russian column had passed—advance the plea, *ad culpam miruendam*, that the Bulgarians have at least not ravished. There is told a different tale in the sad spectacle of the four Jewish ladies, sisters, now forlornly resident in the house of a merchant banker in Bucharest, of their own faith—outraged by God knows what ruffianism of uncounted Bulgarians in sight of their own father as he lay dying murdered in his own house in Carlovo.



## PREME ET PROME.

## A REMARKABLE TRAIN OF FACTS.

By JAMES HUNGERFORD.

## IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.

## CHAPTER IX. URTMAN—ESTE.

"MRS. WINIFRED URTMAN," Mr. Wendicott began his statement, "was, in the year 1810, a widow lady somewhat advanced in years, without children, or, indeed, any near relations. To her had descended the property of two families, her father's and her mother's; and, at her husband's death, her dower in his estate added considerably to her possessions. In fact she was worth upwards of half a million of dollars, a sum which in those days was held to be an enormous fortune—it would be a large one even now.

"From what I have heard my father say of Mrs. Urtman, I think she was queer and eccentric in some respects, but in the main right-principled and kind-hearted.

"In the year which I have mentioned, she engaged, as companion, Mrs. Isabel Este, a widow lady but twenty-three years old, whose husband had recently died, leaving her with two children, a boy of four and a girl of two years of age. Mrs. Este was a highly educated lady, of elegant and refined manners. She had been accustomed to all the advantages of wealth; but her husband, not long before his death, had entered into some wild and reckless speculations, which soon swallowed all but a few thousand dollars of his property. The loss of fortune was thought to have hastened, if it did not cause, his death.

"Mrs. Urtman had known Mrs. Este long before the death of the latter's husband, and was warmly attached to the young widow and her little ones.

"A year went by, during which everything passed pleasantly between them.

"In the early part of January, in the year 1811, however, everything was changed by an incident long to be remembered by all who ever heard of it. Mrs. Urtman was robbed of all her jewelry—a fortune in itself—and under circumstances which convinced her that Mrs. Este was the thief.

"The unfortunate young widow was arrested, tried for grand larceny, convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for five years. She lived but

a few weeks after her sentence. Her heart was broken, it is probable, with horror at the disgrace so overwhelming to one of her refinement and cultivation.

"These facts I learned partly from my father and partly from the papers in this box.

"Mrs. Este, before her death, wrote a letter to Mrs. Urtman, in which she very forcibly and pathetically protested her innocence. You will find the letter in this box, also a copy of Mrs. Urtman's last will and testament, the last codicil to which, though executed long afterward, was, probably, primarily due to that letter."

Mr. Wendicott paused.

"What became of the children of Mrs. Este?" I asked.

"They and her property," was the reply, "were left, by a will executed by Mrs. Este in the penitentiary a few days after her commitment, in the exclusive charge of an elderly woman named Sarah Groves, who had been her housekeeper during her husband's life. What became of this woman and the children I do not know. As Mrs. Groves was middle-aged sixty-three years ago, she has, very probably, been dead for years."

"How long did Mrs. Urtman survive Mrs. Este?" I asked.

"Mrs. Urtman died in 1824," was the answer; "and the last codicil to her will bears date in that year."

I again arose to take my leave. Bidding Mr. Wendicott good-night, and declining his polite invitation to come down into the parlor and spend the evening with his family, I placed the small box of papers under my arm and left the house. I was anxious to enter as soon as possible into the examination of the papers which he had lent me.

## CHAPTER X. AN OLD CRIMINAL TRIAL.

I HASTENED to my boarding-house and then to my private room. Placing the box upon a table, I opened it, and at once entered into an examination of the papers which it contained.

At the top was a kind of scrap-book, in which were pasted extracts from an evening paper containing a report of the trial in the case of "*The State of Maryland vs. Isabel Este.*" The trial took place in what was then called the City Court, now the Criminal Court; it commenced on Monday, the 11th day of February, 1811, and the testimony and the pleadings occupied that and the succeeding day.

The speeches of counsel in the case would be of but little interest to the reader; and an abstract of the testimony is all that is necessary to the purposes of this narrative.

Mrs. Urtman's dwelling was a large, double, three-storied house, the centre one of a block of three similar buildings. It was situated in that part of Baltimore called "Old Town," and near to the classic stream known as Jones's Falls. The block was separated from all other buildings by a street on each side; one of the streets was forty, the other thirty feet in width.

The ground floor of Mrs. Urtman's residence was occupied by kitchen, store-room, and servant's chambers. On one side of the hall in the second story were the parlor and dining-room, on the other side the lady's sitting-room and bed-room; the back part of the hall on this floor was partitioned off and furnished as a bath-room. The third story was divided into sleeping rooms, one of which was occupied by Mrs. Este, her children and their nurse.

At the back of a paved yard, in the rear of the dwelling, were the carriage-house and the stable.

At the head of the staircase leading from the first to the second story of the main building, was a partition wall entirely across the hall into which this stairway led. In this wall was a door, and this door was the only means of passing from the lower story to those above it, as there was but the one stairway connecting the first floor with the second and third.

It was Mrs. Urtman's invariable rule to see this door locked and bolted every night before she retired to rest. As in the second story were all her plate and jewelry and the money for the immediate use of the household, she thus kept one temptation away from the servants and protected her property at the same time.

The night of Monday, January 7th, 1811, was not cold for the season, but it was dark and cloudy, with fitful and heavy gusts of wind. Mrs. Urtman

and Mrs. Este took their supper as usual, at eight o'clock; the children and their little nurse had had theirs an hour before down stairs, and had been sent to bed.

At nine o'clock the servants who waited upon the table had put away the tea-service and left the second story; and the door at the head of the first flight of stairs had been locked and bolted by Mrs. Este in the presence of Mrs. Urtman.

The ladies sat up in Mrs. Urtman's sitting-room an hour and a half later. During the course of the evening Mrs. Este read aloud some passage from Sir Walter Scott's "*Marmion*," a poem then recently published.

Some of the lines read reminded Mrs. Urtman of a quaint antique crucifix, exuberantly and rarely gemmed, which was among her family jewels. She took her box of jewelry from a cabinet which was always kept in her sleeping-room, and placing it on the table beside which she and Mrs. Este seated themselves, took out the crucifix and showed it to the latter.

Shortly afterward the ladies retired to rest. The box of jewelry remained on the table, Mrs. Urtman considering it perfectly safe there during the remainder of the night.

At eleven o'clock, or a little after, all the house was quiet.

#### CHAPTER XI. THE ROBBERY.

A LAMP was always kept burning in Mrs. Urtman's chamber. It was so placed that its light was guarded from falling on the bed, but was made to show plainly the dial-plate and hands of a tall old-fashioned clock which stood against the wall fronting the couch. If the old lady should awake in the night, she liked to be able at will to learn the hour.

About one o'clock—Mrs. Urtman thought, but was not certain, as she was too sleepy to look at the clock—the old lady was awakened by a sound like that made by the opening of a door. Opening her eyes she saw Mrs. Este standing by the side of her bed. Supposing that the young widow had come to get something which she had left when she went up stairs to her own room, and feeling no uneasiness on her account, the old lady fell off again into slumber.

At a quarter past one—Mrs. Urtman was certain of the time now, as she looked at the clock—she was fully awakened by the upsetting of a

chair. The cause of the noise was confirmed afterward, for the chair was found lying upset on the floor.

At the same moment she saw Mrs. Este hastening from the room, leaving the door wide open. She then heard her footsteps, soft but rapid, as she hurried up stairs.

She knew that it was Mrs. Este by the long dark shawl which she wore wrapped, as when she had seen her but shortly before, around her person from head to foot.

Mrs. Urtman at first lay still, astonished, and alarmed, also, that Mrs. Este should have hurried away as she did, leaving the door open after her, too. What did it mean? What could be the matter? And what bundle was that which she held in her hand?

As soon as she recovered sufficient presence of mind, she sat up in bed. Happening to glance at the table, she saw that the box of jewelry was not there.

There was a robbery, then.

The old lady screamed with all her might. The whole house was alarmed by the noise she made.

Mrs. Este almost immediately made her appearance, and shortly afterward the servants were heard knocking for admission at the door at the head of the stairs.

Afraid to be left alone with the person whom she believed had robbed her, the old lady sprang out of bed, and throwing a piece of bed-clothing around her, hurried to the staircase door, and hastily unlocking and unbolting it, admitted the servants.

In their presence she at once accused Mrs. Este of stealing her jewels, and sent the man-servant, Thomas Burton, for the watchman of the precinct. They were styled "watchmen," not "policemen," then.

In a few moments two watchmen made their appearance. These men thoroughly searched the second and third stories of Mrs. Urtman's house and the roofs of that and the two adjoining houses, all of which were flat enough to be walked on. Nothing was seen of the casket of jewels or of any hidden person.

As the staircase door was found bolted and locked, and the key in the door on the inside when the first alarm was given, the thief could not have escaped that way. The only other ways of escape

were through the windows or by way of the trap-door in the roof. The windows were all fastened down and the shutters closed and bolted. A rope would have been necessary to let the thief down from either of these. In such case it would have been found fastened to the window-frame or to some piece of furniture. No sign of rope was seen.

Had the thief escaped by way of the roof, a rope would have been left tied to one of the chimneys of either Mrs. Urtman's house or one of the two adjoining houses, for there was no other object to which it could have been fastened. But no rope or cord was seen here. Mrs. Urtman's house was the only one in the block which had a trap-door in the roof, and not one of the three houses had a sky-light.

Mrs. Este was taken to the watch-house (as it was then called), and the next morning committed to jail for trial. Before she was taken from Mrs. Urtman's house, she requested that her children and their nurse should be sent to Sarah Groves. This wish was complied with next morning.

#### CHAPTER XII. SIFTING THE TESTIMONY.

The statement of the testimony so far given is mostly from the evidence of Mrs. Urtman, which was sustained by the servants and policemen with regard to the parts of her narrative in which they were concerned.

The little nurse of Mrs. Este's children, Jennie Wilde, had slept soundly until aroused by the old lady's screams.

One singular feature in the testimony was that not one of the witnesses remembered whether or not the door leading to the roof, which had a bolt on the under or inner side, was found bolted when first visited after the alarm was made. Each one declared that he or she did not unbolt it.

Upon this statement of facts, the prosecuting attorney claimed a verdict for the State. He accounted for the disappearance of the casket of jewels by the theory that Mrs. Este, whose room was in the front of the house, had let it down by a cord to a confederate in the street.

The counsel for the defence contested the charge with ability, both before the court and the jury. In his closing speech to the latter he made an eloquent appeal on behalf of the fair and innocent-looking young mother and her helpless children, who, to add effect to the defence, had been brought into court.

But the facts, unexplained, were too strong, apparently, to be overcome by eloquence, and the jury, after a retirement of two hours to their room, rendered, as the reader is already aware, the verdict of "Guilty."

Mrs. Este, when called upon to say why sentence should not be pronounced against her, made the following statement, after solemnly protesting her innocence:

She was awakened in the night by a sound as of some one moving about on the second floor. Thinking that Mrs. Urtman was probably sick, she slipped on a dark wrapper, and placing a large shawl, also of dark color, around her shoulders, went down into Mrs. Urtman's room. Finding the old lady apparently sleeping very soundly, she returned to her own room, thinking that it was probably some noise in the street, or possibly in the lower story of the house, or in one of the adjoining houses, that she had heard. Retiring to bed, she soon fell asleep again. How long she slept she did not know, but she was awakened again by the sound of the footsteps of some one hurrying up the steps leading to the roof. These steps were in the passage adjoining her room. A moment after she heard what seemed a suddenly-suppressed cry of terror, followed instantly by the alarmed screams of Mrs. Urtman. Again putting on the same wrapper and shawl, she hastened once more to the old lady's room.

There were some facts brought out by cross-examination which had probably but little weight with the jury, but which are of some importance to my narrative.

Mrs. Urtman stated that she had known Isabel Este ever since the latter was a child, and had always liked her and thought highly of her. That, immediately after the death of Mr. Este, she had pressed her to come with her children and make her house their home. That Mrs. Este yielded at last only to her pressing solicitations, after Mr. Este had been dead nearly a year. Mr. Este had left about six thousand dollars in bank stock. On the interest of this money, and the pay received for lessons which she gave on the piano, Mrs. Este had managed to support herself and her children in comfort. Old Mrs. Groves and her grandchild, Jennie Wilde, who attended on Mrs. Este's children, formed part of her household.

Mrs. Urtman declared that, until the night of the 7th of January previous, she had entertained

a very high opinion of Mrs. Este, as an accomplished, high-toned and honorable lady, and an exemplary Christian, and had loved her as warmly as if she had been her own child. She said, moreover, that had Mrs. Este expressed repentance and restored the jewels, she would have forgiven her and have helped her and her children; not, however, as members of her own household again, but that she considered it her duty, both as a good citizen and a Christian, not to shield obstinate and unrepentant crime. She would give ten times the value of the jewels, could she by that means make Mrs. Este what she once thought her to be.

#### CHAPTER XIII. JACOB FETCHER.

THOMAS BURTON, the man servant (there was another male servant attached to Mrs. Urtman's household, the coachman, who lodged with his own family), stated, on cross-examination, that they had a visitor in the kitchen on the night of the 7th of January. This was a young sailor named Jack Fetcher, whose ship was then in one of the docks at Fell's Point in the city, but was to leave port in the morning of the next day. This Jack Fetcher had, when a boy, a few years before, been in the service of Mrs. Urtman. He had been noted among the servants for a love of trickery and malicious fun, and had got the little finger of his left hand cut off in one of his mischievous pranks. Jack Fetcher's visit was not a long one; he came about half-past seven and left about the time supper was taken up stairs for Mrs. Urtman and Mrs. Este. Burton had never seen him since, but had seen it stated in one of the daily papers, that the ship had sailed from Baltimore the next morning, as Fetcher had told them it would. Did not remember who accompanied the young sailor to the door when he left Mrs. Urtman's; he, Burton, did not accompany him. Fetcher had a bundle with him; he said it contained clean clothes. He had visited the house before since his ship had come into port.

All the servants made the same declaration that Burton made in relation to the young sailor's leave-taking; they also sustained the rest of Burton's statement.

They agreed in a statement, too, that they thought they had heard what seemed the sound of a heavy fall at the moment when Mrs. Urtman commenced to scream; but they were so "taken



up" with the noise she made, and the alarm caused by it, that they were not certain whether this was a fact or not.

It also came out in cross-examination—by accident, it seemed—that it was a habit of the house for Burton to take possession of the key after he had locked the front door for the night.

So much for the report of the trial.

#### CHAPTER XIV. A LETTER ADD A CODICIL.

THE next paper in order, as the papers were arranged in Mr. Wendicott's box, was a letter from Mrs. Este to Mrs. Urtman, written a few days before the death of the former lady:

"I write," began the letter, "as one about to enter the grave, feeling all the responsibility that attaches to my every act, every word, every feeling, every thought at this solemn crisis; and I protest to you, in the name of that awful God, whose providences are so mysterious, so unaccountable to mortals, and before whose tribunal I am so soon to appear, that I am innocent, in deed, in wish, in thought, of the crime of which I have been convicted.

"This note will not be handed to you until I am dead. I have directed Mrs. Groves, in whose care I leave it, not to give it to you till then, that you may feel its words as if expressed to you by the voice of one in the eternal world, to which I am travelling fast.

"I can, in my present state of feeling, easily forgive you the part which you have taken in creating my misery. I am sure that nothing but a sense of duty actuated you; for all your actions previously showed that you loved me as your own child.

"I am myself astonished at the disappearance of the casket of jewels, and confess that the evidence, to disinterested persons, must have pointed to me, with apparently unerring decision, as the guilty party. But I have faith in God that my innocence will hereafter appear, and my helpless and more than orphaned children be allowed again to bear the name, that has heretofore always been honored, without a blush.

"But I cannot bear the thought of dying and leaving you, so often heretofore my benefactress, under the conviction that I am guilty of that worst of all crimes, ingratitude; and in the meanest guise that it can wear—I hate to write the word—theft.

"I adjure you, then, in the name of One who died for offenses which he never committed, to

believe me innocent. It will lessen the agony of death to me, to hope, even, this appeal will prevail with you.

ISABEL ESTE."

The next paper was the copy of Mrs. Urtman's will.

This will, after stating that the testatrix had no near relatives, left all her property in the hands of certain gentlemen named, and their successors, as trustees, the proceeds to be applied, at stated times, to the benefit of certain benevolent institutions already in existence; the property, however, was to be still managed, as theretofore, by Messrs. Wendicott & Son, her attorneys and executors, who were to be responsible to the trustees.

This will was dated in the year 1810. There were several codicils executed at different subsequent dates, bequeathing legacies to different persons. The last codicil was dated in 1824, and was to the following effect:

"Becoming more and more impressed, as time passes, with a belief in the innocence of Isabel Este, who was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary by the Criminal Court of Baltimore City in February, A.D. 1811, of stealing from me a casket of jewels, I bequeath and devise as follows:

"Fifty thousand dollars' worth of my property in stocks shall be realized and invested by the above-mentioned Wendicott & Son—the management of the same to be in their hands and the hands of their successors as trustees—and the said sum, with its increase, I give, bequeath and devise to the heirs, in direct descent, of the said Isabel Este, whenever—if within fifty years after the date of my death—the innocence of the said Isabel Este of the above-mentioned charge shall appear or be made to appear.

"At the end of the said fifty years, if by that time no claimant under this codicil shall appear, the said fifty thousand dollars and increase shall be returned to the body of my estate, and the proceeds thereof applied, pro rata, among the charities mentioned in the body of my will, as therein prescribed to be distributed.

"The casket and the jewels it contained, if ever discovered, I also give and bequeath, in case of the said Isabel Este's innocence being established, to her heirs in direct descent."

#### CHAPTER XV. INSTRUCTIONS TO TRUSTEES.

NEXT in order was a private letter from Mrs. Urtman to Messrs. Wendicott & Son. From this letter, bearing date a day or two after the last

codicil to her will, I take the following extract, as applicable to my narrative:

"From the passage which I quote below from Mrs. Este's memorable letter to me, written just before her death, I am convinced that she intended that her children should be raised under a fictitious name, viz., 'I have faith in God that my innocence will hereafter appear, and my helpless and more than orphaned children be allowed again to bear the name, that has heretofore been always honored, without a blush.'

"The baptismal names of the children are Albert and Jessie.

"I was not able to induce Mrs. Groves to let me know the name which the children were to assume. She told me that Mrs. Este had fixed upon the name which they were to bear, and had pledged her to secrecy in regard to it for the present; that their baptismal names would answer until she could make arrangements to leave Baltimore. She had changed her residence, immediately after Mrs. Este's death, to a new neighborhood, and her new neighbors looked upon the children as her own.

"From a remark, however, which I once heard Mrs. Este make, when a passage which she read to me from a book started a conversation between us in reference to the assumption of false names, I am impressed with the idea that the name which she intended her children to take is an anagram of their real name, Este.

"To aid in the identification of these children, should it ever become necessary, I caused two rings, exactly alike, one for each of the children, to be made. Each of these rings has a likeness of Isabel Este, from a miniature portrait of her which I had taken at the time of her marriage, under a seal bearing the crest of the family—a crowned eagle—and is set with four small stones arranged in consecutive order, so that the initial letters of their names spell the word "Este." They are an emerald, a sapphire, a topaz, and an emerald. These I induced Mrs. Groves, on the plea of the interest of her charges, to accept, with the understanding that the children were to be impressed with the idea that the keeping possession of and preserving uninjured these rings might be of great importance to their future welfare.

✱ "These rings were prepared and given to Mrs. Groves within a few months after the death of Mrs. Este, and nearly a year before the former left Baltimore with the children.

"My object in doing this was to have it in my power to identify them, should I determine upon some means of benefiting them, in the event that their mother's innocence should in time, however improbably (all things are possible with the good Lord), be established. The means which I have at length determined on have taken form in the last codicil to my will.

"My desire is that you, and your successors, if necessary, shall keep this letter, and all the papers in reference to this matter, until fifty years are past from the date of my death, unless the property mentioned in my last codicil shall sooner vest in the heirs of Mrs. Este.

"I have inclosed, under seal, a list of the jewels in the missing casket. The paper containing this list is not to be opened until the casket shall be found. The written description will serve to identify it and its contents."

This letter of Mrs. Urtman was the last paper in the box lent to me by Mr. Wendicott. The sealed paper, referred to at the close of the letter, was, of course, retained in his own possession or that of his firm.

#### CHAPTER XVI. IN RE ISABEL ESTE.

THERE were several points in the testimony, especially that brought out by cross-examination, which neither counsel, judge, nor jury apparently paid any attention to, but which seemed to me—and particularly when considered in connection with the statement which Mrs. Este made to the court—to imply a great deal, and to promise the only favorable solution to the problem which I was trying to solve.

I wrote on a sheet of paper a note of these points, as follows:

#### IN RE ISABEL ESTE.

The night of the 7th January, 1811, was dark and cloudy, with heavy gusts of wind.

Mrs. Este was aroused from sleep and drawn to Mrs. Urtman's room by a sound as of some one moving about on the second floor.

She was wrapped in dark garments when she came down stairs.

She was again awakened by what seemed to be the noise of footsteps hurrying up the stairs leading to the roof.

She heard, immediately afterward, what she thought was a suddenly-suppressed exclamation of terror.

About the same time the servants heard what they took to be the sound of a heavy fall.

Every witness who ascended to the roof that night declared that he or she did not unbolt the door leading to the roof.

The servants of the house received a visit that night from a young sailor named Jack Fetcher.

He had a bundle with him.

He had visited the house before since his ship had come into port.

He had formerly been in the service of Mrs. Urtman.

When he quitted that service, he had left a rather bad reputation behind him.

The little finger of his left hand, while there, had been cut off in one of his mischievous pranks. His ship left port next morning.

*Mems.*—1. The front door of the house was locked and the key removed.

2. The only door connecting the lower story with the upper ones was locked and the key left in the lock on the inner or upper side.

3. The windows were fastened down in the second and third stories, and the shutters closed and bolted.

4. There was no sign of escape or of means of escape from the roof.

## THE LOVES OF THE KINGS.

BY MRS. B. F. BAER.

### MALCOLM III. OF SCOTLAND.

THIS prince, of whom historians write as having many virtues with no vices, was the son of Duncan, on whose murder Shakspeare has founded his immortal tragedy of Macbeth, and escaped to England soon after that usurping regicide ascended the Scottish throne.

Malcolm, surnamed Canmore, which signifies Great Head, found an asylum in the English court, then governed by Edward the Confessor, who, having been educated in Normandy, opened his doors freely to the horde of Normans that were anxious to seek an abiding place in England.

These innovations were displeasing to the Anglo-Saxons, who could not withstand the ridicule heaped on them by these foreigners, whose manners and customs bordered on a rude refinement of which the natives were entirely ignorant. It is probable that the English prince's long sojourn in the Norman court had unfitted him for participation in the feasts, the bacchanalian revelries and other barbarous sports of his own people; consequently he surrounded himself with Norman nobles, on whom he lavished choice gifts, to the utter disgust of his Anglo-Saxon subjects.

It was to this court that the young Scottish prince bent his steps; and he seems to have found a cordial welcome from the king, for he was speedily followed by such of his nobles as would

not bend the knee in homage to the usurper. The fifteen years spent by Malcolm in England is shrouded in much gloom. Little is told us beyond the fact that his stay extended over that period; and history really begins with his invasion of Scotland at the head of an army, mostly English, and putting to flight Macbeth's command, that king falling by Macduff's hand, and his son offering but a feeble resistance to Malcolm's authority.

To say that the Scottish prince had received an education at the hands of the English monarch, would be a flight of imagination, for we are told that he could neither read or write to the day of his death; but it would be folly to deny that he imbibed in the English court those early impressions—ever the most enduring be they for good or evil—that a woman's hand—an Anglo-Saxon's too—afterwards perfected and expanded into a grandeur that stamped him as a benefactor to his country, and made him one of the foremost men of the eleventh century.

It is most likely that Malcolm followed "the bent of his own will" during his stay in England, nursing all the while his thirst for revenge, never losing for a single moment sight of Scotland's throne, or the fact that it was his by right of succession; learning in the meanwhile all that was to be gained from the Normans and Anglo-Saxons

in the manly arts of war and military tactics, with this single view of ultimately regaining his lost dominions.

This, as we have already stated, he accomplished by the aid of his English friends, and to his credit be it said, Malcolm never forgot the assistance thus rendered, or proved himself lacking in gratitude therefor; and, when Edgar Atheling with his two sisters and mother fled from the court of the haughty Norman conqueror and usurper to be cast by adverse winds on Scotland's coast, the king was among the first to welcome the royal family to his realm, even going in person to receive them. To this day the Frith of Forth, where the bark containing the Athelings landed, is called "The Queen's Ferry."

But Providence seems to have fated that nothing save good should come of these English connections, for the first visit ended in Malcolm's falling violently in love with Margaret Atheling, and he lost no time in demanding her hand in marriage.

Where this young princess had contrived to secure such instruction as placed her at least a half century in advance of her age, is a marvel to us, when we consider that Ignorance and Superstition hung pall-like over Europe, enveloping it in an intellectual darkness, that learning was confined to the clergy, and many of these could scarcely read or write. Art was dead; war and rapine were the order of the day, and whoever was the strongest held his crown or his possessions rather by might than right. The condition of the lower classes was truly deplorable, they serving masters who knew no law and showed no mercy, slaves to every caprice that tyranny could devise. The villeins or slaves were subject to the feudal nobles, who in turn were subject to the Crown, an order of conditions not at all conducive to intellectual advancement or improvement.

To her foreign birth—for she was born in Hungary—and the first ten years of her life in her grandfather's court, Margaret must surely be indebted for much of that intellectual grace, her knowledge of letters, her dignity of carriage and sweetness of disposition that placed her at once on Scotland's throne, and fixed her so firmly in the hearts of her people, of whose language she was absolutely ignorant.

She came to their shores a stranger, to a partner whom all history describes as wild, fierce and warlike, destitute alike of learning or other accom-

plishment likely to win a lady's favor; yet, in the face of all these difficulties, Margaret so completely won the love and respect of the wild tribes who inhabited the hills and glens of her husband's dominions, that a feast to her honor is annually observed at Edinburgh. That her husband was most devotedly attached to her is most delicately illustrated by the touching incident so often related, that, while he could not read his queen's prayer and other religious books, he would kiss them most devoutly, and caused them to be magnificently bound and ornamented with costly jewels, thereby showing his profound affection for their fair owner.

With the influx of the Saxons into Scotland came many of their vices, and when Margaret ascended the throne as queen, the nobles were much given to a feasting that often ended in beastly drunkenness. With that innate refinement that appears to have been a part of her nature, this royal lady bethought herself of an ingenious plan to put an end to a custom so abhorrent in itself. While sitting at the table with her husband's retainers, knowing that the carousal had endured sufficiently long, the queen hit upon the happy expedient of pouring some of the richest wine into her own fair palm, and inviting the revellers to drink therefrom, with the proviso to imbibe no more during the meal. Of course every one was eager to drink from the queen's hand—the cunning woman knew it—and thus originated the custom of what is still known as "The Grace," or last "Cup," a custom that is often observed at the parting of friends at the present day.

Malcolm, although fiery and warlike in his nature, possessed a handsome person, pleasing address, combined with an admirable good sense, that led him to enter most heartily into the reforms suggested by his amiable and pious wife, who most studiously sought to engraft her religion in the hearts of her subjects. That the king could be generous when he chose, is shown by a characteristic incident not generally mentioned by historians. When Luthlac, the usurping son of the regicide Macbeth, was defeated and put to rout, the king learned of a plot to assassinate him. Seizing the first opportunity, Malcolm called the chief instigator of the contemplated deed aside, and addressed him thus:

"Thou hast contrived a plot against my life; wherefore dost thou not set upon me now, when I



am alone with thee, and both unarmed, and obtain thy desire by valor, and not by treachery?"

This question, so pertinently put, struck terror and remorse to the craven's heart, and throwing himself at his sovereign's feet, he confessed his guilt and implored mercy. Malcolm forgave him, and never had cause to doubt his loyalty thereafter.

Margaret and Malcolm were married at Dunfermling about 1070, soon after the arrival of the royal fugitives in Scotland, and the queen immediately set about the arduous task of reforming a people who looked on any checks laid upon their fierce habits as so many encroachments upon their personal liberty, and stood ready to resist with fire and sword. Seconded by her husband's authority, the dauntless woman stood firm. New laws were promulgated, old ones were abrogated; new customs were introduced; the court, hitherto simple almost to barbaric rudeness, began to wear the splendor becoming royalty; fine clothes were imported; toilets became more elaborate, and new ceremonies sprang up. The queen delighted to appear in the most magnificent dresses, woven by foreign looms, and embroidered by foreign fingers, while the king rode forth most gorgeously attended. "Why," exclaimed the royal lady's confessor, "gold and silver dishes were used at the king's table; at least," he hastens to modify, "they were gilt and silvered over."

The people of Scotland, who had hitherto lived most simply, knowing little or nothing of the world beyond their own kingdom, looked on in awe and wonder, some of them by no means pleased at the innovations set up by the queen. This discontent led to an insurrection, that was speedily quelled by the king, whose wisdom enabled him to see that Margaret's efforts lay in the right direction, and he accordingly supported her measures.

Critics have not been sparing in their judgments of these measures, and many accuse the Saxon princess of introducing ceremonies and luxuries to a country whose inhabitants' wants were few, whose habits were simple, thereby entailing upon them desires that many were too poor to gratify, and inciting ambitious rivalries where all had been contentment. These same critics seem to forget that, simple as the Scots were, they were no more nor less than barbarians, whom a more civilized woman was trying to enlighten; and

civilization always creates new wants, new desires for luxuries never before felt because their existence was unknown.

While Margaret's vanity may have led her to more magnificence in dress than the period seems to have required, none can deny that the importation of foreign fabrics, manners and people into Scotland under Malcolm's reign was the first stepping-stone to a broader, grander, more enlightened civilization for the natives. Anglo-Saxons found an asylum here from the cruel tyranny of the haughty William, while the disaffected Normans—the highest type of the chivalric soldier—fled to Scotland likewise, and were received with open arms by the king, who was too shrewd not to see the advantages to be gained by personal contact with the most enlightened men of the age.

But the queen's influence was most powerfully exerted in a religious direction. Being a rigid Catholic, she lost no time in inquiring into the religion of the country over which she had been called to preside, and found to her disgust that Lent was not celebrated according to Romish dictation. She caused the Culdee clergy to be assembled, and spent three days, we are told, in trying to convince them of their error. That she finally succeeded is due more, perhaps, to her position as queen and fear of royal displeasure than to convicting argument. Knowing nothing of the Gaelic language, the lady was obliged to converse through an interpreter—an office which Malcolm delighted to fill, he being admirably fitted for it by having spent fifteen years in the English court—another evidence of his great love for his pious queen, in whose infallibility he most firmly believed.

Having succeeded in fixing Lent to suit her royal will, Margaret next turned her attention to the amelioration of some of the laws that weighed so heavily on the lower class. And right here this woman earned her saintly title, if no other good had sprung from her long and useful career. Through her influence the infamous law, set forth by Eueno III., was abolished, and the tax called "*Mercheta Mulierum*" substituted in its stead; an act for which all good women of that and every other age should bless and revere her name.

To attempt to measure this princess's influence by mere words seems folly. Her acts of benevolence, her austere piety, her unceasing watchfulness over her subjects, her devotion to duty, her

grand domestic qualities are so many characteristics that will not be bounded; and a doubt arises whether but for her Malcolm Canmore would figure in History as one of the great men of his age. With her own hands, this princess of the royal blood of England and Queen of Scotland was accustomed to wash the feet of the paupers, who came daily to be fed of her bounty, and the king, following her example, joined her in this lowly act of what she believed to be a duty.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," runs the time-honored aphorism, and surely it was Scotland's grand, good fortune that a contrary wind sent that little band of exiles into the Frith of Forth; and best of all was it, that her king appreciated the young princess's charms of person and intellect sufficiently to take to his bosom and throne a dowerless bride. Dowerless! Was Margaret Atheling dowerless? Yes, so far as lands and gold are concerned; but in all that makes the female character lovely—youth, innocence, purity, virtue, piety, and intelligence, she was most richly dowered.

But, perhaps, in no phase of her character does she shine more conspicuously than as a wife and mother. Earnestly zealous for the good of her subjects, we have searched in vain for one single instance of political intrigue entered into by her. Possessing unusual influence over her husband, she never abused it to further ambitious schemes of her own. It was always used most judiciously, and to promote the welfare of others to the utter forgetfulness of self. As a mother, she leaves a record that many of this nineteenth century would do well to study. Eight children were the fruits of this union, and we are told that Margaret actually took charge of their education herself, giving it her own personal supervision. What a rebuke to mothers who give their attention and time to fashion's demands, and their children to the care of paid subordinates!

Of this family, four lived to ascend thrones—three reigning successively over Scotland, and one daughter sharing the throne of Henry Beauclerc of England, leaving a name that will never die so long as English history survives. "The good Queen Maud" stands out on the pages of the past as an illustrious example of a mother's careful and judicious training, that all the ignorance and barbarism of the eleventh century could not circum-

vent. It has been said in disparagement of Malcolm and his queen that they fastened the iron bonds of feudalism on a people hitherto comparatively independent; but on this question writers do not agree. However, none seem disposed to deny that the way was opened by their hearty welcome of foreigners—especially the Normans—to their court, for the introduction of the feudal system. It was the inevitable result of bringing intellect into contact with ignorance. The Normans—the founders of feudalism—were the most intellectual men of that century, and the natives of Scotland were no match for them. They could no more cope with their chivalric bearing, their courtly manners, their superior military skill and ingenuity than the Anglo-Saxons could before them. With William the Conqueror came the feudal system into England, so we may trace its progress northward with the same courageous pertinacity that marked the Norman conquest of that kingdom.

Again, it has been said that Margaret used her power as queen to change the religion of Scotland and to fasten upon it the yoke of Rome. She was a zealous Catholic, and it is but justice to the woman, rather than the religionist, to affirm that her actions all go to prove that she was prompted by the most rigid ideas of duty. Reared under the auspices of the Roman Church, it could scarcely be expected that she would do otherwise than labor for its extension; but her course is marked by no bloodshed, and haunted by no ghastly martyrs to the ancient Culdee faith. She used only the beautiful weapons of moral suasion and a bright example to prove her religious faith the superior.

Was it a blessing or a curse to Scotland, this assumption of the yoke of Rome? A rather delicate question to decide! But when we look at the state of society, and remember that brute force held the sway, that letters were almost unknown, that no art shed a shining light over the waste of darkness, that men held their lives in the palm of their hands, ready to yield them at any moment for the most trivial offence, that the nobles knew no law save the strength of their own arms, and respected no power, no master with whom they and the bands under them were able to cope, we pause in dismay, and ask who so capable of governing these lawless people as the Church of Rome with its mighty thunders and its papal bulls?

Disguise the fact as we may, cover papacy with all the obloquy that its subsequent career calls

down on its head, but the Catholic Church has had a day when its power was a blessing to the world, and that was in the Dark Ages, when it gathered the relics of the lost arts under its protecting wings, sheltered female purity within its walls, brought proud potentates to its feet in humble submission, and in a manner regulated what would have been hopeless anarchy without its guidance.

Margaret turned to it as her hope for Scotland, and she sought most assiduously to extend the Catholic faith throughout the country. She founded churches, encouraged the clergy, and gave freely of her own means to forward this cherished object of her heart; and when these became exhausted, scrupled not to transgress on her husband's property. He would at once accuse her of the theft, but we fail to find that the pilferer was ever punished for the larceny. Indeed, so perfect were the relations between this royal couple that their lives seem to have blended into a beautifully harmonious whole that can never be found among marriages of convenience—such as we are inclined to believe that Malcolm's former one was.

But this domestic happiness was destined to be little enjoyed by the king, who was called away from his fireside most frequently by the numerous broils that distracted his subjects, and not infrequently by war with his English neighbors. Whether William the Norman hated or feared him the most is not certain; but he took every opportunity to harass Scotland, and Malcolm was not a prince to invite aggression by a cowardly policy. When struck, he returned the blow, as the northern counties of England learned to their cost; but he seldom played the aggressor. When thus called away, he left the direction of state affairs to the queen, in whose judgment he placed the most implicit confidence. At length an honorable peace was concluded with England, internal broils were subdued, and the king returned to his palace, hoping to enjoy the fruits of his late labors in a long season of quiet prosperity. Alas! how fallacious are human hopes! William died and was succeeded by his son, William Rufus, who utterly disregarded the late treaty entered into by his deceased father, and treated the Scottish king with the utmost disdain when he came to urge his claim in person at the English court, insisting that Malcolm should do homage to him, even to the full satisfaction of the English barons, who were assembled to witness the humiliating spectacle.

Malcolm left the court in a rage after boldly throwing the gauntlet of war at the haughty Englishman's feet, and making his way homeward, at once collected an army to invade England, determined to gain by the sword what had been denied him in honorable council. Whether Margaret's ill-health, brought on by severe penances, had rendered her a prey to nervous misgivings, or she, on nearing the pearly portal of death, could see further into the future than was vouchsafed to the rest of mankind, it is certain that she sought to turn her husband from this purpose with all the eloquence that she could command. And for once she failed. All persuasion, all the argument that she could bring to bear on him were powerless to stop this invasion of England.

Smarting under the cruel insult offered him at the hands of the English monarch, the king, thirsting for revenge, entered England at the head of an army, laid siege to Alnwick, and, after a severe attack, reduced the fortress to submission, rashly promising to receive the keys of the castle in his own hand. These were proffered on the tip of a spear by an English noble, who dexterously pierced the king through an eye, thus riding England forever of a most formidable rival. Edward, Malcolm's elder son, wishing to avenge his father's death, lost his life in the struggle, and dismayed by this double misfortune, the besieging army quickly retired across the boundary into Scotland.

The disastrous news was conveyed to the queen by one of her sons, who, on entering her apartment, stood silent and grief-stricken beside her couch. At once perceiving his demeanor, she anticipated him by asking if the king had perished. When assured, she bowed in humble submission to the cruel blow that had deprived her of husband and son at the same moment, but sank rapidly, expiring three days later, in the forty-seventh year of her age, and the twenty-third of her married life.

From the peculiar circumstances attending Malcolm's death, the Earls of Northumberland are said to have derived their surname of Percy. The noble, whose flimsy sense of honor permitted him to treacherously slay his foe after a truce had been struck, was ever afterwards known as *Pierce-eye*—corrupted into *Percy*—and was rewarded with the Castle of Alnwick, which he had saved from the enemy. The name and estate are still retained by the now powerful family of English peers.

The last hours of the dying queen were consistent with her life; full of hope for the future, grief for the dead and care for the living. Turning to Turgot, her confessor, a man in whom she trusted, she addressed him in these words:

"Farewell! my life draws to a close, but you may survive me long. To you I commit the charge of my children. Teach them, above all things to love and fear God; and if any of them should be permitted to attain to the height of earthly grandeur, oh! then in an especial manner be to them a father and a guide. Admonish, and if need be, reprove them, lest they should be swelled with the pride of momentary glory, and by reason of the prosperity of this world, offend their Creator and forfeit eternal life. This, in the presence of Him who is our only witness, I beseech you to promise and perform."

Thus, on the 17th of November, 1093, perished Margaret, queen-consort of Malcolm III., and the most remarkable woman of her day, leaving behind her a monument of good works, that centuries have failed to efface or dim.

The impression left by her on the Scottish people has never been erased, and to-day her name is a household word in the country which she so faithfully served. The chapel built to her honor by David is yet pointed out to strangers as one of the curiosities of Edinburgh, and the tartan plaid, the favorite Scottish dress, was introduced under her auspices. It was during this reign that Macduff's title was changed from Maormor to Earl, in recognition of his substantial devotion to the king's cause, who never forgot to reward his friends or punish his enemies.

Many, many years after her death, Margaret's beautiful, glossy hair, golden-hued, as her Saxon birth would betoken, might have been seen among the relics cherished by the Church that she had sought so zealously to promote and extend.

And now, with the weight of centuries to overbalance all prejudice, we may inquire how did Malcolm's love for his dowerless bride affect his life? In other words, was it for Scotland's weal or woe? Compare this Queen with Shakspeare's Lady Macbeth, whose immediate successor she must have been, and how the mind revolts from the hideous blackness of the one to dwell in admiration on the other! Margaret was her husband's salvation, a guiding-star to lead him to a higher life; Lady Macbeth was her husband's

damnation, thrusting him down, down, down, by her cursed ambition to rule where she should only have been subject. In the one we see all the graces of womanhood combined to form the highest type of wife and mother, while in the other a whirlwind of passion unrestrained transforms her into a fiend, stooping to murder in order to gain her desires. She comes down to posterity, remembered only for her crimes, while Margaret goes into history as Scotland's patron saint, having been canonized by Innocent IV. in 1257.

With Dunfermling Cathedral, which she endowed with her own means and enriched with precious jewels, among which was the famous black diamond cross, said to have belonged to the crown jewels of England, and the chapel in the castle of Edinburgh to perpetuate her memory, St. Margaret is not likely to be soon forgotten by her subjects' posterity; but better than these, more enduring than the rocks of ages, are the deeds of charity, the fascinating benevolence, the yearning desire for the good of the people, to see them rescued from darkness and brought into the broad daylight of enlightened Christianity. To these and her unfailing devotion to husband and children, she is most indebted for the prominence given her by all historians; and we turn from these pages of the past with a fervent gush of thanks to the overruling Providence, that shaped the course of the winds to drive the royal English exiles on Scotland's shores, thereby rescuing Malcolm's future queen from the grim austerities of a convent life, which she had decided to espouse on her arrival in Hungary.

One would think that two so united in life would have been allowed to repose side by side in their graves by after generations, but such was not the case with Malcolm and Margaret. This royal lady's remains have furnished relics for many of the most celebrated churches throughout Europe, and a portion of them, at least the ashes in sealed jars, are now in Spain unless removed quite recently. The transportation of these relics from place to place would fill an interesting article by itself, and we have no room to discuss them here; but it is with pleasure that we read of the Church's intention to bring these sacred ashes back to the spot from which they should never have been removed, and the royal couple, so united in life that death could not divide them, will sleep once again side by side.



## ELIZABETH OF FRANCE.

BY ELIZABETH G. HALSEY.

THERE is no woman in ancient or modern days whose memory and whose virtues should be more fondly cherished than the subject of my present sketch—the daughter and sister of kings, and yet the victim of cruel and brutal men. Philippa Mary Helen Elizabeth of France, the youngest child of Louis, Dauphin of France, and of his second wife, Maria Josephine of Saxony, was born at Versailles, the 23d of May, 1764. Before she had completed her fourth year the young princess had the great misfortune to lose both her parents, and from that moment she seems to have centred all her affections upon her brother, afterwards Louis XVI., whose amiable and affectionate nature fitted him peculiarly for the happiness of domestic life.

Elizabeth of France was, early in life, confided to the care of Madame Marsan, a woman eminently qualified to form the character and principles, and direct the education of an intelligent but proud, obstinate and self-willed child. Madame Marsan soon won the love and confidence of her royal pupil, and acquired great influence over her. By her watchful care and judicious government, pride subsided into prudence and self-respect, obstinacy into perseverance and energy, self-will into self-distrust and self-control. Few persons in after-life would have recognized in the gentle, saintly, heroic sufferer of the Revolution, the proud and passionate child whose bursts of obstinate rage had so often pained and discouraged her kind governess. To Madame Marsan's instructions and example the princess owed those strong religious principles, that lofty integrity of character, which distinguished her throughout her life.

The Princess Elizabeth was just twelve years old when her elder sister Clotilde left her home and country to marry the Prince of Piedmont. This separation from a sister whom she fondly loved, was a great trial to the young Princess: nor could she turn for consolation to Madame Marsan, for this beloved instructress had but a short time before taken leave of her royal pupil and retired into the seclusion of a convent. The Infant of Spain and the Duke d'Nost, one of the sons of the King of Sardinia, each solicited the

hand of the French Princess; but political reasons interfered to prevent both these marriages, much to the joy of Elizabeth, who, warmly attached to her native land, and still more so to her brother, could not bear the idea of leaving either. She devoted much of her time to the study of belles-lettres, history and languages, was most expert with her needle, most kind and generous to the sick and suffering poor, and most exemplary in the discharge of all her religious duties. She was never idle, but even in company was always sewing or embroidering. On one occasion she was embroidering a dress, the design of which she had drawn herself; a lady present, after admiring the work, remarked: "It is a great pity that your Royal Highness should be so skillful."

"Why so, Madame?" inquired the Princess.

"Because your Royal Highness needs no such talent, which if possessed by a poor person would enable her not only to support her family but to make her fortune."

"Perhaps," answered Elizabeth, gravely, "God has bestowed it upon me for that very purpose. Perhaps I may yet have to labor for the support of those I love."

Did she recall that conversation when in their dreary Temple prison all her skill and ingenuity were taxed to patch the worn-out garments of her hapless brother's wife and children!

She took no part in the intrigues of the court, and never solicited favors unless they were well deserved. Averse to dress and ostentation, she seldom mingled in the gayeties of the court except to gratify her brother, who delighted in witnessing the admiration she excited whenever she appeared. She spent most of her time in reading and study, her chief recreation being long rides on horseback, in which exercise she excelled, being both a graceful and a fearless rider. She constantly visited her Carmelite aunt, as she called the Princess Louise of France, the youngest daughter of Louis XV., who had taken the veil in a convent of Carmelite nuns. So frequently were her steps directed towards this convent that the king became alarmed, and said to her: "I do not object to your visits to our aunt, dear Elizabeth, provided you do

not follow her example; I cannot do without you."

"Fear not, dear Louis," was the loving answer; "I should never have the courage to leave you. I hope to spend all my life by your side."

How faithfully this determination was kept, even to the sacrifice of her own life, the page of history reveals. When the king was inoculated and requested his sister to follow his example, she insisted that sixty young girls of her own age should participate in this new and fortunate discovery, supplying their wants, while suffering from the effects of the operation, from her own private purse.

In 1781 the king bought a beautiful country-seat at Montreuil and presented it to his sister. Here she henceforth spent the greater part of her time, and became a ministering angel to the poor and sick in the neighborhood. The poor were always relieved by her charity, the sick always supplied with physician, nurse, medicine, and nourishment. Economical in her own wants and expenditures, she was in truth a faithful steward, dispensing liberally yet judiciously the talents which God had confided to her. She had in her employ as dairymaid, a young Swiss peasant, whose honesty, industry, and neatness had won her confidence and regard. She suddenly noticed that her young dairymaid had lost all her bright cheerfulness, and seemed a prey to some secret grief, shunning the company of her fellow-servants, whom she had hitherto delighted with her wild but melodious Alpine songs, and her stirring stories of Alpine adventures. The kind young mistress could not rest till she had discovered the cause of this hidden sorrow.

After some trouble she succeeded in obtaining the dairymaid's confidence, and the poor girl admitted that she was deeply attached to a Swiss mountaineer to whom she had been betrothed before she left her home; that being too poor to marry, she had come to Paris in the hope of making a little money, and thus accelerating their union, and that the separation from her lover was the cause of her distress. The benevolent Princess instantly sent to Switzerland for Jacques, which was the name of the mountaineer, gave him employment at Montreuil, bestowed a dowry on her pretty dairymaid, and had them happily married.

While Elizabeth was thus spending her days in

doing good, a great political change was taking place around her, and when once roused to a sense of what was going on, the Princess clearly foresaw what would be the result of these commotions. The kind nature of the king, which often degenerated into weakness, made his quick-sighted sister tremble for the consequences.

"A king," she said, "like the father of a family, should never say 'it must be so,' without having well considered the matter; but having once said it, he should never retract. I see through many intrigues of which the king entertains no suspicions, because he is so good and so guileless himself."

One morning in 1791, one of the Princess's attendants was looking out of a window in the Palace of the Tuileries at the king, who was walking in its beautiful garden. Elizabeth asked her at what she was looking. "I am looking," replied the lady, "at our kind master taking his early walk."

"Our master," replied the Princess, sadly; "it is our great misfortune that he is no longer our master."

The queen buoyed herself up with the belief that the Austrian Court was endeavoring to re-establish the French monarchy; but the Princess, calmer, more dispassionate, clearer headed, never for one moment entertained this idea. She saw the storm gathering over the heads of the unfortunate royal family of France, and steadily looking death in the face, she inwardly vowed never to forsake her brother or his helpless children; and most nobly, most faithfully did she keep her vow. On the 6th of October she accompanied the royal family to Paris, she shared in the disastrous flight of Varennes, and when they were arrested on the frontier, returned with them to the capital.

On the dreadful 20th of June, 1792, one of the infuriated populace mistook her for the queen, Marie Antoinette, once the nation's idol, and now the object of the people's deadliest hate. Pointing her out to his fellow-demons, this wretch exclaimed, "There stands the Austrian; down with her, kill her!"

"You are mistaken," called out an officer of the National Guard, "it is not the Queen, it is the Princess Elizabeth."

"Oh, hush," cried the generous sister, "why did you undeceive them; you might have spared them the committal of a greater crime."

During the 10th of August the king made every effort, used every entreaty to induce his sister to leave the palace and seek safety in flight, but all in vain; she would not leave those she loved so dearly, and secure her own safety, while they remained in such deadly peril, and when Louis determined to take refuge in the National Assembly, Elizabeth was there by his side. The massacre of the faithful Swiss who guarded the palace, filled the Princess with grief and horror, but her courage failed not. She heard with calm resignation the sentence of the Legislative Assembly suspending the king from his royal functions, and with the same unabated firmness, the same devoted affection, she followed him to his gloomy imprisonment in the Temple.

While in prison she sought in every way to cheer and comfort her unfortunate brother and sister, devoting herself specially to the two royal children, by whose bedside, when ill, she frequently watched all night. Her heroic nature bore up her fragile frame, and her fervent piety enabled her to submit with patience and resignation to the will of God. While in the Temple she wrote the following touching prayer:

"What, oh Lord, will befall me this day I know not; all I know is that whatsoever happens to me is by thine own appointment. This is all-sufficient for me. I adore thy eternal will, thy mysterious providence. I submit cheerfully and unconditionally to all thy decrees. I am ready to do thy will, to sacrifice all to Thee, even as my Divine Saviour sacrificed all for me. I ask in His blessed name that Thou wilt grant me patience under all my afflictions, and perfect submission to Thy Almighty will."

Elizabeth of France saw her beloved brother and then his ill-fated wife led forth to the scaffold. She was separated from her young nephew, so feelingly and touchingly confided to her care by his dying mother. Still her trust and courage failed not. She had still a duty to perform. Louis and Marie Antoinette were beyond all earthly pain; for them tears would not avail, but their helpless orphan daughter was still left to her care and to her love, and she roused herself to discharge with fidelity her promise to the dead. But the bloodhounds were not yet satiated. On the 9th of May, 1794, the Princess was roused from sleep, by hearing the door of her prison unbarred.

She rose hastily, slipped on a dress, and calmly awaited the entrance of her jailors, whose dark and ferocious looks prepared her for some new act of tyranny. "Make haste, citizen," they said, "you are wanted below." "Does my niece remain here?" inquired Elizabeth. "That is none of your business; she will be cared for."

The Princess clasped the terrified and weeping child in her arms, and by way of encouraging her, told her not to be frightened, that she would soon be back. "You will never come back," said one of the jailors, with a brutal laugh, "so take your nightcap with you." She embraced her trembling niece, bade her be composed and put her trust in God, praying silently but earnestly for strength to bear whatever might be before her, then calmly followed the jailors into the presence of her judges. On being asked her name and rank, she replied, in clear, firm tones, "I am the Princess Elizabeth of France; the aunt of your King." This noble and resolute answer staggered even her cold-hearted judges for a moment; but it was for a moment only, she was already doomed. She was subjected to a brief interrogatory, every question of which she answered with the most perfect calmness; the sweet, unfaltering tones touching many hearts in that crowded hall, and yet no one dared lift a voice in her defence. She was condemned to be guillotined on the following morning. A brief space only was allotted her for her last devotions, and she too, like the unfortunate queen, was dragged in a common cart to the place of execution. Here she found twenty-four persons, male and female, old and young, waiting to share her fate. The women asked permission to kiss her, which was readily granted. Her cruel judges had ordered that she should witness the execution of the other victims and be herself the last to suffer death. But even this moved her not. Kneeling in the midst of that silent crowd, absorbed in prayer, she remained apparently unconscious of all that was passing around her, until she was called in her turn to ascend the scaffold. She steadily walked up its steps, quietly laid her lovely head on the block, and with the utmost serenity and resignation met the stroke of death; to her, only a joyful deliverance. Thus perished, on the 10th day of May, 1794, one of the best and loveliest Princesses of the Royal House of France.

## HYPATIA OF ALEXANDRIA.

BY MARY LLOYD.

OF Alexander it might be said, with reference to the city called after his name, "he builded better than he knew." Founded soon after the downfall of the haughty and obstinate Tyre, that city of merchant princes, possessing unrivaled natural facilities and commanding a position where Europe, Asia, and Africa most nearly approach each other, Alexandria soon attracted the commerce of the East and the West, and speedily rose to an important rank among the cities of the Old World. The unbounded and restless ambition of Alexander, which led him to think he could become the conqueror of the world, and his partiality and admiration for Greek customs, culture, and religion, whether real or affected, were made subservient by an overruling Disposer of events for the furtherance of His own wise purposes.

Alexander carried his victorious conquests into Asia and Africa, and then followed the extension of the Greek language and civilization, thus preparing the way for the propagation of the gospel. Tyre, which had so proudly scorned and withstood all the solemn warnings of the prophets, was humbled and overthrown; and upon the ruins of her greatness throve a city built to perpetuate the name and memory of its founder. In process of time Alexandria became the home of science and literature. Libraries and academies were established under the fostering care of the Ptolemies, who showed themselves princely and munificent patrons of art and letters.

The highest efforts of creative genius are called out only when some great principle is at stake or by some great and absorbing crisis in the course of humanity, or in the struggle for national existence or honor. Political tameness leads to poetical tameness, and so at Alexandria learning flourished; but the inventive, originating power was wanting. The royal race of poets, epic, lyric, tragic, had died out. In their place came a multitude of rhetoricians and grammarians, who, like Iago, were "nothing if not critical." They collated and revised manuscripts, made laborious annotations to the classic authors, settled disputed readings, and fixed canons of taste from which there was to be no appeal. Let us not affect to

despise these literary arts. Honor to whom honor is due. They collected the wisdom and learning of centuries; cherished the seed-pearls of Greek thought, which, without their labors, would have been irrecoverably lost to the world. It is to be remarked too that scientific investigation and the poetic faculty do not keep pace together. The conditions which favor the one, retard the growth of the other. At Alexandria, within a few centuries, the greatest strides were made in physical and mathematical science. It will be sufficient to mention the names of Euclid, the geometrician, Aratus, the astronomer, Ptolemy, the writer on cosmography, and Galen, the physician.

But the different schools of philosophy made the most display at Alexandria. Here, as to an intellectual arena, came the representatives of all nations with their creeds and religions. Occupying the same vantage ground, might be seen the devout Buddhist, with his doctrine of annihilation and absorption into the deity; the disciple of Zoroaster, absorbed in the contemplation of the conflicting theories of the good and the evil; the Jew, with his accumulated rabbinical lore; and the hierophant of the old Egyptian mythology, who looked upon all other systems of religion with undisguised contempt, as being mere foolishness compared with his. Here too might be seen the vivacious Greek, his ready tongue and nimble fancy often enabling him to gain an easy victory in favor of Greek skepticism or pantheism while contending with these upholders of ancient and almost effete traditions. Thus Alexandria was a common centre where converged all the different and conflicting schools of thought, philosophies, religions and theosophies, giving expression to the various ideas entertained of the nature of the gods and their relation to man.

To Athens it was given to be the birthplace of whatever is most sublime, most ideal in the conception of the beautiful, as well as of the noblest literature—poetry, history, philosophy that has ever been bequeathed as a heritage to mankind; the city of the Cæsars proudly assumed the role of mistress of the world. "*Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, momento,*" says Virgil. She con-



quered nations and gave laws to subject people—creating by absorption and assimilation one vast political unit; while it fell to the lot of Alexandria to give rise to a new school of philosophy—a sort of refined eclecticism—which sought to combine the mysticism of the Orient with whatever was best in the doctrines and speculations of Plato, and to reconcile the discordant elements in each.

This Neo-Platonism has been defined as an “attempt to make Greek religion philosophical and Greek philosophy religious.”

Those who called themselves the followers of Plato, and his master, Socrates, assumed too much for poor fallen human nature. Seeking the apotheosis of man and rejecting the mystery of the Deity veiled in humanity, they missed the truth for which the whole life of Socrates and Plato had been one earnest longing. Failing to lay hold on the truth in its entirety, all their efforts to elevate, purify, and revivify the old faith proved unavailing. The only result from the attempt to galvanize the dead body of Paganism into life was to give it a spasmodic action; to do more, it needed the living, throbbing pulse of Christianity.

The Alexandrians were a gay and flippant race, living in a perpetual round of intellectual dissipation, and like the Athenians before them, were eager to tell or to hear some new thing. Born and nurtured in a philosophical atmosphere, they took in with the air which they breathed a fondness for the bewildering subtleties and abstractions of Neo-Platonism. Expert dialecticians, dextrous in argument, they were more noted for the keenness of their wit and the brilliancy of their imagination than the solidity or depth of their reasoning. Even the very porters and slave-boys got a smattering of learning and philosophy, and could quote the opinions of Platinus, Porphyry, and Ammonius Saccas, and talk glibly of cosmogonies, affinities, absorptions and the like—phrases which they had caught up from their masters as they attended them in going to and from the lectures at the Museum.

These were the Alexandrians whom Hypatia knew; but alas! not the only ones. She was born somewhere about the year 380 A.D.; it is difficult among conflicting accounts to decide definitely; this only is certain, that she was in the perfection of beauty at the time of her cruel and terrible death, which took place in 415. Her father, Theon, who would have been noted as a philoso-

pher and mathematician, had not his fame been eclipsed by that of his daughter, was her early instructor. Then, the pupil outstripping the teacher, she went to Athens, where she studied the Platonic philosophy at its fountain head, and attained the highest eminence as a lecturer on Plato and Aristotle. When she returned to Alexandria, she assumed the government of the school over which her father had long presided, and which had been rendered illustrious by the teaching of Ammonius and Hierochs. She wrote two learned commentaries, one on the “Conics” of Apollonius, and the other on the “Astronomical Canon” of Diophantes. The fame of her extensive learning and extraordinary genius spread to all parts of the civilized world. The most promising youths of Europe, Asia, and Africa were to be found assembled at her feet, and men of the highest rank were proud to be called her friends. Synesius of Cyrene, the learned and eccentric Bishop of Ptolemais, was her pupil before he became a Christian, and afterwards in his letters to her, gives the most grateful and affectionate testimony to her worth. He placed the greatest confidence in her judgment. Before publishing his books, he wrote to her, submitting them to her criticism, and giving his reasons for writing them.

She was celebrated not only for her erudition, but also for her wonderful powers of eloquence, and the rare beauty of her form and face, which fascinated all who came within the circle of her influence.

“Her beauty did astonish the survey

Of richest eyes; her words all ears took captive.”

She did not, with Platinus, blush that she had a body, but strove that the soul within, like a light in an alabaster vase, should transfigure that body and give it radiance, “the inward life informing the outer.” She believed that “the outward frame is the sacrament of the soul’s inward beauty.” True to the Greek instinct within her, which recognized and worshipped the beautiful everywhere, she did not despise the gift of personal beauty, but cherished it; for, spiritualized and etherealized, it brought her into closer approximation with her favorite ideal, the type of intellectual beauty, Pallas-Athenæ.

Her very presence among her followers had the effect of quickening their pulses, and making their blood course in their veins with a more healthy glow. When she lectured in the Museum upon

her favorite subjects, astronomy, the Neo-Platonic philosophy, or the poetry of Homer, she seemed filled with a divine enthusiasm, which made her resemble some inspired priestess of the old religion; and as her eloquent, persuasive tones fell upon the ears of her listeners, they were lifted above the waves of commonplace which flooded their lives, and they shared with her in her noble aspirations for the pure and spiritual. She lived only for the purpose of recovering men from their corporeal grossness and brutish propensities, and lifting them to a level with the gods. The sublime views of the immortal nature of man held by her, were an anticipation of that feeling which led Kant to say that the things which impressed him most deeply were the starry heavens and the soul of man. There was in her the calm, majestic repose of manner, the classic purity and grace of a figure from the antique. Altogether, her beauty, talents, modesty, her sincerity and loftiness of purpose, her singleness of aim, the full-minded completeness and symmetry of character, caused her to be regarded by her disciples and friends with a feeling little less than adoration. Although Hypatia moved as a queen among her subjects, admired and caressed by the public, yet scandal with its withering touch never dared to assail the spotless beauty of her character. Palladas, the epigrammatist, compares her to Astrea, virgin of the heavens, and calls her spotless star. Another writer thus addresses her:

"The heavens are still thy business and thy home,  
To which thy lessons tend, from whence they came:  
Noble Hypatia! of high speech the flower,  
The lustrous star of wise instruction's power."

—*Greek Anthology.*

Hyperbole was stretched to its utmost limit when Nicephorus, wishing to compliment the Empress Eudoxia, called her another Hypatia.

But even Hypatia, whose lot seemed favored above that of ordinary mortals, could not purchase immunity from the stern discipline of suffering. She had all her life looked forward to the day when the gods should again be honored with libations and processions and all the other "fair humanities of old religion;" when the ancient faith, purified of its dross, should again be restored to the sway which once it held over the hearts of men. Did she ever, in her heart of hearts, allow herself to think that perhaps after all the faith of Christianity might be the true one? Was it a

premonition of her sad and terrible fate that darkened her mental horizon and gave rise to those doubtings and questionings which rent her being to its inmost depths? She of all others, dwelling on the heights of calm philosophy, should have risen superior to the multitude of common souls, and held in check the perturbations and agitations of her spirit. But vain were all her philosophical theories and assertions—they could not quiet her vague and restless longings, and in her distress she appealed to the gods to vouchsafe some sign of their divinity. But the gods of Hellas gave no answer to the despairing cry of their votary. Great Pan was dead—dead from the time when from the cross went forth the agonizing cry, "It is finished."

But I must hasten to give an account of the fearful tragedy which put an end to Hypatia's life. It has already been remarked that all races and religions met at Alexandria. At this time the Christians formed no unimportant part of the population, and between them and the Jews existed the bitterest enmity. Not unfrequently were they at daggers' points, and riots and scenes of bloodshed were the result, thus adding another dark page to the history of bigotry and fanaticism. Cyril, the Archbishop of Alexandria, possessed many noble and admirable qualities, but they were obscured by the haughty and ungovernable passions of the man. He was ambitious, eager for the advancement of what he thought to be the interests of the Church, but unscrupulous in the means he used for that purpose.

At last the Jews made a concerted and furious onslaught on the Christians, murdering them inhumanly as they rushed out of their houses at midnight to save one of their churches which had been purposely set on fire. Theodosius and his ministers at Constantinople cared not much for what was going on in the provinces, so long as they could follow their own devices and immerse themselves in pleasure; and so Cyril, knowing it was useless to attempt to obtain redress, or even to get a hearing, determined to take the law into his own hands. He therefore organized a force of the Parabolani, and with them attacked the Jews, who were compelled to flee from the city; destroyed their synagogues; and, plundering their goods, divided them among his followers. Orestes, the prefect of Alexandria, justly and naturally incensed at the high-handed proceedings of the

Archbishop, would listen to no explanation, and treated with disdain all Cyril's repeated efforts at reconciliation.

It must be remembered in extenuation of Cyril's conduct that the primacy of Alexandria brought with it a considerable share of temporal power and responsibility, and that the Christians looked to their patriarch for support and protection. Five hundred monks from the desert of Nitria determined to make the cause of their archbishop their own. They entered the city and attacked Orestes as he was riding through the streets in his chariot. As they reviled him for being a Pagan, he exclaimed, "I am a Christian; I protest that I am a Christian. The bishop (Atticus) of Constantinople baptized me." The citizens came to his rescue, and delivered him out of the hands of these violent partisans; but not before he had received a frightful wound in the face, from a stone thrown by one Ammonius. The monk speedily expiated his crime, by death under torture. His body was conveyed to the cathedral, where it lay in state and received all the honors of martyrdom. Cyril did not denounce the outrage, but magnified the virtues of Ammonius, and changed his name to Thaumasius, the Wonderful. Thus the rupture between the prefect and the archbishop, instead of being healed, widened every day.

But the climax of honors had yet to be reached. Day after day as Cyril passed the residence of Hypatia, or the doors of the academy where she taught, he observed a gorgeous train of horses and litters, with a retinue of slaves in attendance. These belonged to the many friends and admirers of Hypatia, who thronged round her, presenting their homage. Of these none visited her so frequently as Orestes. He had the highest respect for her judgment, and again and again consulted her

on matters pertaining to the government of the city. It was believed by the Christians that she prejudiced his mind against the archbishop, and added fuel to the flames of his resentment. All the meaner passions were aroused in Cyril's breast at the thought that the heathen woman should possess so much influence over Orestes, and forgetting the principles of that religion which he professed to teach, he resolved, we are told on the authority of Suidas, to compass her death.

One morning in Lent, as Hypatia was returning from the lecture-room in the Academy, she was met in the street by an infuriated mob, headed by Peter the Reader. Like so many wild beasts, they rushed upon her, tore her from her chariot, and dragged her to the church called the Cæsareum. There, sinking their humanity, degrading themselves to the level of demons, they desecrated the sanctity of the place, staining the white marble floor with her blood. With shells and potsherds they tore off the quivering flesh from the bones, and taking her members to a place on the beach called Cinaron, burned them, and cast the ashes into the sea.

Some ecclesiastical historians are of the opinion that there is not sufficient evidence to convict Cyril of any part in this inhuman murder, and lay the blame on the wild, fierce, and turbulent Alexandrian mob (*Levissimum hominum genus, Cavè*), whose passions he was unable to control. Canon Robertson, one of the latest authorities, says:

"That Cyril had any share in this atrocity, appears to be an unsupported calumny."

While the Church will ever have to lament that such a foul disgrace has been brought upon her name, she must at the same time disclaim the spirit which led to the perpetration of this horrible crime as alien and inimicable to that of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

## UNDER THE SNOW.

By L. M. B.

My garden lies under the shrouding snow,

The drifting, glittering snow;  
Each flower that I reared has bowed its head,  
Its sweet bloom withered—its fragrance fled;  
I loved them living, and mourn them dead;  
Dead under the weight of the winter snow,  
While over their grave the north winds blow;  
Dead! and I loved them so!

But the sun by-and-by will melt the snow,  
The stainless shroud of snow,  
And the beautiful rose and the stately tree,  
May blossom and grow again for me;

And my heart will be glad if I may see  
The sweet buds creep from beneath the snow,  
While over their petals the south winds blow;  
Glad! for I loved them so!

Ah! buried far under life's glittering snow,  
Its pitiless drifts of snow,  
The blossoms of Joy, whose luscious bloom  
Smothered my heart in their sweet perfume,  
Lie frozen and wrapped in a rayless gloom;  
Can they ever come back from their shroud of snow?  
No, no; they are dead—and the north winds blow!  
Dead! and I loved them so!

## VICTOR EMMANUEL.

VITTORIO EMMANUELE MARIA ALBERTO EUGENIO FERDINANDO TOMMASO, better known as Victor Emmanuel II., King of Italy, was born in Turin, March 14, 1820, and was the oldest son of Carlo Alberto, of Sardinia, and Theresa, daughter of the Grand Duke Ferdinand, of Tuscany. He received his early education from the Jesuits. In 1842, being then Duke of Savoy, he married the Archduchess Adelaide, of Austria, and six years later took the field with his father in the war against his wife's kindred. At the battle of Goito he was wounded, and at Novara won great admiration by his gallantry. The latter battle resulted disastrously to the Italians; and Charles Albert, believing that his son's matrimonial alliance would be of service in treating with the conquering general, abdicated the throne. Victor Emmanuel surrounded himself at the beginning of his reign with able ministers, including Cavour and D'Azeglio, who gave him aid in his diplomatic negotiations with other sovereigns and in quelling the spirit of insurrection that had begun to show itself at home. He began his reign under the most unfavorable auspices. He had to overcome the consequences of a disastrous war with Austria, to subdue faction, and to preserve the constitution, to annul which, it was said, Austria attempted to bribe him with the offer of Parma, by which his troops became the comrades of the allied armies in the Crimea. The same year he paid a visit to the British court, and received an enthusiastic reception from the English people. His daughter, the Princess Clothilde, was given in marriage to Prince Napoleon, cousin of the late Emperor of the French. In 1859, after a series of sanguinary battles with Austria, in which the Austrians were defeated by the allied French and Sardinian troops, Austrian power was driven from Lombardy, which State was annexed to the Sardinian crown. He concluded with England a treaty of commerce, and obtained a treaty of peace from Austria upon comparatively easy terms.

In 1855 his monarchy acquired additional consideration through the convention signed with England and France, and other important States of the Italian Peninsula voted for their annexation to the rest of Italy which acknowledged the rule of the Sardinian monarch. After the annexation of these Provinces to his crown, Victor Emmanuel

assumed the title of King of Italy. In 1866, after the "Seven weeks' war," Venice was added to the Italian dominions, and in 1870 the Papal States were incorporated in his dominions, thus bringing about that unification of Italy, which the Italians had long struggled for, and which we see to-day. In 1871 Victor Emmanuel moved his capital from Florence to Rome, and took up his residence in the Inominal palace. The king's first wife dying in 1855, he afterwards contracted a morganatic marriage with Rosa Vercellana, whom he made Countess of Miraflore.

The reign of Victor Emmanuel was very eventful. He possessed a stubborn, iron will, and was noted for his personal bravery. He was regarded as a man of small mental capacity, however. He had strong friends, and equally strong enemies. He leaves two sons and two daughters. His eldest son, Umberto, Prince of Piedmont, is his successor. He was born in 1844, and is consequently thirty-three years of age. He was a major-general in the Italian army, and is regarded as a man of independent mind. It is thought, by persons who know his purposes best, that any modification of his father's policy he may make will be in the anti-clerical interest. He was married April 22d, 1868, to his cousin, Princess Margarita, of Genoa.

Prince Amadeus, Victor Emmanuel's second son, was King of Spain from December, 1870, till February, 1873, and is now living in retirement in Italy. Pia, the second, is the present Queen of Portugal.

Victor Emmanuel's fatal illness assumed a form at first which caused no especial alarm, as he had often suffered similar attacks and rallied speedily. His extreme corpulency made him a victim of many disorders which men of lesser habit escape. It was necessary to bleed him freely at times, and his fondness for hunting and other open air sports were encouraged by his physicians as a necessity of his peculiar constitution.

By the death of Victor Emmanuel Italy has lost at once one of the most illustrious of her heroes and most consistent of her statesmen. Without him, it is questionable whether at the present moment she would have been a free and independent Power, holding a powerful voice in the councils of Europe.



## THE THREE NAOMIES, AND THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

BY MRS. C. DURANG.

## CHAPTER IV.—BATTLE OF NORTH POINT.—ORIGIN OF HYMN OF THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

It was on Sunday, the 11th of September, 1814. The citizens of Baltimore were reposing in supposed tranquility, when the signal gun was fired or Federal Hill, to give warning of the enemy's approach. The drums beat, and the troops flew to arms.

The troops formed into a brigade under General Stricker, to impede or check the British army, which were disembarking at North Point. Attached to this brigade were Major Pinckney's Rifles, Captain Asquith's Company, Captain Cone's, and large bodies of Virginia and Pennsylvania volunteers, who had returned from Bladensburg. On Chincapin Hill, called so from the dwarf chestnuts that once grew there, earth breastworks, with a wide ditch, were thrown up, on which were mounted, *en barbette*, some twenty-four pounders and light ordnance, with other fortified mounds, manned by Commodore Rodger's crew of about eight hundred sailors. The Maryland and Virginia militia were here entrenched. The entire force which was posted here for the defence of the eastern side of the town amounted to about ten thousand men, while volunteers from York, Lancaster, and the adjoining towns poured in. Captain Spangler's company from Yorktown arrived just in time for the battle of North Point, and was placed in the centre of Colonel Sterrett's Fifth Regiment. The next day the pickets signalled the approach of the British forces.

General Stricker drew up his forces before the meeting-house on the edge of the wood, his right resting on Bear's Creek, which debouched into the Patapsco River, and his left was flanked by an extensive marsh of an impregnable nature.

Two companies of Sterrett's Regiment, with Cone's Rifles, had been thrown forward in reconnaissance, and to skirmish with the light troops. The country from the foot of Chincapin Hill down to North Point was a flat country, with here and there a plantation clearing; the road was narrow, running through dense pine, scrubby oak, and persimmon woods.

The Baltimore Fifth Regiment was drawn up in

the wood; on its left was a road which was enfiladed with artillery companies, composed of the Thirty-ninth uniformed Regiment, under Colonel Amies. This line extended to the face of a farm of several acres, covered with corn, fodder, and sedge fields. This line was supported by several small corps of artillery, with a troop of cavalry and riflemen, amounting in all to about three thousand men. Only two or three of the regiments were uniformed; the rest of the troops presented a motley aspect of colors. The coats were principally of blue, faced with buff or scarlet. The green dress of the riflemen looked neat and soldierly.

The sharp crack of the rifle soon announced that our advance was engaged with the enemy skirmishing. In scouting through the woods their green uniform so mingled with the foliage that they fell upon the British light troops ere their presence was unmasked, and ambush fighting commenced in true Indian style.

The British light troops soon deployed right and left into the woods, while their column marched steadily up the narrow road to where General Stricker's line was formed.

In advance of the enemy's column General Ross and his numerous staff were cautiously approaching, reconnoitering with their telescopes.

They presented a gay, glittering group of officers, richly arrayed in scarlet, and elegantly mounted on their chargers. A group of about twenty rode up to a knoll which was shaded by several large pine trees; here they halted to rest and survey the road. During this reconnoissance the riflemen and the British light troops were saluting each other with sharp rifle balls, from bush coverts, tree-trunks, and other little convenient shelters. Captain Cone threw his men into the recess of the fences, from which they picked off their adversaries with fatal accuracy. A squad of riflemen observing this group of officers, this corps of observation, leveled their pieces at them. Their volley had a deadly effect; General Ross fell mortally wounded. He was immediately carried to the rear on a litter. He was dressed in a brilliant scarlet uniform, with a gray-colored surtout thrown over it. The group and staff retired. The British bugles echoed

through the woods, and the skirmishing became incessant.

The heads of the British columns advanced rapidly, and our skirmishers gradually retreated before their numerous antagonists. By the time that the consternation which had seized upon the British ranks on the death of General Ross had subsided, and the senior officer of the enemy had assumed the command of the forces, General Stricker had completed his line of battle, and with not more than two thousand men he advanced to meet five thousand well-disciplined troops. On the left of the road was a farm clearing of many large fields, in the centre of which was a large house, and cattle-sheds, also several stacks of fodder dotting the fields. The British pioneers on reaching this clearing cut away the fences and wheeled in columns into the open spaces. Our artillery commenced firing into their columns, which made wide gaps in their massed ranks, but which they filled up as vacated, as if they were marching on their parade ground. The American fire became so galling and destructive to their columns that at last some of the regiments took shelter behind the fodder. The officers behaving with much intrepidity, marched up almost within musket-shot, viewing the several positions with their field-glasses.

Many posted themselves in the house to view more safely our positions from the windows; but Montgomery's Artillery soon riddled their quarters, and they flew from it like swallows from their summer's retreat at the approach of winter.

The contest was severe, but not long, and eventually superior discipline prevailed over courage. The brunt of this spirited engagement fell upon Major William Pinckney's Rifle Brigade—the truly distinguished Pinckney, who as our able and polished representative at the Court of St. James, when he found all logic, all reason, all appeals to justice fruitless in behalf of his country's neutral rights, threw away his diplomatic pen, returning to his country, drew the sword of the patriot citizen soldier in defence of her injured honor.

The valor of the Fifth uniform Regiment and the Twenty-seventh Militia Corps particularly won honor for themselves. After an hour's conflict Colonel Amies's Regiment wavered, when this regiment, on whom much reliance had been placed, broke and retreated in great disorder. Thus out-flanked, General Stricker immediately withdrew

Sterrett's, Long's, McDonald's, Fowler's, and Pinckney's Regiments, changed his front, or reformed his line of battle, in the rear of his first position.

No success attended this operation; confusion had seized upon all. The British sounded a charge at double-quick step, and our reformed line was broken, not to be reformed, and a general retreat resulted, nor was a halt made in the flying ranks till they reached the entrenchments on Chincapin Hill, where Commodore Rodgers, with eight hundred sailors and about five thousand militia were behind the breastworks. The fortifications extended the whole length of the Hill. This formidable entrenchment, or its apparent strength, ultimately saved the city from the attack of the land forces, which approached to within one mile of this Hill. There encamping on either side of the Philadelphia road, on the night after the battle of North Point, their pickets stretched to the foot, and talked with ours quite friendly.

Colonel Brooke, on arriving at this point, reconnoitered and manœuvred as if he intended to turn the entrenchment, and so advance on the Harford and York roads, where the town was unprotected by any works; but this movement was checked by General Winder with the Virginia Militia, and some regular troops, who moved in that direction, threatening to get in the rear of his army and so cut off all retreat to his ships. Colonel Brooke took prudence by the forelock and retreated to North Point over the battle-ground of the day before, and so safely reëmbarked under cover of the British fleet.

In the midst of the embarkation of the retiring British troops there was a white flag mingled with them; this flag of truce bore Mr. Francis S. Key and his fellow-commissioners, empowered to treat with the military powers of the invading fleet, and negotiate some international rules as regarded an exchange of prisoners. On arriving on board of Admiral Cockburn's ship they were received with much courtesy; but a simultaneous attack by land and water being meditated, the commissioners were detained on board as prisoners till the result of the actions were ascertained. Thus painfully imprisoned, they became unwilling spectators of the bombardment of Fort McHenry. With hearts filled with despair they beheld the flag of their country waving over the fort, as they feared, for the last time.

The British fleet formed a semicircle in front of the fort, at a safe distance to bombard it, during the night. The bomb-ships, from whose iron mouths issued over two thousand shells, bursting in showers of fire over the safeguard of their city, were anchored in front of the men-of-war. With painful anxiety their straining eyes watched the descent of each missile till darkness hid their work.

About midnight the British became aware that their shells had done very little injury, and that it was impossible to get possession of the harbor or to destroy the fortified works of the fort, therefore the commanders determined to land competent forces, and take the town in the rear. Thus at midnight, several bomb-vessels, rocket-boats, and a large division of barges, filled with a corps of marines, soldiers, etc., amounting to from twelve to fourteen hundred men, attempted to run by the fort, which stands on a peninsula which is formed by a sheet of water which runs from the harbor to Spring Garden. A signal-rocket was to be given when they had passed the fort.

This signal they gave prematurely, for it gave the alarm to a six-gun water battery in the rear of the fort, on the cove side. They opened their fire upon the spot from which they saw the rocket ascend; when the fort and all the outworks around opened a tremendous fire of red-hot shot. This firing was at random, and without aim, but it struck two of the barges and sunk them; the firing was so terrific that the enemy abandoned the enterprise. The next morning a barge was found floating near the shore filled with dead soldiers and sailors.

The patriotic prisoners watched the fort during the night with eager, beating hearts, as Francis S. Key transmitted his inspired thoughts to paper in the following words:

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed, etc.

They thought that Fort McHenry had been annihilated through the night, but on the gray dawn of the morning of the 14th of September "The Star-Spangled Banner" still floating in the air, burst upon their eyes. Their position prevented them from proclaiming aloud their sensations, but the poet transmitted them to posterity by the concluding verse of his national hymn.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On Mr. Key's return to Baltimore he had this celebrated poetical national anthem published by Captain Benjamin Edes, of the Twenty-seventh Baltimore Regiment. Captain

The admirable defence made by Major Armistead, of Fort McHenry, and the combined land forces, caused the English fleet to abandon any further attack, and they departed down the bay on the 15th day of September, 1814.

#### CHAPTER V.—CUPID AT WORK.—SPECULATIONS DO NOT ALWAYS SUCCEED.

ALL was again quiet in Washington; its ruins were not again molested, although Baltimore was attacked.

Housekeeping was again resumed by Colonel Clarendon, and all former associations with Captains Melbourne and Aubrey were renewed. As they were both such constant visitors he feared that Melbourne might propose marriage to his sister; he considered it his duty to hint to him in a quiet way, that he would not wish her to marry any man who had only a temporary military profession to depend on.

The opportunity soon occurred. As they were all three enjoying a supper together, Melbourne began to rally Beaufort on being in love.

"Pshaw! Beaufort in love!" said Colonel Clarendon; "I hope he is not such a fool as to think of marrying at this present time. I should consider him either a fool or a knave, and I do not believe he is either."

Edes had a printing-office at the corner of Baltimore and Gay streets.

The defenders of the Monumental City had their daily parade in the square before the Theatre. A lot of them were assembled in a room in a one-story building adjoining the Theatre, there awaiting the time for the drill to commence. They were rejoicing over the late victory, and were in a joyous mood, when they were joined by Captain Thomas Warner and Captain Benjamin Edes, who requested the merry group to listen to a new patriotic song that he had just published. He read it to the delighted young soldiers, who heartily applauded each verse. He then suggested that it should be sung, as the author had arranged the words, to the old air of "Anacreon in Heaven."

As Mr. Ferdinand Durang, who was a soldier in the army, was known to be an excellent vocalist, and being present, the task was assigned to him.

He was accordingly mounted on an old rush-bottom chair, and sung the National Anthem for the first time. The verses were so appropriate, so impressive, that every heart beat in unison with the words and the cause, that he had to repeat it several times, till at last the entire group joined in the chorus.

The Theatre was opened by Messrs. Warren and Wood shortly after, and the "Star-Spangled Banner" was nightly sung by Mr. Ferdinand Durang, and the chorus by the entire company.

"How so?" inquired Melbourne.

"What right has a man who is in the army, with nothing else to depend upon, to marry a woman to make her miserable? What happiness can a sensitive woman have when bullets are flying round his head, and she does not know the moment one may strike him?"

"Then you would not consent to your sister's marrying one of the military profession?" inquired Melbourne.

"Much as I honor the profession, I say no! I should not hesitate to decide for her sake!"

"And your daughter, then?" added Beaufort.

"She is yet but a child, and I hope the war will be over before she is of an age to think of marriage."

"Aye, aye, you are right," observed Captain Beaufort. "Hang the war. This soldiering is a bad speculation; worse for the officers! An outsider may get a contract to supply the soldiers with coats, shoes, or bread, and he may make his fortune. But a poor lieutenant or captain goes into battle; he may kill twenty *enemies*; that does him no good! It yields him nothing. He may lose a leg or an arm; that don't pay; or he may have his head shot off! His regiment wins the honor, he loses his life, which is his all! However, I am in for it, and that, too, just now, while there is such a fine opportunity for me to make my fortune, and here I am tied like a dead log to my post; a poor post it is! of captain in the army, when I might, with a little good luck, be a—a—" he hesitated a little, when Colonel Clarendon filled up the vacuum, saying, "a colonel."

"A colonel," reiterated Beaufort. "A colonel! Pshaw! No, indeed. Well, I will tell you. You know Jack Hayes?"

"Certainly!"

"Well! Jack was sailing through the Straits of Magellan on board the *Black Crow*, when a violent storm arose, the vessel was cast ashore, the cargo was lost, but Jack was saved, and sheltered on the coast of Patagonia. He then became acquainted with the manners of the people; he says they are a race that only require proper government to become a great nation. There honor and wealth would be my reward, if I could invest my energies in the cause."

The risible faculties of the party were too much excited to suppress their mirth, when Melbourne said:

"Then you think you could become Governor of Patagonia."

"Governor! No, sir, King! Nothing less than King for me! I assure you."

"My dear Beaufort, I think it is very fortunate that you are tied here as a captain, for it keeps you out of bad company; you would soon get tired of your Patagonian subjects," observed the Colonel. He had spoken on the subject that he wished, and he hoped it would have the effect.

In 1815 Peace was proclaimed.

Most of the volunteers were discharged; those who had trades or professions prepared to resume them.

Colonel Clarendon having been indemnified for his losses in the John Brown, resigned his commission and retired in affluence. Captain Melbourne was transferred to the regular army, and Captain Beaufort obtained a clerkship in the War Department.

Happy to see peace once more restored, Geraldine tried to resume her methodical rules, but circumstances opposed her at every turn. Percy laughed at her system, while he was continually looking out for new speculations. "I tell you," said he, "nothing is gained by being too particular. Now if luck would only take a turn, I could make my fortune this year."

"Why, Percy, can it be possible that you are a predestinarian?"

"Not exactly, but chance governs us more than we will allow. Intellect does not always succeed in securing fortune and position, nor does ignorance, yet we see fortune alternates with both. How is that? What is it that distributes favors and fortunes so unequally in this world? I say it is chance; and chance and good luck are synonymous terms."

"Ah! Percy, I am afraid you leave industry and order out of your catalogue."

"Not at all; for I have to work hard to get any luck on my side, and she is so slippery that I have to watch her with both my eyes in looking out for a good speculation, and I tell you that that is hard work. Now I would just as soon throw myself in the ocean, as go on board of a ship if fortune was against me, for I might be wrecked and lost. Now if luck was in my favor, and I was swimming about in the water, I might be picked up and taken to some port, and make my fortune. All is chance in this world, I tell you."

"Nonsense, Percy, you really terrify me with your singular ideas. If you were wrecked you might be saved, but I think you would stand very little chance if you went swimming about the ocean trusting to fortune for some one to pick you up."

"I do not think so, for if I was not picked up, Fortune, to save her character, would drift me to some island that I could take possession of."

"All that is very unlikely to happen, so I wish you would let your mind wander to something that would."

And he did let his mind wander, for it never was at rest; he was one amongst the number who were seeking situations. The peculiarity of his disposition led him always to look forward to speculations. Just after he had left Geraldine he met Melbourne.

"Come, Melbourne," said he, "join me in a certain operation, and our fortune is made!"

"What is it?"

"You know silk is very scarce, and all silk goods command their price."

"Well! you have no silk, have you?"

"No, not exactly; but listen patiently to me. Land is cheap on the coast of Carolina. Mulberry trees grow there fast. Besides there are vines and trees that silkworms and spiders flourish upon, and I calculate that every acre of land will feed a hundred million of worms and spiders; only think of the bushels of cocoons."

"Don't you think that your spiders will eat your worms?"

"I never thought of that; but we may keep them separate."

"Consider the expense of hiring hands; planting the trees would eat up whatever funds we might invest in it. No, Beaufort, we will never be able to make our fortunes on worms and spiders. Besides, the money will be made by those who buy the cocoons, and the manufacturers."

"Dear me, what a time I have to get any one to agree with me; but Geraldine thinks it a very good idea."

"Indeed!" observed Melbourne, laughing, "I do not think she would like to live in a log cabin in the midst of a swamp, assisting you to catch spiders, and shaking with the ague."

"Well, I declare I never thought of the ague. I must do something to make money. I want to marry, but I do not want to take my bird captive

till I have a cage to put it in, and I want it to be a handsome one."

"You are right in your principles, but I do not think your spiders and worms will assist you."

Some two years passed without any change in the positions or locations of any of the parties; a seeming apathy seemed to pervade all. Beaufort formed plan after plan in his fertile brain, not one of which could be formed into a solid scheme. He had obtained a situation in one of the public offices; it was but a temporary one to be sure, however, he could enjoy Geraldine's society, while his brain luxuriated in speculating in "splendid castles built in the air;" he was satisfied.

The fashion of the United States assembled in Washington when Congress met. The halls of the Capitol were daily crowded with the élité that congregated there; among them were Captain Melbourne and Naomie. The observations made by both of them on the orators and their subjects produced a sentiment of unity that was growing dangerous to both of them; Colonel Clarendon perceived it, and wished to check it, but how could he do so without divulging his future plans? It was too soon for that; his only course was to watch silently.

The country was greatly agitated by contending parties on the all-absorbing question of slavery. Henry Clay was to speak on the subject, and Naomie had been looking forward with much pleasure, expecting to hear an unusual display of eloquence. When Melbourne remarked that Mr. Clay was to speak on the subject the next day, Colonel Clarendon replied "that he was not very well, and that they would not go."

"Not go!" reiterated Melbourne, "and Henry Clay going to speak on such a subject! My dear sir, a nation's destiny hangs on his breath. With your leave I will wait on the ladies; every one will be there."

"That may be, but it is not necessary for Naomie to be there."

"It may not be altogether necessary, father," replied Naomie, "but it would be very agreeable to her."

"Then her father must escort her there himself," observed Colonel Clarendon.

Melbourne was mortified, and took his leave. No comment passed between the father and daughter, although it was evident that a very unpleasant feeling had arisen between them.



The morning of that eventful day found her musing before the fire, not thinking of going out, when her father reminded her of their intended visit to the Capitol. She paused for a moment to consider what reply she should make to him. To her the intended excursion had lost half its pleasure. But Aubrey would be there; consequently she arose to prepare to go, and apologized to her father for detaining him. Her toilette was soon arranged, and she accompanied him and Geraldine without any further observations.

Ah! Naomie, what is that feeling that is intruding itself between a parent's love and yours? Alas, it is the first departure of a child's simplicity of heart! It calls on art to lend its aid to hide a sudden metaporphosis that has just taken place in nature. Nature should know no such changes; yet it does. It is a course she takes. Why? Wherefore? None can answer; it is unanswerable. But it is sanctioned in all climes, and all creeds. Therefore, so be it. And Melbourne! He was too refined to be insensible to the fascination that surrounded him. His young pupil progressed in all the languages, to the delight of her father, who listened in admiration to her progress, and was heard frequently to exclaim, "All is right, she will succeed in it;" or, "she will realize all my hopes!" These, and other expressions of the same nature, were constantly drawn from him.

The galleries were already filled when Colonel Clarendon's party arrived in the hall. The seats seemed all occupied, when Melbourne approached them and informed the Colonel where there were some reserved for them. A cold, formal bow of thanks, and a smile from Naomie, repaid him for his past mortification.

The most intense interest was felt throughout the hall, and profound silence reigned as the commanding, manly form of Henry Clay arose to address the assemblage on a subject of vital interest to his country. His clear, silvery voice fell on the ears of his listeners, his splendid oratory and magical genius held them spell-bound. The silence of the grave held its influence over them; at length a long suppressed silence was broken, and murmurs of approbation burst from the immense auditory, as if the weight of the globe was lifted from the shoulders of Atlas. The incubus that weighed down the country was removed. The great question was at rest. Henry Clay's victory was complete.

#### CHAPTER VI.—MYSTERY ON MYSTERY.

DETERMINED to put an end to suspense, Melbourne sought an interview with Colonel Clarendon, during which he requested his daughter's hand. Colonel Clarendon looked at him with astonishment for some time, when he replied:

"My dear friend, it is impossible! There are many reasons that compel me to refuse to sanction an alliance with my daughter. Your profession! In the first place, you would have to abandon it, and you have no other as yet."

"That is true; but it is one I always gloried in, and one that I have heard you speak of in the most exalted terms."

"True! for those who are not bound by any other ties but those of their country's welfare; yet, remember, they are not alone great who win battles and govern empires. The harmonious voice of the orator as it moves to mercy the stern judge, when pleading the cause of innocence, is greater far than the warrior. The triumphs of art are greater than the triumphs of war! War brings horrors, misery, and famine on the most prosperous lands."

"Do you condemn the principles of patriotism? Is it not right that I should follow the footsteps of our forefathers, and devote my life to preserve the legacy they have left us?"

"When you went forward in the defence of your country, your conduct deserved the name of patriotism; the cause was just and honorable. But peace is restored, and other vocations should claim attention."

"There is peace with Europe, it is true. But there are other difficulties to be settled. Our frontiers are liable to be assailed at any moment. The best lands of Florida are held by barbarians, after we have paid for them."

"And who were they bought from?"

"The Spaniards."

"What right had they to sell the lands of the aborigines, who were the rightful owners of the soil? Had they the right? No; but it is an assumed power taken to drive them from their hunting-grounds on which they were born, and where the bones of all their race have been buried for ages; must they leave them, and wander forth they know not where, in uncongenial climes to encounter frosts, snows, and perhaps starvation. Once the poor Indian was the proud possessor of all his eyes could behold, and his limbs wander

over. Unversed in worldly knowledge, he exchanged his ground piece by piece for a few glittering baubles, a string of beads, or a draught of intoxicating beverage; they knew not the value of their land, or the grasping power they were dealing with. Thus they are despoiled of their homes, driven step by step, till they have scarcely a place to rest their weary bones; yet you mean to aid in driving the remnant of the race from the last place they claimed as their own. Do you consider it as honorable warfare? Are you willing to draw your sword, that sword on whose blade honor is engraved by its former deeds, in such a cause? Pause ere you wash the inscription out in the blood of the poor Indian. This is one objection to your marriage with my dear child. Another is, she is too young to assume the duties of a wife. Again, I have my own selfish views. I have educated her for one purpose, a purpose that she has never yet been informed of, her youth rendering her incapable of comprehending it, were it intrusted to her."

"What is that purpose? does it contemplate her marriage with another?"

"I cannot answer that question with candor."

"If you intend her to marry another person, why did you allow my frequent visits at your house without intimating that she was pledged to another person?"

"You mistake my words; I did not say she was pledged to another person. In vindicating myself against your charge, I can only say I was under the delusion that your attentions were directed to my sister."

"Can it be possible that you were so mistaken?" continued Melbourne, who was about to mention his friend's name, as being a suppliant for Geraldine's hand, when the thought occurred to him that he might cause some mischief; besides he had sufficient work to plead his own cause. "Since your objection to a military life is so great, suppose I abandon it for another; would you then give me your daughter? Would you sanction our union?"

"Melbourne, there is no man I respect more than you, no one to whom I would sooner relinquish my care of her than you. But I can promise nothing until time develops some events. There is a duty for her to perform before she can enter the marriage state. What it is, is known only to myself. She is too young to be informed of it, and I wish silence to be observed on that subject, if we are to continue friends."

This mysterious ending to their conference was most unsatisfactory to Melbourne. After the prohibition to speak on the subject, honor bound him to silence; but thought was busy in his brain. Could he continue his visits? How could he regulate his conduct? in the injunction laid, there was no prohibition against them. Was he to abandon his profession? There was no hope of reward held out to him should he do so. What course he was to pursue, puzzled him strangely. At length he came to the conclusion to do that which was most agreeable to him—to continue his visits, and to say nothing to Naomie of his having proposed for her.

It was a source of sorrow and mystery to Colonel Clarendon that his eyes had not penetrated deeper into the thoughts of his child; he feared lest her affections should be lost beyond her control.

Separation he considered as the best remedy, resolving to leave Washington and take up his residence in New York until she was of an age sufficiently ripe to undertake the task he contemplated assigning to her.

He announced his intention of leaving Washington, in due form to his sister Geraldine, and to his daughter. It filled them with consternation and grief. Geraldine expostulated with him.

"Why should we leave our friends here? Why break the ties of friendship which have bound us together in the dark hour of our trouble?"

Expostulations were vain; his determination was formed, and he was resolved to put it in execution. He sought Melbourne, and taking him by the hand said: "Melbourne, as a man of honor I address you. I wish to know if you have mentioned to Naomie my conversation with you, when you asked me for her hand in marriage?"

"No, nor did I inform her of my proposing for her. I felt a reluctance to let her know that there would be any objections to our union."

"I thank you, and request your further observance of the same silence. If after the fulfillment of her mission she remains free to marry, there will be no obstacle thrown in the way by me of your marriage."

"I promise silence, although your mysterious plans, I fear, may involve both your daughter's happiness and mine."

"I shall remove to New York next week; the probability is that you will not often meet until something more decisive as to your positions are known. Should all turn out as I wish, there is

no man I would sooner call son-in-law than yourself."

Melbourne was thunderstruck at the last piece of information. It was as unexpected as it was unwelcome. As they parted he analyzed in his mind the promise he had made.

He had not made any promise *not to marry* Naomie if an opportunity occurred. All that he felt himself bound to observe was, not to divulge that her father had some mysterious plans for her to execute. What they were, he did not know himself; consequently he could not compromise himself on that subject. Query? Would it be dishonorable in him to marry secretly, and let her father reveal his plans to her afterwards? After arguing the subject with himself, he came to the conclusion that it would not; on the contrary, he considered his position as engaged to her. Thus convinced, he resolved to try and persuade her to consent to a private marriage.

New difficulties soon presented themselves to the erratic will of Melbourne. Naomie received the proposition with astonishment and indignation.

"Why should I marry without his consent? He has always been a kind, indulgent father to me. Shall I be so ungrateful as to take such a step without letting him know of it? Mr. Melbourne, you do not know either him or me, or you would scarcely have made such a proposition. He will not withhold his consent; as a proof of it I will ask him myself this very evening

"No, you must not; you do not know what you propose to do," exclaimed Melbourne, in affright. Naomie looked at him with surprise and terror.

"What is the meaning of this?" said she, "What dishonorable motives have you for such conduct?"

"Naomie, you distract me. You must be aware that no dishonorable motives could ever for one moment exist in my mind towards you."

"But why may I not go to my father?" inquired Naomie."

"But there is a mysterious opposition, a—what shall I call it? Alas! I can give it no name; but there is a reason why your father should not at present be asked to give his consent. Naomie, if you move in this business you destroy your happiness and mine. The time may come when no secrecy will be needed."

"Then we had better wait for that time."

"Naomie, will you grant me one favor?"

"What is it?"

"Do not say anything about this conversation to your father until I am at liberty to say more."

"It is a strange, mysterious request, but it is granted. As this interview will be the last we will have, I am sorry to curtail it, but no good can result from its being prolonged." No longer able to restrain her tears, she rushed from the room, leaving him in despair.

On his return home he found orders awaiting him, commanding him to repair to the frontiers with his regiment.

"So you are ordered off?" said Beaufort, as he entered the room of his friend, and beheld his melancholy air.

"Yes, but that is not the worst of it. I am—hang all mysteries and mysterious ways. Why cannot people walk, talk, and speak openly. What do they mean with their wicked ways, getting people into such confounded scrapes."

"What scrape are you in now?"

"I suppose you know that the Colonel is going to New York to reside?"

"You don't say so?" said Beaufort, perfectly aghast at the intelligence; "and you going off to the frontiers. I won't stay in Washington one day after you are gone; I will go to New York too."

"Will you? My dear boy you are perfectly right." The thought struck him that if Beaufort would be near Naomie he would give him information concerning her; it cheered him in this dark hour of his distress. "Yes, you will do better in New York than here, and you must write to me every week, so as to let me know how Naomie is."

"Surely she will write to you herself?"

"No, she will not."

"Did you ask her?"

"No, I dared not."

"Have you quarrelled with her?"

"Not exactly; but she is offended with me."

"That is very strange! You are very mysterious about it. Is her father offended with you, too?"

"Oh, no; on the contrary, we are on the very best terms of friendship."

"That is more mysterious still."

"Hang it Percy, I do believe mystery is a disease, and it is infectious; I have been vaccinated with it, and it has seized me in its most violent form. When it attacks the brain, it puzzles, it perplexes it, and infects others with it, and that is

my case exactly. When do you think of leaving the city?"

"When do the Clarendons leave?"

"The beginning of next week."

"I should like to go with them, but that is out of the question, so I will go before they do. I do not wish to remain one hour after Geraldine leaves. When do you go?"

"On Saturday."

"Then we will take our departure together; you take one road, I the other. The Fates separate; let us implore their aid, and I hope they will smile upon us."

All of them separated with heavy hearts, such as those only can feel who appreciate and love their fellow-creatures. They had lived and grown up together in a happy, virtuous circle; it was a sad break in the chain, and fell crushingly on Melbourne and Naomie; both were perplexed by doubt and mystery, their minds haunted by false suspicions. His, overpowered by a sense of wrong done to him by her. He would have to muse over it in that wilderness that he was ordered to, without any social congenial spirit to alleviate his wounded feelings; such was his future fate.

#### CHAPTER VII.—NEW YORK.—WATCHFUL NEIGHBORS.

NEW YORK! Dear, distracting city of hopes and fears, extremes of poverty and wealth, with its vast capacity for making money and for spending it; its glorious ephemeral population, and its hospitable, kind-hearted citizens, who literally fulfill the orders of the Scriptures, "Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things thereof itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Beaufort was the first to arrive in New York, after collecting his debts, which yielded him a handsome sum of money. Of course, he did not find much difficulty in investing it profitably in a mercantile house on Pearl street. He had the prospect of being very soon able to buy his cage, and his bird was almost caught. He felt for his friend notwithstanding all his mystery; but what could he do? To write, and let him know all that was passing, was all that lay in his power, which he did.

Colonel Clarendon located his family in a splendid house at the end of Broadway, facing the Battery. The situation was lovely; the front of the building commanded a full view of the harbor and

bay of New York, studded with its emerald isles, which winter's frosts and snows transformed into clustering icy diamonds sparkling in the sunbeams. The side view from the house overlooked Bowling Green, with its statue of Neptune, and Broadway, that grand avenue of the city.

It was a very agreeable surprise to Naomie when she discovered their next door neighbor had been a schoolmate of hers—Laura Rosedale. She had married a gentleman of the name of Belmont, who died and left her all his property. She was residing with her mother and uncle.

Naomie strove to conceal the mental struggle that she suffered at the separation from Aubrey, and his mysterious conduct. Did she succeed? No. A parent's eye penetrated into the thoughts of his child, whose sad air betrayed itself. Silence sometimes reproaches more than words; he felt the reproach, and shuddered at his own guilt being in part the cause of her sorrow. But he shook off his remorse, and consoled himself by thinking that in two or three years more all would be well, and she would be happy. In the meantime it was a great relief to him as well as Naomie, to meet with a friend who might arouse her from the melancholy that she had given way to.

On the opposite side of Broadway one of the houses was occupied by two ancient dames, whose business was that of taking care of their neighbors' characters. "They were very particular," as they said, "never to let a suspicious character visit in their circle." Suspicion was quite enough for them; they never let charity, or friendly feeling enter into their sanctified natures to plead, explain, or apologize for any seeming error.

Miss Grace Primrose was upwards of sixty years of age, with a corpulent body that rolled about from side to side when she exerted her locomotive powers; her cheeks were like two young mountains, that almost buried two small eyes that struggled hard to see over a nose that turned up so much that had there been sufficient material in it there might have been danger of its making a somersault over her head; her mouth was large and disagreeable enough to keep company with the rest of her features; her voice, coarse and gruff, and a red frizette replaced the dark hair that once grew there, before time had whitened it.

Her sister, Temperance, was quite as formidably ugly, but of another style. She was tall and thin, angular arms, angular feet, angular face, of the

parrot species, and with a nose and chin so pointed and elongated that they almost met; her eyes sharp, and her voice shrill and piercing, when she felt inclined to use it; but when in society an assumed affectation caused her to slide her words out sideways; this unnatural method was always preceded by sounds like um—mum, before she arrived at the subject of her discourse.

Laura Belmont was a great puzzle to them. They inquired in the neighborhood who she was, but all they could discover was that her name was Laura Belmont! But whether she was miss or mistress, wife or widow, they strove in vain to discover. They had sought the aid of opera glasses to assist their vision in peeping through the moss in their flower pots to discover what was going forward, but they were either too weak, too misty or out of repair, for they could not see across the street with them. Something was the matter, for they would give them no information, but on the contrary gave notice to the opposing party of the espionage that was going on, and gained names for them that were not given them at the baptismal font; for Laura's feelings being outraged at such impertinence, she gave Miss Grace the name of the Porpoise, and Temperance that of Spare-ribs, which names they went by in the opposing circle.

A court of inquiry was held every morning by the Misses Primrose to investigate the conduct of their neighbors. "How can we find out who and what they are?" exclaimed Grace.

"I think we might venture to pay a friendly visit!" answered Temperance.

"Do you think so? Um, um; I wouldn't mind making a call on them gals that live at the Colonel's, as they call him. But I don't think it would do to visit that Laury."

"Oh, gracious! no. She's 'orrible; but we mought call on the others. Besides, we ave heard that the Colonel is the father of one of them, and they seem rich; indeed I think it is our dooty; howsomever, if they isn't proper characters we ought to get them out of the neighborhood."

"I think so too," added Grace. "So we will; I don't think they can be bad; but as to the other, we can't tell who or what she is."

"Oh, she is 'orrible," shrieked out the voice of Temperance, "we mustn't go to her house on any account. Who can that man be that lives there? They say he's very rich, but I don't believe it."

During the visiting hours the next day Miss

Grace and Miss Temperance Primrose were announced at Colonel Clarendon's. Naomie received them politely, secretly wondering what could have brought them there. When they were seated Miss Grace roared out:

"I guess you thought us mighty stiff and on-neighborly that we didn't make our call before."

"Oh, no, not at all," Naomie answered. "I really did not expect you."

Grace, nothing daunted, went on with her observations.

"Seeing that you have a heap of company we might give you some hints about people that may try to visit you. You see we know the private characters of many of the individuals that tries to force themselves into good society, for we make it our business to inquire into those things, so you see we are able to let you know who's who, and what's what."

"I should think that that was a very disagreeable and unprofitable occupation."

"Oh, we never mind the profits, and as to its being disagreeable, on the contrary, it's very amusing."

"At all events we could derive no advantage from the fruits of your labor, as my father and my aunt are the best judges of whom I ought to associate with."

"Um, hum! then the other lady who lives here is your aunt," said Miss Temperance, in her simpering manner, while she whispered to Grace, "Her aunt! so here is so much information gained."

"Certainly, she is my aunt."

"Um, um, who would have thought it? Um, um, she looks much younger than you; but there's no trusting to appearances. And that young lady that lives next door, is she any relation; the one they call Laury Belmont?"

"She is a friend of mine," replied Naomie.

"Um, hum! She is awful wild, and people that is people"—

Grace interrupted her sister by finishing the sentence for her.

"Yes, people of your age, or indeed of any age, should be very particular; we are, we associate with none but those whose characters are without a flaw."

"No doubt they must be perfect to gain your favor," observed Naomie, who became very much annoyed at their impudence. "I suppose you



examine them as you would your china when you are buying it, and would not allow the slightest piece to be broken, not even a flaw or a crack."

"Heaven keep us from mixing with cracked or flawed characters," exclaimed Temperance, but as for Miss or Mrs., I don't know"—

Before she could conclude her insinuation Laura rushed in. Not seeing the Misses Primrose she exclaimed, "The porpoise and spareribs have gone out." Upon her seeing them, surprise struck her dumb for the time, and there was a silence of some minutes, which was broken by Grace.

"What a pity it is you did not come a little sooner Miss, or Mrs., I don't know your name."

"Mrs. Belmont is my name."

"Oh, then you are married?" continued the imperturbable Grace.

"So it is supposed."

"Separated from your husband?"

"That is the supposition," she replied, with a sigh.

"He must have been a very bad man, no doubt?"

"Not at all. He was a very worthy one."

"Some slight subject, I imagine, caused the separation?"

"Not at all slight, I can assure you, it was a very grave subject."

The ancient dames started with surprise, Grace whispering to Temperance, "Was there ever such unblushing impudence. She acknowledges her guilt." Then addressing Laura, inquired:

"Pray, may we know the cause?"

"I buried him," was the answer.

Grace shrieked, and Temperance exclaimed, "Oh! dear me! You buried him alive?"

"No; not alive. The doctor gave his certificate that he was dead, and he was buried according to rule. He was, upon my word, and if you do not believe it you can go see his grave. It seems you have so little business of your own that you have to take charge of your neighbors'."

The Misses Primrose seeing that Laura had taken offence at their questions thought to make amends by proffering their services.

"We wish to offer to assist you, Mrs. Belmont, for there is always so much to do on such occasions," Temperance whined out by way of apology, at the same time trying to find out more about Laura, who in surprise inquired:

"On what occasion do you allude?"

"Your marriage."

"Really I did not know that I was going to be married."

"Not going to be married? Is it possible!" said Grace. "Um, um, you see the grocer's boy had it from the milk-woman, and she told it to our girl, that you had lived in the house with the gentleman with gray hair for two years."

"So I have; and what of that?"

"And that now you are going to be married to him."

"To him? Me married to him—to my uncle?"

"Your uncle! Is he your uncle? I really ask your pardon. Who would have thought!" exclaimed Grace.

"Not those who take upon themselves the charge of all their neighbors' characters, leaving their own to take care of themselves, divesting their minds of all charity, all leniency towards the foibles of their fellow-creatures. For my part I think there are no greater sinners in the world than self-created judges, tattlers and gossips!"

The two antiquated sprigs of morality feeling that the sarcasms leveled at them by Laura were too strong to be answered, and thinking that they had gained all the information that they could, withdrew, apparently well satisfied with their visit, and assuring them "that if they required any assistance in any way to call on them as neighbors."

"Oh, dear me! these busy Mags," said Laura, "how they do worry themselves about other people's business, and injure their own characters in so doing; for certainly scandal-mongers are the most detestable species of human nature—I should say *inhuman*, which is a better phrase. However, the delightful ollapodridas they make of events and persons will serve to amuse us."

## THE DECAY OF THE MONARCHICAL PRINCIPLE.

NOTHING is more remarkable in the history of the past year than the evidence it affords of the decay of the monarchical principle in Europe. That the principle of legitimacy, of a divine right to govern inherent in the person of a legal king, has died away in the West from the minds of all but a limited class, has long been reckoned among the facts of politics. Statesmen speak of legitimists as some Scotchmen speak of Jacobites—with a kindly regret that an old party, with some fine qualities and much poetry about it, should have passed away. No great people west of the Vistula now holds the doctrines which under James II. were once preached in England, which were professed as a religion by the courtiers of Louis XIV., and which were once supposed by Protestants, quite erroneously, to be part of the creed of all Catholic populations. There was nothing in the idea of legitimacy, as we have often observed before, repulsive to the human mind, or in any way inherently absurd. Millions believe that the distribution of the “means of grace” has been confided by Providence to a limited caste, renewed by incessant coöptation, and there is no impossibility in a similar delegation of the right to rule. If God built the throne of a founder, he might also endow the founder’s children with a preferential claim to govern; and if he suffers calamities to occur bringing misery upon nations, he may also, for some unseen end, suffer bad kings to rule them. Nevertheless, as the multitude grew in knowledge and self-consciousness, the faith in divine right died away, until it would be hard to find a million of men in Europe outside Russia who would make any sacrifice even of money to preserve it in its purity. A few nobles, a few scores of thousands of Bretons, Basques, Brandenburgers, and Bavarians, and we have the entire congregation of that ancient cult. The faith, however, in another and less reasonable idea—the moral claim of hereditary monarchy above all other systems of government, was still supposed to be intact. The royal caste, it was imagined, held it strongly. Most prominent statesmen were, for one reason or another, believed to be devoted to it. The masses had been accustomed to it for ages, were, in fact, in all countries outside Switzer-

land, less than ten years ago, universally acquiescent in it. It was believed to enjoy the favor of all established Churches, to be held essential by all armies, to be the most jealously guarded dogma of all conservative parties. When a rebellion occurred anywhere, society divided itself into monarchists and republicans, and the monarchists were usually, in all but numbers, decidedly the stronger. If the State were small, “Europe” usually settled that it must have a king, and diplomatists only quarreled as to who the king and the king’s wife should be. The establishment of a republic or the elevation of a mere statesman to the kingship was never seriously discussed. The outbreaks of the Communists in Paris and Carthage were assumed to have settled the question, and the establishment of a republic anywhere would have been regarded as a menace to order throughout the European world.

Nevertheless the year has been marked by a bitter struggle, conducted in public in the most visible and interesting of all countries, between monarchy and republicanism, and the entire West, from its kings downwards through all classes of society, has been upon the whole hostile to the monarchical solution. In Germany, the last home of the old loyalty, where princes are still powers, and society is cloven in twain by the line of birth, and the army maintains the monarchical idea as a sacred principle, none but Ultramontane voices were raised for the authors of the 16th of May. In France itself, where all rural persons were supposed to be monarchists, a grand majority of the peasantry pronounced for the republic. In England, where society is still not only conservative, but semi-feudal in organization and ideas, not an audible voice was raised for the reactionaries, and the regular organs of conservatism condemned them unreservedly. In Austria, the court and aristocracy rejected the monarchy unless entrusted to the legitimate prince, while the people did not give even sympathy to the cause. In Italy, king, statesmen, and multitude were alike profoundly hostile to the monarchists, and even in Russia the monarchical side met with no effective sympathy. The unanimity of the Continent was amazing, and in spite of many deductions to be made, indicates

a profound change in public feeling. It may be alleged, and alleged truly, that each country had a reason for distrusting a French monarchy, apart from its sympathy with especial institutions. Germany expected war, Italy feared the loss of Rome, England hated the Ultramontanes, Austria dreaded change, while the East was in commotion, France was irritated by disturbance, and even Russia had no wish for the task of recementing her alliances. All these motives were in operation, but twenty years ago none of them would have so completely governed the royal caste, or have so overridden aristocratic feeling, or have so dominated and extinguished party divisions. It may be argued that conservatism, finding the republic in existence, held on conservative principles that it ought to continue to exist; and that is no doubt the fact, but then what a change of sentiment is revealed in that proposition! Religions do not become false to their devotees because they are momentarily suppressed.

The Republic in France is scarce seven years old, it has been threatened throughout its duration, and it is even now believed by thoughtful observers to be not beyond attack. If a rickety existence of seven years can consecrate a republic in conservative minds, the horror of republicanism cannot be very deep, and the reverence for kingship must be very slight, and have been changed from a faith into a reasoning opinion, held as other political opinions are held, mainly from a conviction of its expediency. And it is extremely difficult to doubt that this is the case, that the old faith has died away, and has been replaced by a theory that the form of government matters little, provided that social order and the security of property are reasonably well secured, and the political ostracism of any class entirely forbidden. That is the idea which is dominating conservatives, although, of course, great sections of them are unaware that they have advanced so far beyond their ancient landmarks, and the change may yet prove one of the greatest which ever occurred in general political thought. Without exaggerating its importance, and without forgetting for a moment the share which local and temporary influences have had in the alteration, this much at least may be stated with great confidence—the *solidarité* of the monarchists of Europe can no longer be relied on, while the *solidarité* of the republicans can.

We do not know that this change will in any immediate way menace the stability of the remaining thrones of Europe. We rather think that it will not. A certain indifference to forms of government is, on the whole, rather favorable to the form which exists, which is endurable, and which, by the necessity of the case, ceases to persecute. Republicanism becomes much less hot when republicans are treated as reasonable beings, rather too viewy, but not very dangerous to the good order or durability of society.

The mere feeling that a monarchy, if too troublesome, might be made to pass away, takes away much of that bitterness arising from a sense of outraged human dignity which everywhere on the Continent, and among particular classes in England, is a main factor of republican opinion. A good deal of republican sentiment exhales under free discussion, while the growth of material interests tend more and more to check the desire for change. A disposition to watch, too, a great experiment in action springs up unconsciously, and there are evils in republics, which, when watched, tend to disenchant minds with great influence on the multitude. Unless we are greatly mistaken, the drawback of republicanism will be a certain sordidness, a want of elevation, an absence of self-sacrifice, and institutions in which those defects are patent do not greatly attract. The arming of the ignorant, too, which is the special feature of the modern system of war, may for a time prove greatly in favor of all visible, long-continued, and customary figures. But that the change, though it may not overthrow the monarchies, will profoundly modify them, we cannot doubt. The heavier atmosphere in which they will move will restrain the kings. Already they see the necessity of being popular. Already they listen carefully for the opinion of the numerical majority. Already they tend to accept, not, indeed, constitutionalism in the English sense, which demands a self-effacement too severe for men so varied, but towards constitutional modes of action, the discovery of ministers acceptable to both king and country, the management rather than the defiance of parliaments, the relinquishment in a final sort of way of the control of the national purse. There is not only no royal financier left in the world, but we look round in vain for a man of the caste who assumes to be one. A genuine conviction that their peoples must manage that matter and do

manage it better than they can—that the popular instrument is stronger for the extraction of taxes than the royal instrument—has mastered the minds of the cast, and is producing great effects. With this disposition is coming a new fearlessness. Everywhere political riot is stopped with less severity than it was. Everywhere opposition is treated more as erroneous than as wicked action. The kings, in fact, are becoming more statesman-like, more cautious, more like presidents whose reserved rights it is convenient to keep well out of sight. The total effect of all this is to reduce individualism, to make kings pivots of councils rather than monarchs of the old type, and therefore to make monarchies more restful, more considerate, and less willful in their modes of action, a process heightened greatly by another change. No unrestrained small monarch can be said to survive.

The four little independent kings of Sweden, Holland, Belgium, and Greece are all fettered by their subjects, and the big monarchs are heavily weighted both by the change in feeling of which we have spoken, and which they must perceive, and by the endless consequences which follow their every action. A modern king can hardly be a man of levity, and in his new considerateness, his perception that he is not inevitable, his conviction that he must take trouble and not merely *be*, is a great addition to popular security. The king is still in many countries a great factor in affairs, but he no longer feels himself the head of a party; he no longer believes in divine right, and he no longer thinks that republicanism is as the sin of witchcraft, to be stamped out. That is a great change, for the monarchies, as well as for the people who live under them.

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**"NOT THE BLACK PRINCE OF HISTORIC FAME."**

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

CERVANTES tells us that Don Quixote was the owner of a horse whose bones stuck out like the corners of a Spanish real, and that it took the worthy knight four days of hard thinking to hit upon a suitable name for his world-renowned steed. But for some reason Cervantes has never told us how the valorous knight got his horse. All we know about the matter is that he had him, and that he racked his brains to find a name worthy of him. Naming a horse would certainly be no very difficult matter in these unromantic days, but buying a horse is an undertaking not to be spoken lightly of. Mrs. Gore's famous recipe for cooking a hare, viz., "First catch your hare, then cook it," will apply with a slight alteration to investing in horseflesh, viz., first find your horse, then buy him.

Not that there is any difficulty in buying a horse, for as soon as it becomes known that you want one, you will be called upon just as you are sitting down to dinner to look at one that you don't want; and by tea-time there will have been three more on exhibition, and if you happen to be away from home two hours, the moment you get back you will be told that a man has been round to see you, and that he wanted to show you a

horse. Your informant also remembers that he said the horse was a good one. You feel thankful that there are so many good horses in the world. Evidently you can buy a horse easily enough, but to find the one you want, and then to get his owner to believe that your cash on hand is an exact equivalent for the coveted animal—that is quite another thing. A friend of yours, however, has seen a horse that he thinks you would like.

You invite your friend to take a seat with you in a buggy and go and see the horse. Eight miles in a hot sun, and you have reached the stable. The horse in question is a gay beauty—every limb well formed, neck handsomely arched, a touch of the devil in his two eyes, and his price, say one hundred dollars above your high-water mark. You go away sorrowful, but on the way home you hear of a five-year-old that is worth looking up; he proves to be a dashing chestnut, full of spirit. You ask if he is hard on the bit and you are told that he is hard or easy, just as you want him. You don't always have things just as you want them, and that statement tells upon you. Captivated by his good looks and splendid style of driving, you fall in love with him, and begin to think that he is the prize you have been looking after.

But, for a wonder, his owner is an honest man, although he has a horse to sell, and he very frankly calls your attention to the only blemish the animal has. It is a little spot on the left fore-leg. You had not discovered it at all, and would perhaps have never noticed it. It is called a *splint*. Not having in your library any works on the veterinary art you refer to Webster's Unabridged for information, and he tells you that "a splint is a hard excrescence growing on the shank-bones of horses," and you don't think a splint is such an awful thing after all, for you like the chestnut horse, and in consideration of his good looks, are quite disposed to be a little blind to his imperfections. But you have a friend who is your confidential adviser in your momentous enterprise. He is a medical man, and he tells you in the impressive language of his profession what a splint on a horse corresponds to on a human being. He absolutely frightens you by learned discourse about the membranous tissue that encloses the bone, calling it the "*periosteum*," and giving you very plainly to understand that, by a process of induration, there is great danger that it may finally terminate in *exostosis*. Good heavens! how glad you are that you did not buy such a fatal possibility; and the idea of a purchase in that quarter is abandoned. But you are not disposed to give up so. You believe in the coming horse as firmly as De Soto did in the fountain of perpetual youth, and you keep on making inquiries. Another chance soon opens up to you. A man in whom you have confidence offers you a horse that he is sure will suit you. He is positive as to the animal's age. Men usually are when they have a horse to sell. Several bystanders look into the candidate's mouth.

You look into his mouth too. You do it because it seems the thing to do. Being at Rome, you must do as the Romans do, though you know perfectly well, that as to learning anything about a horse's age, from what you can see in his mouth, you might just as well undertake to pronounce upon the age of a handsome woman by looking for a moment at her expensive display of elegant dentistry. The horse you thought young, proves, upon authentic testimony, fortunately stumbled upon, to be a good deal older than you thought he was, besides having had the — but never mind

that; you don't buy him. Facts are against him, and in buying a horse you have got to find out what he is and not what you would like him to be.

At last, when you have about given up the idea of ever finding a satisfactory horse, you are met by a man who wants to know if you are the man who wants to buy a horse. The question has a familiar sound. You have heard it several times before. You get in with that man. The horse he is driving is black, clean-limbed and smooth-coated, and soon convinces you that he knows how to travel. You want a tolerably fast horse, but you also want one that like a long-winded preacher has "the gift of continuance;" and on the present occasion you have a lurking suspicion that you may be taken in as the man was who bought a horse of a Quaker.

"Is he a good horse to go?" said the person in question to the broad-brimmed jockey.

"Thee would be pleased to see him go," said the conscientious Quaker.

A bargain was struck, and a balky horse changed owners. His indignant purchaser, in high dudgeon, went back upon the Quaker, and charged him with having told a lie. But the Quaker had told the truth; only, like the country parson, he understood the art of putting things, and stated a fact in a form to suit the occasion. He defined his position in about these words:

"I have not lied to thee, friend. I told thee, thee would be pleased to see him go. Now wouldn't thee be pleased to see him go?"

The black horse you were looking at before the Quaker episode came in, is named PRINCE. You at once associate him with the Black Prince of historic fame, rather than with the Black Prince of Darkness. On the whole he pleases you, and after a certain amount of talking in the usual fashion he becomes yours. And what comes of it? Does he on further trial suit you? Yes, all things considered, he does. Perfection is not to be found either in man or woman, much less in horses. If, therefore, you should discover some trivial imperfection in your horse, treat it as you would if you should find a slight obliquity in the disposition of your wife (as heaven knows you never will), that is to say never notice it, or if you do, don't publish it for every gossip's benefit.



## WRITING MATERIALS AND THEIR HISTORY.

BY HENRY KIRKE.

THE most ancient remains of writing which we have transmitted to us are upon hard substances, | was known. Probably the earliest letter, of which we have any account, is that containing the command of David to Joab, directing him to place Uriah in the front of the battle.



A VERY ANCIENT COPY OF THE PENTATEUCH, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY ABISHUA, B.C. 2183.

such as stone and metal, used by the ancients for edicts and other matters of public interest. Athotes, or Hermes, is said to have written a history of the Egyptians, and to have been the author of hieroglyphics, in the year 2112 B.C.

Writing is said to have been taught to the Latins by Europa, daughter of Agenor, king of Phœnicia, in 1494 B.C. Cadmus, the author of Cadmea, in 1493 B.C., brought the Phœnician letters into Greece. The Commandments were written upon two tables of stone, in 1491 B.C. The Greeks and Romans used waxed table books, and continued the use of them long after papyrus

The Spartans sent their secret despatches in time of war on long strips of parchment. These were first wrapped around a staff rolled slantwise, and written lengthwise, then taken off, and carried by a special messenger to the commander, who possessed a similar staff. When unwound, this message would be perfectly unintelligible, but when wound on the staff of the recipient, its characters were readily deciphered. Herodotus tells of a cruel practice resorted to, to convey secret intelligence with safety. The head of a trusty messenger was shaved, and the writing was impressed on the scalp, and the hair allowed to grow, thus covering the characters, but again removed when the messenger arrived at his place of destination.

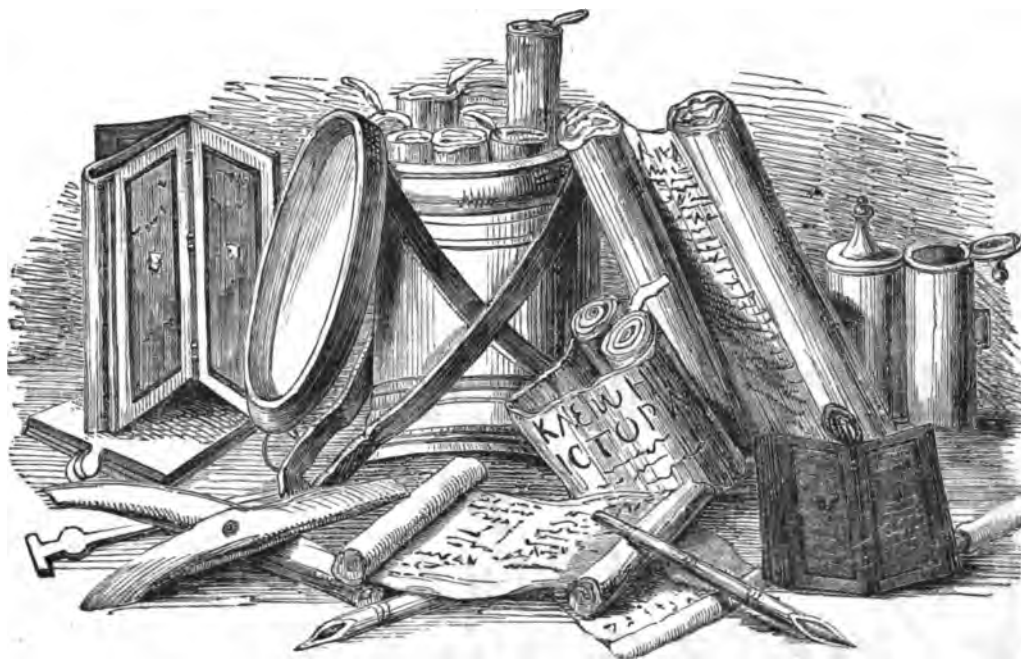
As far as we are able to determine from archæological researches, it appears that men first gave permanent or written expression to thought in the rude form of hieroglyphical sculpture, which Egypt and other Oriental countries furnish. Through the famous Rosetta Stone we have a key to hieroglyphical know-

ledge; and it is apparent that the stone and the chisel offered the earliest suggestions to anything like a transmitted transcript of thought. The Decalogue, we are told in Scripture, was written on two tables of stone with the finger of God. The ancients made use of sheets of metal—some say copper—spread over with a thin coating of wax. Upon this they wrote with a stylus or sharp-pointed metallic instrument.

Papyrus, the reed from which was made the celebrated paper of Egypt and India, was used as a writing material until the discovery of parchment, about 190 B.C. Parchment is said to have

been invented, or, at least, improved, by Eumenes II., King of Pergamus, who reigned from 137-159 B.C., and who founded the celebrated Alexandrian Library. Other authorities attribute the invention of parchment to Attalus. According to Herodotus, the ancient Ionians wrote on the skins of beasts, ages before Eumenes' time, and it is believed that parchment was known and in common use in Egypt centuries before that period.

known; but, according to Isidore, it was first made at Memphis, and, according to others, in Seide or Upper Egypt. It was manufactured from the inner films of the *papyrus* or *biblos*, a species of flag or bulrush growing in the marshes of Egypt. The outer skin being taken off, there are next several films or inner skins, one within another. These, when separated from the stalk, were laid upon a table, and moistened with the glutinous



ANCIENT ROLLS, CASES, STYLES, ETC.

The Arabs inscribed their poetical and other compositions on the shoulder-bones of sheep, but by reason of their conquests in Asia and Africa, they acquired a knowledge of parchment, which they afterward manufactured in Syria, Arabia and Egypt, which in color and quality is said to rival some of the finer articles of paper now in use. The fine qualities of parchment now in use, known as vellum, are made from the skins of calves, kids, and still-born lambs. The process of manufacture requires great care and skill, and the result is an article as smooth as satin, with a lustre equal to that fabric, and slightly translucent. From the real vellum, or parchment, is derived the term "post vellum," a superior quality of paper.

Of the various kinds of paper used at different periods, the Egyptian is, undoubtedly, the most ancient. The exact date of its adoption is not

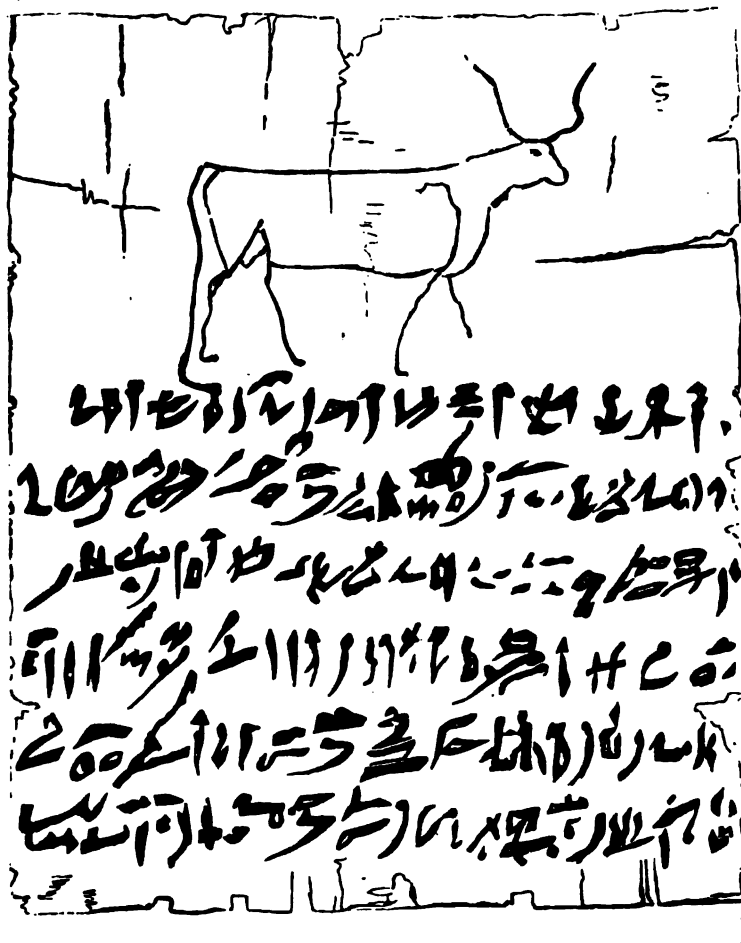
waters of the Nile. They were afterward pressed together and dried in the sun. From papyrus we have the term *papyrus*, and, latterly, paper. Bruse, the well-known Abyssinian traveller, had in his possession a large and very perfect manuscript written on papyrus, which had been dug up at Thebes, and which he believed to be the only perfect one known. Pliny says that the books made of papyrus were usually rolled up, and that each roll consisted of an indefinite number of sheets, fastened together with glue.

Mr. Lowder states that paper was imported from Corea into Japan as early as A.D. 280; and, about A.D. 610, the Japanese learned to make their own paper from the paper mulberry, of better quality than that which they had previously imported. The Chinese, who it is said, made paper as early as 170 B.C., prepared it from the bark of the

bamboo tree. The Japanese now make a very strong quality of paper from the *morus papyrifera sativa*.

The manufacture of paper from linen remains undetermined as to its date. Dr. Prideaux thinks that paper of this description was first brought

In Egypt the use of paper rolls written in hieroglyphic, byeratic, or demotic characters dates from a very remote period. The copy of the Book of the Dead, published by Lepsius, is supposed by him to belong to the fifteenth century before Christ. Fragments of manuscript contracts and documents in Greek, and of Greek poets, have been disposed of in considerable quantities, belonging to the Ptolemean period, and dating three centuries before Christ. These are deposits taken from the tombs which, built in the solid rock and free from the slightest moisture, preserved there until the monuments were opened in the course of modern researches. Very recently numerous and important fragments of an entire oration of Hypereides against Demosthenes—one often mentioned by the ancients, but supposed to be irrecoverably lost—have been found in a collection of old papyri, and published.



A FRAGMENT OF AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN PAPYRUS ROLL.

from the East, since many of the Oriental manuscripts are written upon it. Mabillon believes its invention dates from the twelfth century. One of the earliest specimens of paper of this description which has, as yet, been discovered, is in the possession of Professor Pestel, in the University of Rintelu, in Germany. It is a document with the seal preserved, dated A.D. 1239, and signed by Adolphus, Count of Schaumburg. But Casiri positively affirms that there are many MSS. in the Escorial, written upon both cotton and linen paper, prior to the thirteenth century.

Concerning the introduction of paper manufactured from linen or cotton into England, Dr. Prideaux assures us he has seen a register of some acts of John Cropden, Prior of Ely, made on linen paper, which bears date in the fourteenth year of the reign of King Eduard II., A.D. 1320; and in the Cottonian library are said to be several writings on paper of this description, as early as the year 1335. The first paper-mill erected in England is said to have been at Dartford, in 1588, by a German named Speillman. Shakspeare, however, refers it to the reign of Henry VI. and makes Jack Cade (Henry VI., Part II.) say, in accusation of Lord Sandys: "Whereas, before our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally; thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou has built a paper-mill."

Anderson, in his "History of Commerce," says that, till the year 1690, there was scarcely any paper in England but the coarse brown kind. While paper was first made in this year; previous



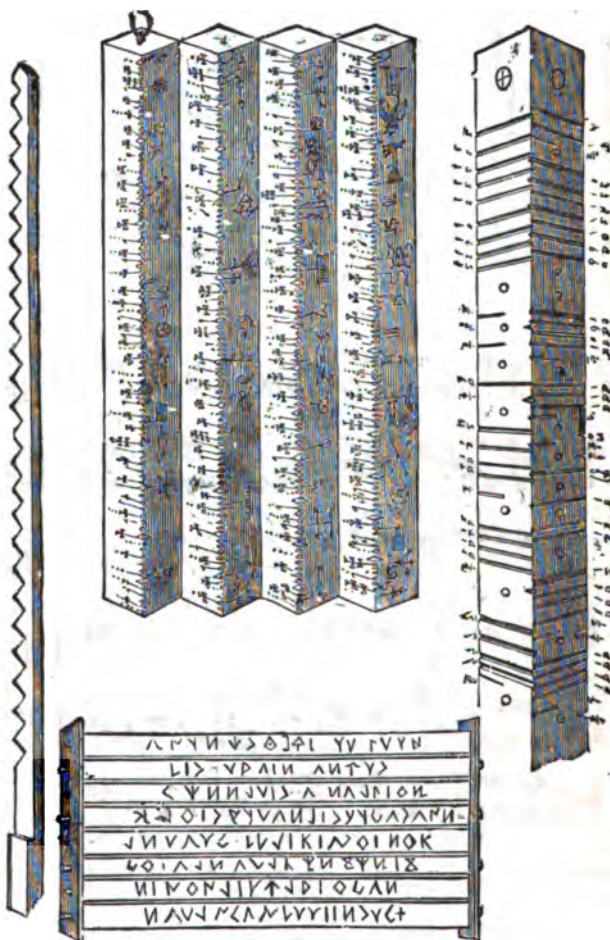
to that date, paper was imported from France, Italy, and Holland. The improvement of paper in England, in consequence of the French war, produced a saving to that country of £100,000 annually, which had been paid to France for that article alone. In 1690 an act of Parliament was passed to encourage the manufacture. Machinery for the manufacture of paper was invented by Louis Robert, who conveyed his right to M. Didot, the great painter, who introduced it into England, and, with M. Fourdrinier, perfected the principle.

The origin of some of the names by which the various kinds of paper are known is curious and interesting. At an early period in England when comparatively few people could read, pictures of various devices were much used where writing could not be employed. Every shop, for instance, had its peculiar device as a distinguishing sign, often carved figures, but more commonly objects painted on board signs, much like those still in use to a limited extent. For like purposes printers, in early times, employed some device which they placed upon the title-pages and at the ends of their books. The paper makers also introduced marks by way of distinguishing the paper of their manufacture from that of others; which marks becoming common, naturally gave their names to different kinds of paper. A favorite paper mark between 1540 and 1560 was the jug, or pot, and thence came the term pot paper once in common use. The fools-cap was a later device, followed by the figure of Britannia, or that of a lion rampant supporting the cap of liberty on a pole. A more comprehensive history of the origin of this term is found in the following anecdote.

In Charles the First's time all English paper bore in water marks the royal arms. That ruler granted numerous monopolies for the support of the government. Among others was that for the manufacture of paper. The Parliament under Cromwell, made jests of this law in every possible manner; and among other indignities to the memory of King Charles, it was ordered that the royal arms be removed from the paper and the "fools-cap and bells" be substituted, which was done. This device, in the course of time, was replaced by others, but the name "fools-cap"

paper is still the designation of an article in very common use.

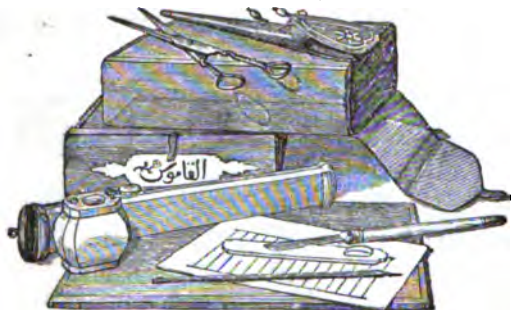
Post paper seems to have derived its name from the "post-horn," which, at one time, was its distinguishing mark. It does not appear to have been used prior to the establishment of the General



SPECIMEN OF ANCIENT WRITING ON STICKS.

London Post-Office, in 1670, when it became the custom to blow a horn on the approach of the post-coach. Bath Post is the name applied to another kind of paper used for writing purposes, so called after the English city of Bath. Blue-tinted paper arose from a curious accident. A manufacturer of paper, in 1790, leaving his shop one day in charge of his wife, she accidentally dropped a blueing-bag into a mass of pulp in preparation for making white letter-paper, which rapidly amalgamated with the coloring matter, and the result was a quantity of

blue-tinted paper. What at first was regarded as a misfortune by the paper-maker and his good wife, proved to be quite the reverse, as the "new improvement" was received by both dealers and consumers with much satisfaction; hence an increased



MODERN EGYPTIAN WRITING IMPLEMENTS.

demand for the article in the London market, and a higher price rewarded the discoverers. It is said that the manufacturer presented his wife with a scarlet cloak as a reward for her carelessness in this case.

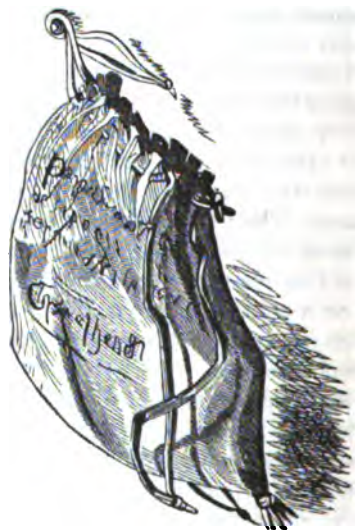
It is difficult to say when paper was first ruled. The monks of the Middle Ages carefully ruled their paper before they transcribed the manuscripts which handed down the classics to us. The fashion of writing on black-bordered paper is about a hundred and thirty years old, and comes to us from Italy. In "Mann and Manners, at the Court of Florence" (1740-1786), Mann writes to Horace Walpole, January 28th, 1745, on paper with a narrow mourning-border, as follows:

"I believe you never saw anything like it before; here everybody uses it but myself. I begged a sheet for this occasion only, and another to keep as a curiosity. Madame Royall was very impolite to die just at the beginning of Carnival, to deprive us of all our diversions."

Madame Royall was the mother of the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

The term "Stationer" appears to have been derived from the fact that many years ago pens, ink, and paper were for sale at certain stalls, or *stations*, fixed places, where the public who desired writing materials might obtain the necessary articles. These stations were also the resort of persons who were unable to read or write, and the proprietor, for a consideration, attended to the correspondence, after the fashion of the Italian and Turkish letter-writers of the present day. As if in mockery of the *stationary* nature of the busi-

ness, we find that a hundred years ago, or more, hawking "stationers" travelled about with bundles of quills, kegs of ink, and quires of paper from house to house, selling their articles, and also serving as amanuenses to the uneducated. The goose-quill pen served as an implement for letter-writing for the masses, up to within a period of less than fifty years ago. Many public men and authors still adhere to its use in preference to the later improvements in steel and gold pens. Instances are not rare in which a single goose-quill has served its owner for years. Quite an art applied to the making of a good pen from the quill, and scholars of a very recent generation were the victims of many inconveniences and frequent chastisement at school, emanating from this primitive method of acquiring the art of penmanship. The art of cutting pens from goose-quills was one in which few excelled; hence the travelling stationer found ample occupation, being himself an expert in that line. A conspicuous feature of his calling was the repairing of quantities of old pens laid aside by his customers, awaiting his arrival. At a later date an extensive trade was conducted in manufactured quill-pens. One house alone in London sold on an average six million quill-pens



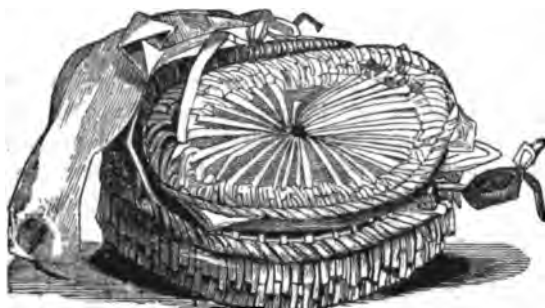
ANCIENT ENGLISH POUCH FOR OLD RECORDS.

annually. Quill-pen cutters could turn out about twelve hundred a day.

The early history of the steel pen is curiously obscure. The most diligent search fails to discover the first maker, or the earliest date of this



implement. There were steel or iron pens in Holland as early as the middle of the seventeenth century. Toward the close of the last century Mr. Harrison, an ingenious Birmingham mechanic, made steel pens for Dr. Priestley, an example of which is described as merely a tube turned out of a flat strip of metal, with the sides and point filed away into the shape of a pen. The first actual supply of pens of this primitive make is said to have been made by a Sheffield workman, whose name is forgotten. In 1803 a Mr. Wise, of Great Britain, produced steel pens of barrel form mounted in a bone case for pocket use. From time to time subsequent to this date, steel pens, hand-wrought, turned and filed, were made as curiosities, and were regarded as expensive luxuries.



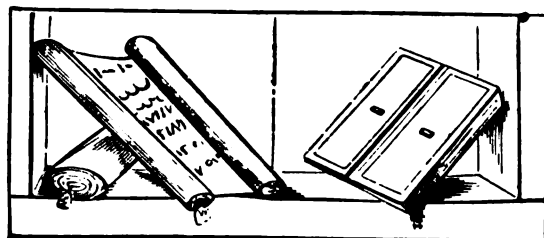
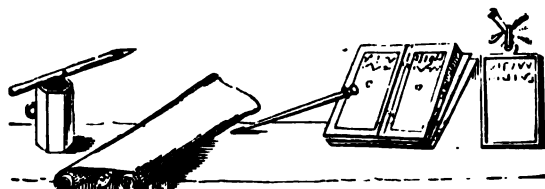
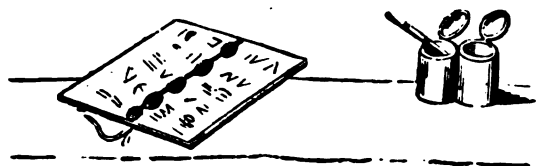
ANCIENT ENGLISH HANAPER FOR OLD RECORDS.

Josiah Mason is said to have been the first practical steel-pen maker, in 1822; but, not until two years later were they made in quantities, and at prices within reach of any but the wealthy.

The stylus or metallic pen was never used for writing on papyrus or parchment. The ancient pen was made of the Egyptian reed cut down to a point, split exactly like the quill pen, and hence called cloven footed. The ink most commonly used was black, or Egyptian, ink which was so durable that letters and hieroglyphics traced centuries ago with it have been found to possess the freshness and gloss as of recent use. The inkstands, some of which have been found in Pompeii, were made much like our own, single for one kind of ink or double for red and black, and round or hexagonal. One was found in Herculaneum containing ink, which, though somewhat thick, could still be used for writing. The inks of the ancients are thought to have resembled printers' inks, and not to have been so flowing as those now in use.

There are many among us who remember when the fourth page of a letter sheet was left blank, so

that the address might be written upon it. Envelopes have been in use but little more than a quarter of a century, and various theories are

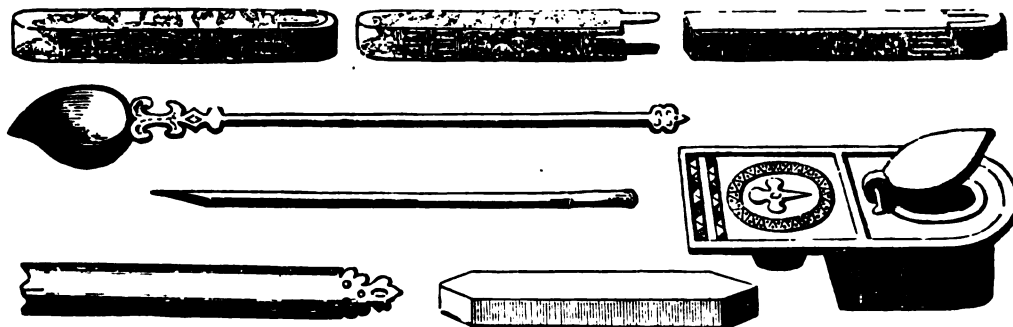


WRITING IMPLEMENTS, PAPYRUS, TABLETS AND BOOKS, FOUND AT POMPEII.

mentioned concerning their invention. Among others, it is said that a Brighton stationer first conceived the idea. It seems that in displaying

his wares to advantage in his window, he formed a pyramid of the several sizes of writing paper composing his stock, and, to complete the apex, he cut cards of sizes graduated for that purpose. Many of his lady patrons, believing the latter to

nary business among the inhabitants of great towns, with blanks, which were to be filled up with the pen. One of these billets has been preserved by a pleasant misapplication of it. Pelisson (Mme. de Sevigne's friend) was amused at this



PERSIAN WRITING IMPLEMENTS.

be miniature sizes of note paper, made frequent requests for the same, which induced the dealer to manufacture a supply to meet the demand. The difficulty arose that their limited surface, when folded, did not admit of ample space for the superscription, to meet which the stationer conceived the form of the envelope, which in its turn was a success, and, in due time, his sales increased to an extent which warranted a wholesale manufacture of the article.

M. Piron tells us that the idea of a post-paid envelope originated early in the reign of Louis XIV., with M. de Valfyer, who, in 1563, estab-



ANCIENT ENGLISH SKIPPET FOR OLD RECORDS.

lished (with royal approval) a private penny post, placing boxes at the corners of the streets for the reception of letters wrapped in envelopes, which were to be bought at offices established for that purpose. M. de Valfyer also had printed certain forms of billets, or notes, applicable to the ordi-

kind of skeleton correspondence; and under the assumed name of Pisandre (according to the pedantic fashion of the day), he filled up and addressed one of these forms to Mlle. de Scuderie, in her pseudonym of Sappho. This strange *billet-doux* has happened, from the celebrity of the parties, to be preserved, and it is presumed to be one of the earliest examples of penny-post letters, and of pre-paid envelopes.

The penny-post in London was, it is said, devised in 1683, by David Murray, an upholsterer of Paternoster Row. It soon became an object of patronage by the Government; but so meagre were its profits that Mr. Dockwra, who succeeded Murray, had, in 1716, a pension granted him of £200 a year. The postage-stamp was introduced in London, January 10, 1840, by Edward Hill, in connection with cheap postage. The next people who adopted it were the French, nine years after. Germany began to use the stamp in 1850, and the Germans were the first to introduce the postal-card. When postal-cards were introduced into England, October 1, 1870, it was predicted they would never become popular, which experience has proved to be far from correct.

Recent estimates in that direction are said to indicate that more letters pass among the people of Switzerland than of any other country. Within a year they carry on a correspondence of twenty-three letters to each individual. England comes next with twenty, then the United States with nineteen. France holds the ninth place in rank as a letter-writing people.

## WEBSTER AND PINKNEY.

THE passage in Mr. Harvey's book concerning the trouble between Mr. Pinkney and Mr. Webster is as follows:

"The nearest I ever came to a downright row," continued Mr. Webster, "was with Mr. William Pinkney. Mr. Pinkney was the acknowledged head and leader of the American bar. He was the great practitioner at Washington when I was admitted to practice in the courts there. I found Mr. Pinkney, by universal concession, the head of the bar—a lawyer of extraordinary accomplishments, and withal a very wonderful man. But with all that, there was something about him that was very small. He did things that one would hardly think it possible that a gentleman of his breeding and culture and weight as a lawyer could do. He was a very vain man. When he came into court he was dressed in the very extreme of fashion—almost like a dandy. He would wear into the court-room his white gloves that had been put on fresh that morning and that he never put on again. He usually rode from his house to the Capitol on horseback, and his overalls were taken off and given to his servant who attended him. Pinkney showed in his whole appearance that he considered himself the great man of that arena, and that he expected deference to be paid to him as the acknowledged leader of the bar. He had a great many satellites—men, of course, much less eminent than himself at the bar, and of less practice—who flattered him, employed him to take their briefs and argue their cases, they doing the work and he receiving the greatest share of the pay. That was the position that Mr. Pinkney occupied when I entered the bar at Washington.

"I was a lawyer who had my living to get; although I could not argue my cases as well as he could, still, if my clients employed me, they should have the best of the ability I had to give them, and I should do the work myself. I did not propose to practice law in the Supreme Court by proxy. I think that in some pretty important cases I had Mr. Pinkney rather expected that I should fall into the current of his admirers and divide my fees with him. This I utterly refused to do. In some important case (I have forgotten now what the case was), Mr. Pinkney was em-

ployed to argue against me. I was going to argue it for my client myself. I had felt that on several occasions his manner was, to say the least, very annoying and aggravating. My intercourse with him, so far as I had any, was always marked with great courtesy and deference. I regarded him as the leader of the American bar; he had that reputation, and justly. He was a very great lawyer.

"On the occasion to which I refer, in some colloquial discussion upon various minor points of the case, he treated me with contempt. He pooh-poohed, as much as to say it was not worth while to argue a point that I did not know anything about; that I was no lawyer. I think he spoke of the 'gentleman from New Hampshire.' At any rate, it was a thing that everybody in the court-house, including the judges, could not fail to observe. Chief-Justice Marshall himself was pained by it. 'It was very hard,' added Mr. Webster, 'for me to restrain my temper and keep cool; but I did so, knowing in what presence I stood. I think he construed my apparent humility into a want of what he would call spirit in resenting, and as a sort of acquiescence in his rule.

"However, the incident passed, the case was not finished when the hour for adjournment came, and the court adjourned until the next morning. Mr. Pinkney took his whip and gloves, then his cloak over his arm, and began to saunter away. I went up to him and said very calmly, 'Can I see you alone in one of the lobbies?' He replied, 'Certainly;' I suppose he thought I was going to beg his pardon and ask his assistance. We passed into one of the ante-rooms of the Capitol. I looked into one of the grand-jury rooms rather remote from the main court-room. There was no one in it, and we entered. As we did so I looked at the door and found there was a key in the lock, and unobserved by him, I turned it and put it in my pocket. Mr. Pinkney seemed to be waiting with some astonishment. I advanced toward him and said: 'Mr. Pinkney, you grossly insulted me this morning in the court room, and not for the first time, either; in deference to your position and to the respect I hold the court I did not answer you as I was tempted to do on the spot.' He began to parley. I continued: 'You

know you did; don't add another sin to that; don't deny it; you know you did it, and you know it was premeditated. It was deliberate; it was purposely done; and, if you deny it, you state an untruth. 'Now,' I went on, 'I am here to say to you, once for all, that you must ask my pardon, and go into court in the morning and repeat the apology, or else you or I will go out of this room in a different condition from that in which we entered it!' I was never more in earnest. He looked at me and saw that my eyes were pretty dark and firm. He began to say something; I interrupted him. 'No explanations,' said I. 'Admit the fact and take it back. I don't want another word from you except that. I will hear no explanation; nothing but that you admit it, and recall it.' He trembled like an aspen leaf. He again attempted to explain. Said I, 'there is no other course. I have the key in my pocket, and you must apologize or take what I give you.' At that he humbled down and said

to me: 'You are right; I am sorry; I did intend to bluff you; I regret it, and ask your pardon.' 'Enough,' I promptly replied. 'Now, one promise before I open the door; and that is, that you will to-morrow morning state to the court that you have said things which wounded my feelings, and that you regret it.' Pinkney replied, 'I will do so.' Then I unlocked the door and passed out. The next morning when the court met, Mr. Pinkney at once rose and stated to the court that a very unpleasant affair had occurred the morning before, as might have been observed by their honors; that his friend, Mr. Webster, had felt grieved at some things which dropped from his lips; that his zeal for his client might have led him to say some things which he should not have said; and that he was sorry for having thus spoken.

"From that day, while at the bar, there was no man," said Mr. Webster, "who treated me with so much respect as Mr. William Pinkney."

## THE HERO OF MISSION RIDGE.

BY ELI PERKINS.

"How did the Captain escape?" I asked.

"Well," said the Colonel, "Mason, with a dozen fellows from the Little Muddy, enlisted in my regiment. He was a splendid soldier—always ready for battle—one of the best men in the regiment, but he would have his splees. One day, about three weeks before the battle of Mission Ridge, Mason brought a canteen of whiskey into camp, and, always generous, went to giving it to the boys. This was against the orders; so I ordered my Major to arrest him and put him in the guard-house. Mason found out that the Major was after him with a squad of men, and, full of deviltry, he commenced dodging around and behind the tents to keep from being arrested. But pretty quick, in trying to keep from the men, he ran square against the Major."

"Here, you rascal!" said the Major, seizing him by the coat collar without giving him a chance to explain. "Now, you walk to the guard-house, I'll fix you, you scoundrel!"

"But in the excitement of the moment Mason

drew up his fist and knocked the Major flat, and then went and gave himself up."

"What was done about it?" I asked.

"Well, Mason was tried before a court-martial for striking a superior officer, sentenced to be shot, and the sentence was sent to General Jeff. C. Davis to be approved. And then poor Mason was imprisoned on bread and water with a ball and chain to each foot."

"Did General Davis approve the sentence?"

"Yes, he approved it."

"But how did Mason escape being shot!"

"Well, the next day before the approved sentence arrived came the battle of Mission Ridge, and our regiment was ordered forward. Mason, of course, was in the rear under guard, with a ball chained to his ankles. We heard the rebel cannons in front all forenoon. We knew there was a big battle on, and we needed all our men. So I rode over to the guard-house and told Mason that we would have to leave him behind with his ball and chain till the battle was over.

"Let me go with the boys, Colonel!" pleaded Mason. "I don't want to see the boys in a fight without me."

"But you might escape, Mason. You know there is a sentence hanging over you."

"By heavens, Colonel, you ain't going to let the boys go into this fight without me?" and the tears came into his eyes.

"Got to, Mason," I said. "I can't trust you."

"Then," continued the narrator, "the order came from General Davis for our regiment to move up and charge a rebel redoubt, and the boys dashed forward. It was an awful fight. Twice they enfiladed us, and the rebel bullets mowed down our men by dozens, while the rebel flag still waved on the redoubt."

"Colonel, you must capture that redoubt!" was the order that came from General Davis.

"Our men were now badly tired out, and the dead and wounded lay all around us; but I got our men together, and made the charge. Gods! what a charge! My horse was killed under me. The men went forward in a shower of bullets. I thought they were going straight for that flag; then all at once they wavered. The bullets flew like rain, and the advance men were all shot down. There was no one to lead, and I thought all was lost. Just then I saw a man come rushing up from the rear. He grabbed a dead soldier's repeating rifle and pushed right through dead and dying; reached the head, and pushed up to the redoubt. The boys saw him, took courage, and followed. In a moment I saw the brave fellow swing his rifle around him on the top of the redoubt, grasp the flag-staff and break it off, while the boys struggled up the sides and emptied their guns into the retreating rebels.

"The day was ours! As I came up I shouted:

"Who took that flag, boys?"

"It was Mason!" said the boys, and looking down, I saw a broken chain and a shackle still on his ankle!"

Then the narrator's voice choked him, and the tears came into his eyes.

"I couldn't help it, Colonel," said Mason. "I couldn't see the boys fighting alone; so I got the axe and pounded off the ball and chain, and now, Colonel, I'll go back and put 'em on again."

"Go back and put 'em on again!" I almost cried. "No, sir! Mason, I'll put them on myself first. Then," said the Colonel, "I reflected that this wasn't military, and I told the brave fellow to stay with two of the boys.

"That night," continued the Colonel, "I wrote over to General Davis about Mason's bravery—how he captured the rebel flag and led the regiment to victory; in fact, saved the battle, and begged him if he had not approved Mason's sentence of death, to send it back to the court unapproved. In an hour the messenger came back with the papers. The sentence had been approved before the battle, but General Davis took his pen and wrote across the bottom:

"The findings of the court disapproved, and Private Thomas Mason, for distinguished bravery in capturing a rebel flag, promoted to Second Lieutenancy."

"What did Mason say when you told him about his promotion?" I asked.

"Well, I read him the death sentence and its approval first. Mason sank down, his face fell on his arm and I heard a deep groan. Then he said, as his eyes filled with tears:

"Well, Colonel, it is hard, but I can stand it if any one can."

"But here is another clause, Mason," I said; "on account of your splendid bravery yesterday you have been promoted to a Second Lieutenancy."

"What, me, Colonel, me?"

"Yes, Lieutenant Mason, you!"

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, and the bravest man in the Northern army stepped into his tent to send a streak of sunlight to cheer up his broken-hearted mother."

## A PICTURE.

ONE picture fair within my heart I carry,  
Unshadowed by the weary weight of years;  
And often, as amid strange scenes I tarry,  
A vision of my early youth appears.

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A home of beauty, where the past is cherished,  
Each common thing made radiant in the light;  
No gleam of love or beauty that has perished,  
But here, relimned, is clear to inward sight.



## BILL AND THE WIDOW.

"WIFE," said Ed Wilbur one morning, as he sat stirring his coffee with one hand and holding a plum cake on his knee with the other, and looking across the table into the bright eyes of his little wife, "wouldn't it be a good joke to get bachelor Bill Smiley to take Widow Watson to Barnum's show next week?"

"You can't do it, Ed; he won't ask her, he's so awful shy. Why, he came by here the other morning when I was hanging out the clothes, and he looked over the fence and spoke, but when I shook out a night-gown he blushed like a girl and went away."

"I think I can manage it," said Ed; "but I'll have to lie just a little. But then it wouldn't be much harm under the circumstances, for I know she likes him, and he don't dislike her, but just as you say, he's so shy. I'll just go over to his place to borrow some bags of him, and if I don't bag him before I come back, don't kiss me for a week to come, Nell."

So saying, Ed started, and while he is mowing the fields, we will take a look at Billy Smiley.

He was rather a good-looking fellow, though his hair and whiskers showed some gray hairs, and he had got in a set of false teeth. But every one said he was a good soul, and so he was. He had as good a hundred-acre farm as any in Norwich, with a new house and everything comfortable, and if he had wanted a wife, many a girl would have jumped at the chance like a rooster on a grasshopper.

But Bill was so bashful—always was—and when Susan Sherrybottle, whom he was so sweet on, though he never said "boo" to her, got married to old Watson, he just drew his head in like a mud-turtle into his shell, and there was no getting him out again, though since she had been a widow he paid more attention to his clothes, and had been very regular in his attendance at the church the fair widow attended.

But here comes Ed Wilbur.

"Good morning, Mr. Smiley."

"Good morning, Mr. Wilbur; what's the news your way?"

"Oh, nothing particular that I know of," said Ed, "only Barnum's show, that everybody is talk-

ing about, and everybody and his gal are going to. I was over to old Sockrider's last night, and see his son Gus has got a new buggy, and was scrubbing up his harness, and he's got that white-faced colt of his as slick as a seal. I understand he thinks of taking Widow Watson to the show. He's been hanging around there a good deal of late, but I'd just like to cut him out, I would. Susan is a nice little woman, and deserves a better man than that young pup of a fellow, though I would not blame her much either if she takes him, for she must be dreadful lonesome, and then she has to let her farm out on shares, and it isn't half worked, and no one else seems to have the spunk to speak up to her. By jingo, if I was a single man, I'd show you a trick or two."

So saying, Ed borrowed some bags and started around the corner of the barn, where he had left Bill sweeping, and put his ear to a knot-hole and listened, knowing the bachelor had a habit of talking to himself when anything worried him.

"Confound that young bagrider!" said Bill; "what business has he there, I'd like to know? Got a new buggy, has he! Well, so have I, and a new harness, too; and his horse can't get sight of mine, and I declare I've half a mind to—yes, I will! I'll go this very night and ask her to go to the show with me. I'll show Ed Wilbur that I ain't such a calf as he thinks I am, if I did let old Watson get the start of me in the first place!"

Ed could scarcely help laughing outright; but he hastily hitched the bags on his shoulder, and with a low chuckle at his success, started home to tell the news to Nelly; and about five o'clock that evening they saw Bill go by with his horse and buggy, on his way to the widow's. He jogged along quietly, thinking of the old singing-school days—and what a pretty girl Susan was then, and wondering inwardly if he would have more courage to talk up to her—until at a distance of about a mile from her house, he came to a bridge, he gave a tremendous sneeze and blew his teeth out of his mouth and clear over the dashboard, and striking on the plank, they rolled over the side of the bridge and dropped into four feet of water.

Words cannot do justice to poor Bill or paint the expression of his face as he sat there completely

dumbfounded at his piece of ill-luck. After a while he stepped out of his buggy, and getting down on his hands and knees, looked over into the water. Yes, there they were, at the bottom, with a crowd of little fishes rubbing their noses against them, and Bill wished to goodness that his nose was as close for one second. His beautiful teeth had cost him so much, and, the show coming on and no time to get another set—and the widow and young Sockrider.

Well, he must try and get them somehow and no time to be lost, for some one might come along and ask him what he was fooling around there for. He had no notion of spoiling his clothes by wading in with them on; and, besides, if he did, he could not go to the widow's that night, so he took a look up and down the road, to see that no one was in sight, and then quickly undressed himself, laying his clothes in the buggy to keep them clean. Then he ran around the bank and waded into the almost icy cold water, but his teeth didn't chatter in his head—he only wished they could. Quietly he waded along so as not to stir the mud up, and when he got to the right spot he dropped under the water and came out with his teeth in his mouth. But hark! What noise is that? A wagon, and a dog barking with all his might, and his horse is starting.

"Whoa! whoa! Stop you brute, you, stop!"

But stop he would not, but went off at a spanking pace, with the unfortunate bachelor after him. Bill was certainly in a capital running costume, but though he strained every nerve, he could not touch the buggy or reach the lines that were dragging on the ground. After a while his plug hat shook off the seat, and the hind wheel went over it, making it as flat as a pancake. Bill snatched it as he ran, and after jamming his fist into it, stuck it, all dusty and dimpled on his head. And now he saw the widow's house on the top of the hill, and what, oh what will he do? Then his coat fell out and he slipped it on, and then making a desperate spurt he clutched the back of the seat and scrambled in, and pulling the buffalo robe over his legs, stuffed the other things beneath. Now the horse happened to be one he got of 'Squire Moore, and he got it from the widow, and he took it into his head to stop at her gate, which Bill had no power to prevent, as he was too busy buttoning his coat up to his chin to think of doing much else.

The widow heard the rattling of the wheels and looked out, and seeing that it was Smiley and that he didn't offer to get out, she went out to see what he wanted, and there she stood chatting, with her white arms on the top of the gate, and her face towards him, while the chills ran down his shirtless back clear to his bare feet beneath the buffalo robe, and the water from his hair and the dust from his hat had combined to make some nice little streams of mud that came trickling down his face.

She asked him to come in. No, he was in a hurry, he said. She did not offer to go. He did not ask her to pick up his reins for him, because he did not know what excuse to make for not doing so himself. Then he looked down the road behind him and saw a white-faced horse coming, and at once surmised it was that of Gus Sockrider! He resolved to do or die, and hurriedly told his errand. The widow would be delighted to go—of course she would. But wouldn't he come in? No, he was in a hurry, he said; and he would go on to Green's place.

"Oh," said the widow, "you're going to Green's, are you? Why, I'm going there myself to get one of the girls to help me quilt to-morrow. Just wait a second while I get my bonnet and shawl, and I'll ride with you." And away she skipped.

"Thunder and lightning! what a scrape!" said Bill, and he hastily clutched his pants from between his feet, and was preparing to wriggle into them, when a light wagon drawn by the white-faced horse, driven by a boy, came along and stopped beside him. The boy held up a pair of boots in one hand and a pair of socks in the other, and just as the widow reached the gate again, he said:

"Here's your boots and socks, Mr. Smiley, that you left on the bridge when you were in there swimming."

"You're mistaken," said Bill; "they are not mine."

"Why," said the boy, "ain't you the man that had the race after the horse, just now?"

"No, sir, I am not. You had better go on about your business."

Bill sighed at the loss of his Sunday boots, and, turning to the widow, said:

"Just pick up those lines, will you, please? This brute of a horse is always switching them out of my hands."

The widow complied; he pulled one corner of the robe cautiously down as she got in.

"What a lovely evening," said she; "and so warm I don't think we want the robe over us, do we?"

You see she had on a nice new dress and a pair of new gaiters, and she wanted to show them.

"Oh, my," said Bill, earnestly, "you'll find it chilly riding, and I wouldn't have you catch cold for the world."

She seemed pleased at this tender care for her health, and contented herself with sticking one of her little feet out with a long silk neck-tie over the end of it.

"What is that, Mr. Smiley—a neck-tie?"

"Yes," said he; "I bought it the other day, and I must have left it in the buggy. Never mind it."

"But," said she, "it was careless;" and stooping over she picked it up and made a motion to tuff it in between them.

Bill felt her hand going down, and, making a dive after it, clutched it in his hand and held it hard and fast.

Then they went on quite a distance, he still holding her hand in his, and wondering what he should do when they got to Green's; and she wondered why he did not say something nice to her as well as squeeze her hand, why his coat was buttoned up so tightly on such a warm evening, and what made his face and hat so dirty, until they were going down a little hill and one of the traces came unhitched, and they had to stop.

"Oh, murder!" exclaimed Bill, "what next?"

"What is the matter, Mr. Smiley?" said the widow, with a start, which came very near jerking the robe off his knees.

"One of the traces is off," answered he.

"Well, why don't you get out and put it on again?"

"I can't," said Bill. "I've got—that is, I haven't got—oh, dear, I'm so sick! What shall I do?"

"Why, Willie," said she, tenderly, "what is the matter? Do tell me!"

She gave his hand a little squeeze, and looked into his pale face; she thought he was going to faint, so she got out her smelling-bottle with her left hand, and pulling the stopper out with her teeth, stuck it to his nose.

Bill was just taking in breath for a mighty sigh, and the pungent odor made him throw back his head so far that he lost his balance, and went over the low back buggy.

The little woman gave a low scream as his bare feet flew past her head, and covering her face with her hands, gave way to tears or smiles—it is hard to tell which. Bill was "right side up" in a moment, and, leaning over the back of the seat, was humbly apologizing and explaining, when Ed Wilbur and his wife and baby drove up behind and stopped.

Poor Bill felt that he would rather have been shot than had Ed Wilbur catch him in such a scrape, but there was no help for it now, so he called Ed to him and whispered in his ear. Ed was likely to burst with suppressed laughter, but he beckoned his wife to draw up, and, after saying something to her, he helped the widow out of Bill's buggy and into his, and the two women went on, leaving the men behind.

Bill lost no time in arranging his toilet as well as he could, and then with great persuasion Ed got him to go home with him, and hunting up slippers and socks, and getting him washed and combed, had him quite presentable when the ladies arrived.

I need not tell you how the story was all wormed out of bashful Bill, and they all laughed as they sat around the tea-table that night; but will conclude by saying that they all went to the show together, and Bill has no fear of Gus Sockrider now.

This is the story about Bill and the widow just as we had it from Ed Wilbur, and if there is anything unsatisfactory about it, ask him.

PERSEVERENCE is a Roman virtue that wins each godlike act and plucks success even from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger.

PROVIDENCE has hidden a charm in difficult undertakings, which is appreciated only by those who dare to grapple with them.

THE chief ingredients in the composition of those qualities that gain esteem and praise are good nature, truth, good sense and good breeding.

APPLAUSE waits on success; the fickle multitude, like the straw that floats along the stream, glide with the current still, and follow fortune.

## FINDING REST.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

THEY were on the lake in masquerade. William Merrill, rather than to seem untractable, had assumed the part of George Washington. His tall, well-formed person and quiet dignity was favorable to the character; but he never liked to be tricked out in trappings, and to-night he looked upon himself with just a slight feeling of contempt. However, he filled out his *rôle*, as he did everything, with a certain manly grace.

A little way off, on the ice, stood a girl in her ordinary costume, alone. She always seemed alone, for other girls avoided her. Not that she was at all uncanny, only that the ordinary freshness and gayety of girlhood, never seemed a part of her nature. Her childhood had been passed with old people, and her short life had been overcrowded with duties, and had never been brightened by loving words and tender care. So she always seemed to herself and others too old to be light-hearted.

Young Merrill skated up to where she stood.

"You were looking lonely, Marion, so I came to you."

The girl did not turn her head; she was looking a little way beyond where an athlete was performing on his skates, for the admiration of a small crowd. Soon he turned with the ease and grace of an old-time chevalier to assist the first steps of a young Indian girl.

So long she stood without speaking, that Merrill started to go. Then she arrested him by remarking: "I do not like you in any character but your own, William. Even that of the father of our country, does not seem to be an improvement." She laughed a little. "Now, Rupert Leonard, in his old regimentals, seems natural and right. Only I wish he had not taken Lafayette. I do not like incongruities even in masquerade. I can think of his being fired with a passing passion of patriotism, but could he endure through suffering?"

"It is the times, Marion, that develop heroes; how can we tell; look at him; how debonair; a finished gentleman, and yet he first drew breath among these rough hills. He is gifted with the qualities that, they tell us, only descend through a long line of cultured ancestry. Leonard is favored of fortune, and has already acquired fame."

"You are younger than he, William; do you think that in time you could become great?"

He saw, in the moonlight, her face lifted to his, and beaming with expectancy, but he answered quietly, and with a smile, "I don't know, Marion; one must be great to live the commonest life well. I scarcely expect to do that, but I mean to do my best."

Marion Garth turned away sighing, for his answer did not satisfy her. She had almost wild longings for something beyond and above a common life. She had never seen it lived well, and the bare thought of laboring through the years after such a common sort, filled her with dismay. She wanted to achieve something worthy. That was living nobly, she thought, and she wanted her friends to cherish these high aims. Rupert Leonard was almost or quite a genius, it was said. It was this that invested him with unusual interest; he did not live a common life.

Gliding away from Merrill, she was soon joined by Leonard. He had written a new poem, he said, and while they kept themselves a little apart from the skaters, he repeated it.

"It seems to me I might have written it myself, it is so nearly what I think," she said.

Now he had composed it with a direct view of representing her favorite sentiments, but he replied, "We are affinities; don't you see, Marion?" And after a long look at the wistful face, "I am going next week, you know, and I cannot go without your promise."

"I cannot promise; I do not know, Rupert, and it would be a fearful thing to make a mistake. I am groping among shadows, now. In doubt about life; at the proper time, perhaps, something will tell me what is best, and everything will be clear."

At first he was annoyed, and perhaps the dim thought arose in his mind that this country maiden did not quite appreciate the honor conferred upon her, but he only whispered, as the skaters closed around them: "Marion, I have always gained victories. I shall hope."

Then Marion glided out and in among the merry skaters, looking up at the stars, and down at the white world, still in doubt. She came to

a stand again by the shore. Just above her, on the bank, was the gabled, brown old homestead, where she was reared. Aunt Hannah did not feel well disposed toward late comers, Marion knew, and she stooped to remove her skates. George Washington shot in at her side, and coming to a rest on one knee, offered to serve her.

"Do you enjoy such an evening as this, Marion? You always seem so much alone."

"I am alone, William," answering the last clause; "and I am not sure but I shall always be."

"It will not be from necessity, then," said the young man, quickly. He had not meant to speak to-night, but there was that in the large nature of the man that gave him the desire to foster the unfledged or weary, if they had no other hold on his consideration, and this woman he loved. So he said, "not from necessity, Marion; I would gladly bear you company, always."

She looked into his face a little wistfully, for a moment. "I had scarcely thought this before, William, you are kind to every one; and yet I don't seem surprised. I am in a state of questioning and doubt, of what will develop life fully and truly. Rupert has been saying, to-night—you must not think I prattle of such things, I should never think of repeating them to any one else—he has said that he needs me, and if I cast him off it will terminate his career."

"And you, Marion, did you promise?"

"I did not know. How could I tell if it would be for the highest good?"

"Then you did not love him, Marion."

"I never had fancies like other girls. Never an ideal, I was always so old. It seems to me, sometimes, that love must be simply a feeling of rest in its object, perfect rest."

By this time her skates hung by the straps on her arm; but before walking up to the house she turned and said:

"I have not offended you?"

"No."

"I mean to do what is best?"

"Yes, Marion; good-night."

He removed his own skates and walked homeward, thinking hard all the way. If, in time, Marion Garth gave him a final refusal, he thought it would not terminate his career, as Leonard had said; though this love had so strong a hold on him that life would be a different thing without it. But he meant to live as useful and true a life as

was possible to him. Yet renunciation is not apt to be an attribute of youth, and he determined to win her yet, if he could.

So the whole year through, away at his business, thoughts of this girl stole in with the hours, and became mingled with his daily employment.

And Marion, all that year, took up the burden of the hour, rugged though it might seem, and bore it in a hushed fashion over her rugged pathway. She did not like household drudgery, and aunt Hannah was so exacting; but she did her work faithfully with all its routine. When the skating season came again, Leonard and Merrill were absent. She missed a certain excitement which the former's presence always aroused, and there was wanting, too, the feeling of help received, which the latter always brought.

The winter wore away, and summer dawned again. Never before had that season seemed to her so beautiful. Everything wore a new significance. Life, surely, must be as purposeful as nature was. The long quiet summer evenings she floated in a little skiff before aunt Hannah's old-fashioned dwelling, half in rest from the work of the day, and half in eager longing for a different state of things.

On such an afternoon, William, who had just arrived in his native town, had called to see Marion, and sitting on the front porch with her aunt, he watched her floating bark.

There, that afternoon, she had almost settled a difficulty. Perhaps William Merrill was right, and living a true life lay in the direction of little things. Doing small duties faithfully; trying to please aunt Hannah; surmounting everyday difficulties; seeking wisdom; learning from failures; this might be a way of becoming great.

William was a great favorite with aunt Hannah, and she took to herself a great share of the credit of his repeated calls during his summer vacations.

This evening, following the direction of his eyes, she held forth in a criticism on her niece, as she would not have done to any other person, for blood was thicker than water, to her mind, and she had inherited family pride from her old New England stock.

"This summer," said she, "she has taken a new tack. Before it was always the wood, or lonesome paths, but now there's nothin' like that water for her. What's ever goin' to become of her's more than I know. She's as odd as Dick's hat-band,



and yit she can make as good a brown loaf as any girl in the country. She will never be married, that's certain, though she's as fair as a meader lily. She's too indifferent and shy like to suit men.

"There's a letter comin' to her now and then, all blotted over with foreign postmarks. It is from that foolish Leonard, I suppose; I believe they call him a genius, or somethin', hereabouts, and if livin' a shiftless life makes that sort of creature, I guess he is one. I don't think he ever plowed an acre of land in his life, let alone turnin' his hand to any other kind of profitable work.

"Wal, as I was sayin', the letters come, and after a while they git answered; but she will never have him. I can read the signs in a girl's face, if I am an old woman."

"There is a storm coming up," said William, in his anxiety, breaking in upon the old woman's loquacity.

"Sakes alive, yes, I dare say it's bin a brewin' all this time that I've bin trottin on so fast with my tongue. It's a shift of wind; such blows come up sudden enough on this lake; rain is sure to come with it, and that girl 'll git wet through and through, and she's dreamin I suppose, as usual." And catching the horn from a nail in the porch, she hurried to the bank and gave a shrieking toot, toot, to warn Marion of her danger.

She had already taken warning, and was making for the nearest landing. William hastened to this point, while aunt Hannah put on steeping a generous dose of thoroughwort, soliloquizing, that "all along she had known that something would come of that girl's mad frolics on the water. She would come in drenched to the bone, and then, what a time of it; rheumatis, or fever, or somethin would in all likelihood foller."

In the meantime, the wind was backening the progress of Marion's bark, and tossing it about like paper on the waves. But the lake, in an angry mood, was not a new monster to her, and she managed skillfully to reach the shore. And there, arising to push her boat up in order to land, it was tossed on its side, and she thrown into the water. She had an instant of buffeting the waves, of being enveloped in a great rush that was overwhelming, and then, rescue.

When able to collect herself, she looked up to see who was bearing her along. It was William Merrill, and looking down into her face, he saw

beaming through its surprise the light of a new emotion.

"Marion, have you found rest at last?"

"Yes, William."

A moment before he had felt strong enough to carry his dear burden to her home, but now he rested her on a stone, unable to bear her up.

Aunt Hannah's tongue was voluble in exposing the forecast of her mind, when they reached the house. "Had she not told her so; it was a natural consequence followin' on a thriftless course; it would of course end in a good duckin', and serve her right; she had better have been safe in the house busy at her knittin'-work."

"Aunt Hannah," said Merrill, "You will let me call you so? Give me the scolding; through the years to come, I mean to take all the unpleasant things out of Marion's life into mine."

Aunt Hannah set down the cup of thoroughwort tea, the intense bitter of which she had just softened all she could, from the blue and white sugar-bowl, raised the lamp, and took a sharp survey, first of the speaker, and then of her niece.

"I declare, I believe you air in earnest, and I never was so struck of a heap in my born days."

She placed the lamp on the table and sat herself down in a chair. After a moment the practical turn of her mind resumed its accustomed offices, and she arose, saying, "I am awful surprised, as I was sayin', but the girl has got to have her herb drink all the same," and she administered to Marion the bitter cup.

Another year went by, during which Aunt Hannah passed through innumerable trials with her help. After all, there was no one could do like Marion. This, to herself, she often repeated in soliloquy, but she was cautious enough that it should not reach the ears of her niece, when, with her husband, she paid a visit to her native town, for she had more than once said that the girl did not earn her salt.

But with Marion, now, the struggle was over. On one of the soft summer evenings spent, not unpleasantly, with aunt Hannah, she and William strayed around the beach of the lovely bay, she had learned so well by heart, and seated on a rock she looked back to the brown gabled roof that had in childhood given her shelter, but had not afforded her the loving kindness which a child's heart needs for its nurture, and without which it cannot get true growth.

## TAKING IT COOLLY.

SOME of the many instances of extraordinary coolness in the midst of danger and otherwise that have been recorded are here offered to our readers, together with some amusing sayings and doings. When gallant Ponsonby lay grievously wounded on the field of Waterloo, he forgot his own desperate plight while watching an encounter between a couple of French lancers and one of his own men, cut off from his troop. As the Frenchman came down upon Murphy, he, using his sword as if it were a shillelah, knocked their lances alternately aside again and again. Then suddenly setting spurs to his horse, he galloped off at full speed, his eager foes following in hot pursuit, but not quite neck and neck. Wheeling round at exactly the right moment, the Irishman, rushing at the foremost fellow, parried his lance and struck him down. The second, pressing on to avenge his comrade, was cut through diagonally by Murphy's sword, falling to the earth without a cry or groan; while the victor, scarcely glancing at his handiwork, trotted off whistling "The Grinder."

Towards the close of the fight of Inkermann, Lord Raglan, returning from taking leave of General Strangways, met a sergeant carrying water for the wounded. The sergeant drew himself up to salute, when a round shot came bounding over the hill, and knocked his forage cap out of his hand. The man picked it up, dusted it on his knee, placed it carefully on his head, and made the salute, not a muscle of his countenance moving the while. "A neat thing that, my man!" said Lord Raglan. "Yes, my lord," returned the sergeant, with another salute, "but a miss is as good as a mile." The commander was probably not surprised by such an exhibition of *sangfroid*, being himself good that way. He was badly hurt at Waterloo, and says the Prince of Orange, who was in the hospital, "I was not aware of the presence of Lord Fitzroy Somerset until I heard him call out in his ordinary tone, 'Hallo! don't carry that arm away until I have taken off my ring!' Neither wound nor operation had extorted a groan from his lips."

The Indian prides himself upon taking good or ill in the quietest of ways, and from a tale told in Mr. Marshall's "Canadian Dominion," his civilized half-brother would seem to be equally unemotional. Thanks mainly to a certain Metis or half-breed in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, a Sioux warrior was found guilty of stealing a horse, and condemned to pay the animal's value by installments at one of the company's forts. On paying the last installment he received his quittance from the man who had brought him to justice, and left the office. A few months later the Sioux returned, advanced on his noiseless moccasins within a pace of the writing-table, levelled his musket full at the half-breed's head. Just as the trigger was pulled the Metis raised the hand with which he was writing and touched lightly the muzzle of the gun; the shot passed over his head, but his hair was singed off in a broad mass. The smoke clearing away, the Indian was amazed to see that his enemy still lived. The other looked him full in the eyes for an instant and quietly resumed his writing. The Indian silently departed unpursued, those who would have given chase being stopped by the half-breed with, "Go back to your dinner and leave the affair to me."

When evening came, a few whites, curious to see how the matter would end, accompanied the Metis to the Sioux encampment. At a certain distance he bade them wait, and advanced alone to the Indian tents. Before one of these sat crouched the baffled savage, singing his own death-hymn to the tom-tom. He complained that he must now say good-by to wife and child, to the sunlight, to his gun and the chase. He told his friends in the spirit-land to expect him that night, when he would bring them all the news of their tribe. He swung his body backwards and forwards as he chanted his strange song, but never once looked up—not even when his foe spurned him with his foot. He only sang on, and awaited his fate. Then the half-breed bent his head and spat down on the crouching Sioux, and turned leisurely away—a crueller revenge than if he had shot him dead.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

**Footprints of the Past.**—The number of ancient leather boots and shoes discovered during excavations in the City of London and its vicinity, is far larger than most people imagine. Some few years ago hundreds of leather soles and uppers of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were disinterred in the neighborhood of Blackfriars Bridge, and are now in possession of a Northamptonshire dealer in curiosities, who purchased the same at the sale of the collection formed by the late Dr. Roach Smith, the London antiquary. Very recently other relics of a later period have been brought to light. These consist of a huge pair of cavalry boots, which are made of the thickest of horsehide, stand thirty inches high, and weigh ten pounds each. The soles, which are an inch in thickness, are, as well as the heels, covered with thick iron plates. Huge roweled spurs resting on ledges projecting from the back of the boots are attached thereto by heavy steel chains, while as a protection to the thigh, a dome-shaped cap of a double thickness of hide extends half-way up that member. The boots were discovered during the demolition of some old houses in Clerkenwell, and as both Cromwell himself, his son Richard, Ireton and Fairfax at one time resided in Clerkenwell Close, while the humbler followers of the great Protector also dwelt in large numbers in the vicinity, it may with fairness be assumed that they, at some time or other, were the property of one of the "Iron-sides." The boots are in a most excellent state of preservation.

**A Curious Will.**—A curious will has just been settled in Berlin, containing a moral worth, a wider circulation than a miser's testament often obtains. The poor man died, when to general surprise it was found he left thirty-four thousand marks. The thirty thousand in a package, signed and sealed, was to be given to his native town in Bavaria; one thousand each to three brothers, and one thousand to a friend with whom he had quarreled. It was stipulated that none of the four should follow the body to the grave, which suggestion the three brothers gladly accepted, but the quarreler walked alone and forfeited his thousand marks, for the sake of paying a last mitigating honor. When the package was opened for the town it disclosed another will, giving the thirty thousand to any of the four who should disregard the stipulation.

**Who Named the Colleges.**—Harvard College was named after John Harvard, who, in 1638, left the college £779 and a library of over three hundred books.

Williams College was named after Colonel Ephraim Williams, a soldier of the French war.

Dartmouth College was named after Lord Dartmouth, who subscribed a large amount, and was president of the first board of trustees.

Brown University received its name from Hon. Nicholas

Brown, who was a graduate of the college, went into business, became very wealthy, and endowed the college largely.

Columbia College was called King's College till the close of the war for independence, when it received the name of Columbia.

Bowdoin College was named after Governor Bowdoin, of Maine.

Yale College was named after Elihu Yale, who made very liberal donations to the college.

Colby University, formerly Waterville College, was named after Mr. Colby, of Boston, who gave \$500,000 to the college in 1866.

Dickinson College received its name from Hon. John Dickinson. He made a very liberal donation to the college, and was president of the board of trustees for many years.

Cornell University was named after Ezra Cornell, its founder.

**Bunyan's Pilgrim** prayed himself out of the giant's dungeon. His devotion won him the key that unlocked the way to liberty. A story of a similar Divine rescue from a situation that would have brought despair to a wicked man is told in the writings of Hugh Miller, who probably heard it from the descendants of the chief actor in the scene. A Highlander in the British army, during the war of the Revolution, was caught one evening creeping out of a thicket just beyond the lines, evidently returning from some secret errand. The American outposts (along the Hudson) were then quite near those of the British, and being concealed in the forests, their exact numbers and distances were always uncertain. Under the circumstances the Highlander was suspected of being an informer, that is, in communication with the enemy. It was shortly after the execution of Major André, and the enraged British were in no humor to let a man go who was accused of sympathy with the Americans. The soldier was taken before his colonel, and the witnesses of his presumed guilt told their story.

"What have you to say for yourself?" demanded the colonel with a threatening frown.

"Only this, sir; I had got away slyly from my comrades to pray a bit while in the bush, and was coming back when the soldiers took me."

"Are you in the habit of praying?" demanded the officer.

"Yes, sir."

"Then pray now. You never needed it more in your life." And the colonel took out his watch.

Fully believing that he had but a few minutes to live, the Christian soldier knelt and poured out his soul in such language that only a friend of God can use. All who heard it were astonished, the commander himself among the rest.

"Go," he said. "You have told the truth. If you had not been often to drill you could not have done so well at review."

## CURRENT MEMORANDA.

**Important to the Ladies.**—The West Philadelphia Passenger Railway Company *vs.* Clara M. Whipple.—Error to Common Pleas, No. 4.—Early on the morning of July 13th, 1873, Clara Whipple got on board of a crowded car of the Market Street Line. She was obliged to stand, and instead of holding on to the straps provided by the company, she took hold of the hands of a friend who was seated. A sudden lurch of the car at Front and Market streets threw her from her feet and she sustained serious injuries to her kneecap. The jury gave Miss Whipple \$5,500 damages. The Supreme Court affirmed the judgment of the lower court, awarding the damages. In its decision, which is amusing, the court says:

"Even as to catching hold of the stay-straps overhead, the court could not have told the jury more than it did. It said that, if straps are reasonable appliances, and she could use them with ordinary convenience, she was bound to use them. This was going quite as far as a court ought to go upon a matter of fact of this nature. Was she to take hold though beyond her reach and extraordinarily inconvenient? Who was to judge of her power to seize and hold on to them, and if she could not what should she do next? Are we to say, as a matter of law, that women are to dress in a certain way, and that their ordinary habiliments, according to the usages of society, are to be cast aside when they enter a car, for fear they should find no seats? Clearly these are facts which enter into the question of negligence and form a part of that whole out of which the jury must draw their conclusion. Possibly a woman may be so fantastically and foolishly hooped, wired, and pinned up as to deprive her of her natural power to help herself, but if so, the question is one of fact and not of law, and so we incline to leave it, instead of imposing upon our brethren below the difficult duty of prying into the artificial stays of the plaintiff's case."

**Brazil.**—There is sometimes valuable information transmitted by consuls and commercial agents. At the present Brazil is an interesting country to the United States, commercially considered, and Mr. Cone, our consul at Para, appears to treat the subject of trade between Brazil and the United States very intelligently. The valley of the Amazon is represented in Mr. Cone's despatches as inexhaustible in riches—not only in fertility of soil, but in the variety of its products, embracing very many of the rarest and most valuable articles of commerce.

The botany of the country is the richest in the world, and its minerals embrace diamonds and the precious metals. The country suffers from bad legislation, and its trade is restricted in consequence. Foreigners cannot become citizens unless they marry Brazilians. This would not be so serious if it were not for the export duty on all products. These duties are frequently so high that the producer is unable to pay them without sustaining actual loss. The natives are indolent, and the industrious foreigner is impoverished by taxes.

The ex-Confederates who settled in Brazil on the termination of the war, have made a lamentable failure in their new home. They were never disposed to work much, even under the most favorable circumstances, and they have less encouragement in Brazil than they had when they imagined that they felt oppression in their native land and concluded to leave it when their rebellious flag was trailed in the dust.

Great Britain is represented as enjoying the monopoly of the foreign trade, and her officials as acting very haughtily toward people of other nationalities. Mr. Cone hopes for a better condition of things under the reign of the liberal Dom Pedro, and especially from the line of steamers established by him between Rio Janeiro and Philadelphia.

**Not Overproduction, but Unwise Distribution.**—The questions before Congress and the country for some time to come are likely to be economic questions. The strikes are over. The riots which attended the strikes were put down, and, considering all things, were put down promptly and creditably. That is well so far as it goes, but not at all well if it be taken as a finality, and if we permit ourselves to suppose that putting down riots is doing our whole duty by "labor troubles." Strikes are only symptoms, and wise physicians do not treat symptoms. In part the strikes are the consequences of an inevitable and general shrinkage which is going on everywhere, and which the trades-unions have resisted, where other classes have quietly yielded to it, simply because the trades-unions have peculiar facilities for resisting it. But the question will recur how far the state of things indicated by the strikes is really inevitable and how far it can be avoided. In a country like this it remains true that it is a solecism and a scandal that a man able and willing to work should be even threatened with actual want. What is called "overproduction" must, in this country, mean bad distribution. General scarcity means not that nature is niggardly, but that man is unwise. We have imposed foolish restrictions and regulations upon trade, or else we have neglected to impose wise restrictions and regulations. Scarcity anywhere—certainly scarcity throughout large districts and among great classes—is an indictment of our laws and our policy.

**Internal Improvement Demanded at this Time.**—We believe that a majority of the North and West are prepared to consider such a question as that presented by the Texas and Pacific Railroad Company, not only without prejudice, but with a strong disposition to so shape the legislation of the country as even to confer benefits upon the Southern States, by way of a wise and honorable compensation for unparalleled losses and injuries often unjustly inflicted upon them for many years past.

It is also time that the Southern States should become practical in the changed condition of affairs, and no longer hesitate to unite with one voice in asking for the definite and

ample assistance of the Federal Government towards their grand works of internal improvement, and especially towards the Southern Pacific Railroad, the most leading of these, if in truth, such a work, both in its stupendous character and broad commercial wealth, should not be regarded as merely Southern in name and geographical location, while truly national in scope and design. As a token of renewed goodwill, and an admission of permanent harmony and friendship, based on terms of perfect equality, the Northern and Western members should be willing to grant, in this hour of fraternal reconciliation, some of the advantages heretofore afforded with such extreme liberality to the lines running above the 40th parallel of latitude.

**A Brave Russian General's Origin.**—The Skobelevs have a singular origin. In 1839 the Emperor Nicholas, while at a review of his whole army, ordered a General Skobelev to select the finest men in the army to form into a body of imperial guards. In the first regiment examined, the General came across a stalwart young soldier, who far surpassed his comrades in appearance. The soldier said that his name was Kobelev, and that he came from a village in the province of Novgorod. The General, upon hearing this reply to an inquiry he had made, seemed greatly interested, and being told that it was only the youth of Kobelev that had hindered his advancement from the ranks, at once gave orders that he should be made a non-commissioned officer. That evening General Skobelev, at a dinner given to the officers of the regiment to which Kobelev belonged, told an anecdote. He said that many years before, when he was a private soldier, he was on guard one day at the Winter Palace. While keeping guard the Empress passed by, and, after looking at him a few moments, asked him his name. He replied that it was Kobelev. "Kobelev," said the Empress; "I don't like the sound of that name; for the future you are to be called Skobelev." From that time the Empress took an interest in his welfare, and eventually, through her favor, he became aid-de-camp to the Czar. "I have only one more remark to make," said the General, "and that is that the young fellow whom I raised to be an officer to-day is the son of the brother I left at home to look after our village homestead." The nephew took his uncle's name, and subsequently himself became a General. It is his son, "Skobelev the younger," who has recently distinguished himself before Plevna.

The late Duke of Wellington at one time, when in command of a large army, found great numbers of his soldiers weakened and ill in consequence of bad provisions. He ordered about twenty of the contractors tried by court-martial. They were convicted and executed. After that there were no more complaints of bad provisions, and undoubtedly thousands of lives were saved by his prompt and efficient correction of the evil. If a like example could be made of the same number of those who deal unjustly with the red men, the Indians would afford but little cause for the increase of our army.

**Is there a Hell?**—Next to the Eastern war, this query is the great and all-absorbing topic of the hour. Divines and professional men in general, editors and writers by the score,

find it a hobby to write upon. While we do not take any stock in the enterprise, from the fact that we cannot see any dividends ahead—and hence in our humble judgment, an unprofitable investment at best—we nevertheless defer to the opinions of such as may choose to venture upon it and take chances. Our preferences lie in an entirely different direction, wherein we have unbounded assurances of ultimate reward for implicit confidence, without doubt or misgivings. It is entirely immaterial to us whether there be any such place or not, for the reason that even if there should be, we do not propose going there, if we can avoid it, and we shall try very hard to do so.

Mrs. Bladen, of the Philadelphia *Sunday Times*, a racy and piquant writer, thus replies to the question: "Do you think there is a Hell?"

"Yes, I do, not only one, but plenty of them, and they are to be found in this world, not in the next. They are the places where the brutal ferocity of men, fed by the weak subjection of women, revels unchecked in torturing its victims. Where unbridled selfishness preys on all around it. Where oppression rides roughshod over the suffering poor. Poetic justice seems to demand that such offenders on earth should taste the bitter cup they have made others swallow in some future state of existence, but poetic justice can be satisfied without mortgaging eternity. Be consoled, poor victims, for there is not a sin against humanity which man commits that does not react with fourfold vigor on himself.

"The pictorial hell of the future has been too much dwelt upon for the mental good of the weak and nervous. I never took much stock in it myself, feeling that I could not be really comfortable in any state of beatitude, if I knew that my worst enemy was suffering torture.

"I can hardly think that any one's salvation depends upon a clear understanding of the conditions of a future life, otherwise we would not be left without personal revelations of exact facts. It is not compatible with Infinite Wisdom to permit such wonderful variety of belief among men, and then punish those who, by education or peculiarity of mind, adopt a theoretical faith which might lead them to follow a wrong course. But it is above all things cruel to impress youth with the dread of future terrors that make the present life a burden, and death a horror. I have read the Bible through twice, the New Testament three times, and, reading it in a plain, matter-of-fact way, I cannot find anything to scare one, but much to encourage us at the prospect of a future state. The places where hell is most forcibly referred to is in the case of liars and rich men, who let beggars sit on their doorsteps, and eat the crumbs from their tables; and yet we would think him rather a good sort of rich man who lets a beggar do that now-a-days. Nor is it a matter of popular belief that rich men take the beggars into their houses, and provide for them there; so that, after all, the rich men have the greatest interest in this matter, and had better settle it with the theologians. The Bible is the hand-book of democracy. It is a continual crying out against the oppressions of the high and mighty. It is the embodiment of the inspiration of the ages; but no one is forced to take any man's special interpretation of its spiritual truths, and each should enjoy that form of organized worship best adapted to his own development."



## LITERATURE AND ART.

**Pretty Polly Pemberton**, a love story, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "Theo," "That Lass o' Lowrie's," etc., and reprinted from "Peterson's Magazine," is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. The novel deserves more than a notice. It calls itself "a love story," and by this standard, and this only, therefore, should it be tried. Judged in that way, it is, like "Theo," as nearly perfect as possible. In the first place, it has that greatest artistic merit in a story, thorough unity; not an incident, not a character, hardly a sentence, could be left out, without injury. Everything has a bearing on the *denouement*. There are no needless episodes, no padding of any kind. How rare a merit this is can only be realized by examining critically the works even of the best novelists. In the next place, the characters are all natural, and consistent with themselves throughout. There are no impossible heroes, or heroines; nobody does anything exceptional, or improbable; yet the interest is always kept up, nay, increases with every chapter. This also is a rare excellence. In the last place, the heroine is charmingly fresh, original, womanly, and lovable. The hero, too, is capitally drawn. The touches, infinitely delicate, by which this London guardsman and "swell" is made to stand out on the canvas, deserves the highest praise. If the author, when she wrote this story, and so modestly claimed so little for it, was not aware of its real merits, then she literally did what few do—she "built better than she knew."

Certainly no description can give an adequate account of the marvelous gift with which she was endowed—the heavenly gift of eloquence, which dazzled by its splendor, wrought magic wonders by the wondrous magic of its power, which unlocked the most reserved hearts, and shed new light—the flashing light of genius—upon problems and mysteries. Her conversation was made brilliant by scintillating wit and playful fancy; poetical by unlimited imagination, and skill in adapting the "shows of things to the desires of the mind;" impassioned by deep-hearted feeling and touching pathos; profound and scholarly by wide knowledge, accurate judgments of facts and principles, and strong, realistic habits of thought. Her diction was eloquent and choice, without being either constrained or forced; her sentences, though as complete and gracefully rounded off as a Greek work of art, came from her lips apparently without forethought or care. Accustomed from the first years of childhood to the most rigid intellectual discipline from philosophical study, yet extensively acquainted with the best works of imagination, her thoughts had variety and range, and by clothing them in words of beautiful, nay, startling eloquence, she wove a spell over the minds of her listeners and held them to her allegiance forever. "The sweep of her speech was grand."

**Charles Dickens's Manuscripts.**—A glimpse of the manuscripts of the late Charles Dickens, which now form part of the "Forster Collection" in the South Kensington

Museum, conjures up a vision of numerous characters in his popular novels. On looking attentively at the manuscripts, we are at once struck by the number of alterations and interlineations with which the pages abound; and our first sentiment is one of surprise that the books which appear so wonderfully natural and fluent when we read them, should evidently have been the result of much anxious thought, care, and elaboration.

The collection comprises the original manuscripts of the following works: "Oliver Twist," published in 1838-39; "Master Humphrey's Clock," comprising "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge," published in 1840-41; "Barnaby Rudge," a separate volume, 1840-41; "American Notes," 1842; "Martin Chuzzlewit," 1843-44; "The Chimes," Christmas, 1844; "Dombey and Son," 1846-48; "David Copperfield," 1849-50; "Bleak House," which has in the original manuscript a secondary title, "The East Wind," 1852-53; "Hard Times," 1854; "Little Dorrit," 1855-57; "A Tale of Two Cities," 1859; and "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" (his last but unfinished work), 1870. There are also proof volumes from the printers, consisting of "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," and "Little Dorrit," the pages of which bear marginal and other corrections and alterations, in ink, by the author.

Of course, as the collection is placed under a glass case, the public can only see one or two pages of each work; but even with this meagre guide, the acute observer is able in some degree to trace the working of the writer's mind, and to follow to some extent the development of his ideas. As we have already remarked, the first thing which strikes us is the comparatively large number of alterations and interlineations which occur in the manuscript. It is evident that Charles Dickens wrote with the greatest care, and scrupulously revised his writing, in order to render each sentence as perfect as might be. Taking the works in their chronological order, we may notice that in "Oliver Twist," which is open at "Chapter the Twelfth"—"In which Oliver is taken better care of than he ever was before, with some particulars concerning a certain picture"—there are few alterations in the manuscript; the writing also being larger and firmer than in the majority of the later works. Charles Dickens made his alterations so carefully that it is difficult to trace the words which he had originally written; but the one or two which occur on this page give us some little insight into the careful manner in which the author worked up his sentences into a well-rounded and euphonious form. The passage at which this manuscript is opened runs as follows: "The coach rattled away down Mount Pleasant and up Exmouth Street—over nearly the same ground as that which Oliver had traversed when he first entered London in," and here occurs the first alteration, "the D—" is erased, and "company with the Dodger," is written in its place; the author evidently considering the latter a more euphonious form

of expression than "in the Dodger's company," as it was doubtless his original intention to make the passage. The alteration to which we have referred may appear, as indeed it is, of exceedingly small significance; but we have mentioned it simply as an instance of the extremely careful way in which Dickens studied the details and minutiae of composition.

The next manuscript in point of date is "Master Humphrey's Clock," which is open at "No. IV.," headed, "Master Humphrey from his clock-side in the chimney corner," and commences as follows: "Night is generally my time for walking. In the summer I often leave home early in the morning and roam about fields and lanes all day, or even escape for days or weeks together; but, saving in the country" [this originally stood "but at other seasons of the year;"] but Dickens doubtless saw that the expression as it now stands would be more consistent with the context, "I seldom go out until after dark, though, heaven be thanked, I love its light and feel the cheerfulness it sheds upon the earth as much as any creature living." This page of manuscript has only a moderate share of alterations.

Then we come to the volume of "Barnaby Rudge," which is opened at "Chapter One," and also contains only a moderate number of alterations, one being in the height of the Maypole sign, and another in the distance of Epping Forest from Cornhill; both of which are noticeable as further illustrations of the conscientious love of accuracy which characterized the author's mind. Next in order follows the "American Notes," which has very few corrections, and is opened at the page headed "Chapter the First. Introductory and necessary to be read;" in which the author challenges the right of any person "to pass judgement on this book or to arrive at any reasonable conclusion in reference to it without first being at the trouble of becoming acquainted with its design and purpose." Surely a caution fair and reasonable enough on the part of the writer of a book which he could not but feel would probably give offence, where such an end was farthest from his wish.

"The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit" comes next, open at "Chapter I. Introductory. Concerning the pedigree of the Chuzzlewit Family;" and giving us a brief but telling satire on the pride of birth by assuring us that this family "undoubtedly descended in a direct line from Adam and Eve, and was in the very earliest times closely connected with the agricultural interest." This page is notably full of alterations, and seems a fair indication that with Charles Dickens, as with many others, the first step was the most difficult of all. The caligraphy in this as in all the other manuscripts is legible but rather small, the letters being distinctly formed, and the use of abbreviations studiously avoided.

We next turn to "The Chimes," one of those delightful stories with which Dickens introduced to us those Christmas annuals, which now form so important a section of our periodical literature. This again is open at the commencement, where the author lays down the dogma that there are not many people who would care to sleep in a church: "I don't mean at sermon-time in warm weather (when the thing has actually been done once or twice), but in the night and alone." This sentence originally finished with "in the night;" but

we can readily imagine the development of the idea in the brain of the writer, and the words "and alone" suggesting themselves as lending an additional ground of fear for the situation. The manuscript of this page bears a moderate number of alterations.

In "Dombey and Son" we find a large number of alterations on the first page, the very title itself having been altered more than once. The sketch of the newly-born Paul, who was placed in front of the fire, "as if his constitution were analogous to that of a muffin, and it was essential to toast him brown while he was very new," is very good indeed; but it is evident that the passage was rather the result of careful elaboration than of spontaneous humor. And the same remark will apply to the opening chapter of "David Copperfield," in which, although the passage descriptive of the birth of the hero is very neat and natural as it now stands the same careful revision and alteration are again apparent.

"Bleak House" too is notably full of alterations on the first page, especially in the passage which tells us that in the muddy condition of the London streets "it would not be wonderful to meet a mesalosaurus forty feet long or so waddling like an elephantine lizard up Holborn Hill."

In "Hard Times," where we are introduced to the gentleman who wants nothing but "facts," and in the opening chapter of "Little Dorrit," in which we have a description of Marseilles as it "lay broiling in the sun one day," we find a large number of alterations; but in these, as in most of the other instances, the primary words have been erased so carefully that it is next to impossible to form an idea of how the passages originally stood. "The Tale of Two Cities," on the contrary, contains remarkably few corrections; and the opening passage descriptive of "the period" is telling, and apparently written spontaneously. "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" has been opened with good judgment at the last page. The manuscript is very small, but fairly legible, and having but a moderate number of alterations. In a literary sense, it is not perhaps so interesting as some of the others; but it possesses a sad and melancholy claim upon our attention and sympathy, inasmuch as it is the last page of manuscript ever written by this gifted hand.

In the proof volumes with corrections in the handwriting of the author there is nothing which calls for special note save an unimportant deletion in "Bleak House," and a more interesting alteration in "David Copperfield." In the former there is a passage marked "out," in which Sir Leicester Dedlock speaks to Mrs. Rouncewell of her grandson in the following passage: "If (he said) the boy could not settle down at Chesney Wold, in itself the most astonishing circumstance in the world, could he not serve his country in the ranks of her defenders, as his brother had done? Must he rush to her destruction at his early age and with his parri- cidal hand strike at her!"

In "David Copperfield" we find by a passage in which Mr. Dick is referring to his memorial that his original hallucination took the form of a "bull in a china shop;" a rather trite idea, and it was not until after the proof had actually been submitted to him by the printers that Charles Dickens introduced the whimsical and happier notion of "King Charles's Head."

Before bringing our brief paper to a conclusion, we would

venture to suggest to the gentleman or gentlemen to whom is intrusted the arrangement of these manuscripts, that the present position of the manuscripts and printed volumes should be transposed, so that the manuscripts should occupy the lower half of the case, as in their present position it is rather difficult to decipher the caligraphy; and to any one below the ordinary height it must involve an amount of physical contortion as uncomfortable as it is inelegant. The manuscript being of course of greater interest than the printed proofs, should certainly occupy the more prominent space, especially as the latter could be read without any difficulty if placed in the rear rank.

We have no doubt that many of those who read this short article will have seen the Dickens manuscripts for them-

selves; many more doubtless will see them; but there will still be a large number who will not have the opportunity; and while we think that our remarks will be endorsed by the first and second classes, we hope that they will prove interesting to the third less fortunate class, and will enable them to enjoy, at least in imagination, a somewhat closer intimacy than they have known before with that great and gifted man, whose books have effected so many beneficial changes both in society at large and in many an individual heart and life, uprooting and casting to the winds much that was base, worthless, and contemptible, and implanting in their stead the seeds of those gentler sympathies and nobler aspirations which find their fruition in a well-spent life—the highest tribute to moral worth and excellency of character.

## GOSSIP AND NOTE BOOK.

**American Social Life.**—The foe of American social life is in the tendency to luxury and effeminacy among the well-to-do young women of our American cities and towns. They don't realize how this dreadful mania for expensive pleasures and life of alternate idleness and amusement is destroying their health, abolishing true marriage, feeding the flames of gross sensuality and intemperance among young men, and saddening the hopes of the best parents of the land. Some of them will never know it in this world. But most of them have no real purpose to waste their lives in this wretched way. And it is a high crime in mothers, teachers, and ministers of religion and the public press to pander to this insanity. Thousands of good-hearted young girls are sacrificed every year, when a little wise and loving guidance could save them. But we feel that they should be told that unless they change this life they will pass away like the flowers of June, and a more hardy and resolute class occupy their places. American society will shed every class of triflers, male or female, that does not do its work, as the forests shed their withered leaves. Let them awake from their dream of social indulgences; learn to live out of doors; to build up their health; to cultivate more simple tastes in dress and more moderation in pleasure; study domestic economy; study social skill and tact; fit themselves for the noblest positions ever yet offered to their sex, and learn that woman is the soul of American life, not the tinsel on its garment.

The Georgia negro has no more faith in banks. He lays all his money out in clothes and hair oil, and the news of a bank suspension causes him to exclaim: "Bust away wid ye, but ye can't hurt dese lavender breeches."

"Job Printing!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington the other day, as she peeped over her spectacles at the advertising page of a country paper. "Poor Job! they've kept him printing, week after week, ever since I learnt to read; and if he wasn't the patientest man that ever was, he never could have stood it so long, no how."

**Not too much Confidence.**—"Don't put too much confidence in a lover's vows and sighs," said Mrs. Partington to her niece; "let him tell you that you have lips like strawberries and cream, cheeks like a carnation, and eyes like an asterisk; but such things oftener come from a tender head than a tender heart."

**Purity of Character.**—Over the outer coat of plum and apricot there grows a bloom more beautiful than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate powder that overspreads its rich colors. Now, if you rub your hand over that, and it is once gone, it is gone forever—it only appears once. The flower that hangs in the morning impaled with dew—arrayed with jewels—once shake it so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as long as you please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell gently on it from heaven. On a frosty morning you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes, mountains, lakes, and trees, blended into a beautiful fantastic picture. Now, lay your hand upon the glass, and by the least scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of the palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity in character, which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored—a fringe more delicate than frostwork, which when torn and broken will never be repaired. When a young lad or girl leaves the parents' house, with the blessings of a mother's tears still wet upon the cheek, if early purity of character be once lost, it can never be made up again. Such is the consequence of crime.

A little boy was asked the other day if he knew where the wicked finally go to. He answered: "They practice law a spell, and then go to the Legislature!"

One was a Baptist, and the other was a Congregationalist. The waiter asked them what they'd order. "A little dipped toast," said the Baptist. "You may give me toast also," said the Congregationalist, very carefully, "but don't dip it—sprinkle it with a little butter."

**By Telephone.**—A worthy and elderly divine from the rural regions, who has zealously labored for a number of years in his divine calling in the true spirit of meek and innocent simplicity, came to the city a few days ago. His visits to the city are not very frequent, and they occur at great intervals. He has not quite so much followed the world's progress in scientific advancements and discoveries as he is interested in the wayward trials and vicissitudes of his own little band of sinners in the rural field.

He dropped in at the office of a companion of his youth, the chief of a large and extended manufacturing establishment. They have a quiet, pleasant chat in the elegant, cosily-furnished apartment. One of the novelties in the room is a telephone connecting it with the factory some dozen miles off. Our friend, the chief, is suddenly called out; the reverend gentleman remains alone in the room. He pulls out the latest tracts, adjusts his specs, nestles down in the fauteuil and begins to read.

"Ello!" in sepulchral tones. Looks up. Thinks it is outside.

"El-low! Wake up, old boy."

Our divine starts up and gazes around.

"Why the devil don't you answer?"

"I—I—beg—beg—your"—

"What in h—ll are you doing?" continues the telephone.

"Really—my dear—dear sir," gasps our divine, swaying unsteadily through the room.

"Order down two car-loads of coke and a barrel of brimstone."

"Lord have mercy on their souls," mumbles the preacher, in panic-stricken terror.

"Send down a new pack, a box of segars, and a half-dozen bottles of Joe Murch's best."

This was too much. The elderly divine bolts through the door, flies down the street, boards the first train homeward, and never gets over his excitement until he has landed safely in the parsonage in the rural domain.

A few days after, our worthy friend, the manufacturing chief, receives a long, kind epistle, offering earnest prayers for the salvation of his soul, and that God may finally purge him from all the sins and great wickedness with which he is surrounded.

A Vicksburg negro fell from the deck of a steamboat the other day, and was sucked under a coal barge, came up in time to catch his breath before he slid under a raft a mile long, and finally scrambled ashore down at Warrentown, about seven miles below, with the remark, "No use tryin', ye kaint drown a deep-water Baptis'!"

A Harvard student was called to account for having publicly styled the Professor of Hebrew "a first-class mule." He admitted having made the remark, but said he intended it as a compliment. "Explain yourself," said the Professor. "Why, a first-class mule is necessarily a good He-brayist."

The reason an urchin gave for being late at school on Monday was that the boy in the next house was going to have a dressing with a bed-cord, and he waited to hear him howl.

He told the editor that he had read proof for twenty years, and he obtained a situation. When he spelled introduction with a big "I" and with a "k," and Jehovah with a little "g," the editor dipped him in the ink barrel, wrung him out between the rollers of the press, and hung him out in the alley to dry.

**He had a Heart.**—She was an angel blonde, and tripped through the market until she reached a stall where a handsome butcher stood.

"Have you a heart?" she said, blushing timidly.

"Have I a heart, miss?" responded the butcher. "Do you think that I can watch you day after day and see your eyes drooping as they meet mine—that I can feel your velvet breath on my cheek, as I stoop over to serve you—and not have a heart? Ah! maiden, I am all heart, and you ask me have I one?"

"Yes," she sighed faintly, "this is beautiful, this is divine, but it ain't the kind I want this morning, so give me a bullock's heart, quick, and trim it for stuffing, or my old man'll be raising Cain if his dinner ain't cooked."

**The Dunce Block.**—A schoolmaster tells the following story: "I was teaching in a quiet country village. The second morning of my session, I had leisure to survey my surroundings, and among the scanty furniture I espied a three-legged stool.

"Is this the dunce block?" I asked a little girl of five.

The dark eyes sparkled, the curls nodded assent, and the lips rippled out:

"I suppose so; the teacher always sits on it."

The stool was unoccupied that term.

**Nasby's Platform Approved.**—A "Boot-less Observer," who resides on Cabbage Hill, approves of Nasby's proposed leather dollar, and sends him the following missive:

Yours is a stupenjos mind; and I lade awake all night, wonderin' why some other idjit never "struck ile" in the same direcshun. I fur *wun* unanimously cum to the frunt, and adopt your policy. Let us *hav* "leather currency," and coin our old *shuze* to the best advantage. We will thereby be enabled to pay the *nashunal det* to onct; without men-shuning taleors bills and such.

I kin see without specs, that this policy will let us all "out."

Hurray for Nasby! Hurray for the "leather dollar!" Hard times is dun with.

"Let the ded past bury its ded," and we'll all shake round.

**Signor Ignazio's "Flying Man."**—Signor Capretti Ignazio, of Milan, has recently added to the list of avatars with which attempts have been made to navigate the air, an apparatus which he designates the "Flying Man." Like his predecessors, he has chosen the wings and tail of a bird as models for his machine. Each wing is composed of sixteen pieces of cane, which are connected by sets of movable fans. The tail resembles a section of an umbrella. The canes in the wings are adjusted to a shell working on a universal joint, which in turn is attached to a framework that is strapped to

the body. At the furthest stretch of the arm is a band ring, to which are bound sticks of cane connected with the larger ones on which the fan moves. There is also strapped upon the back of the wearer a large folded bag, which, by a simple movement, can be converted into a sort of parachute in case any portion of the flying gear gets out of order. By the arrangement of a large number of movable fans, the operator is relieved of a great amount of resistance which it would be natural to suppose the air would offer; and the entire apparatus is said to be readily manipulated by a cool-headed adventurer.

A pedestrian recently came across a boy about thirteen years old, who was trying to get up a bloody battle between a goat and a dog. The man halted and said:

"Boy, what sort of way is this to end the old year?"

"But the goat kin lick if he's a mind to sail in," protested the boy.

"No matter if he can, you ought to be ashamed to end the year in this manner."

"What time is it?" queried the lad.

"Three o'clock, was the answer.

"Nine hours yet to repent in—go for him Watch—stand up to him, Billy!" yelled the young imp.

**A Home Question.**—An old farmer, about the time the temperance reform was beginning to exert a healthful influence in the country, said to his man servant:

"Jonathan, I did think to say that I think of trying to do my work this year without rum. How much more must I give you to induce you to do without it?"

"Oh, I don't care much about it," said Jonathan; "you may give me what you please."

"Well, I will give you a sheep in the fall, if you will do without."

"Agreed," said Jonathan.

"Father, will you give me a sheep, too, if I will do without rum?"

"Yes, Marshall, you shall have a sheep if you will do without."

The youngest son, a stripling, then said:

"Father, will you give me a sheep, if I will do without?"

"Yes, Chandler, you shall have a sheep also, if you do without."

Presently Chandler spoke again:

"Father, hadn't you better take a sheep, too?"

It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practice, that makes them good. It is not what they appear to be, but what they really are, that fits them properly for life's mission and destiny.

A Kentucky man, who is pretty fond of his bitters, was seen in Stamford last week, with a blue ribbon pinned on his coat. A friend inquired, "Have you joined the Murphies, Judge?" "Not exactly," he replied, "I only wear this in the hope that some one will ask me to take a drink, under the impression that I'll refuse."

**Railroads of Seven Great Powers.**—The *Railway Age* prints the following statement of the comparative population, railroad mileage, and debt of the leading countries of Europe, and remarks that it is perhaps not generally appreciated that the United States, with a population less than that of Germany, has more miles of railroad than all the seven great powers combined—their total mileage being 76,620, while ours is nearly 80,000:

	Population.	Miles of Railroad.	National Debt.
Russia.....	88,000,000	14,000	\$1,840,033,915
Turkey.....	28,000,000	1,137	1,500,000,000
Germany.....	42,726,844	17,472	671,345,640
Austria.....	35,904,435	10,154	1,532,654,530
Great Britain.....	31,783,700	16,664	3,625,296,585
France.....	36,102,921	12,376	5,000,000,000
Italy.....	26,801,154	4,817	1,951,522,640

That we have fairly beaten the seven great powers as respects mileage is very true, but when looked at from a financial point of view, the victory is rather a costly one.

The following story is told by General Harry Heth:

One day General (now Senator) Gordon and I were ordered to attack General Grant's lines near Petersburg, and we accordingly moved out toward the front. Gordon, you know, is a preacher, and a man of pious, devotional habits. Just before the action began, he said:

"General, before we go into action would it not be well to engage in prayer?"

"Certainly," I replied, and he and his staff retired into a little building by the roadside, and I and my staff prepared to follow. Just then I caught sight of my brother, who was with some artillery a little way down the road, and thinking to have him join us, I called out to him by name. "Come," said I, pointing to the building, "we are just entering."

"No, thank you," he answered, "I've just had one."

A Greenville neighbor of Andrew Johnson owned a dog, which was a favorite of the ex-President. The day before he died, he stroked the animal upon the head, saying:

"Prince, you and I are getting old; we are not long for this world."

This was Sunday. Monday night he died, a short distance from Greenville, and Wednesday a train brought his remains home. "Prince" was at the depot, and the car containing Johnson's remains ran over the faithful dog, crushing out his life.

A little boy being instructed in morals by his grandmother, the old lady told him that all such terms as "by goll," "by jingo," "by thunder," etc., were only little oaths, and but little better than other profanities. In fact, she could tell a profane oath by the prefix "by." All such were oaths.

"Well then, grandmother," said the hopeful, "is 'by telegraph,' which I see in the newspapers, swearing?"

"No," said the old lady, "that is only lying."

The devil picked up a paper and said, "Here's something about a woman; must I cut it out?" "No!" thundered the editor; "the first disturbance in the world was occasioned by the devil fooling with a woman."



# THE COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT,

## FOR THE

### CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES.

"The Compound Oxygen Treatment; Its Mode of Action and Results," is the title of a handsomely gotten-up pamphlet by G. R. Starkey, A.M., M.D., and bearing the imprint of Starkey & Palen, No. 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia. This pamphlet treats of the "Compound Oxygen Treatment" as practiced by the publishers, both of whom are physicians. It should be read by everybody, that the merits of this potential curative agent may become generally known. It will be mailed free to all parties desiring it.

Mr. W. M. Claffin, Manufacturer, 1006 Arch Street, and Mr. H. J. Jacobs, Chief Clerk in the Architectural Bureau, Washington, were both confirmed consumptives eighteen months ago. We have their testimonials, written this June, that they are entirely well the last year.

Hon. W. D. Kelley thanks us "for renewed health, strength and the hope of years of comfortable life."

We are also permitted to refer to Hon. S. S. Field, United States Supreme Court; Judge Samuel Smith, New York; Hon. Montgomery Blair; Ex-Governor Boreman, West Virginia; T. S. Arthur, and many more.

#### *From Arthur's Home Magazine for July.*

"In our magazine for this month will be found an advertisement of what is known as the 'Compound Oxygen Treatment,' for which unusual curative powers are claimed. Two or three years ago we spoke very favorably of this treatment. Since then we have had large opportunity for observing its effects, as well in our own case as in that of others, and can now speak of it with even greater confidence than before. One of the marked effects attendant on this treatment is an increase of healthy action in the whole system, every part of which seems to respond to the influx of a new life. We found this especially so in our own case, and in that of many others with whom we have conversed.

"Nearly five years have passed since we began using this treatment. Up to that period our health had been steadily declining; not in consequence of any organic disease, but from overwork and consequent physical and nervous exhaustion. The very weight of the body had become tiresome to bear, and we regarded our days of earnest literary work as gone forever. But almost from the very beginning of our use of the Compound Oxygen, an improvement began. There was a sense of physical comfort and vitality not felt for years, and this slowly but steadily increased. Literary work was resumed within a few months, the mind acting with a new vigor, and the body free from the old sense of weariness and exhaustion. A better digestion, an almost entire freedom from severe attacks of nervous headache from which we had suffered for twenty years, and from a liability to take cold on the least exposure, were the results of the first year's use of the new treatment; and this benefit has remained permanent. As to literary work in these five years, we can only say that it has been constant and earnest; and if its acceptance with the public may be regarded as any test of its quality, it is far the best work that we have done.

"So much for the results of the Compound Oxygen Treatment in our own case; and we give it for the benefit of any and all, who, in despair of old curative agencies, are looking anxiously for relief in some new direction."

*From Hon. Wm. D. Kelley.*

WEST PHILADELPHIA, June 6th, 1877.

DR. GEO. R. STARKEY, Philadelphia.

*Dear Sir:* Just about four years have elapsed since, overcoming a violent prejudice against any treatment that was offered as a specific for a wide range of apparently unrelated diseases, I yielded to the wishes of my friends, and abandoning other medicine, put myself in your charge.

Gratitude to you and duty to those who may be suffering as I was from chronic catarrh and almost daily effusion of blood in greater or less quantities, but always sufficient to keep one reminded of his mortality, impel me to say to you, and authorize you to give any degree of publicity to my assertion, that the use of your gas at intervals has so far restored my health, that I am not conscious of having discharged any blood for more than a year, and that my cough, the severity of which made me a frequent object of sympathy, has disappeared. In short, my experience under your treatment has convinced me that no future dispensary will be complete that does not embrace the administration by inhalation or otherwise, of your agent or its equivalent, to those who, from their vocation or other cause, are, as I was, unable to assimilate enough of some vital element to maintain their systems in healthful vigor.

Thanking you for renewed health, strength, and the hope of years of comfortable life, I remain

Your grateful friend,

WILLIAM D. KELLEY.

The author of the following letter is Chief Clerk of the Architectural Bureau. His letter fails to present adequately his condition when he began treatment. He does not state, as he might, that he had had more than forty hemorrhages; that some had blamed me, and more had considered me a fool, for encouraging him to try once more to recover his health. Up to last February, he had had no occasion to ask a doctor for a prescription.

[COPY.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 7th, 1877.

DR. G. R. STARKEY.

*Dear Sir:*—Your favor of the 6th inst. is received, and in reply, I have pleasure in bearing testimony as to the efficacy of your Oxygen Treatment in my case.

As you will remember, I began the experiment (for so I considered it) in April, two years ago. At that time I was so reduced in strength, by frequent hemorrhages, as to be unable to walk to and from my office without the utmost exertion.

After two months' trial, I discontinued the treatment at your suggestion, being so far recovered as to feel no need of it. My health has been uniformly good from that time to the present.

Very truly yours,

H. G. JACOBS.

STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 GIRARD STREET, PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

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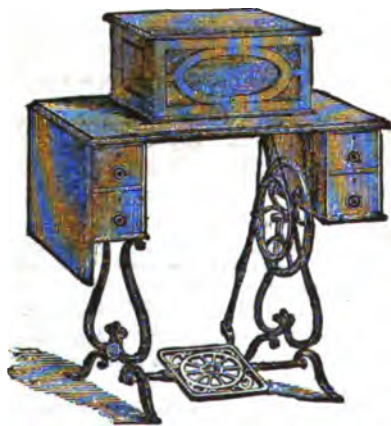
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VOL. X.

MARCH, 1878.

No. 75.

## POPE PIUS IX.

GIOVANNI MARIA MASTAI-FERRETTI, son of the Count Girolamo Mastai-Ferretti, gonfaloniere of Sinigaglia, and the Countess Catarini Saluzzi, was born at Sinigaglia, Duchy of Urbino, May 13, 1793. When ten years old he began his classical studies in the college at Volterra, where he remained until 1808. His father had decided that he should enter upon a military career, but this decision was of necessity revoked. Epilepsy, to which he had been subject in early childhood, returned, compelling his removal from college and at the same time decisively quenching his military aspirations. At this period his attention was turned toward the priesthood, and upon sufficiently recovering his health he received the clerical tonsure and went to Rome to study theology. His actual career in the Church dates from the receipt of this preparatory rite, he then being seventeen years old. But his studies were not prosecuted continuously. His infirmity reasserted itself at short intervals, and not until the autumn of 1814 did it seem probable that his health would be thoroughly established. In that year he attended lectures, as a layman, at the Roman Academy, and as his attacks diminished in frequency and severity he was permitted to receive minor orders. A few years later he was chosen as companion by Mon-

signore Carlo Odescalchi in a missionary excursion about Sinigaglia, and such

was the ability displayed by him that he was commended for ordination as sub-deacon. Being still subject to epileptic attacks he applied in person to Pius VII. for permission to enter the priesthood, and this permission being granted, he received priests' orders in 1819. At the same time he was appointed director of the institution for the education of poor boys, called Tata Giovanni. From this position he was removed in June, 1823, by being chosen secretary to Monsignore Muzi, Apostolic delegate to Chili. Until 1825 he was engaged in missionary work among the native tribes of Chili, and



POPE PIUS IX.

upon returning to Rome, in June of that year, was appointed domestic prelate to Leo XII. In the following December he was made superintendent of the hospital of San Michele a Ripa. His first important promotion came in 1827, when he was raised to the archbishopric of Spoleto, a see that he governed with such zeal and prudence as to lead to his translation, in 1832, to the larger see of Imola, and, his good qualities continuing to make him conspicuous, to his elevation to the rank of Cardinal on the 14th of December, 1840.

Upon the death of Gregory XVI., in June, 1846, his position in the Church, his known liberal sen-



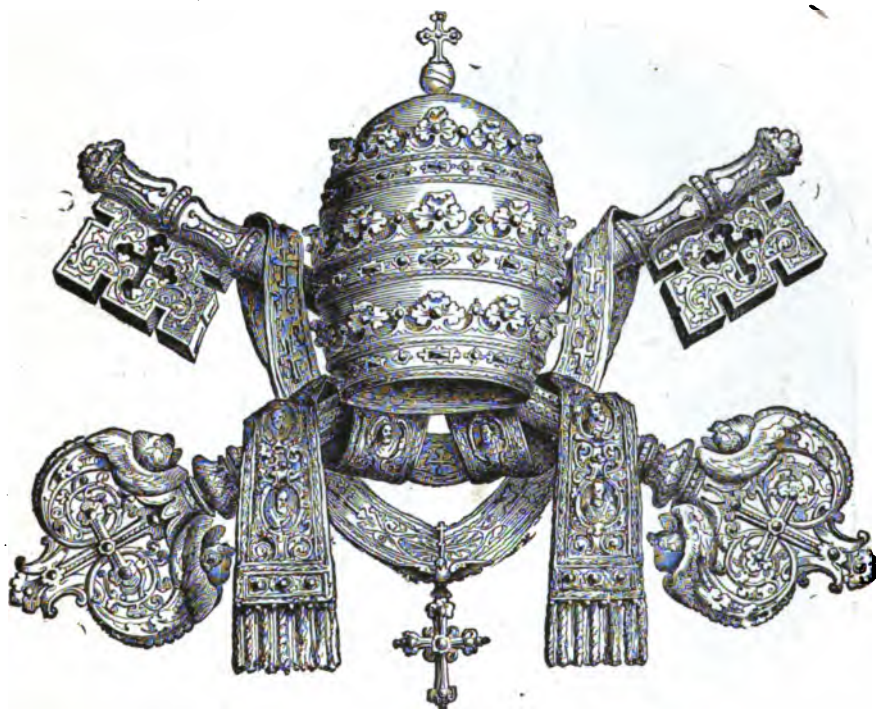
timents and his proved executive ability naturally led to his nomination to the vacant office by the moderate national party, the French ambassador, Count Rossi, working very zealously to secure in advance for him the votes of the members of the conclave. As the Austrian Cardinals, on their way to Rome, were known to be opposed to him, the election was hastened, and on the 16th of June, before their arrival, he was elected Pope. His

declared from the beginning that he could yield no part of his prerogative as temporal sovereign if it would trammel his independent action in governing the Church, he found himself involved in making promises or concessions the full extent of which he did not perceive. Notwithstanding dangerous symptoms of revolution he continued his reforms, relaxing the censorship of the press and officially announcing, in April, 1847, the con-

vocation of an elective advisory council representing the people at large. But each increase of liberty was made the base of a plea for a still further grant. Mazzini and the other revolutionary leaders constantly demanded wider freedom, and backed their words by maintaining the whole country in a ferment. Risings took place in the north and south of Italy towards the end of the year. Rome and the Papal States were all ablaze with revolt, and after the revolution in France (February, 1848) the ascendancy of the Republican party became irresistible.

A new ministry was

formed, and in response to a request preferred (March 6) by the municipality of Rome, the Pope promised a liberal constitution and elective chambers, vested with ordinary parliamentary powers. This charter or "fundamental statute" was promulgated on the 14th of March, but it was found to fall far short of the popular demand. Revolt instantly followed. In Venice and Lombardy the Republic was proclaimed. Piedmont, meanwhile, had declared war against Austria, and he was urged to unite in this declaration. The situation was most critical. Precisely what his action in the premises seems open to doubt. He certainly refused to declare war against Austria, but he sanctioned the departure of Italian troops—"to



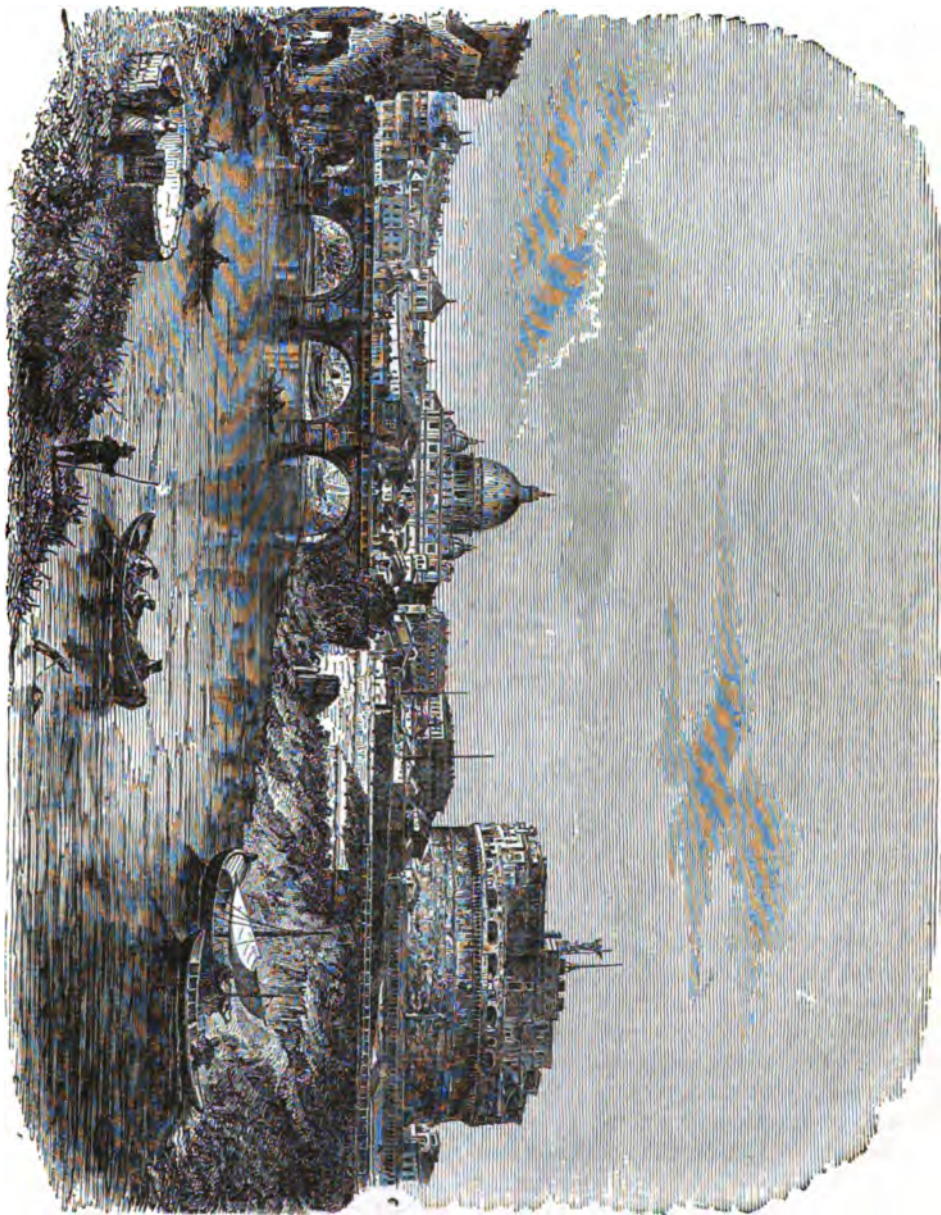
THE TIARA, KEYS, ETC.—INSIGNIA OF THE CHURCH OF ROME, OR RATHER OF ITS HEAD, THE POPE.

elevation was well received by the people of Rome and of Italy, and his first steps as a sovereign tended to increase his popularity. He granted a general amnesty to all political offenders and suppressed with energy abuses in the administration. He lowered the taxes, granted concessions for railroads, favored commerce and manufactures, dismissed the Swiss troops, opened the civil offices to laymen and called together (November, 1847) a council of state composed of delegates from the provinces. These liberal measures increased his popularity to such an extent that it amounted to positive enthusiasm. His avowed aim at this period was to realize by successive steps the Giobertian ideal of a Confederate Italy; but, as he

be used defensively"—and even gave them his blessing. Permission also was given Charles Albert to move his forces over Papal territory. These acts were regarded by Austria as belliger-

promise the temporal dominion of the Holy See." His action in this instance was illustrative of his highly-wrought moral nature. That he perceived the cogency of the reasoning presented to him

CITY OF ROME, SHOWING ST. PETER'S IN THE DISTANCE.



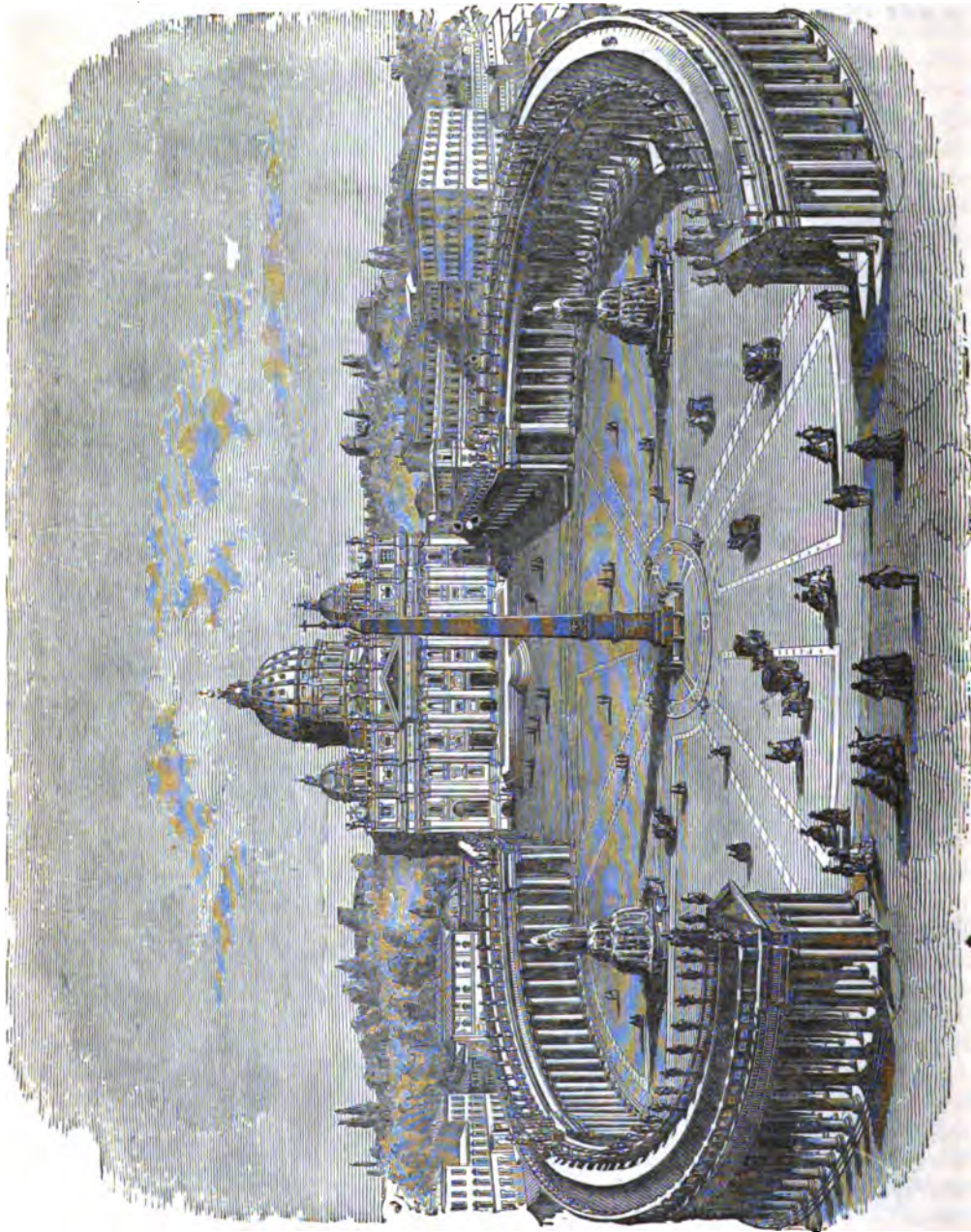
ent, and were so regarded by the Italians themselves. His Ministry, espousing the popular side, was all for war, and its members urged upon him the necessity of a positive utterance, affirming that to declare against it "would most seriously com-

cannot be doubted, but believing the war to be unrighteous he had the courage to oppose it manfully, thereby risking his temporal power, very much of his spiritual power, and even his life. On the 29th of April he declared in Consistory that



he did not approve the war. Rome was in revolt the moment that his action was announced. His Ministry resigned, and he virtually became a pri-

he should go in person to Milan and mediate a peace founded on the liberation of Italy was eagerly caught at and would have been carried out



ST. PETER'S, ROME.

soner in the Quirinal under ward of a mob. His personal bravery was commendable to a degree. Nothing could terrify him into revoking the opinion uttered in the firm conviction that it was just and right. A half-mocking suggestion that

had not the Austrian envoy refused to take part in it. The Republican press and clubs, now quite unshackled, discussed freely the advisability of an alliance with the Piedmontese and the abolition of the Papal rule, and the Ministry, formed

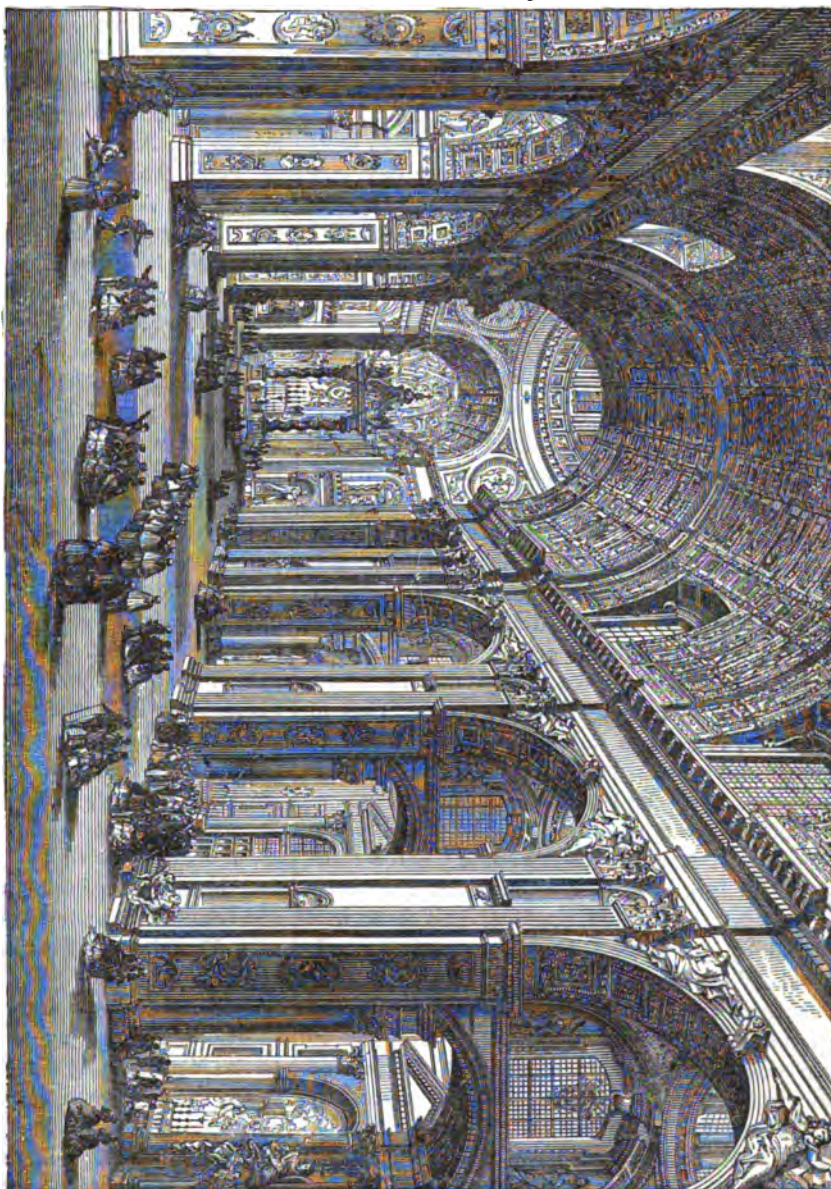


under stringent pressure, included Mamiani as Premier and Galletti as Minister of Police.

Outside of the Papal States the effect produced by the allocation of April 29 had an effect no less disastrous to the Papal rule. Naples seized upon it as an excuse for withdrawing her army and navy, and Austria derided the act as another proof of utter weakness. So contemptuous, indeed, did Austria become that when, early in May, he addressed a letter to the Emperor, "beseeching" him to withdraw from Italy, the letter was not so much as acknowledged. And yet this letter was another exemplification of the unworldly, kindly nature of the writer. Under the Mamiani ministry, so far from any attempt being made to carry on the peace policy, a treaty was concluded at the Piedmontese headquarters by which the Papal contingent was placed under the command of the King. Gioberti meanwhile was strenuously endeavoring to secure a union of the States of Northern Italy under Charles Albert, and at the same time was striving to reconcile the Liberals and Radicals and obtain from both expressions of confidence in the Pope. Unfortunately, a sudden turn in events rendered Gioberti's efforts futile.

On the 11th of June Vicenza was surrendered, after a gallant defence against superior numbers, to the Austrians, and immediately upon the fall

INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S, ROME.



of the town Austria intimated her intention to conclude an armistice on the basis of the independence of Milan. Upon this news being announced in Rome, great excitement manifested itself among the Mazzinians. The proposed armistice was denounced in most bitter terms, and "Liberty for

all or for none!" became the rallying-cry of a war party more determined than ever. Between the belligerent attitude of the people and the pacific attitude of the Pope the Ministry had nothing left but resignation. Count Rossi was invited to form a new Ministry, but declined. The war party fairly bubbled over, and on the 16th of July an immense crowd assembled in front of Mamiani's house and mingled their cries for war with cries for the abolition of priestcraft. On the day succeeding this ovation came the news from Ferrara that the Papal territory again had been violated by Austrian troops. This act even the Pope resented, but diplomatically. He addressed a circular note to the Powers reciting his grievance and praying intervention. The people took the matter into their own hands and organized a national guard, arming themselves from the arsenals of the State. After the defeat of Charles Albert at Custozza, the Austrians reëntered the Legations, but were driven out by the armed citizens of Bologna. Forced somewhat from his pacific position by the exigencies of the times, the Pope issued an authorization to "do all that is requisite to save the country and keep inviolate its sacred borders."

During all this troublous period Rome was without any regular government, every effort to form a Ministry having failed. Finally, on the 16th of September, Rossi was induced to accept the Premiership, his appointment being approved in the Provinces and by the better class of Liberals generally, but being fiercely opposed by the Radicals of the city of Rome. Rossi's name was too thoroughly identified with constitutional monarchy and the scheme of Italian confederation to be well received by the latter. His life was threatened. He calmly set about building railroads and telegraph lines and otherwise fostering internal improvements. He also encouraged Gioberti to make one final effort to secure a Confederated Italy, and Rosmini actually was sent an envoy from Turin to Rome to compass this purpose. But the storm was in the air and had to break, and Rossi was the first of its victims. The Roman Parliament was to be reopened on the 15th of November; on the 14th Sterbini wrote in the *Contemporaneo*: "Rossi is commissioned to make the experiment in Rome of the Metternichs and Guizots. . . . Amid the laughter and contempt of the people he will fall." This was not a prophecy; it was the announcement of a murder, all the de-

tails of which at that time had been perfected and were known to the writer. On the morning of the 15th Rossi was assassinated at the door of the Parliament house. The next day the Quirinal was besieged by a mob, in which the gendarmerie, the Civic Guard, the troops of the line, the Roman Legion and the populace of Rome indiscriminately were mingled. Monsignore Palma, private secretary to the Pope, was shot down by his side, and the Pope himself was compelled to accept a Radical Ministry. A prisoner in his own palace, and compelled to subscribe to acts which he utterly disapproved, he determined to seek safety and freedom in flight; and disguised as a simple priest, and aided by the Bavarian Ambassador, Count Spaur, he succeeded in escaping to Goeta. His original intention had been to avail himself of the tender of Spanish hospitality, but the honor with which he was received by the Neapolitans—the King and Queen coming in person to receive him—and the request preferred that he would not journey further, induced him to remain. From all parts of the world his millions of spiritual subjects sent him tenders of sympathy, presents of money and promises of fealty, so that with the decrease in his temporal came a vast increase in his spiritual power. Now fully aroused to the political peril of his position he issued a formal protest against the acts of the revolutionary government, and in February, 1849, made a formal demand upon the States of France, Spain, Austria and Naples for armed assistance to regain his throne. Almost simultaneously with the utterance of this protest and demand the Republic of Rome was declared, and coupled with the declaration was the announcement that the temporal power of the Pope forever was at an end.

The triumphant season of the Republic was short. On April 25 a French force landed at Civita Vecchia and marched on Rome; Austrian troops were thrown across the northern frontier, and the Southern Provinces were overrun by Spanish soldiers. On the 1st of July Rome fell, and the temporal power of the Pope, so lately declared at an end, was restored. But the return to Rome was not immediate. A provisional government was organized and under its rule order gradually was reëstablished. Finally, on the 12th of April, 1850, Pius IX. reëntered Rome. But it was not the same Pius IX. who, two years before, had been driven forth in disguise and at the peril

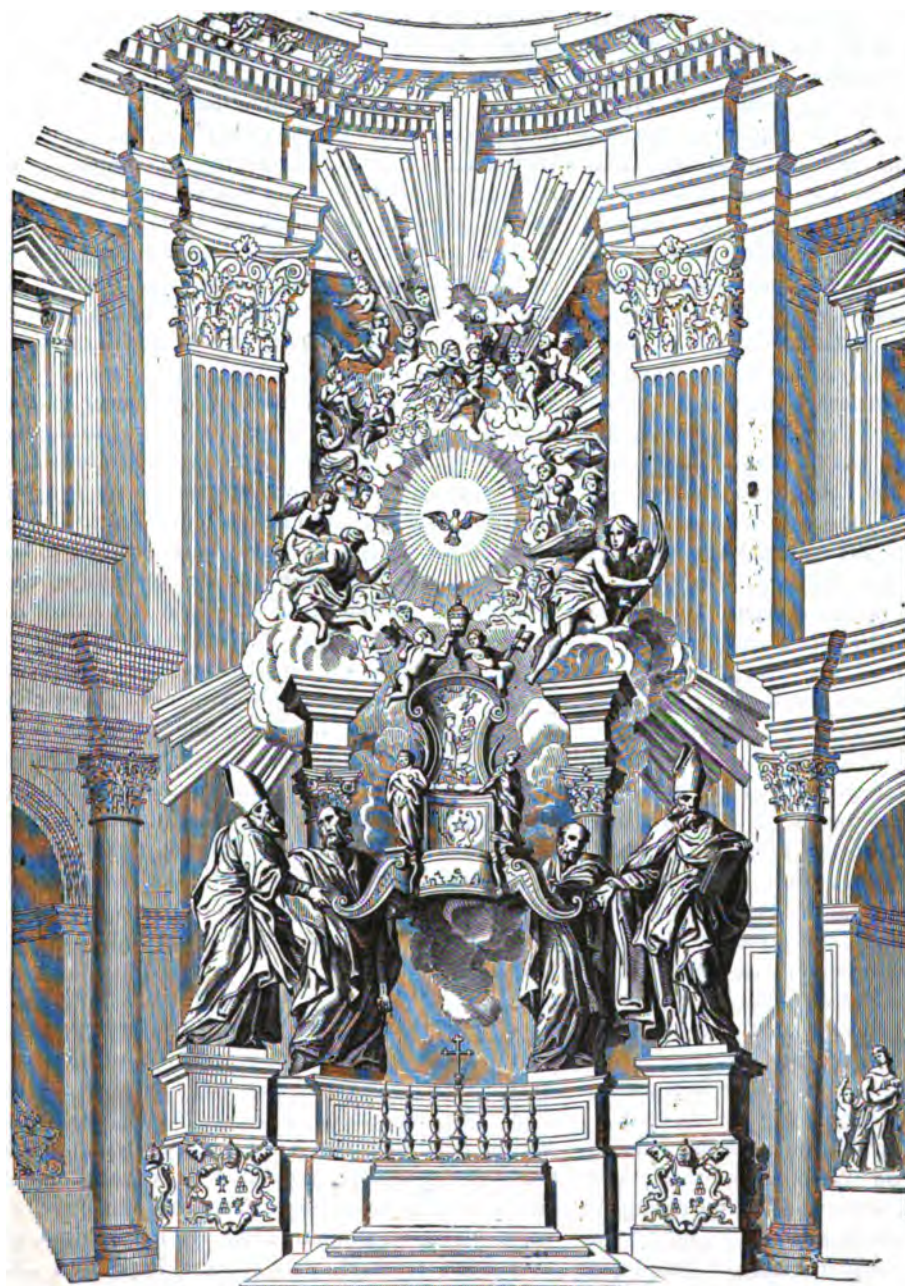


of his life, who now returned. The Pope who fled was a Liberal, the Pope who returned was Conservative down to the very marrow of his

in earlier times, it had known nothing. He declared, it is true, a partial amnesty, but his progressive tendencies had been effectually frosted by

the chill winds of revolt, and the reactionary counsels of Cardinal Antonelli—his new Secretary for Foreign Affairs—were listened to and accepted. During the ensuing nine years his life was marked by a few important events of a religious character, but was almost colorless politically. On September 24, 1850, he published the famous brief restoring the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England; in 1854, at a conference of bishops, the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was decreed, and concordats were concluded with Spain, Baden, and Austria. Under the surface, however, political events were tending rapidly toward the crisis that resulted in the unification of Italy and the loss to the Pope of his temporal power.

In 1859 the fight between Victor Emmanuel and the Pope came to a di-



THE TRIBUNE OF ST. PETER, ST. PETER'S, ROME.

bones. He had experienced the results of tampering with too great liberty, and his policy in the future was to be marked by a sternness of which,

rect issue. Victor Emmanuel was proclaimed King of Italy February 26, 1861; on September 15, 1864, a treaty was made between the King

of Italy and the Emperor of France, in which the evacuation, within two years, of Rome by French troops was agreed upon; in December, 1865, the evacuation began; in October, 1867, Garibaldi advanced upon the city, but was repulsed by the Papal Zouaves and French troops sent specially to defend it; finally the French forces being recalled to participate in the war with Germany, Rome was occupied by Italian troops on September 20, 1870—the peace-loving habit of the Pope again showing in his refusal to sanction resistance to the invading power—and on the 13th of May, 1871, Rome was declared and became the actual Capital of Italy. With this event was lost the last remnant of the Pope's temporal power. It was just before the surrender of Rome that the twentieth Ecumenical Council was held (convened December 8, 1869), the Council of the Vatican. At this council the dogma of the infallibility of the Pontiff was declared. As on a previous occasion, the loss of his temporalities seemed to increase his spiritual strength, and during the past five years it is probable that he has had a firmer hold upon the regard and veneration of his millions of spiritual subjects than at any previous period in his exceptionally long career. The outburst of warm affection manifested upon the recent occasions of his celebrations of the twenty-fifth year of his Pontificate, and, later, of the fiftieth anniversary of his admission to episcopal orders, has shown the esteem felt for him in every portion of the world. It was this trust in his personality that made possible the promulgation of the dogma of Papal Infallibility (1870); that sustained him in the long conflict with the Prussian Government; that made him the noble champion of the Roman Catholics of Poland, and that has upheld him in each of the many trying periods of his career, and it is this same feeling that now plunges a whole great Church in mourning because the end of his earthly life has come.

The Pope's death, which has been officially announced, occurred on Wednesday, the 7th of February. At eight o'clock of that evening, he felt a sudden suffocation, from which he rallied several times, saying to his physicians: "Death wins this time." He was alternately lucid and wandering. His last moments were lucid. He said: "Guard the Church I loved so well and sacredly."

As the eyes of the whole world are just now turned towards the conclave of Cardinals who are

about to proceed to the election of a Pope, it is worth while to answer the question who and what the Cardinals are. According to students of Church history, the Bishops of Rome, as of other sees, were originally elected according to no very definite system. Sometimes they were chosen by popular acclamation; sometimes by the clergy alone; sometimes by the clergy with the approval of the laity, and sometimes the recommendation of some influential person was sufficient to secure the appointment of a bishop. But this irregular mode of performing an act so important gave place in time to a more formal system which committed the election of a bishop to the clergy of the diocese or to a representative body of them, with or without representation of the laity. In process of time the chapter of the diocese, or the clergy of the cathedral church, were generally allowed to choose the bishop, the system still nominally followed in England, where the crown suggests to the chapter the candidate who is to be elected. But in Rome the right of election exercised in other dioceses by the cathedral chapter came to be exercised by the College of Cardinals, whose origin is a matter of interest. In the time of St. Gregory the clergy of Rome generally were called cardinals, a name probably derived from the eminence of that city as the capital of the world, but the title was gradually restricted to the rectors of the churches of Rome, from which the cardinal priests still take their titles. Pope Nicholas II., in the eleventh century, decreed that the right of election of a Pope should be vested first in the cardinal bishops, then in the cardinal priests and deacons, and afterwards the clergy generally and the laity were to give their consent.

At this time the title was *ex-officio*, but Pius V., in the middle of the sixteenth century, decreed that no one should assume the title of cardinal except such as should be specially created by the Pope, the number of cardinals having been previously fixed by Sixtus V. at seventy—representing the seventy elders, appointed as counsellors of Moses—six bishops, fifty priests and fourteen deacons. The maximum, however, has seldom, if ever been reached, and though Pope Pius IX. made a large number of appointments there are now two vacancies in the rank of cardinal priests and five in that of cardinal deacons. The cardinal bishops are the holders of the suburban sees; the cardinal priests take their titles from ancient parish



churches, and the cardinal deacons from fourteen of those churches, they representing the deacons who ministered in the early Church to the temporal wants of the people. They are generally engaged in secular duties at the Vatican. As a matter of fact, the majority of the cardinal priests are of episcopal rank, and in the Conclave the Cardinals are all equal, and no one of them can be deprived of his right to vote in an election for Pope, even by excommunication. As at present constituted, the College of Cardinals, upon which will rest the duty of electing the new Pope, numbers sixty-three members. Of these forty are Italians and twenty-three foreigners. After Italy, France, which furnishes eight Cardinals, is the only nation represented by more than three members in the Sacred College.

Preceding the election certain ceremonies are observed, the first of which looks to the formal establishment of the fact that the Pope indeed is dead. This fact having been determined and proclaimed by the Cardinal Chamberlain, that functionary, after making an inventory of the effects of the late Pope and placing seals upon the property, returns to his residence, where he is joined by three Cardinals—the seniors, respectively, of the three grades—and this congregation constitutes a *pro tempore* executive council during the nine days which must elapse before the Conclave begins. The College of Cardinals also is in session at this time, engaged in making arrangements for the Papal funeral.

Immediately upon the conclusion of the funeral ceremonies, that is, upon the tenth day after the death of the Pope, the Conclave of Cardinals begins. Of late years the Conclave has assembled in the Vatican, and preparations have been made for its reception in the Vatican on this occasion. The preparations are of a thoroughgoing character, including the building up of doors and windows and the establishment of a guard at the single

doorway left unwallled; for, until a Pope is selected the members of the Conclave, with their attendants—styled conclavists—are wholly cut off from communication with the outside world. Election may be by either of three methods: By acclamation, when all the Cardinals, without previous consultation, cry out at once the same name; by compromise, when the power to elect is delegated to a committee, and by ballot. The first method is regarded as the most satisfactory, but has fallen into disuse for several centuries; the second, having been abused on a number of occasions, is not regarded favorably, and, as a consequence, the third is the accepted rule. No names are put in nomination, but each Cardinal writes the name of his choice on a printed slip prepared for the purpose, disguising his writing so that his vote shall be anonymous. He identifies his ballot, however, by numbering it and by writing beneath the number a scriptural motto. Motto and number once adopted must be adhered to until the election has been secured. The ballots are sealed and deposited in a chalice, whence—the entire college having voted—they are removed and counted. A two-thirds majority (in the present case forty-two votes) is requisite to make good the election. If this majority is not secured at the first ballot the votes cast are immediately burned in the presence of the voters and the second ballot is in order. It is customary to ballot twice a day until a Pope is elected, but there is no positive law to this effect, and a greater number of ballots may be taken. It should be noted that the courts of Spain, France, and Austria claim a right of veto—a right that Austria intended to exercise against Pius IX.—upon the choice of the College of Cardinals. In view of the changed condition of the See of Rome, it is doubtful whether the interference of temporal sovereigns would be brooked in what is now a purely spiritual affair. The College is now in session, and the succession awaited with anxiety.

KEEP the tongue from unkindness. Words are sometimes wounds; not very deep wounds always, and yet they irritate. Speech is unkind sometimes, when there is no unkindness in the heart. So much the worse that needless wounds are inflicted; so much the worse that unintentionally pain is caused.

No trait of character is more valuable than the possession of a good temper; home can never be made happy without it. It is like flowers springing up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Kind words and looks are the outward demonstrations; patience and forbearance are the sentiments within.

## THE PERILS OF THE JUNGLE.

TIGER-SHOOTING in India differs a trifle from the tame pursuit of game in this country—a very different thing indeed from the miserable amusement of the *battue*, in which hundreds of defenceless creatures are shot down without any chance of danger to the shooter. To go out tiger-shooting is to run

solitary individuals will hail the prospect of suddenly encountering a tiger, provided, of course, that he is not a man-eater. They know their safety at such a moment lies in preserving a composed attitude and demeanor. The tiger will often yield the right of way; but if the human subject finds



LIFE IN THE JUNGLE.

the risk of encountering a deadly enemy, which on grounds of public policy it is of importance to destroy. So much as a preliminary observation.

The danger connected with tiger-shooting varies very much in proportion to the conditions under which it is prosecuted. Thus a man on foot following the fresh tracks of a tiger up to his lair, and shooting him as he lies, or following him up on foot when wounded, incurs the maximum risk. In all cases, after being wounded, ungovernable fury and a fierce longing for revenge take the place of that instinctive fear or shyness of man which tigers share with all other wild animals. This instinctive dread of man is so well known to the tribes who inhabit the forests of India, that even

it necessary to set that example in the way of politeness, he knows it to be absolutely essential to the preservation of his life that he should do so with every appearance of self-possession, and without any signs of fear or precipitancy. A passage in "King Richard III." accurately reflects the line of conduct which should be observed, holding good as it does equally with reference to the tiger:

To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,  
Were to incense the boar to follow us,  
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.

In proportion to the successful day, the number of blank days in tiger-shooting is extraordinarily large, as the experience of most shikarees will confirm. This is owing to "hanks" or beats being

so often badly planned or mismanaged; through which tigers escape which might otherwise have easily been brought to book. The dry and denuded state of an Indian jungle during the hot weather makes that the most fitting season for tiger-shooting. Indeed it is the only season in which the sport can be undertaken with a reasonable prospect of success. The available covers for a tiger are then much reduced in number and extent; and in the inverse ratio are the chances increased of the animal's not betaking himself to some distant locality before the plan of action which is intended to effect his destruction has had time to develop itself. In other words, any faint and accidental signs of a disturbance in a tiger's vicinity will rouse him from his lair, and drive him to green patch or snug retreat miles away, if the weather be cool and cover abundant; whereas with very hot weather and extensive denudation of shade, he will prefer remaining where he is until the sounds assume too decided a character to be mistaken; when the probabilities are that the sportsman will be perfectly ready on his making a move.

The great point to remember in arranging to hunt a tiger is that one of his most prominent characteristics is cunning—and that this must be met by cunning. This is not sufficiently studied, especially by beginners. Eager and enthusiastic for the fray, and for the thrill of satisfaction which the all-important moment of the actual kill inspires, the inexperienced sportsman is too apt to overlook those precautions and preparations which are essential aids to success; or he relies upon others for doing in the above respects what he should attend to himself. The first thing to be done on arriving at the ground where a tiger has safely been marked down by the early despatched scouts is to acquaint one's self thoroughly with its topography. The nature of the ground varies very much; consisting sometimes of a pile of rocks rising from a plain, of a confused mass of hills, or of a large single hill, a river or small water-course stocked with green bushes, and with level jungle or perhaps open ground bordering on both sides; and so on. On being roused from his lair in say a water-course by the beaters, a tiger is very likely to cross over

into the jungle, especially if another ravine is not far off to which he can retire. He does so with the express object of getting rid of his disturbers as soon as possible; or let us say that instinct tells him that an entire change of locality is most conducive to his safety. On the other hand, if there be no adjoining cover, a tiger will keep to the same channel and steal along its course. The difference between the two cases represents the comparative prospect of a tiger being bagged. When a tiger is compelled to steal along the chan-



THE TIGER.

nel from which he has been roused, the prospect becomes nearly a certainty, assuming the "hank" to be conducted in a correct manner.

A very slight noise, such as slight coughing, will sometimes start a tiger; while he will at other times refuse to move, although even shots should be fired into the bush or among the rocks where he may be lying concealed. As Colonel Rice, late of the Bombay army, very justly remarks in his book entitled "Tiger-Shooting in India"—and the writer's own experience is entirely corroborative of that statement—no two tigers can be depended on for behaving exactly alike under the same circumstances. An old tiger, and especially one which has been hunted before, is extremely wary, and very difficult to circumvent with even good management; while a young one readily falls a victim, like any other greenhorn. A tigress with young cubs is always very savage, and will sometimes charge anybody approaching her den or other resting-place before her own presence is at



all suspected. Three men in the service of the writer were once obliged to take refuge on a rock only some six or seven feet high, where an angry

had nothing but sticks in their hands. The tigress crouched at the very foot of the rock, which was small but flat-topped, over and over again. She



THE LIONESS AND HER FAMILY.

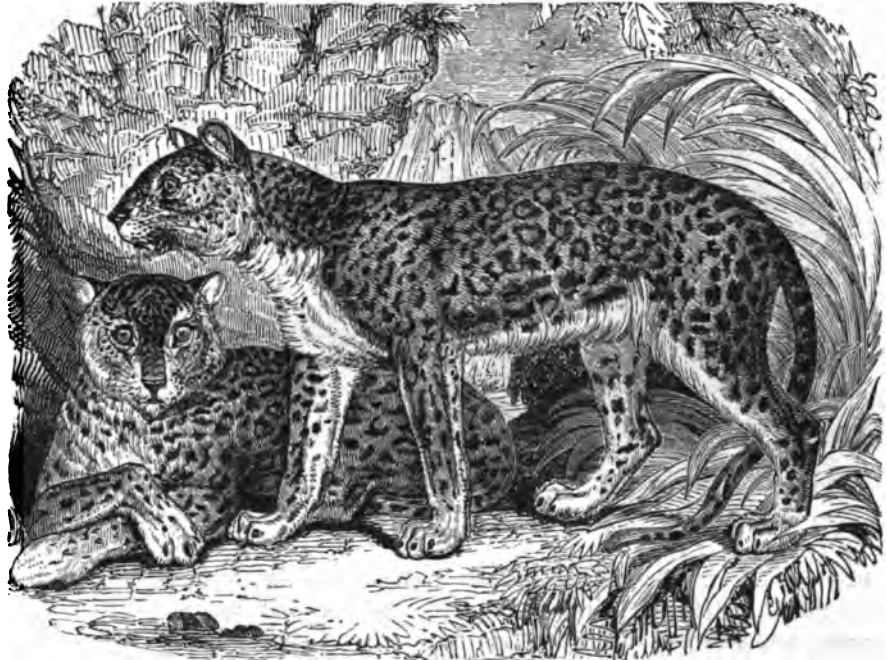
tigress bayed them, and repeatedly threatened to charge home for at least two hours. One of the men was armed with a sword, and the other two

there alternately blinked and glared at the unfortunate men, who only succeeded in keeping her off from actually springing on them by dint of vigor-

ous and incessant shouting, and constantly changing front, according as the tigress herself kept moving from one side of the rock to another, and occasionally retiring a few paces, and then stealing forward and crouching again. The state of their throats and the terribly husky whisper to which their voices were in the end reduced, may easily be imagined. However, down to their humblest followers, hunters as a rule are a merry set, and directly actual danger has passed away the danger is forgotten.

In large covers there are often outlets and lines of exit, in addition to those guarded by a party of say four or five sportsmen, who post themselves at the most important points. These all require to be blocked up, so that a tiger, should he attempt to escape by any of them, may be readily turned on to a path which will draw him under fire. One of the covers in which the writer was fortunate enough to bag several tigers in different years, consisted of a river of about a hundred and fifty yards width, with ravines branching out at different points, and low hills bordering the banks. It was impracticable with fewer than a hundred men, and was best driven by elephants, in consequence of the thick and tangled state of the bushes. It was a piece of ground of the kind described above, offering numerous outlets, as the cover extended right under one of the banks, and ran for some distance along the length of the river; while the bank itself was of no great height, and might be ascended in a moment at any point. The method of blocking up the outlets which the sportsmen themselves cannot watch, is to place over them, on trees, the sharpest and most intelligent of the men that can be selected from among the beaters. They should be instructed to strike the tree with

a stone taken up in the hand for that purpose, or to employ any other simple process of producing a noise, so that the tiger may be headed back the moment he is seen to be advancing and his intention is unmistakable. A blank shot will be necessary to turn a *rapidly* advancing tiger; and a match-lock or spare gun in the hands of a competent person should in such cases be kept in reserve. Many of the rivers in India during the hunting season are perfectly dry beds, except as a mere rill or narrow stream. The actual water's edge is,



THE LEOPARD.

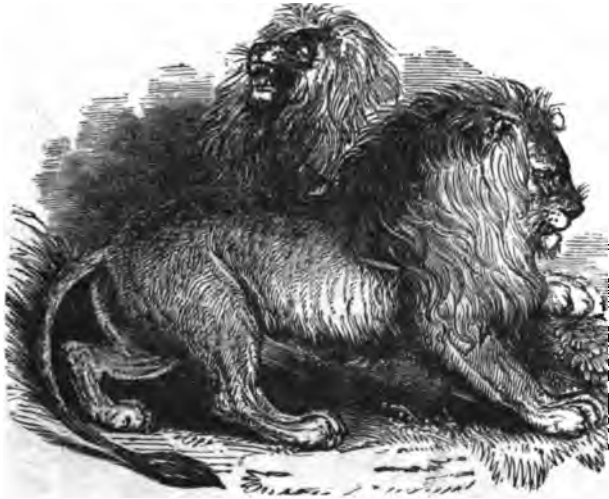
however, almost sure to be the tiger's position, if fringed by bushes sufficiently large to afford him shelter; for he delights in lapping the water frequently, and in laving his limbs during the hottest hours of the day.

With respect to the height a tiger will clear at a bound or series of bounds, some uncertainty seems to prevail. In Captain Shakspeare's "Wild Sports of India," the author, when twelve feet up a tree, scarcely thought himself beyond the reach of the man-eater he was expecting, as he believed a tiger capable of springing over that height. In the book of Colonel Gordon Cumming (a brother of the African hunter), a sad case is recorded of his gun-bearer being pulled out of a tree and



killed by a wounded tiger, through incautiously standing only some eight feet above the ground. But points of this nature are altogether of a secondary character, the slightest vantage-ground being sufficient if the requisites are preserved of a cool head and steady hand to guide the management of an efficient weapon.

To the generality of tastes, the most satisfactory method of hunting tigers is with and upon a well-trained elephant. But when the arrangements are on a very extensive scale, they fail of anything



LIONS OF AFRICA.

like due effect. On special occasions, elephants have been employed in the hunting-field by the score, and also by the hundred, as in the case of the Prince of Wales's excursions in Nepal. A cordon of eight hundred elephants was then employed to enclose a jungle and to drive the game on to a central point; but the bag, though good, was disproportionately small, looking to the means and labor employed. Better results might have been obtained if the ground had been traversed in sections with only a few elephants, though this would have required more time, which probably could not be spared. The great object to be kept in view in approaching a tiger for the purpose of obtaining a fair shot, is to do as little as possible towards startling the beast until within a few yards, even though obstructions such as bushes or rocks intervene; for when once a "scare" is excited, a tiger will break through an enclosing line of elephants and probably escape altogether; whereas by being quietly followed up with scouts previously sent forward to note and telegraph his

progress, the chances are all in favor of the sportsman.

In hilly tracts where the hills run in long ridges and are flanked or intersected by ravines, as in Rajpootana, tiger-shooting may at all times be conducted on foot with comparative safety. This was successfully done by Colonel (then Lieutenant) Rice from twenty to twenty-five years back. He never once employed an elephant, and treats the notion of doing so with a certain amount of disdain. Confessing to a desire to employ his rifle on the tigers in the island of Singapore, which is (or certainly was) very much infested by them, he remarks: "There the old notion prevails that without elephants tigers are best let alone." Evidently the Colonel does not consider the elephant a necessary adjunct to the sport, nor did he really find it so. There can, however, be no question that in large swamps and grass tracts, and in fact under all circumstances, an elephant is a most powerful auxiliary, whose importance cannot be over-rated. If trees and such positions are taken to meet the tiger when he first breaks, the advantage of afterwards following him up on an elephant if only wounded, is too obvious to need any comment. But it is of course absolutely necessary that the elephant should be one which can be depended on for making a firm stand before a tiger. The more steady

the elephant, the better the aim that can be taken; but the uninitiated should know that there is always some slight oscillatory movement in an elephant, so that a small though perhaps an infinitesimal measure of calculation has to be applied in shooting from its back. From a neglect of this necessity, tigers are sometimes missed at absurdly close quarters, though there may be no actual change in the elephant's position to account for the circumstance, and to justify the miss. On the other hand, as sometimes happens, an elephant may very seriously incommode or perhaps precipitate his rider to the ground, by actually charging a tiger and dropping down on his knees, in order the better to crush the foe. At the same time, an elephant that bolts jeopardizes his rider's life in a worse degree, by the reckless manner in which he pursues his flight. Should the jungle consist of trees, there is almost a certainty of the howdah being dashed up against them, or of its being swept off by some projecting bough, which affords a clear passage to the body of the elephant, but

not to the howdah and those seated in it. The latter, therefore, run a serious risk of being badly injured or of losing their lives.

One important essential for the obtaining of sport is a liberal expenditure of money. It both sweetens labor and smooths the path to danger. To keep an elephant in prime hearty condition costs about fifteen pounds a month, and good elephants may occasionally be borrowed from native chiefs through the instrumentality of political officers; but unless one has influence enough to insure his being thus favored, he should make up his mind to hunt on foot. Many men have done, and still do so with the most satisfactory results; while with respect to elephants, some special elements of risk exist, which prove fatal entirely from a want of common forethought. Thus, an unfortunate officer of one of her Majesty's regiments serving in India ventured into a jungle after a tiger, seated merely on the pad on which a howdah is made to rest; he was thrown off, and fell into the jaws of the enraged beast. A person seated in this manner is at any moment liable to be thrown by a sudden swerve, and such an occurrence is extremely likely when a tiger charges, or suddenly appears before an elephant. The writer remembers an instance within his own experience of being mounted upon an elephant off whose back at least a hundred tigers had at various times been killed, and which was therefore generally very staunch, and of there being a second and third elephant on each side of the first; yet on a panther very little bigger than a large cat, charging from a bush, the three elephants together turned in an instant and ignominiously retreated for about a dozen yards. The shock of the movement was so great that he was forced back on the seat from which he had just risen the moment before, and must have infallibly been hurled to the ground had he been seated on a pad only. It should therefore be adopted as a rule never to be deviated from, that a tiger should not be approached on an elephant otherwise than in a properly constructed howdah.

But as a contrast to the behavior of the panther above referred to, a large tiger will sometimes altogether refuse to face an elephant, and will retreat from point to point of a cover until he at last becomes an easy victim; which shows in what extremely opposite lights the subject requires to be looked at.

The duty of arranging a proper plan of attack upon a tiger in any known position is sometimes delegated by the English sportsman to his head native shikaree, who is qualified for that task both by a certain aptitude and a considerable amount of experience; but the best of such men are apt sometimes to fail, and close supervision of them is consequently always necessary. Besides, they are generally trained by those who have them in their service; and a long course of association and reciprocal action between master and servant is needed to produce an efficient henchman. It is



PERSIAN LIONESS AND HER YOUNG.

therefore advisable for men who are about to begin tiger-shooting to take their initiatory lessons in jungle-craft under the guidance of some brother-sportsman, who can be looked on as a sort of distinguished professor who has already graduated with honors in his studies.

Anderson's description of an instance, when sorely pressed by an enraged lion, is also suggestive of the essential qualities in a successful hunter. "Drawing a large hunting knife and slipping it over the wrist of my right hand, I dropped on one knee, and thus prepared, awaited his onset. My presence of mind never for a moment forsook me—indeed, I felt that nothing but the most perfect coolness and absolute self-command would be of avail."

In making the spring the lion overleaped his mark, and instantly wheeling around, the cool-headed Anderson fired, placing a ball in his shoulder which it completely shattered.

## ANGELO AND THE CARDINAL.

AN AUTHENTIC INCIDENT.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

'Twas morn in Florence; in his studio stood  
The great Angelo in a merry mood;  
"Sport of my works!" the mighty sculptor said—  
"Than all of mine, he'd rather have instead  
One *ancient* piece,—ha! ha! 'tis clear I must  
Reprove St. Gregory's son, he's so unjust."



MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

A few days passed; one eve to artist's door  
The slave of Cardinal this message bore:  
"My master in hot haste has sent for you,  
A wondrous statue in his hall to view,  
In excavation found this very day,  
Nor e'er was fairer form designed from clay!"

A curious smile o'erspread Angelo's face;  
He donned his toga with unconscious grace,  
And slowly to his critic's palace strolled,  
And met his Highness with face stern and cold;  
But he in ecstasy, for greeting cried:  
"Behold this Cupid, dug from river-side,  
An antique model—see this finished head!  
The study of a life—of genius dead!"

"'Tis nothing very rare; aye, lacks an arm,"  
Replied Angelo, very cool and calm.

"And could you chisel, think ye, *half as well*?"  
Said nettled priest. His eye quailed not, nor fell,  
As artist answered: "Yes, with little care  
This broken image I could soon repair."  
"Ah, not with arm like that!" the Father sighed;  
"To *modern* artists is such skill denied."

"Your pardon, sire; such words seem hardly true,  
Since I the contrary can prove to you;  
Yea, in an hour I promise to return,  
And none from perfect arm can mine discern!"  
"I'll wait with patience; see that you appear,"  
His critic said, with ill-dissembled sneer.

And proudly, silently Angelo turned,  
While in his breast the flame of anger burned.  
He hastened back, from flap of coat unwound  
A tiny thing, and stepped to Cupid found  
In excavation,—lo! the lacking arm  
Was now supplied; it fitted like a charm!

"A miracle!" the Cardinal cried,  
And hurried forward to the Cupid's side.

"*Malice*, not miracle," Angelo said;  
"You've learned to-day that genius is not dead.  
For know ye that my hand this image made!  
I broke the arm, and I this statue laid  
Where workmen found it; turn in shame your face,  
For only thus your house would give it place!"



THE CARDINAL.

## PREME ET PROME.

## A REMARKABLE TRAIN OF FACTS.

By JAMES HUNGERFORD.

## IN THREE PARTS.—PART III.

## CHAPTER XVII. A THEORY FORMED.

ALL the investigations in this matter had evidently been made by minds impressed—consciously or unconsciously, voluntarily or involuntarily—with the supposition of Mrs. Este's guilt. Even the counsel employed in her defence was apparently influenced by a feeling of this kind; for, in his pleadings, eloquent as they were, he appealed rather to the hearts than to the minds of the jury. He suggested no theory of the case consistent with the testimony and with the innocence of his client.

I, on the contrary, had entered into the investigation with a disposition to believe in Mrs. Este's innocence; I was now convinced of it. Under this conviction, and with my written notes before me, I formed the theory contained in the following notes:

Jack Fetcher was the thief.

He had visited the house before to obtain information to guide him.

He visited it that night with the purpose of robbing Mrs. Urtman of her jewelry, her plate and such money as she had in the house.

He was defeated of a part of his purpose by her suddenly awaking.

The bundle he had with him contained a dark cloak, or some garment of the kind, and a coil of rope.

Instead of leaving the house, he slipped up stairs and hid himself.

It was his footsteps which Mrs. Este heard moving about on the second floor.

It was he whom Mrs. Urtman saw escaping from her chamber with the casket of jewels.

It was his footsteps which Mrs. Este heard hurrying up the stairs that led to the roof.

It was he from whose lips Mrs. Este heard the suddenly suppressed exclamation of terror.

It was the sound of his heavy fall which the servants heard.

Where did he fall? That was the question for me to find a complete answer to.

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According to my theory, stated above, he must have fallen from the roof of one of the three houses composing the block. But from what part? Had he so fallen from one of the sides or from one of the gables, his body would have been found, almost certainly, in a short time.

Was there any place between the houses into which he could have fallen? This question could be answered only by an examination of Mrs. Urtman's house; or, perhaps, of all the houses of the block.

Was that house and the rest of that block still in existence? Everything depended on the answer to that question. If answered in the negative, every hope was gone.

## CHAPTER XVIII. IS THE URTMAN HOUSE STILL STANDING?

THE first hours after I went to bed were restless and disturbed; but, towards daybreak, a happy dream, in which I was smiled on encouragingly by the beautiful Unknown, cheered me; and I awoke refreshed, hopeful, and indeed imbued with the spirit of energy and perseverance.

Promptly at nine o'clock I was at the office of Messrs. Wendicott and Wolcroft. Mr. Wolcroft was in, and in a few minutes Mr. Wendicott made his appearance. After returning to the latter the papers he had lent me, I asked him for the information of which I was in need.

Yes, was the answer; the block of houses was still in existence. But the former residence of Mrs. Urtman was in a very different condition from that in which it was at the time of which I had been reading. It was still a part of her estate, but was in a dilapidated condition. Property in that neighborhood had become of less comparative value, and it would not "pay" to put it in a full state of repair.

It was now leased to a tenant, who underlet the rooms. A note from the firm of Wendicott and Wolcroft to this tenant would readily secure me the privilege of examining the house.

"But I wish to have a companion with me, Mr. Wendicott," I said. "In case of my success, the result would be so important that there should be some one beside myself to testify to the facts; and this witness should be a person of good standing in the community."

The weight of this remark was acknowledged; and it was decided that Mr. Wolcroft should accompany me.

Mr. Wolcroft was a very energetic looking gentleman of some thirty to thirty-five years of age. He had been taken into the partnership after the death of Mr. Wendicott's father. The business was too large for one person to do it justice. His association with Mr. Wendicott was a proof of his being a good lawyer and an honorable man. I had been well acquainted with him for over two years, but not so intimately as with Mr. Wendicott.

I hastened across the street to the office where I studied, and obtained leave of absence for the day, on the plea of important business. This done, I returned to the office of Wendicott and Wolcroft; and Mr. Wolcroft and myself at once started on our expedition.

#### CHAPTER XIX. AN EXPLORATION.

It was but a short walk to the former residence of Mrs. Urtman. This house was near to Jones's Falls, as stated before, and to that part of the stream but a few squares from the purlieu of the courts.

The exterior of the house, though much faded and marred, still showed some remains of its future grandeur.

The ground floor of the building was occupied by the family of the tenant of whom Mr. Wendicott had spoken; the rooms on the second and third floors were rented by him to monthly or weekly tenants.

He readily consented, at the instance of Mr. Wolcroft, to our going through the house; but he exhibited much curiosity and interest to learn our object. He was fearful, probably, that I had an intention of renting the building after the expiration of his lease.

His curiosity as to our object was satisfied in some respect before I finished my examination of the building, and all his uneasiness vanished; in regard to my supposed intention of leasing, it was completely removed.

Mr. Wolcroft and myself, accompanied by the tenant, proceeded through the different stories to the roof. I need not interrupt my narrative to describe my feelings and thoughts as I passed through these, to me, haunted premises.

We found the roofs of all three of the houses in the block one plain flat of shingles, unbroken by any object, except the chimneys and the trap-door through which we had ascended.

I had brought with me a heavy walking stick, having anticipated that I should probably need it.

The street on which the houses fronted ran nearly east and west; and the houses faced southwards.

Striking on the shingles with my cane, as I walked eastward along the roof, I noted that the sound along the line dividing the eastern from the central building, as marked by the chimneys, indicated solid mason-work beneath.

Turning and walking westward, over the roof of the central building, to the line between that and the western building, I found, by sounding with my cane as before, that a broad space between the houses, as defined by a line drawn along the east and west sides of the chimneys, gave a sound as if hollow beneath. On each side of this hollow-sounding space there seemed to be a line of solid masonry, a foot, or perhaps more, in width.

This was what I had expected. My theory was that the central house had been built first, with what are called outside chimneys. The adjoining house on the west—probably built on a different lot—would, of course, extend to but the outside line of the chimneys. This would leave a vacant space between the chimneys.

Returning down stairs, we went upon the street, in front of the houses, and examined the part of the front wall where the central and westward houses joined. The spaces between the two houses, if not built up when the westward house was constructed, had been so carefully filled up, and at a period so long ago, that we could see no indications of it; all the front wall of the two houses presented a uniform appearance.

Re-entering the central house, we went into the northwestern room on the ground floor. This room had been the kitchen in Mrs. Urtman's time.

On the northern side of the fireplace in this room was a closet, which apparently corresponded to the chimney in depth. The door into this closet was through a wall more than fourteen



inches in thickness. There was no closet on the southern side of the fireplace.

The tenant told us that there was, in the adjoining front room, a closet on the south side, but none on the north side of the fireplace.

These closets evidently occupied the space, in the front and the rear, between this and the westward building of the block.

There was a vacant space then between the two chimneys.

"I want to have a hole cut through the wall here," I said to Mr. Wolcroft, tapping my cane against the wall on the south side of the fireplace.

Mr. Wolcroft, understanding my object—or, at least, guessing it—gave the consent of his firm, being assured that Mr. Wendicott would not object. The tenant's objections were easily satisfied, by the promise that the hole made should be refilled, the room whitewashed, and ten dollars paid to him for the inconvenience which he might suffer.

All the furniture was removed from the room; and two men engaged in the neighborhood, were at once set to the work of breaking through the wall. They were told to cut around a space large enough for a man to pass through, and when they were ready to break out the enclosed mass of brick, to stop work and send for us to the office of Messrs. Wendicott and Wolcroft, but not to complete the opening until our return.

Mr. Wolcroft and myself then returned to the office.

#### CHAPTER XX. A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

MR. WENDICOTT was so much interested when I explained to him and Mr. Wolcroft my theory, and when he was informed of our discoveries so far, that he determined to accompany us when we returned to the old Urtman building.

In about two hours a messenger came for us. All three of us accompanied him on his return to the old house.

We found, when we arrived, that the two men had cut through around an oblong space in the wall, about three feet in height and two feet in width, leaving the mass of brick enclosed to hold its place by a small thickness of brick and mortar at its upper and lower ends.

As soon as we appeared in the room, a pile of old rags and other rubbish, that could not be injured by the weight of the almost loosened mass, was placed in front of it to prevent its fall from breaking the floor.

Two iron levers were pushed into the openings on each side, and these being seized by muscular hands, the mass was soon forced from its place, and amid a cloud of dust, a large black hole appeared in the wall.

At my request, as soon as the dust had settled, the tenant of the house went into an adjoining room, and soon returned with a lighted candle.

I took the candle from him, and kneeling upon the floor, passed the light through the hole in the wall. It burned at first dimly. When its light brightened up, I put my head into the opening.

It was a strangely horrible sight which met my gaze. I was shocked, although I had expected to see such a sight.

Through the fragments of a mass of dark, decayed cloth, projected at points the whitened bones of a skeleton. Its head was slightly uplifted, and rested against the wall. The white and naked teeth seemed to grin, and the empty eye sockets to glare at me.

Loose coils of rope showed themselves here and there around and about the mass.

The left hand of the skeleton was bent over the breast, and the little finger was missing.

Between the hand and the breast-bone rested an oblong square box, about twelve by six inches in size. It was whole and unbroken, but the wood of which it was composed was somewhat decayed, and the metal (silver it proved to be) with which it was inlaid was darkened by time.

Fearful that the mass of bones, and rotten cloth and rope, would fall to pieces when handled, and anxious to secure other evidence besides my own in reference to the identification of the human remains by the absence of the little finger of the left hand, I called Mr. Wendicott and Mr. Wolcroft to come and look into the opening. These gentlemen, the tenant, and the two workmen, in succession, scanned the dreadful sight.

#### CHAPTER XXI. HOW IT OCCURRED.

MY theory was right. Jack Fetcher it was who had stolen the casket of jewels.

It is probable that, alarmed at the outcries of Mrs. Urtman, it occurred to him that, as he could not make a rush down stairs and through the street door (this door being locked and the key out of it), and there was not time to raise a window and open its shutters, and fasten his rope to let himself down, the roof was the best place to hide himself

from immediate pursuit, and thus to obtain some time to make his escape.

While passing around the chimney to fasten the rope, not thinking in his haste of the space between the chimneys (then, of course, open), and not seeing it, on account of the dark and cloudy character of the night, and agitated, moreover, by the blustering gusts of wind, he fell into the chasm which proved to be his tomb.

The character of Isabel Este was vindicated, after the lapse of sixty-two years.

The skeleton retained its form on being handled, but the fragments of the clothing and the rope crumbled into dust on being touched.

The human remains were afterwards placed in a box and buried in Potter's field.

The casket was still strong and held its costly contents safe. The latter precisely agreed with the list prepared by Mrs. Urtman and placed by her in the hands of Messrs. Wendicott and Son.

#### CHAPTER XXII. TO FIND THE HEIR OR HEIRS.

THE innocence of Mrs. Este being made apparent, the next purpose was to discover her heirs. In order to do this, it was necessary to learn the name they now bore, if any of them were still in existence, in order that they might be advertised for in the papers.

In her letter to Messrs. Wendicott and Son, Mrs. Urtman expressed the opinion—as the reader will remember—that this name was an anagram of the word "Este."

The letters composing this word are capable of being so transposed as to spell twelve different words, viz.: Este, Eset, Etes, Eest, Eets, Etse, Sete, Stee, Seet, Tese, Tsee, Tees.

My old "master in the law" was a careful and systematic man. On his book-shelves were neatly preserved copies of the Baltimore City Directory for many years.

Opening the volume for the year 1873, I searched for each of these words, but found neither of them. The same result followed the examination of the volumes for several years back. At length I came across the name of "Albert Tees."

"Albert" was the baptismal name of Mrs. Este's son.

"Tees," then, was possibly, even probably, the name borne by the party or parties of whom I was in search.

As for Mrs. Sarah Groves, as she was middle-

aged more than sixty years before, it might be taken for granted that she was dead.

There was her grandchild, Jennie Wilde. If she was now living she would be seventy-three years of age. Searching for many years past, I could not find her name in the Directory. Still it was possible that she was alive; and, if so, her testimony might be important in proving the identity of Mrs. Este's descendants.

I prepared the following form of advertisement, which, being approved by Messrs. Wendicott and Wolcroft, was signed by them:

"TEES—WILDE.—Information is wanted of a brother and sister, bearing the names of Albert and Jessie Tees, who were living, when children, in Baltimore sixty-two years ago, or of their descendants; also of Jennie Wilde, who was their nurse at the time mentioned. Address WENDICOTT AND WOLCROFT, Attorneys at Law, No. — street, Baltimore, Md."

This advertisement was published in all the daily and weekly papers of the city.

#### CHAPTER XXIII. RESPONSE FROM CHARLES WESTMORE.

THREE days passed, and then the firm of Wendicott and Wolcroft—and I myself directly afterward—were startled by the receipt of the following letter from my own guardian:

NEAR UPPER MARLBOROUGH,  
PRINCE GEORGE'S COUNTY, MD.,

October 10th, 1873.

MESSRS. WENDICOTT AND WOLCROFT, Baltimore, Md.

GENTLEMEN: I note your advertisement in the *Sun*.

My ward, Charles Fitz Hugh, is the only surviving descendant of Jessie Tees, formerly of Baltimore. She was his maternal grandmother. She was married to a planter of this county named Thomas Welter. She died a year or two after her marriage, leaving one child, Isabel, who, at about twenty years of age, became the second wife of Colonel Walter Fitz Hugh, of this county. Colonel Fitz Hugh had several children by his first wife, but only one, Charles, by his second. The Colonel and his second wife died three years ago, within two weeks of each other.

Charles Fitz Hugh is now in your city, studying law with Mr. —, No. — street. He is probably not aware of the maiden name of his maternal

grandmother, and, most likely, only knows of her as Mrs. Welter.

There is some mystery about this Tees family, which I hope, from your advertisement, you will be able to explain. Every means is taken by them to preserve their identity.

Among the papers left with me by Colonel Fitz Hugh are two affidavits, one, sworn to by Sarah Groves and Jennie Westling (born Wilde), certifying that Mrs. Jessie Welter was one of two children, named respectively Albert and Jessie Tees, who were left in the care of the said Sarah Groves by their mother, who died in 1811; the other, sworn to by the same Jennie Westling and Alice Purdow, certifying that Mrs. Isabel Fitz Hugh was the daughter of Mrs. Jessie Welter, born Tees.

With these papers there is a remarkable ring, having a seal on it bearing a crowned eagle, and under this there is the likeness of a very beautiful woman. The ring is set (out of all taste) with two emeralds, a sapphire, and a topaz.

These papers and this ring I was instructed by Colonel Fitz Hugh to give to his son Charles, on his coming of age, with a sworn-to certificate of his birth similar to the two mentioned, and a letter from Mrs. Isabel Fitz Hugh, addressed to her son, impressing upon him the importance of preserving these papers and this ring.

Hoping to hear from you soon, in explanation of the cause and object of your advertisement, I am, gentlemen, Yours truly,

CHARLES WESTMORE.

I, then, was an heir, if not the heir, of Mrs. Isabel Este; and it was my own great-grandmother whose memory I had vindicated.

This reflection, as well as the immediate prospect of a share at least in a considerable fortune, afforded me, of course, much pleasure, but not so much as the conviction—for it was no less—which I felt that blood from the same family stock flowed in my veins and in those of the beautiful Unknown.

As I was the only living descendant of Jessie Tees, I did not doubt that she would prove a descendant of Albert Tees.

I accepted with thanks the congratulations of Messrs. Wendicott and Wolcroft, who assured me that the fifty thousand dollars mentioned in the last codicil to Mrs. Urtman's will had increased to nearly two hundred thousand.

Yet to have learned where I could find the

charming "incognita" would have afforded me more heartfelt gratification than it did thus to learn that I was the heir to one hundred thousand, if not to two hundred thousand dollars. I had received her photographs, and intended always to wear one of them near my heart—even after, if ever, I should have the good fortune to find and to win her dear self.

#### CHAPTER XXIV. FROM JOHN WESTLING.

THE next day after the receipt of the letter from my guardian and godfather, Mr. Charles Westmore, the following, bringing more light, came to hand:

NEAR TOWSONTOWN,  
BALTIMORE COUNTY, MD.,  
*October 11th, 1873.*

MESSRS. WENDICOTT AND WOLCROFT, Baltimore, Md.

GENTLEMEN: I see, in the Baltimore papers, your advertisement in regard to Jennie Wilde and the Tees family.

Jennie Wilde, now Mrs. Jennie Westling, is my mother, and now residing with me. She knows about all that is known, she says, in regard to the family of Tees. There are but two living representatives now of that family—Miss Isabel Tees, granddaughter of Albert Tees, and Mr. Charles Fitz Hugh, grandson of Jessie Tees. The former is living as governess in the family of Mr. James Duston; her post-office is Prince Frederick, Calvert County. The latter is now a law-student in Baltimore City.

So interested is my mother in the Tees family, that—notwithstanding her extreme age, now upwards of seventy-three years—she will, if necessary, come to Baltimore, if her so doing will be of use to them.

My mother hopes that your advertisement means good news. She begs that, if the truth has been at last made clear, after so many years (she says you will understand), you will write and let her know. Address as above.

Gentlemen, yours to command,

JOHN WESTLING.

Messrs. Wendicott and Wolcroft at once addressed a letter to "Miss Isabel Tees, care of Mr. James Duston, Prince Frederick, Calvert County, Md." In this letter they gave her an exact statement of the case, being a brief abstract of what I have related.

## CHAPTER XXV. FROM ISABEL TEES.

A FEW days afterwards they received the following letter from the young lady:

CALVERT COUNTY, MD., *October 14th, 1873.*  
MESSRS. WENDICOTT AND WOLCROFT.

GENTLEMEN: I have just read your advertisement, and write to let you know that my name is Isabel Tees, and that I am the granddaughter of the late Albert Tees, of Baltimore. My grandfather survives his only child, my father, William Tees, nearly sixteen years. I am now in my eighteenth year, and have neither brother nor sister. I was taken care of and educated by my grandfather after my father's death. My mother has been dead ten years. Since the death of my grandfather I have been alone in the world.

My grandfather's sister, Jessie—mentioned in your advertisement—married a Mr. Welter, of Prince George's County. She has been dead, I have been told, many years.

If you wish to have further particulars of my family, write to me, to the care of James Duston, Esq., Prince Frederick, Calvert County, and I will give you all the information I can.

Jenny Wilde, now Mrs. Westling, lives with her son near Towsonton, Baltimore County.

Respectfully yours,  
ISABEL TEES.

P. S. I had just subscribed the above when I received your kind and welcome letter of the 11th instant.

The incidents you relate are very remarkable; and I am glad to acknowledge as a relative so energetic a young gentleman as Mr. Fitz Hugh. Present to him my thanks for his kind regards.

I will tell you how I lost the ring.

I was in Baltimore last May twelve months, for a week. While there I boarded with Mrs. Rachel Johnson, niece of Mrs. Jessie Westling, and granddaughter of the Mrs. Sarah Groves mentioned in your letter. The day I left I learned that Mrs.

Johnson was much in want of a small sum of money. You do not know all the obligations of our family to hers. It is a tradition with them to be kind to us. I wished to help her, but had but little more money than enough to pay my way home. I thought of the mysterious ring which I had with me, and the meaning of which I never had an idea of till I received your letter. I handed it to her and told her to pawn it, adding that I would be able to redeem it in a few weeks. Mrs. Johnson died a fortnight afterwards. I wrote to her family and inquired about the pawn-ticket. I also made inquiries about it when in Baltimore last spring. But I have never been able to learn what became of it, nor to whom the ring had been pawned.

From your letter I suppose that my parting with the ring will not affect my right to a share in the fortune, as I can easily and clearly prove that I am the only descendant of the Albert Tees of whom you write.

I am now—as you are aware, I suppose—governess in the family of Mr. James Duston. Since my grandfather's death I have been obliged to support myself.

I shall come to Baltimore, as you desire, and will be at your office the day after to-morrow, at 10 A.M.

Again, respectfully yours,  
ISABEL TEES.

## CHAPTER XXVI. CONCLUSION.

As the reader has doubtlessly anticipated, Isabel Tees—more correctly, Este—proved to be my "Beautiful Unknown."

She is now really mine. We were married in November, 1874, immediately after my admission to the bar, and are now living in Baltimore.

The chief moral of my narrative is contained in its title, but with a wider significance than in its inscription on the no longer mysterious ring,

PREME ET PROME.

IN speaking of a person's faults,  
Pray don't forget your own;  
Remember, those with homes of glass  
Should seldom throw a stone.

If we have nothing else to do  
But talk of others' sin,  
'Tis better we commence at home,  
And from *that* point begin.

## THE LOVES OF THE KINGS.

BY MRS. B. F. BAER.

PHILIP I. OF FRANCE, AND RICHARD CŒUR  
DE LION OF ENGLAND.

As Paris is the centre of fashion, the very synonym of elegant refinement at the present day, even so to France all the nations of Europe were accustomed to look for almost the only remnants of civilization to be found in the eleventh century. Some of the splendor of the Cæsars still lingered about her cities, and the glory of a Charlemagne had not yet vanished from the memory of his posterity. Grand aqueducts, graceful Corinthian columns, magnificent temples and triumphal arches, defiled and scarred, it is true, by barbarian hands, but not utterly defaced, adorned her capitals, and preserved her people from sinking into that servile condition that is so noticeable in the history of nations in this epoch.

Thus it was to the throne of the most enlightened nation of the age that Philip I., of the Capetian line of kings, was called, at the tender age of seven years, under the guardianship of his uncle Baldwin, Count of Flanders, who, it is said, discharged his duties most faithfully; but his inopportune death left the capricious young monarch to full control of himself and subjects when scarcely fifteen years old.

Is it any wonder that his head was turned by the dizzy height of personal power to which he had attained? and in this misfortune, for such it was, must be found the only excuse for the numerous excesses that disgraced his reign, and procured for him the contempt of his people.

Wearied by a long interregnum, torn by dissensions from within and fears of the wily Norman Duke William, who was just meditating the invasion that afterwards made him one of the most powerful sovereigns of the time, the French nation was little disposed to look leniently on the shortcomings and youthful freaks of their boy-king.

The feudal nobles, ever on the alert for the least slack of rein from their more powerful suzerain, were eager to follow the king's footsteps in his giddy round of pleasure-seeking, winking at his crimes because they found in them a precedent for their own. Not so with the Church, however, which was then ascending to the zenith of tempo-

ral grandeur, that a little later on dazzled the whole world by its pompous magnificence, while it astonished and appalled by its unparalleled arrogance; and the kingdom heard the low mutterings of thunder from Rome.

Not satisfied with his lawful revenues, which he squandered most lavishly in licentious pleasures, Philip resorted to the doubtful expedient of selling the bishoprics and other ecclesiastical preferments to the highest bidder (a consoling precedent for Indian post-traders), thereby swelling his annual income. This unhallowed merchandising of the Church's property naturally resulted in a rupture between the king and Gregory VII., who was then the incumbent of St. Peter's chair, and led to the celebrated address of the Pope in 1094, to the Bishops of France, couched in this language: "It is your king or rather your tyrant, who, yielding to the seductions of the devil, is the cause of all your calamities. He has defiled his youth with every species of infamy. Not less weak than miserable, he knows not how to rule the kingdom entrusted to his charge; and not only does he abandon his subjects to crime by relaxing his bond of authority, but he encourages them by his own example to everything which it is forbidden to do, or even to name."

Such was the character of Philip at twenty-one, one of the first sovereigns of Europe, but none the less a debauchee because royal robes environed his limbs and a jewelled crown shadowed his brow. Time is a wonderful adjuster of this world's belongings, and as it has placed the Bard of Avon first on the list of dramatic poets—a position grudgingly denied him by his own and succeeding generations—so it has covered this royal profligate with his due meed of obloquy, and will do so to the end.

Warned by the fate of other sovereigns who had openly defied the ecclesiastical power at Rome to their detriment, Philip wisely dissembled, promised good behavior, warded off the threatened sentence of excommunication, and set about reforming his habits by driving his Queen Bertha, daughter of the Count of Flanders, by whom he had several children, from his house because he



had grown weary of her. A novel method of reforming, truly!

This marriage, of which little mention is made, was probably the outgrowth of a childish passion, or more likely still, was entered into for state purposes, either political or mercenary; and the unscrupulous monarch did not hesitate a moment in casting aside the chains as soon as they began to gall.

Having disposed of the unhappy Queen by locking her up a prisoner in the castle of Montreuil, Philip began to look about him for a successor, and selected Emma, a Neapolitan Princess, daughter of the Count of Calabria, as a sharer of his throne and royal honors. One would think, that in the light of the past, an offer of marriage from such a source would be met with an instantaneous negative; but such was not the case. Women in that age were just as ambitious and parents just as anxious for their children's aggrandizement as in ours; and the fair Neapolitan did not forget that the goal to be won was the throne of France. What woman could throw away such a prize for so slight a cause as an imprisoned wife? Not Emma, of Calabria, at least, for the marriage settlements were adjusted most satisfactorily, and the young Princess despatched to the French court to consummate the nuptials—her father having supplied her with much money in addition to her jewels, being much pleased, no doubt, with the brilliant future that lay before his daughter.

And now follows one of the most curious as well as shameful acts of duplicity that mars the beautiful pages of history. On the young lady's arrival in France, Philip seems to have met her with dissimulating professions of attachment, secured her jewels and money, threw off his mask then, and peremptorily refused to wed her. The lady returned to her father, but the king *forgot* to restore her property.

Having accomplished this unenviable feat in triumph—for there is no account of any punishment being inflicted on the royal profligate—Philip next turned his attention to "the most beautiful woman in France," a dame who fretted under the golden bands of matrimony, forged for the sake of the proud position and *éclat* that was inseparable from the husband's name—we refer to Bertrade de Montfort, Countess of Anjou, one of the most noted women of the day, her personal

beauty being the theme of conversation throughout the kingdom, and the inspiration of many a minstrel's rude verse.

On some pretext or other the king made it his pleasure to visit this lady's castle, professedly to see the husband, Foulques le Rechim, Count of Anjou. On finding, like the Queen of Sheba, that the half had not been told, he fell violently in love with his beautiful hostess, forgetting in his mad passion alike the sacred laws of hospitality and the safeguard of purity that should surround every woman everywhere, but more especially in the sanctified precincts of home. But it is not to be presumed that this one, who had assumed the marriage yoke from motives of policy—to forward her own advancement—suffered conscientious scruples to stand in her way, now that she saw the highest of earthly power within her grasp; a chance for a share in "the fierce light that beats around the throne," and the sequel goes to prove that the royal lover found a listening ear and a ready response to his "irregular" love-making.

Wily as she was beautiful, the Countess of Anjou was not the one to throw away a life of ease and luxury for the uncertainties of a favorite's position at court, therefore she consented to join the king at Orleans, with the stipulation that a priest should be in readiness to marry them at once. How such a promise could be redeemed, with an outraged husband on the one hand and an imprisoned wife on the other, is a fine point of law that we of this age can scarcely comprehend; but that it was complied with, and two Norman bishops found, who did actually marry them and pronounce the Church's benediction over the guilty pair cannot be questioned; so note what follows.

A papal legate was at once despatched to France to call a national council, that action might be taken on the king's conduct, so scandalous alike to Church and State; and the result was the excommunication of the newly-married pair. Philip, like Edwy the Saxon, was forbidden to wear his crown or use any of the ensigns of royalty so long as he retained Bertrade as his companion. True to his nature, the king, who seems to have been perfectly fascinated by the beautiful woman, who well-nigh proved his ruin, acting on his former principle, prudently forebore to come to an open rupture with his spiritual superior, and temporized by refusing to wear his crown; met his subjects without his sceptre, the type of kingly power;

begged forgiveness of the Pope, and propitiated him by a seeming obedience to papal commands; but still retained Bertrade at the French court.

Why Gregory, one of the coldest, most calculating and ambitious men that the Vatican has ever known, should have tamely submitted to be thus braved by the youthful King of France, is a mystery difficult to fathom, unless the solution is to be found in the struggle for the ascendancy that the Church was jealously waging with other European sovereigns, none of whom she wished to alienate entirely, least of all the King of France. Her object was subjection to Romish dictation; and too wise to push to an issue any command that she was too weak to enforce, Philip's irregularities were glossed over, or at least, only received a nominal punishment. But death put an end to the far-reaching ambition of the Hildebrandt; and Urban II., his successor, lost no time in again excommunicating the King and Bertrade at the famous Council of Clermont, just one year after the previous sentence had been pronounced.

Possessing none of the superstitious awe of papal bulls that was holding in check the whole of lawless Europe, Philip laughed at the sentence among his friends in the privacy of his household; but afraid of a power gradually ascending to the highest summit of earthly grandeur, he cautiously followed the same course that had proved successful heretofore, and feigned an humble obedience, while he deliberately defied by action the terms laid down, viz., a separation from the Countess of Anjou.

Bertrade, in the meanwhile, had carried her point. The Count, whose honor she had so flagrantly abused, had tried to efface the blot from his escutcheon by a resort to arms, but how vain was such an attempt arrayed against so powerful an enemy! The father of the imprisoned Bertha joined in the revolt, hoping to gain redress at the point of the sword for his child, who was wearing away her life in a prison cell. But the discontented husband was an absolute monarch; her jailor was the King of France.

The scheme failed, and in the face of insurrections from within, and the deep low mutterings of the Church from abroad, Bertrade was publicly crowned queen consort, the place of power for which she had risked so much, and dared the crucial test of public opinion on her actions. Bertha, broken in health by a tedious confinement and ill-usage, did not long survive this new insult

to her womanhood; and the royal lovers were left to the undisturbed enjoyment of their conjugal felicity.

The Pope seems to have paid no attention to this public defiance of his authority, a very strange omission from a power that guarded most jealously every vestige of its increasing dignity; but when we remember that the papal mind was wholly absorbed at this time with the project, which was destined to revolutionize European society, and open the way for a civilization hitherto unknown, we need look no further for a reason for this singular papal blindness.

The same Council that excommunicated Philip at Clermont, sent forth the decree in which originated the first Crusade, a word that thrills us even now, centuries after the happening of those soul-stirring events. Peter the Hermit, an ascetic monk, but a religious enthusiast, had passed through Europe haranguing the people, telling of the terrible calamities befalling Christian pilgrims on their way to the Saviour's tomb, and in the most glowing language urged them to rise *en masse* to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from Infidel hands. He had been received but coldly until he reached France, and in the Council of Clermont retold the old, old story, firing every Frenchman's heart with burning indignation against the Orientals.

Is it any marvel that Philip's marriage was counted of little moment weighed against such a mighty enterprise? And to whom could the Pope look so confidently for aid as to this excitable nation, the most chivalrous soldiers, courteous gentlemen, and staunchest religionists of the age? It was not a moment in which to enforce pontifical dignity, when it conflicted with its interest, or retarded its onward march to temporal power.

Certainly it was no time to call the French king to account for his domestic relations, and thus provoke a quarrel with a sovereign from whom the Pope expected more substantial aid in the Crusade, than all of the remainder of Europe combined. So Philip pursued his own course, yielding an outward form of obedience to his spiritual ruler, careful to encourage the religious enthusiasm that swept like a tidal wave across his kingdom, arousing the people to an extraordinary excitement such as the world has never witnessed before or since, stoutly refusing, however, to give up the lovely Bertrade.

Once, twice, thrice, and a fourth time were the

thunders of the Church hurled against this monarch, who cautiously watched the course of mighty events that were upheaving Christendom, well knowing that he could defy with impunity a power whose whole energy was directed against the Infidels; well pleased that his own strength was augmented and his crimes less noticed by the withdrawal of the French chivalry to the East.

And now follows one of those inexplicable mysteries that go to make up the sum total of human life, but none the less startling because of frequency.

After Philip had been excommunicated the fourth time, the Count of Anjou, whose hospitality he had betrayed, and whose honor he had outraged, an insult which that nobleman had endeavored to wash out with blood, really so far laid aside his manhood and forgot his wrong as to accept a bribe from the royal betrayer to intercede with the Pope in his behalf.

Right glad, we are led to believe, was St. Peter's successor of so slight a pretext for withdrawing the dread sentence of excommunication. The star of the Church was in the ascendant, and though she had reached the dizzy height where she presumed to depose kings or impose upon them the most singular and humiliating penances—such as riding face backwards on a saddleless horse through the streets of London, or walking barefooted to the tomb of a murdered bishop, there to fast in sackcloth—and her temporal grandeur was imposing enough to create an arrogance that afterwards grew to gigantic proportions, she was either too weak or too cunning to cope with Philip.

Absolution was pronounced over the repentant King, who now that age and dissipation had set their seal on his brow, began to look forward to the tomb with all of a Catholic's horror of an unabsolved future. However, Bertrade remained a sharer of his board until death parted them, and was neither branded with hot irons or hamstrung for her unwomanly conduct, though the legitimacy of her children was never acknowledged.

To no sovereign of the Middle Ages, perhaps, was such an opportunity presented to write his name in burning letters of gold on the national tablets, as was given to Philip I. of France in the beginning of the first Crusade. With half the courage of a Charlemagne, combined with the influence of a Queen like Matilda of Normandy, a Margaret of Scotland, or a Maud of England,

upon what pinnacle of earthly fame might he not have inscribed his autograph? But vicious from his childhood, licentious, and wickedly weak, his long reign of forty-seven years is marked by no single measure of wisdom emanating from the royal mind to counterbalance the long list of crimes that darken its annals.

The guilty love, the one passion of his life to which he remained true, debarred him from participation in the great event of the age, brought him into antagonism with the Church, nearly deposed him from the throne, and disgusted his subjects as well. There was nothing in such a love to elevate the possessor, but everything to debase. The object of it, though as beautiful as a Hourii, was possessed of none of the elements of character calculated to draw out the better feelings of the human heart, and educate it to a higher standard. Animated by an unbounded ambition, she scrupled not to use any means for its gratification, even to the wrecking of home and honor. So far from elevating the King, this unhallowed love and the native indolence of his character placed him entirely beyond the pale of that chivalric daring that inspired the dashing Robert of Normandy, the pious Godfrey of Bouillon, Valois, Tancred, and a host of other noble names, who eagerly gave their services and counted their lives and means as nothing in battling for the Holy City.

But the opportunity came and went while the king slept, as it were, lulled to slumber by the mesmeric power of a woman's hand; and his name, instead of coming down to us a conquering hero, the first to plant his banner on the walls of Jerusalem, beloved by his people, his praises sung by minstrels, and his guerdon the hand of a maiden fair as the fairest and "chaste as snow," is one that the most impartial historian can neither brighten by excuses or strip of its well-earned opprobrium; and we turn from the pages of his life history with a sigh for the "might have been" to the contemplation of one of the most fascinating heroes of romance, the gallant but hasty Cœur de Lion.

Around what character in the Middle Ages cluster so many romantic associations as gather about that of Richard Plantagenet, the prime mover and leader in the third Crusade? His daring exploits and dashing gallantry that gained for him the soubriquet of Cœur de Lion, have covered him with a fiery glory, the lustre of which

comes down to us undimmed by time and untarnished by the many fictitious inventions of his enemies, who would fain rob his memory of its exceeding brightness.

Men of all ages are hero worshippers, and the military chieftain riding on to success and fame over thousands of the human slain, receives more homage from the world, is more caressed by fair women, and feted by those who admire his genius while they envy him the prestige it gives, than the savan, who, sweeping the heavens with his telescope, measures distances between worlds we know not of, and determines events by scientific investigation that seems chimerical to lesser minds. Thus, in a brief sketch of Richard's life, we present to the reader's eye a character, not so peculiarly marked by the tender passion as our title would seem to indicate, as absorbed by the ruling desire for military renown, to which every other feeling was made subservient.

With the first Crusade began the age of chivalry in Europe, and from it sprang the elements of civilization, which have culminated in the luxurious refinement of our own day. Previous to Peter's expedition to the Holy Land, the European nations had been little disposed to visit or intermingle with each other, a universal fear of conquering hordes following in the rear of invited guests precluding any intercommunication—a caution that appears not to have been unreasonable, when we think of the terrible ravages in any district where a foreign foe happened to set foot.

But the Banner of the Cross united friend and enemy in a common cause, and brought all the nationalities of Christendom together for one object—the rescue of Jerusalem from the Saracens—thereby producing an interchange of civilities between different races hitherto ignorant of each other. It is impossible to overestimate the advantages to Europe that eventually grew out of these wars with the Orientals; and if the Crusades failed ultimately in their original designs, they were not carried on in vain. Navigation, then in its infancy, received an impetus that afterwards discovered a new world; commerce began to spring into life, brought about by the rich commodities of the East finding their way into Europe; for the first time Saxon and Norman, the astute German and suave Italian, were brought into contact on the shores of Palestine with a civilization more

advanced than their own, and beheld with awe the splendors of the Infidel.

Is it strange that men of all classes flocked to the ranks of the feudal nobles, fighting under the Cross, when such exaggerated reports of the booty to be taken from the vanquished hosts reached their ears. To the impoverished retainers of the powerful suzerains these tales of gold, sparkling gems and precious stones opened up an Eldorado, that the bleaching bones of countless multitudes of their equally infatuated comrades were powerless to dispel.

Born in this era of chivalry, when tournaments, jousts, and field-sports were the manly accomplishments, when, if a fair lady's hand did but touch a knight's shield, he stood accused of some misdemeanor to be effaced with the sword, Richard Plantagenet seems to have grown to manhood well versed in knight-errantry, and possessed of a perfect mania for military glory. Where was he so likely to gain the distinction that he coveted as in the bloody fields of Palestine? Having formed a plan and entered into an alliance with Philip Augustus of France to lead a third Crusade against the Saracens, Richard felt no compunctions in frustrating his father's designs in the same direction, and headed a revolt by which to retain the English king in his own country. It was this unfilial conduct, added to his favorite son John's complicity therewith, that brought down on his children's heads Henry's celebrated malediction, which no subsequent persuasion could ever induce him to recant.

However, Richard was victorious so far that Henry never started for the East; but dying shortly after this revolt he left the kingdom to the son who had so lately borne arms against him, and the young Prince was crowned on the 3d of September, 1189 A.D.

Generous beyond his age, proud, high-spirited, and exceedingly impatient of control, it is painful to note how Richard, a rare specimen of the physical man, we are told, subdued every good impulse of his heart to the ruling passion of his life, and used his kingly power to extort means to carry out his ambitious designs. His reign was ushered in by one of the most atrocious deeds, the carnival of bloody butchery of the Jews, which lasted six months, and included the horrible massacre at York Castle, where the men cut the throats of their wives and children, and then set fire to the

Castle, preferring such a death to falling into the hands of their persecutors. "And yet," remarks an historian, "the state of society was such that these bloody deeds were regarded as auspicious."

It is just to Richard, however, to state that he made an effort to put a stop to this wholesale murder, and finally took his Hebrew subjects under his kingly protection, whether from humanity's sake or from mercenary motives is not clearly defined; but when we remember that the Jews were the richest bankers of the age, being thrifty, economical, and worldly-wise, our opinion gravitates to the latter view. Certainly the persecuted sect paid dearly enough for the feeble and tardily-rendered protection of the newly-made King, for he exacted enormous sums from them to defray his expenses in a war in which they could feel no possible interest.

Fired by a remarkable energy, Richard lost no time in raising the funds necessary for his outfit by every art, lawful and unlawful, within his power, and hurried to meet his ally, Philip, on the plains of Vezelay, where the two monarchs looked down on a powerful army, composed of the chivalry of England and France—the very flower of the two kingdoms.

But with all his impetuosity and zeal for reaching the Holy Land, Richard did not forget the one inspiration of the true knight, and, although betrothed to Adelais, sister of Philip, from infancy, with all of the perversity which so often marks the parties to such contracts, he absolutely refused to accept her as his bride, and secretly despatched the intriguing Queen Dowager to negotiate with Sancho, the King of Navarre, for the hand of his daughter, the beautiful Berengaria.

The offer was accepted, and the young Princess, in company with her future mother-in-law, reached Messina just one day before Richard was to sail for the East. This arrival was hailed with anything but satisfaction by Philip, who could not brook this insult to his sister, and made it a pretext for the commencement of a series of petty dissensions, that eventually destroyed all harmony between himself and ally.

It being Lent when the Berengaria arrived, when no marriages could be solemnized, the young Princess reëmbarked for Palestine; but her ship being driven by a storm was separated from the fleet, and nearly lost on the coast of Cyprus. The king of the island very unwisely refused to render

any aid to the distressed vessels, which so angered Richard, that on hearing of this discourtesy to his future bride, he immediately sailed for Cyprus, attacked its stronghold and unfurled the banner of England from its ramparts in a few days.

Philip, who had proceeded to Palestine, and was now under the walls of Acre, made this conquest of Richard's an excuse for an open rupture with his ally, of whom he had grown exceedingly jealous, not only of his personal heroism, but also of his great popularity. On the other hand, Richard, who seems to have really had the good of his cause at heart, mindful of the necessity of preserving their mutual relations intact, made every concession in his power at all compatible with his dignity, going so far as to pay a large sum in five annual instalments to Adelais for his breach of the marriage contract. In a measure pacified by this generous conduct, Philip removed his objections to Richard's marriage, and the nuptials were celebrated at Cyprus, where Berengaria was likewise crowned Queen of England. On her arrival at Acre, Philip, as if to show his abnegation of the past, went down to meet her, and in the absence of Richard, with his own royal hand assisted the young queen to land.

At length, after a long and tedious delay, the English king set foot on the soil that he had come to dispossess the Infidels of, and at once opened a series of exploits that have made him a hero in the Christian world, and an object of terror to the Moslem. Long years after he had ceased to exist, Saracen mothers were accustomed to still their noisy children by whispering his name in their ears.

Philip of France viewed with an ever-increasing jealousy his formidable rival's superior military skill, and was loth to play the subject now, where he had been commander before Richard's arrival; but the feudal laws were such that each noble or knight enlisted under whose banner he liked, taking with him his retainers; and news of the lion-hearted king's conquest of Cyprus only added additional lustre to his name, causing thousands to flock to his standard.

The French king, who had by no means forgotten the dissensions with his royal brother at Messina, could not view calmly this prestige gathering about one on whom he looked as his liegeman, and from whom homage was due to him for almost the half of his kingdom; and he only awaited an



opportunity to break the solemn compact that bound them together. French historians very generally boast that Acre was ready to capitulate when Richard arrived before its walls; that it needed only a combined attack to reduce the fortress, and that Philip only awaited his ally's coming that he might receive his share of the glory.

Right truly do we believe that his arrival was awaited, and with no little anxiety on Philip's part, who had tried in vain to carry this stronghold of the Moslem; but that he would have hesitated an instant to enter the city without his royal brother's presence, if he could have done so, is too absurd to entertain for a moment. He needed Richard's strength and skill—his veteran soldiers and formidable implements of war; and the Turks from the neighboring hills looked down on the splendid army of Cœur de Lion, more discouraged than they had ever felt before, while the besieged garrison trembled at the mention of his name.

The soldiers of the Cross were jubilant. The whole day and night were spent in a general thanksgiving feast in honor of his arrival. Fires were lighted, the camp became one brilliant scene of universal merry-making, and Philip saw with a bitter envy that he occupied only a second place in the popular heart where he would be first—a bitterness that was in no wise allayed by the fall of Acre, which finally yielded to Richard's vigorous bombardments.

Shortly after the Christians entered the fallen city, the French king openly avowed his determination to return to France; and in the face of all remonstrance on his ally's part, withdrew from the Crusade, taking with him his soldiery, with the exception of ten thousand under the lead of the Duke of Burgundy, which were left as a representation of French interest in the Crusade.

Chagrined and deeply annoyed by the circumstance, Richard's temper was still further tried by the Sultan Saladin, who either would not or could not carry out the terms of the treaty of Acre. Impatient of the delay, the fiery English monarch sent word to the Sultan that the stipulations must be complied with inside of ten days, or otherwise the whole imprisoned garrison should perish. As the days passed slowly without result, the king grew sterner in his resolve; and on the twentieth of August half of the devoted band of Moslem prisoners were marched out in full view of the

Turkish army to be murdered by the brutal soldiery, who relished the bloody work. The Duke of Burgundy completed the sanguinary butchery by slaying the other half within the city walls, and Saladin immediately retaliated by massacring as many Christians.

What a disgraceful blot to rest on the escutcheon of two such brave soldiers as Richard and Saladin! They were foemen worthy of each other's steel; but war does not train its children to gentleness; and religious strifes are ever the most sanguinary, because they are almost invariably begotten in bigotry, and carried on with a relentless hatred that knows no mercy and shows no charity.

Disgusted with the desertion of France, seeing his soldiers debauched by the luxuries and pleasures of Acre, Richard determined to leave the city and proceed to Jerusalem, the capture of which was the prime object of his ambition. It would be in vain to attempt a description of this march of a hundred thousand men, drawn up in such perfect order that no swoop of the enemy could disconcert their movements. The admirable courage, unflinching endurance, constant skirmishes with the Saracen light horse cavalry, ever hanging on the rear and flank ready to pounce down at the most unexpected moments, the perils of heat and fatigue, the scanty supplies and the heroism of dauntless Richard, the life-giving spirit of the enterprise, would fill a volume; and we have only space for a very few of the main incidents bearing directly on our hero's character.

In the general engagement before Assur, Richard is said to have exceeded all his previous feats at arms. Charging into the enemies' ranks in person, he hewed his way for the depth of a half a mile, strewing the road behind him with slain Moslems. If a chivalric courage and a determined spirit could have taken Jerusalem, the Banner of the Cross would soon have waved over that city; but made up as the army was of every nationality throughout Christendom, divided into factions, headed by the haughty Templars and the fiery Knights of the Hospital, Richard found himself obliged to curb his own hasty temper, and plead with the impatient nobles, who were too powerful to be coerced.

Was it any wonder that such an expedition proved a disastrous failure? The Duke of Burgundy, who had never acted in accord with his commander, withdrew his forces almost directly after the battle

of Assur, and turned his face homewards, while the Duke of Austria, whom Richard had kicked in public because he haughtily refused to assist in repairing the walls of Ascalon, retired to his own dominions, taking with him such of his retainers as would follow him. And yet with all this treachery in his ranks, and a Saracen cloud of cavalry ever harassing his movements, the lion-hearted monarch renewed his vows to the Cross, and determined to pursue the Crusade single-handed, trusting in such help as might fall in his way.

But the climax was not yet reached, and with the news of John's treachery, his seizure of the royal revenues, and his designs upon the crown itself, Richard's fortitude gave way, and he saw for the first time how futile his plans would prove with England under an usurper's rule. With a bitter mortification rankling in his bosom, the king appointed a successor, and prepared to return immediately to England. Well aware that he had many enemies in the countries through which he was to travel, Richard disguised himself as a pilgrim, and sat out on his lonely journey; but he could not change his splendid physique, or curtail his magnificent proportions, and it soon came to the Duke of Austria's hearing that Cœur de Lion was in his dominions. Here was an opportunity for one of those little revenges, and Leopold lost not a moment in seizing it. The pilgrim king was delivered up to the German Emperor, who incarcerated him in a castle about the situation of which the utmost secrecy was preserved. For one whole year the Champion of the Cross lingered in a German prison, his whereabouts unknown, his fate an uncertainty to his English friends, who anxiously awaited his arrival. At length his faithful minstrel set out to find him, declaring that if he were alive he would discover his place of concealment. Learning by the merest accident that a king was confined in a castle in a lonely forest, the troubadour at once set out for the spot. On reaching the castle, the faithful follower approached as near as he could, tuned his harp, and began to sing a ballad which he and Richard had composed. Pausing after singing a few verses, what must have been his emotions on hearing the remainder sung and played by one whose voice and touch he remembered so well!

The minstrel returned to England with his discovery, and means were at once set on foot for the

liberation of the king, which was finally accomplished by the thunders of the Church and the payment of an exorbitant ransom to his captor.

His return to England was hailed with the greatest joy by his people, and the direst consternation by his treacherous brother, who had been warned by Philip of France to take care of himself, that the devil was unchained. But Richard generously overlooked John's attempt to seize the crown, forgave him when Eleanor interceded in his behalf, and proceeded at once to chastise Philip, who had encouraged the French Provinces belonging to England to revolt. This was scarcely quelled ere the king received notice from one of his most powerful barons that an immense treasure had been discovered on his estate, offering at the same time to send the half of it to his royal master. Richard, with an avariciousness strangely at variance with his character, demanded the whole by right of tenure, and marched with a band of soldiers to enforce his demand. An archer in the nobleman's service singled the king out as his victim, and shot him one morning as he was leaving his tent. An unskilled medical assistant aggravated the wound in extracting the arrow, and gangrene ended the life of one of England's greatest warriors and kings.

Berengaria survived her husband several years, and though her life is overshadowed by the splendor of his, there is no good reason to suppose that it was an unhappy one. Certainly his love for her and his offer of marriage had no little influence in shaping his after career. His rejection of the hand of Adelais was the prolific cause of his troubles with Philip, who not only became his life-long enemy, but used the whole force of his power to sow the seeds of sedition among Richard's subjects, although he had sworn not to meddle with England before leaving the Holy Land. While this refusal to consummate such a monstrous union as that proposed does not seem strange, it most undoubtedly alienated the two monarchs in the very outset of the Crusade, and crippled the expedition in its germ. Who can tell the result, had it been otherwise? From that hour the French king left no opportunity pass unimproved to harass his neighbor, and even endeavored to secure the extension of his captivity in Germany.

Cœur de Lion had many faults; he was hasty, almost ungovernable in temper, stern in many instances; but that he was also generous and forgiving, is proven by his pardon of the archer that

gave him his death wound. That he subsequently suffered for the crime is no fault of Richard's, since the monarch slept his last long sleep before his friends dared to disobey his orders, and flay Bertram de Gourdon alive. Thus, on the battlefield, far from his relations, with no mother's hand

to smooth his pillow, no wife's tears to make him forget for a moment the pangs of death, childless and in a measure alone, the greatest soldier of the age passed to his rest; but as long as the days of knighthood are remembered on earth, the name of Cœur de Lion will not be forgotten.

## THE UNRIGHTEOUS BARGAIN.

By T. B. S.

### IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

#### CHAPTER I. THE PARTY.

"I CAN'T."

"Why can't you?"

"Because I can't."

"A woman's reason!"

"I really can't, Frank."

There was a plaintive tone in the girl's voice as if she felt the egotistical, manlike selfishness of the request, and yet feared the outbreak that would be sure to follow her denial of it.

"Why not speak the truth, and say you *will* not?" he said, with the sullen air of a spoilt child, who, after a long course of indulgence and petting, is at last refused some little trifle, at which it stamps its feet in a passion.

The girl felt something of this as she drew her lips together in a firm line, with a little sigh of weariness and sensitive pain. Was love as rough and stormy to all lovers, she wondered, as it was to her and Frank? If it was she wanted none of it. Or was it only because she had already been too generous with him and was now reaping the fruits of it? She said nothing.

The music of "Artist Life" came floating to them from the parlors, they heard the soft rustling of silks brushing up and down the corridors and stairs. Between all the gay laughter and sweet music they had managed to hold their conversation in a little curtained niche which concealed them from the dancers and yet allowed a good view of all that was taking place.

Of course it was at a party, and of course the people conversing were lovers, and equally, as a matter of course, they were on the eve of a quarrel.

Let me describe them as they sit in their niche carrying on their own little drama regardless of the surging gayety around. The girl is small, and seated as she is on a low ottoman, looks smaller still; her face too is small, not pretty, exactly; with large dark eyes, not brilliant, but soft and wondrously tender; the mouth is a marvel of mobile expression; the hair, intensely dark and drawn simply and smoothly back from the low broad forehead, relieves with its blackness the dark and not very clear skin. Altogether it was a fascinating face, not a face to be passed by casually.

The young man seated beside her was idly twirling his gold eye-glasses, honoring the crowd without with a supercilious glance, and carrying in his eyes (if any one cared to look for it) a restless, discontented look. Evidently the girl by his side did, and just at this point of the conversation she was mechanically shutting and opening her fan in an excited way, as if the innocent and gorgeously painted shepherd and shepherdess on its silken surface had incurred her eternal hatred. Finding that she made no reply, the man resumed, still twirling his eye-glass and speaking with a cool determination to make her suffer if he could.

"I think, perhaps, the best way for me to act, is to give up asking favors of you; that will save us both: you the trouble, and me the mortification of a refusal."

She was a girl of sufficient firmness and character to feel disgusted at this exhibition of temper, but she cared enough for him to try and soothe him.

"Don't you think you are just a little unreason-

able?" she said with a smile, trying her best to prevent a quarrel, and to bring him back to a softer mood.

He looked up, and met her soft glance and smile with a stony stare. Did he see the two tiny bright drops lurking in the corners of those gentle eyes? Surely not. He looked full into the girl's beautiful dark eyes, the only really beautiful feature she possessed, and said not a word. He was in an ill-humor, and if he had been talking to a man he would not have been tolerated another moment. Girls are different. He was as unmoved as any marble statue that looked down from its pedestal on the festive scene. Then she tried again with a woman's desperate persistence, this time with a tiny sob in her voice, at his injustice in asking her to give what he had no right to expect, and then getting angry with her for refusing, as she was bound to do.

"Do not be too hard on me, Frank, I cannot grant you this; you know I have done and would do a great deal for you. No girl with any self-respect would do this. If we were engaged you could not ask more. Here, take it back, it is very pretty, and just my taste, but I must not wear it."

So saying, she unclasped a bracelet from her shapely wrist (how beautifully white it looked, embraced by the rich, red gold) and handed it back to him. There was a determination in her tone and look that told him it was useless to dispute further; so he snapped the curiously wrought trinket viciously into its velvet case. He would liked, had there not been so many people looking on, to have ground the toy to dust under his boot-heel.

"It's the last thing I shall ask you to do for me; so rest easy."

She could not prevent those two little drops that had been playing hide-and-seek in her eyes from dropping on her dress in two little dark spots. Was ever girl tormented by so persistent and selfish a lover; but anger overpowered grief.

"Very well, then, see that you keep your word. I have been too generous with you, I see; the people who"—

She checked herself, and colored. He looked up quickly, waiting for her to finish the sentence. She was looking off in an embarrassed way at the dancing, pulling at her gloves, and feeling with vexation that she was blushing under his eyes.

"Go on," he said; "what about the people?"

"I shall not tell you," she looked up angrily at him. He took one naked little hand from which the glove had fallen. She made no resistance; and in spite of her, the little hand seemed to nestle like a warm white dove in his palm. He insisted, she hesitated.

"People say I am too kind to you," she said, gently, her head bending lower and lower at each word, until it was hidden in confusion behind her fan.

"That's all girls think of, what people say. You do not think of me who loves you."

"You think enough of yourself to make up for my deficiencies, I am sure." She snatched her hand away from him. The girl's temper, and she had one hot as fire to love or hate, was aroused. "To think, after what I said, of his answering so."

"Will I dance?" looking up sweetly, as if nothing were the matter, the tears just lingering on her eyelashes with a sort of dewy grace that made the dark eyes beneath only the more bewitching, she gave a graceful glance to the gentleman who bent toward her. "With pleasure. Excuse me, Mr. White;" she gave the shortest little bow, and swept off, leaving her late companion in *tête-à-tête* looking exceedingly black and disagreeable.

No one guessed, as they turned to look at the girl, chatting and laughing on her partner's arm, that she had just come from a lover's quarrel that left a bitter feeling of wrong and unkindness in her heart. Least of all, the honest, downright fellow, her partner, who related his experience with her an hour afterward in the supper-room to a special circle of his own friends, all boating and sporting men like himself.

"She is lovely as a dream; and so gracious. I came up rather afraid, you know, of spoiling her *tête-à-tête* with White; I had heard they were half-engaged; but bless you, she did not mind a bit; she seemed quite glad to see me. White looked mad; though, I can tell you, I don't believe she cares a pin for him."

"Now, Jack, you are a 'stupid;' you know you don't understand girls; did you expect her to confess her liking for him to you? You stick to horses, old boy, that is your forte."

"That's so, Jack," chimed in the youngest of the crowd; "you don't understand women, you don't." The speaker stuck his hands into his pocket, in that peculiar and knowing way which

is supposed, just at present, to be the very height of admirable swellishness, and gave himself the airs of a man of large experience, on the strength of several mild flirtations which he had carried on with some pretty cousins. So Jack Sholto, honest horseman that he was, was crushed into insignificance.

"Hush up, child," said the Nestor of the group and the first speaker, turning to the young fellow who had last spoken, "don't put your foolishness in here; go to your mother."

This antique Nestor of the venerable age of twenty-five felt that this was an opportunity to air his own wisdom, and had no mind to have young striplings of nineteen like Barnett interfering with his prerogatives.

"She is awful spoony on White, and does everything he tells her to. If she were my sister, I tell you I'd shut down on it pretty quick. That White is a mean fellow; the way he flirts with other girls, and he knows she's as jealous as a Turk, is a caution."

"Why don't her mother look after her?"

"What, the old dowager! She don't care what becomes of her, so she makes a good match finally."

"Poor girl," said another man, who had kept silence thus far, "she is a true womanly girl, and if she only had a sincere man to love her, she would make a fine woman."

"It's no use; she is dead set on White, as everybody knows, except Jack here. Own up, Jack, you thought she had begun to take a tender interest in your fascinating and horsey self; is it not so?"

Jack protested awkwardly.

"You would never have fallen into such a delusion if you had kept your eyes open. Was not she absent-minded?"

"Not very; I remember she did attempt to use a fork to her ice-cream, and when I asked her what she thought of Longfellow's time, she said she did not know, she never had learnt to scan at school."

This drew a laugh from every one. "Just like you, Jack, to talk horse to a girl." It was the Nestor who spoke, he felt that he was an authority on these delicate matters among his friends. Their forte was sport, and if the points of a horse or the ability of a crew or base-ball club had come up for discussion, every one of those dumb mouths

would have opened for its say, but on this subject Nestor had full swing. He was going on to expatiate on White's love affairs, when he was cut short by some one exclaiming, "Stop, that will do; here comes White now himself, and his Fidus Achates, Milmonte." So the conversation dropped.

White was not in a very comfortable state of mind that evening; he was anything but a fool; and when he had sufficiently cooled down he felt that he had behaved like a brute. He was really fond of the girl in his way, and he was anxious not to let the evening slip by without a reconciliation. But Maggie continued somehow to be always busily engaged when he approached; so that, finally finding Milmonte, his bosom friend and staunch ally, he joined him, and together they sauntered listlessly through the now fast emptying rooms. Suddenly the chance he had been waiting for came to him. White caught a glimpse of Maggie's face peeping out from a huge fur-lined cloak, hurrying past with her mother to their carriage. It was a bitterly cold night, but without an instant of hesitation he rushed out to help her into the carriage, the snow through which he waded to the curb threw back the light of the carriage lamps with a strong blinding glare. It was a rash thing for him to do, running out in his thin ball dress into the cold morning air. But he did it without a thought, impulsively, he so greatly wished to see her and exchange one kind word before they parted. A woman is very quick to appreciate such little attentions, and Maggie felt touched.

"Allow me," he said, holding open the carriage door. He handed in the mother, a stout portly dame, whose heavy weight, as she sank into the seat, made the carriage give a great lurch to one side. Then Maggie jumped lightly and quickly in after her, but not so quickly but that he had time to exchange a few precious words.

"We are friends again, Maggie, are we not?" he said, pressing her little gloved hand as it rested for an instant in his. He felt a little timid answering pressure, he thought. She had barely time to whisper, as he tucked in her dress, preparatory to shutting the door:

"I shall be home Tuesday, if you care to come."

He closed the door, and off rolled the carriage. Maggie leaned back wearily, and thought over all that had happened. She had a dim notion that



she controlled Frank in a most wonderful and unheard-of fashion. The truth was, she simply did everything he requested her. Hers was a new and strictly original version of the maxim, "control by obeying;" it was in this way she might be said to control Frank.

"Well, there was what I call a satisfactory party—good people, good supper, good wines, good music, and I have had a very good time," broke in Maggie's mother on the thread of her meditations.

She spoke with a self-satisfied air, in a rich, oily voice, to whose unctuous smoothness countless good suppers and rare wines had contributed. She alternately patronized and snubbed her petite daughter, according to her mood. Just now she was in a patronizing mood. Maggie dreaded this more, if possible, than the other.

"You behaved very well, too, Maggie; I was glad to see you did not display so much liking for that Mr. White's society as usual. You know he is a careless young lawyer without a penny to bless himself with. You looked charming, a great deal prettier than that Simpson girl; was not she green with envy, though, when you carried off that young millionaire to dance the German? Her mother thinks he is smitten with her, but I know better." This was said with a little nudge in Maggie's side.

Maggie was displeased to be talked of in this coarse way, and looked up too indignant to speak. Her mother misinterpreted the look for one of surprise; she was not an acute observer, and answered accordingly:

"Oh, yes," with a would-be arch smile, that fortunately was lost on Maggie in the darkness, "I saw you, you little baggage, deserting Mr. White and fascinating that wealthy young Milmonte; you were with him quite a while."

"He is a friend of Frank's" said Maggie shortly. She did not like the turn the conversation was taking.

"Mr. White," gently corrected her mother. "I would not call gentlemen by their first names, dear, not even to me; it is bad style."

"Nonsense, I call him Frank to his face; why we've been friends since we were babies."

"Trust Frank, if you will call him so, to make friends with all the wealthy young fellows in town. He follows, I suppose, the Scriptural injunction, to make friends of mammon."

"Shame on you, mother, to speak so ungener-

ously of any one, much less of a young man we have known all our lives."

"What of that! Don't you suppose young men that we have known ever go to the bad like other young men that other people know?"

"I don't know, and I don't care, only hush; I'm sleepy," said the daughter recklessly, determined to put an end to the dispute, and resigning herself to a nap.

"What language from a child to a respectable parent! What are we coming to? The age is so degenerate!"

Having thus relieved her surcharged feelings, the mother betook herself again to her meditations, the most prominent theme of which was that Maggie was entirely too kind to that White fellow. "He is poor, he is sly, and he is an awful flirt; I wish I could put Milmonte, or even Barret in his place; what a pretty little fortune they could put Maggie in possession of."

#### CHAPTER II.—THE PARK.

It was the sacred half-hour after dinner; the two gentlemen had just pushed back their chairs and lit their cigarettes; between them stood the table littered with fruit and dishes, in the midst towering above the rest was a goodly bottle of Bordeaux half-empty. Beyond the little balcony where they sat lay the sun-lit landscape of trees and meadow land, between which lay the river in a great winding ribbon of whitest silver, spanned far away toward the city by a black, heavy bridge. Beyond lay the smoky town, with its slender spires and its big chimneys, over which floated in golden splendor mountains of snow-white cloud. It was very beautiful and soothing, all this, and so felt both Milmonte and White, for they it was who sat gazing placidly out, slowly puffing fragrant smoke, and sipping their coffee.

Neither felt like speaking; what man cares to wag his tongue after an excellent dinner? It shows a lack of true appreciation of the good the gods send.

Gradually the shadows began to fall, on the river first as it reflected back the rosy color in the sky, then the sky itself grew gray, the evening star came out, a tiny speck of clear light, the woods took on a gloomy darkness, waiters began to go about lighting the gas within the dining-rooms. They themselves were left in darkness unilluminated save by the sparks of their cigarette.

As the day faded their tongues loosened and they fell into the confidential conversation of friends. Their talk had drifted about lazily over all created things, politics, Hayes's election, the new play at the Chestnut, the Centennial, until finally becoming more personal, Milmonte had leaned back in his chair, saying: "After all, Frank, I think I envy you more than any fellow I know."

"I?" interrogated that gentleman, his eyes opening wide in amazement; "I can't imagine, my dear boy, what possible cause of envy I possess, least of all to you who are rich and not bad-looking, while I am poor as that turkey of Job's, and about as ill-favored."

"You have a way of making yourself agreeable socially; you are popular. For the life of me, now, I can't make myself liked even by a stable boy."

"Pshaw, the trick is simple enough when you once know it; it consists in plenty of cheek and in treating every one with the greatest freedom."

"I have not got that, you see," was the despondent answer.

"You have plenty of cheek for ostlers and horse-jockies; I never saw such a fellow as you are at an auction; save a little of your brass for circulation in society."

"Ah, but the brass that will pass with jockies is not the coin current with women."

"For mercy sake don't envy me for success with women; it is the worst curse that ever fell on a man."

"It is all very well for you who enjoy it to disparage it, but think of me at whom a girl will scarcely look. They think I am a fool, I suppose, and yet I can talk if I am among my friends. I think, too, that I am capable of loving a woman truly if I only had the chance."

During the last part of this speech White, who had been rather *distracted*, suddenly brightened up as if an idea had suddenly struck him. He lit another cigar and said in his easy, nonchalant way; "Just to illustrate for your benefit and consolation the troubles of popularity with girls, let me relate an instance in my own experience. You know Maggie Brauns and how intimate I am with her. Well, do you know, that girl is the plague of my life; I cannot take another girl to the theatre or dance the German, but I am called to an account with tears and reproaches that would move a heart of stone. Of course I like the girl; I am very fond of her and some day I hope to

marry her, but one must have one's little fling while one is young; and it is exceedingly disagreeable to have to pay for it as I do. I think it would not be a bad notion for some other fellow to pay Maggie a good deal of attention and so take her off my hands for a while, then when I returned to my allegiance I could have something to reproach her with. Thus far she has not flirted once with any one; the little creature is as faithful to me as if we were already engaged."

"You are an ungrateful man; you do not half appreciate the girl's kindness and devotion. If I"—said Milmonte, enviously, when White interrupted him.

"Well, if you really think so much of the girl, why cannot you come forward now and take her off my hands? There's a chance for obliging your friend, and gratifying yourself."

Milmonte was shocked.

"You are joking, Frank; it's a very poor joke, too."

"Not a bit of it. You think I don't appreciate the girl, I tell you I do; more than you give me credit for; but I am tired of perpetual squabbling, and it will do the girl herself good to see a little something of other men, besides your humble servant."

Milmonte sank into deep thought, which, after some time, White again interrupted.

"Come, what do you say; is it a bargain? You shall have her all to yourself for three months. I will not go near her, and you shall relieve me of my tearful scoldings."

"I consent on one condition."

"Name it."

"That you promise solemnly to come back to her at the end of that time, and take her off my hands."

"I agree to your condition."

"Then it is a bargain," said Milmonte.

"It is a bargain," repeated White.

And thus was sealed the unrighteous bargain by which Milmonte agreed for three months to relieve White of his jealous lady-love. It never occurred to either gentlemen that in this kind of transaction it required three to make a bargain.

Hardly had the last words died on the lips of the gentlemen without, when a sudden exclamation was uttered within the dining-room.

"Why, Maggie, what is the matter?"

"It is nothing," said a faint voice.

"You looked so flushed a moment ago, and now you are as pale."

The girl gave a little laugh; "It's only the heat of the evening and the wine."

The party—two young girls, Maggie's cousins, and their father, a gray old army officer—were sitting close to the open window, and Maggie had heard nearly every word of White's conversation. How hard it was to listen to the sallies of her bright young cousins, and to reply with a smile and appropriate words, while all the time there was floating in to her through the open window those hard, careless words. By leaning a little forward she could even catch a glimpse of his face, dimly visible in the outer darkness. When at last the final word was spoken, and that unrighteous bargain concluded by which she was coolly handed over to another man, she could not restrain a little cry of wounded pride.

"Only to think of his speaking of me and treating me so after all that I have done; and only a few weeks ago he wanted me to wear that bracelet."

She clenched her little hand spasmodically until the delicate rosy palm was red with pain. As

they rode home under the stars behind the Colonel's high-stepping bays she was very silent. She sat up beside the old man, with whom she was a great favorite. He was driving his horses with the quiet satisfaction of a skillful horseman, and talking in a soliloquizing style he had, about when he was in Mexico under old Zach. Taylor. Maggie was watching him drive, and thinking of, who can tell what, when he turned to her.

"Come, Mag, what keeps your tongue so still to-night? Have not you a word for your old uncle?"

"Plenty, uncle dear, but they are not worth your hearing;" looking up with her bright smile.

She made up her mind to a great and womanly resolution as they rolled through the Park homeward. She had made a great step out of girlhood and into womanhood that evening. The old uncle felt something of it in an indefinite way as he put out his arms for her to alight. He looked full into her clear, dark eyes, and saw the straight line of her lips and the earnest look, and said half-jocularly:

"My! what a thoroughbred woman our girl is getting to be!"

## EXPERIENCES IN CAMP AND COURT.

AN interesting and gossiping volume of personal reminiscences, entitled, "Camp, Court, and Siege: a Narrative of Personal Adventure and Observation during two Wars, 1861-62, 1870-71," has been given to the world by Colonel Hoffman, an officer whose position during two great wars enabled him to record much that escaped the notice of other observers. Colonel Hoffman held an important post in the Federal army during our civil war, and at its close received an appointment in the diplomatic service of his country. As Secretary to the American Legation in Paris, and *chargé d'affaires* during the temporary absence of the United States Minister, Mr. Washburne, he witnessed the events which preceded the Franco-German war, and afterwards remained in Paris, in common with other members of his Embassy, during the siege. The recollections he has strung together relate rather to the by-ways than to the beaten track of history during these periods; and it is this fact which gives his unpretending volume

its chief interest and novelty. Our readers will probably be amused in spending with us a short time over its pages.

Colonel Hoffman was in 1862 captain on the staff of Brigadier-General Williams at Hatteras, an island which lies in the direct route of vessels bound from the West Indies to Baltimore, New York, etc. The "guileless natives" of this place are, we are informed, well known as wreckers, and in pursuit of this calling they adopt a plan which is simple, but effective. A half-wild kind of horse called a "marsh pony," is bred upon the island, and one of these animals is caught, one of its legs is tied up, a lantern slung to its neck, and the pony is thus driven along the beach on a stormy night. The effect is just that of a vessel riding at anchor; but other ships approaching are soon made unpleasantly aware of the difference between a merchantman riding out the gale, and this Hatteras decoy.

From Hatteras, Captain Hoffman was ordered

to join General Butler's expedition to New Orleans, and proceeded in a vessel which took three regiments, numbering three thousand souls. A fact which transpired on the voyage he commends to the attention of those parish authorities in England who refuse to enforce the Vaccination Act. A man who had been ill with small-pox, but was supposed to be cured, was on board this vessel, and two days after they had sailed his disease broke out again. The men among whom he lay were packed as close as herrings in a barrel, yet only one took it. They had all been vaccinated within sixty days.

Ship Island, off Mobile in the Gulf of Mexico, was their first destination to await supplies for the expedition. An odd thing here was the abundance of fresh water obtainable everywhere by digging a hole two feet deep in the sand; in two hours it became full, but after using it for a week the water would be found brackish, when all that was necessary to procure another supply was to dig a hole as before. And yet the island scarcely rises five feet above the sea. While staying at this place the writer witnessed a curious freak of lightning. Eight prisoners were sleeping side by side in a circular tent, when a terrible thunderstorm broke out. The sentry stood leaning against the tent-pole, with the butt of his musket on the ground and the bayonet touching his shoulder. The lightning struck the tent-pole, leaped to the bayonet, and tore the stock to splinters, but only slightly stunned the sentry; thence it passed along the ground and struck the first prisoner, killing him; glided by the six inside men without injury to them, but struck and killed the eighth man as it disappeared.

We now come to the writer's reminiscences of warfare.

A characteristic anecdote is told of General Sherman's coolness. "He had a pleasant way of riding up in full sight of the enemy's batteries accompanied by his staff. Here he held us while he criticised the manner in which the enemy got his guns ready to open on us. Presently a shell would whiz over our heads, followed by another somewhat nearer. Sherman would then quietly remark: 'They are getting the range now; you had better scatter.' As a rule we did not wait for a second order." On one occasion Sherman sent out a strong party to reconnoitre, and Captain Hoffman asked permission to accompany them.

It was given; and the General added: "By the way, Captain, when you are over there, just ride up and draw their fire, and see where their guns are. They won't hit you." The order was obeyed, and Hoffman was not hit; but he does not recommend the experiment to his friends.

There are occasionally amenities in warfare, and embittered as was the conflict between North and South, still some curious instances occurred. At the siege of Port Hudson the soldiers on both sides established a sort of *entente cordiale*. Growing weary of trying to pick each other off through loopholes, one would tie a white handkerchief to his bayonet and wave it above the parapet; and presently a similar signal would be made on the other side. This meant a truce; and in a moment the men would swarm out on both sides, and commence chaffing each other. After a while some one would cry out: "Get under cover now, Johnnie," or "Look out now, Yank; we are going to fire," when handkerchiefs would be lowered and hostilities recommenced. No one dared to violate this tacit truce without notice; had any one done so, his comrades would have roughly handled him.

A striking instance is noted of the effect produced by the imagination when exalted by the excitement of battle. A staff-officer by Captain Hoffman's side dropped his bridle, threw up his arms, and said: "I am hit; my boot is full of blood." He was helped from his horse, and sent to the ambulance, the Captain mentally wishing him farewell. Next day he appeared at headquarters as well as ever; he had been struck by a spent ball, which had broken the skin, but inflicted no serious injury. Captain Hoffman saw the same effect produced on another occasion. A man limped from the field supported by two others, and said his leg was broken. He was pale as death, and had the chaplain to read to him; but the surgeon was surprised to find no hole in his stocking, and cutting it off, nothing was discernible but a black-and-blue mark on the leg. Men notoriously brave may thus occasionally be imposed upon by their imagination.

Woman's wit, in the opinion of Colonel Hoffman, played an important part at times in the conflict, the "rebels" gaining many an advantage over the Northern men by its influence. "In such matters," he remarks, "one woman is worth a wilderness of men. I recollect one day we sent a

steamboat full of rebel officers (exchanged prisoners) into the Confederacy. They were generally accompanied by their wives and children. Our officers noticed the most extraordinary number of dolls on board—every child had a doll—but they had no suspicions. A lady told me afterwards that every doll was filled with quinine; the sawdust was taken out, and quinine substituted. Depend upon it that female wit devised that trick."

Woman's ingenuity also displayed itself in other ways. A bag of intercepted letters from the Confederate side gave an instance. A Southern young lady, writing to her brother-in-law in Mobile, narrated how she had successfully played a trick upon a Boston newspaper, compelling it to unwittingly belaud its foes. She sent them a poem called "The Gypsy's Wassail," the original in Sanscrit, with a translation in English, expressing every patriotic and loyal sentiment. The "Sanscrit" was simply English written backward, and properly adjusted, read as follows:

God bless our brave Confederates, Lord!  
Lee, Johnson, Smith, and Beauregard!  
Help Jackson, Smith, and Johnson Joe  
To give them fits in Dixie, oh!

The "Wassail" was published with a compliment to the "talented contributor;" but in a few days the trick was discovered and exposed.

We pass on to the writer's European recollections. He received his appointment to the Legation at Paris in 1866, when the imperial court was at the height of its splendor. The Emperor, when he designed to be, was always happy in his reception of diplomats, and the formal introductory speeches were followed by informal conversations. He liked to ventilate his English, but could not speak the language perfectly. To an American officer (Colonel Hay) he observed, for instance: "You have made *se* war in *se* United States?" (*Vous avez fait la guerre?*)—meaning, "Did you serve?" The Colonel was strongly tempted to tell his Majesty it was not he made the war, but Jeff. Davis. The Empress spoke English not so fluently as the Emperor, but with less accent. American ladies were always well received by her, and her balls were sometimes called by the envious *balls Américains*. If the Embassy desired one or two presentations beyond the usual number, the inquiry was generally made: "Is it a young and pretty woman?" and if it were, there was no difficulty,

for the Empress was pleased to have her balls set off by beautiful and well-dressed women.

Comparison is favorable we are told, in American eyes, to British over the French imperial display on a very important occasion—the opening of parliament by the sovereign, as contrasted with that of the Corps Législatif. The spectacle in this country bears the palm, says Colonel Hoffman, both in splendor and interest. Her Majesty's demeanor is much admired. "Short and stout as is the Queen, she has the most graceful and stately walk perhaps in Europe. It is a treat to see her move." The Empress of the French, however, created great enthusiasm on these occasions. "Her beauty, her grace, and her stately bearing carried the enthusiasm to its height. You would have sworn that every man there was ready to die for his sovereign. Within less than four years she sought in vain for one of them to stand by her in her hour of danger."

In the year of the last Paris Exposition (1867), Napoleon III. entertained in his capital the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, the latter accompanied by Bismarck and Moltke. Sixty thousand men passed before the sovereigns in review, and it was on the return from the spectacle that the Emperor Alexander was shot at by a Pole. The ball struck the horse of one of the equestrians, and blood spurted from the animal upon the Emperor's second son, who was with him in the carriage. It was reported that the Emperor of the French turned to his imperial guest and said: "Sire, we have been under fire together for the first time to-day." To which the Emperor replied with much solemnity of manner: "Sire, we are in the hands of Providence." That evening the writer saw the Russian Emperor at a ball at his own Embassy, not more than two hundred persons being present. He looked pale and *distrain*, and Madame Haussman, wife of the celebrated baron, was trying, but without much tact, to make conversation with him. "He looked over her head, as if he did not see her, and finally turned upon his heel and left her. It was not perhaps polite, but it was very natural. The Emperor and Empress of the French made extraordinary exertions to enliven the ball, but there was a perceptible oppression in the air." The would-be assassin was not condemned to death, the jury finding "extenuating circumstances."

On the outbreak of war in 1870, the American



Legation was requested to undertake the protection of North German subjects in France, and procured the consent of the French government thereto. Thirteen distinct nationalities, European and South American, eventually came under the same protection, and caused plenty of employment. Partly on this account, when the representatives of the great European powers had left Paris for Tours, after the downfall of the Empire, the United States Legation remained, and its members endured the unpleasant experiences of the siege. To Colonel Hoffman, however, the anticipation of this was a matter of perfect indifference—or rather he looked forward to it with some degree of liking. "I had quite a curiosity to be a besieged. I had been a besieger at Port Hudson, and thought that I would like to experience the other sensation. The sensation is not an unpleasant one, especially in a city like Paris. If you have been overworked or harassed, the relief is very great. There is a calm or sort of Sunday rest about it that is quite delightful. In my experience, the life of the besieged is altogether the most comfortable of the two." And the writer professes to think that the suffering endured in famous sieges, and the heroism of the inhabitants, have been much exaggerated. There were, however, many points of considerable difference between the circumstances attendant upon the siege of Paris, and that, say, of Saragossa or Plevna. The Germans never made a bombardment in earnest. "We were being bombarded, but after a very mild fashion. I have since talked with a German General who commanded at the quarter whence most of the shells entered the city. He assured me that there never was the slightest intention to bombard Paris. If there had been, it would have been done in a very different style." But shells fell during nineteen days into the city, and nearly two hundred people were killed by the explosions. In both bombardments, that by the Germans and afterwards by the French government troops, much of the mischief done is reported to have been caused by the mere wantonness of the artillerymen, who under such circumstances are eager to hit something, it matters little what it may be. Indifference acts also on the side of the besieged, and during the worst of the bombardment men and boys were to be seen lurking in the Champs Elysées near the Arch, and darting to secure the fragments of an exploded shell while

they were still too hot to hold, or crying *Obus!* and suddenly squatting, to watch the effect upon elderly gentlemen passing by. A large business was done in these fragments as relics after the siege.

As regards provisions, the members of the Legation were of course as well off as it was possible to be under the circumstances. The staple diet, however, which Mr. Washburne and the Secretary preferred to expensive luxuries, was "our national pork and beans, and the poetic fish-ball." Occasionally they indulged in small portions of elephant, yak, camel, reindeer, porcupine, etc., at an average rate of four dollars a pound. This meat came from the Jardin d'Acclimation, where it was found impossible to get food for the animals. Colonel Hoffman gives the preference among these varieties of flesh to that of the reindeer, which resembles venison, but he thinks all these meats but poor substitutes for beef and mutton. Horse-flesh was the main stay of the population in the way of fresh meat; it was rationed and sold by the government at reasonable prices, nine and a half ounces per day being allowed to each adult. It is "poor stuff at best," says the writer. "It has a sweet, sickening flavor. The only way I found it eatable was as mince mixed with potato."

The transmission and receipt of intelligence gave rise to some of the most memorable experiences of the siege, and what was done by balloons and pigeons is likely to form a precedent for similar episodes in all time. The French had always a fancy for ballooning, and were probably in advance of the rest of the world in this respect. They soon started a service of mail balloons twice a week from Paris, despatching them at first in the afternoon; but it was found that they did not rise quickly enough to escape Prussian bullets, and the hour of departure was therefore changed to one in the morning. The speed of the balloons was sometimes marvelous. One descended in Norway on the very morning it left Paris. Another fell into the sea off the coast of Holland a few hours after its departure, and the passengers were rescued by a fishing smack. Out of ninety-seven balloons despatched, ninety-four arrived safely—about the proportion, says Colonel Hoffman, of railway trains in these later times. Two fell into the hands of the enemy, and one was supposed to have been drifted out to sea and lost. A balloon was seen off Eddystone Lighthouse, and a few

days afterwards a gentleman spending the winter at Torquay received a letter from the rector at Land's End, stating that a number of letters had drifted ashore, supposed to have been lost from a balloon, and among them was one addressed to him. It proved to be a balloon-letter from Colonel Hoffman, and is still preserved as a souvenir of the siege—and the sea. The pigeon experiment

Colonel Hoffman considers proved a failure, as so few birds succeeded in reaching their destination. Two or three times, however, a carrier arrived safely, bringing with it one of those marvels of scientific skill, which under the microscope revealed correspondence equal to the contents of a good-sized newspaper, the importance and value of which may readily be conjectured.

### A TRIUMPH OF ART.

ON the Peacock Island in Potsdam we find amongst the white marble statues an image of Rachel, the celebrated French tragedian, placed there in memory of her triumph over a monarch who had been by no means friendly disposed towards her. We mean Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, whose dislike to her had been caused by her republican sympathies and turbulent sentiments, which he abhorred, and on account of which he had prohibited her entrance into Russia; he is even known to have said that he wished never to set eyes on her. This inclement verdict of the powerful monarch was no small stumbling-block in the great tragedian's way, for Russia is a mine of gold; foreign artists and many a Rachel and Patti of our days might relate wonderful, almost fabulous tales of costly gems raining down upon them on the stage amid the enthusiastic cheers of an enchanted audience.

Therefore Mademoiselle Rachel was highly pleased when in the summer of 1852 she received an invitation to act before the court at Potsdam, where the Emperor Nicholas was just then staying as the King of Prussia's guest. The famous actress had been desired to recite several scenes from French plays, but neither in costume nor in company with other actors. She therefore arrived attired in black, the most costly lace covering her beautiful arms and shoulders; but the gentleman who, by the King's orders, was at the station to receive her, expressed his doubts whether the royal and imperial party would not object to so melancholy and mournful an apparel; and on reaching the palace, the artist was kindly invited by the late Princess Charles (sister to the Empress Augusta, and wife of the Emperor's brother) to wear a few gayer-looking things of her own. Such an offer could not be refused, and Mademoiselle Rachel appeared in the gardens adorned with

roses. On inquiring for the stage, she was told that there was none erected, and that she was expected to stand on a grass plot in front of the seats of her noble audience. This demand roused her quick temper, so that she was on the point of returning to Berlin, when her official attendant, the above-mentioned gentleman, pacified her by remarking that she would be on the same level with the audience, that her art would prove the greater for the want of any stage apparatus; and (last but not least) he reminded her of how much was at stake—an enormous honorarium and perhaps the repeal of that fatal interdiction. After a moment's hesitation and a struggle with herself, Mademoiselle Rachel took her cicerone's arm, and suffered him to lead her to the spot destined for her performance.

The evening was lovely; a few torches and lights illuminated the face of the artist, while the court sat in the shadow. Deep silence ensued upon her appearance—one could hear the crickets chirp—and then she began her orations. The listeners seemed spell-bound: that was not human speech, it was music dropping from her lips. She was determined to be irresistible; and she succeeded so well, that even the hitherto unfriendly Emperor himself, won by her art, rose from his seat when she had ended, and meeting her half-way, kissed her hand in the presence of the assembled court, assuring her that henceforth she would be welcome in Russia.

What were the praises, flatteries, and congratulations of the others who were crowding round the happy artist, compared to the homage rendered to her by the mighty ruler of Europe's vastest country, the monarch from whom a sign ordered thousands of his subjects to be or not to be!

Thus was one of the greatest autocrats in Europe won over by the acting and the elocution of—a woman!

## THE THREE NAOMIES, AND THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

BY MRS. C. DURANG.

## CHAPTER VIII. GRAND BALL IN HONOR OF GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

NEW YORK has always some sensation to keep her alive, and she found an immense one in the visit of General Lafayette to America.

Most of the male and female portions of the population were alive with expectation and delight. Milliners, mantuamakers, shoemakers, florists, and all the trades that flourish during the season of festivities were very eager to employ and be employed.

Milliners' boxes, parcels of dry goods, etc., were hourly arriving at Mrs. Belmont's and Colonel Clarendon's, much to the annoyance of the Misses Primrose, who were watching them with their opera glasses.

"What can them girls be doing with so much dry goods and millinery—such waste?"

Such was the repeated declaration of Temperance, as each parcel was handed into the opposite houses. But when Mrs. Belmont's new carriage was driven before the door, their curiosity and indignation knew no bounds; they could stand that no longer.

"Tempy, let's go over and see what's going on," said the boisterous Grace.

"Only that which is always going on—extravagance, to be sure!"

"P'r'aps one of 'em is going to be married."

"Um. They didn't behave very polite to us. No matter, we will go and see. Maybe they will invite us to the wedding. They are very rich, and rich girls will take airs on 'emselves and give impudence, but we mustn't mind 'em. Let's go."

Their bonnets were soon on, and the Porpoise rolling across the street, followed by Spare-ribs, walking so erect that she bent back again.

They were ushered in, amid laces, satins, and flowers that had been bought to make dresses for the ball that was to be given in honor of General Lafayette, at Castle Garden.

When they found themselves there they were abashed, in spite of all their impudence; they were at a loss what to say; there was a general silence. At last Temperance spoke:

"You see we are here. We thought we would

not be so ceremonious as to wait for you to return our visit, so we thought we would come over and assist you. Now you need not deny it, there is a wedding on the carpet. You see we know all about it, and we think we can help you, and save you so much."

"Save us in what?" inquired Naomie.

"So much money, to be sure; only see what is wasted in laces, flowers, and I don't know what."

"I do not consider that I have wasted anything."

"Only look at them flowers," was Temperance's reply, with upraised hands.

"What is the matter with them? They look fresh and beautiful."

"Yes, but only think how much money they cost."

"That is of no consequence, we could not expect to get them for nothing. I hope they did not send the bill to you, as you seem to be so much interested in what they cost," said the provoked Laura, astonished at the impudence of Temperance, and Naomie's simplicity in taking it so coolly.

"Oh! no; but you see there is so much money spent that might have been given to the poor."

"It was given to the poor—the industrious poor—for the man who raised those flowers for sale would not do it if he was rich. I like to keep people from poverty by giving them employment. I would not be so impertinent as to dictate to you, or even inquire what you do with your money, nor do I consider that you, as a stranger, have any control over my purse."

Grace and Temperance felt the reproof, and commenced apologizing.

"We only thought to help you. Um! Always so much to do at weddings."

"But there is no wedding, I assure you," answered Naomie. "Nothing at all going forward but the ball; so I hope your curiosity will be satisfied."

"A ball! Do you go to balls?"

"Certainly!"

"And you dance?"

"To be sure. Dancing gives us great pleasure,

and benefits the public at large. Have you ever thought how many families are supported by balls, parties, and other amusements? They circulate money by giving employment to thousands of persons of all trades and professions."

The eyes and hands of the Misses Primrose were raised as she said:

"But why couldn't all that be given to the poor?"

"You would create poverty then by palsying the efforts of the industrious, by taking from them the means of living by their labor. The world owes a living to every person who is willing to earn it. Nature has been bountiful in the distribution of her gifts to the human family; on some she has bestowed physical powers, on others intellectual, and ordained that they should exert their several capacities to form the great work of civilization. The world is very populous, and each person has to contribute his labor in whatever capacity he engages in, to exchange with his fellow-creatures for theirs. Therefore, the more trades, professions and occupations there are, the more affluent a community will become."

"Well, but we have to give to the church, and to the missionary societies, and that is all we can afford," Grace replied.

"That is all very well," answered Laura; "but suppose that there were nothing but clergymen and missionaries in the world, then we would have nothing but preaching and starvation, for there would be no one to till the ground, or build a house. Then if we had nothing but lawyers! Bless me! what a time we would have! Starvation and quarreling; nothing to eat, nothing to wear. By destroying the many branches of trade that luxurious living and amusements support, you would reduce the operators to mendicants, instead of useful members of society who can stand as our equals, nay, perhaps our superiors in education and intellect."

"I declare we never thought of such things; but we came because we want to assist you," added Grace.

"We are much obliged to you, but we do not stand in need of your assistance, nor would we impose upon you!"

This rather brusque reply of Laura had the desired effect; the Misses Primrose withdrew, uttering renewed offers of friendship until they were out of sight; then their vengeance could not find

words enough to appease it. But as they had learned that all the preparations were for a ball, they did not consider the visit altogether a failure.

The eventful night at length arrived. Laura's dress was pink crape, trimmed with white lace festooned with roses. Geraldine's was blue, white, and lace; her fair hair beautifully confined with pearls. Naomie's was white lace, over white satin, looped up with snow-drops and lilies. Orange blossoms and lilies were gracefully entwined in her dark ringlets, which were enveloped in a blond veil.

The ball was given at Castle Garden, which stood at the end of the battery.

The Castle was built during the war, and intended as a fortress for the protection of the city. The causeway that led from the battery to the castle was covered, and hung over on each side with flags of the French and American nations, forming an arch which was brilliantly illuminated by the various-colored lamps which were placed at the sides of this avenue, the flooring of which was covered with carpeting of the richest-colored flowers.

The entrance to the Castle was a vestibule, which led to the various refreshment and dressing-rooms, from whence the visitors emerged into the amphitheatre, in whose centre was erected a large white tent decorated with emblematic trophies suitable for the occasion. The immense dome was draped with flags, and colors of red, white, and blue, intermingled with stars, which borrowing light from the many brilliant chandeliers, were rendered so perfectly transparent that they appeared like floating ærial clouds, such as a summer's sun gloriously decks the skies with as she sets, arraying them in the most gorgeous hues.

The amphitheatre was surrounded by a parapet, which was converted into a gallery and divided into boxes, leaving a portion at the back for promenading, on which embrasures that had been originally designed for portholes opened. These embrasures commanded a view of the harbor, the Narrows, the outer bay, and the far off-ocean.

Outside of the walls, the moon shone brightly, putting forth her light unclouded, thus rendering the scene most enchanting in its calm, sober, subdued mood, throwing her silvery shadows on the white sails of the numerous small craft that floated past the Castle.

It was a scene of fascination to Naomie. As if

in a delightful dream, she gazed on the surrounding objects until all her sorrows and all of self in her was forgotten. When one of their party, Mr. Walsingham, asked her hand for the first dance, she replied :

"If I do dance it will be with you, but I wish to be a spectator, at least for a while."

Mr. Walsingham bowed his thanks, and led her to a seat which commanded an entire view of the amphitheatre, when the band suddenly struck up "Hail Columbia," during which General Lafayette entered, accompanied by his son, M. D'Her villier, his secretary, M. Levasseur, Governor Tompkins, officers of the army and the navy, amongst whom were many of his old companions, brothers in arms, who now associated together to "welcome the nation's guest."

His tall form towering in its majestic bearing, proclaimed the noble soul that dwelt there. His eye had the expression of the eagle's that encounters the sun of glory with unmoved nerve.

The memory of many of that audience recalled the time when he and his gallant band flew to the rescue of a young and defenceless Republic, aiding it with his fortune, his youthful abilities, and his affections. Oppression was his detestation, "Mercy and Freedom" his motto.

What tumultuous recollections must have rushed through that veteran's mind as he looked at the remnant of his old companions! Where were the rest? Alas! they had now passed away! What a different scene he now beheld. Could he, in that gay assemblage, forget the snow-clad hills where want and starvation were endured to give liberty to the nation? Could he forget, when in solemn council the Signers of Independence assembled for devotion within the venerable walls of Christ Church, Philadelphia, to listen to Bishop White's fervent prayer for their success, the morning before they repaired to Carpenters' Hall to sign the deed of emancipation from tyranny and oppression which they bequeathed to the rising generations?

Naomie seemed rapt in the joyous *fete*, when her eyes suddenly rested on a figure that was standing on the right of General Lafayette. It was Melbourne! Melbourne, whom she believed to be miles away. Their eyes met; and hers conveyed a message of reconciliation. He immediately joined her party. Was there one spark of resentment in her mind? No. The past was forgotten,

only the present was thought of, wrapped in joy and delight.

After the form of introduction had been gone through, the dancing was about to commence, and Mr. Walsingham reminded Naomie of her promise for the first dance. She would willingly have declined, now that so interesting an addition had been made to their party, but as it would leave her at liberty after that set, at least for some time, she acquiesced, and he led her down stairs.

Melbourne took an interested view of affairs, and requested the honor of Mrs. Belmont's hand for the dance, which was granted. They followed Naomie, and joined in the same quadrille with her, Geraldine, and Beaufort.

After the dance was over they ascended to the gallery with the intention of resuming their seats in the box, but Colonel Clarendon had arrived with some ladies, and having taken possession, there was no room for the gentlemen; therefore the ladies were consigned to their party, while the gentlemen stood in waiting.

The movement for the next dance altered the situation of affairs. In the exchange of partners Melbourne secured Naomie for his, and when it was finished they procured seats in an embrasure, where they were soon engrossed in enjoying the calm view before them, where the moonbeams played with the bubbling water as though they were revelling in a stream with diamond sparks. If ever there was a scene of enchantment on earth it was there. On one side Nature in calm, subdued beauty; art on the other, fascinating the senses with music, and the graceful evolutions of hundreds of dancers arrayed in the richest robes that could be purchased.

The dancing was about to recommence, but Naomie declined to participate in it, alleging that she was tired, and would prefer being a looker-on. Of course, Melbourne was of the same opinion, and they were left to themselves.

"Even here," said Naomie, "we may find something to moralize on; see that small boat as it passes with its 'oars of feathered spray.' How they play with the crystal element! A fitting moral for contemplation: these glittering drops that reflect the moon's light; that beauty that is drawn from the source of others, from one that it does not belong to, lives but for a moment, then dies away forever. That water sported in beauty that was not its own."



He could no longer remain silent on a subject that occupied his whole thoughts, and he replied: "You lead me to moralize also. Is it not strange that in the midst of all that is beautiful, the sin of temptation glides into the human heart? Thus it was in Paradise, I suppose, and the sin of our first parents still lurks in our dispositions—as it does in mine. Naomie, you must be mine. Life is insupportable while banished from your sight. I have tried it, and what is the result? Your father is vacillating; he gives his consent to our marriage in an equivocal manner. He does not wish to give his child to one whose profession is so full of danger as that of a soldier, yet he will not listen to my resigning my commission. My honor cannot be impaired by any clandestine proceedings on my part; I do not tarnish or endanger it by urging you not to sacrifice your happiness and mine. To lose you is impossible. Say, dearest Naomie, that you will be mine."

"I cannot leave my father."

"Nor need you. He does not deny his consent to our union. He sanctions it. But, oh! Naomie, have confidence in me; trust me."

He assumed a fierceness in his manner that she feared, as she timidly replied:

"True, he does not object, but he evades, and whenever he is spoken to on the subject he remains silent for some days."

"It is a rash step, yet the happiness of both of us depends upon its being taken. Do not let my proposition shock you. I will have everything prepared for our marriage in the church to-morrow morning. When it is over he will forgive us."

"You forget the sin of disobedience is sure to be punished," said Naomie.

"He has never forbidden the marriage, therefore there is no disobedience in the case."

Naomie remained silent, gazing on the water. Lost in reflection, a strange mingled feeling of love, perplexity, and doubt filled her mind, a strange contrast to the surrounding objects; suddenly a heavy cloud passed over the moon, all outside of the castle became dark. Melbourne's thoughts assumed a corresponding tone; he said, in a hollow voice:

"This world is dark indeed to those that have none to love them." Then with a sudden effort he cast off his gloomy air and entreated her to comply with his request.

"So be it," added Naomie, in a saddened tone.

"To-morrow morning at seven o'clock. Where shall it be?"

"St John's Park is near the church," Aubrey was about to make further arrangements, when Colonel Clarendon was seen to be approaching them. The moon shone out at the same time; all was again bright without and within the festive scene, which did not break up till the gray mists of the morning rose over the waters.

When Naomie retired to her room, she had but little time to reflect on the promise she had given to Melbourne. Could she break her plighted word? No! Love and honor forbade it.

The hour approached as she sat listless and irresolute, still dressed in the bridal toilette that she wore during the preceding night, when the clock struck six, as if it were to remind her of her promise.

She threw a large cloak over her thin dress, and putting on a calash, with hurried steps she advanced towards the Park, when Aubrey met her with a carriage.

"All is ready, my beloved," said he, as he led her into the church, where the clergyman and two friends were waiting for them. She threw off her cloak, and her dress was strictly that of a bride.

The sun arose, and shone through the window as the ceremony proceeded that made Naomie Clarendon the wife of Aubrey Melbourne.

#### CHAPTER IX. A DEATH AND A BIRTH.—THE NORTH RIVER.—A MOVE.

It was arranged that the marriage should be kept secret until Colonel Clarendon made some move that would render it necessary to divulge it.

As Geraldine did not appear at the tea-table that evening, Naomie took her place. Colonel Clarendon was reading the newspaper, when he exclaimed: "Well, really, this is a most unexpected event; this marriage! I can scarcely believe it." Naomie's cheeks alternately became ashy pale, or scarlet, she was almost fainting in her seat—her utterance failed her, and it was some time before she was sufficiently recovered to inquire, "What marriage had he alluded to?"

"Your Aunt Geraldine's."

She breathed more freely on finding that it was not her own marriage that he had discovered.

"My Aunt married! Can it be?"

"It seems so. She is married to Percy Beaufort, who is the very opposite to her in disposition

—and married without any preparation—I thought she would have observed all the rules of etiquette on such an occasion. But what is the matter? My child, you do not seem well! Has her marriage affected you so?”

“No! But I am not well. I suppose the fatigue and loss of sleep—the ball last night—a good night’s rest will restore me.”

Anxious to make her escape from further observation, she withdrew as quickly as possible, leaving her father without any suspicion as to the real cause of her emotion.

The domestic arrangements of Colonel Clarendon’s household went on as usual, with the exception that Percy Beaufort was added to its number, and a calm of some months succeeded the marriages of Geraldine and Naomie, when Melbourne received orders to join his regiment. He wished to resign his commission, but Colonel Clarendon dissuaded him from it.

“A few months!” said the Colonel, “and the term of silence I have imposed on you will expire, then explanations will be made that will be satisfactory to all.”

The agony of Naomie’s mind at the separation from Melbourne was so great that she was almost induced to acknowledge all to her father, but Aubrey entreated her not to do so. “Be but silent for six months, I request of you; then if he does not consent to our union openly, I will demand his reasons.”

With this assurance that a speedy acknowledgment of their marriage would soon take place, they separated.

Beaufort’s restless disposition again burst forth. He had been making several trips into the country, up the North River; on returning from them, he would go into ecstasies, extolling their beauty, their sources of wealth, and the health of a country life. Geraldine listened in dismay, when he announced that he was going to sell out of his present business.

“What is the matter?” she inquired; “I thought you were doing very well, and it made me so happy.”

“I am going to sell out! Hang it, I was near losing twenty thousand dollars the other day.”

“How so?”

“You know that confounded vessel, the Anna Maria, has been wrecked.”

“I heard so; but I thought you were insured.”

“So we are; but some one has to lose. The insurance saves us. But I do not like that they should have to pay.”

“Are they not prepared for it?”

“Yes. I will sell out and buy a farm.”

“Remember, Percy, we neither of us know anything about farming. We don’t know anything about growing wheat, or grain, or anything of that kind.”

“We may not know, but the earth does; give it the seeds, and I warrant it will give us the wheat. Then only see; if I buy a hundred chickens this year, they will yield us from one hundred to a hundred and fifty eggs each; only look what that will amount to? How many chickens they will yield, near a hundred more before the year is out.”

“Yes, that is provided they do not die.”

“How disheartening you are, Geraldine. Do you know I hate selling dry goods, and such trumpery.”

“I am sorry for it; for of course I would not like to persuade you to follow a business that you do not like.”

He was determined to buy a farm, and he lost no time in doing so. He secured a farm that was situated between fifty and sixty miles above New York, a few miles from Cold Spring.

The separation of the family was a sad one to Naomie, it was a real subject of grief; while Melbourne was with her she did not wish to confide her secret to any one else; now it was different, and she craved to keep some one near her that she could confide in, some friend to advise her, but there was no resource, she had to submit.

The farm that Beaufort purchased was a lovely place. The mansion was large and comfortable, which, by Geraldine’s taste, care, and systematic manner of housekeeping, soon appeared to be a little paradise. The view from the outside was all that those that love Nature delight in, when mingled with art. Fine old trees and vines shaded the dwelling, orchards full of fruit, a well-filled barn, poultry houses, gardens of fruit and flowers surrounded it. In the interior of the house, summer and winter were well provided for. Rich curtains, carpets, and bright grates for the latter season, for the former, cool shades, matting, and free pure air. Three rooms in the house were furnished, and set apart for Colonel Clarendon and Naomie, to whom were sent invitations to

take up their residence there entirely, or for such times as suited their convenience.

As Naomie's health daily declined, her father observed it with terror, pity seized his mind, and he upbraided himself as the cause. He resolved to put an end to it at once, and confide his plans to Naomie; when the invitation came from Geraldine to pass a few weeks at least with her, this offer made him postpone his intention until he saw what effect a change of air would have; he almost feared the journey, it being mid-winter; but necessity, aided by Naomie's entreaties, made him undertake the journey.

A severe storm commenced just after they left the city, and before they had proceeded very far up the river's banks they found themselves in one of the dense forests that cover the sides of the mountains. Here a delightful picture of winter's rural beauties presented itself. The neighing steeds pranced with delight as they reveled in the falling snow that was dancing to the music of the wind, while the proud animals tossed up their finely-formed heads to sniff the pure air as they flew along unconscious of the burden that was attached to them.

Then the merry laugh that every hill returned with tenfold sounds, making the heart rejoice; whilst the songs of the drivers with their glingling sleigh bells, made the very air alive.

The snow continued to fall until all signs of roads and pathways were totally obliterated, having been so engrossed by the novelty and beauty of the scenery around them, that they had not taken the caution to direct the driver to observe the course that the road should take. Thus they became lost in a large forest.

On emerging from it they became bewildered, and advanced on until they found themselves on the edge of a precipice a hundred feet above the river. The horses being sagacious animals, perceived the danger, reared, threw themselves back, and by a sudden shock dashed the sleigh against a rock, breaking it to pieces, and then ran off to seek their own safety.

The driver escaped, and wandered off in search of assistance, leaving them in danger of being frozen to death, unless aid could be soon given them.

Very fortunately a party that was out sleighing for pleasure arrested the runaway horses, traced the way to the travellers by the horses' tracks in

the snow, and arrived in time to rescue them from further danger.

Another sleigh was procured which conveyed them to the end of their journey, where affection welcomed them, and every comfort awaited them.

Naomie lost no time in confiding the secret of her marriage to her Aunt, requesting her advice, whether she should still await the time Melbourne required her to keep it secret, or confess it at once. Geraldine counseled her to reveal it to her father, promising to undertake the task of breaking it to him herself.

"Let him have a good night's rest first," said the kind-hearted woman, "and a few words will soon reconcile all parties. I wish you had come to me sooner."

When supper was over the family assembled around the cheerful fire, where all the events that had transpired since they had separated were discussed; amongst them was the contemplated marriage of Laura Belmont, of which Naomie informed her Aunt.

"I hope she may be happy," was the wish of Geraldine; "I feel a great interest for her; you must invite her to come and stay with us some time."

After all had passed a pleasant evening, and were about retiring, Colonel Clarendon, in an agitated manner, addressed his daughter: "My dear child, the time that I have long looked forward to has at length arrived. Perhaps I have been cruel to you. Forgive me for it! my conscience has often upbraided me, but the object I have in view is of such vital interest to your happiness, mine, and another's"—overcome by emotion he could not proceed for some time; at length, in a voice choked by emotion, he exclaimed: "To-morrow you shall know all!"

After giving her his blessing, he rushed into the room prepared for his reception.

The daughter and the sister looked at each other with astonishment, as each repeated, "To-morrow! Is it not strange." They sat for some time musing on the strange coincidence, that all of them had settled on the same time for explanations and confessions.

Beaufort, not knowing any of the secrets of either party, sat stupefied and amazed. His patience became exhausted, and he moved to adjourn "till to-morrow," which motion was agreed to.

The morning at length dawned; Naomie did

not sleep all night. She arose full of anxiety, thinking whether her confession should be made first, or whether they should wait to hear her father's plans.

The subject was discussed, and debated over and over. At last they decided that it would be best to hear his plans first; they waited impatiently for a summons from him, but none came. The breakfast hour had passed, but he did not appear. It did not alarm them, as they thought the fatigue of the journey had made him sleep, therefore they would not disturb him; but when mid-day arrived, and he remained in his room, they became anxious lest he might want something. Naomie knocked at the door; no answer was given; the door was locked. She called Geraldine, who, after knocking several times without receiving any answer, burst it open, when to their horror they found him dead in his chair.

It was evident he had been writing all night, as there was a package on the table directed to Naomie. He held in his hand the miniature of a lady in a nun's dress.

The lights were still burning. Naomie seized the package and tore it open; her eyes eagerly ran over its contents, which were as follows:

"TO MY DEAR DAUGHTER: Not being able to bring myself to speak personally on a subject that has engrossed all my thoughts for the greater part of my life, I now adopt this method of imploring your assistance in carrying out the plans I have educated you for. You have arrived at that time of life that I can now trust you to act. If I die before all I contemplate is accomplished, you will find the directions how to proceed in the following paragraph. You will find the letters in my desk. If I live, we will commence our journey together; if not, you must take passage on some vessel sailing for Spain. On arriving there, you can, by the aid of the letters I have prepared for you, obtain admission into some of the various convents as a boarder. Your knowledge of the French and Spanish language will enable you to accomplish objects that I failed in for want of. To my ignorance of the language, I attribute my failure in this case; yet you, as a young female, will be admitted where I would not. Gain admittance, and search the convents, all religious institutions and asylums, for your mother!" "Merciful powers! My mother alive!" exclaimed Naomie; her agitation was so great she had not the power to

keep silent on such an absorbing subject; at length she silently resumed the perusal of the papers in her hands. "Claim her protection. Let her advice guard and protect you. Should she be still confined in one of the convents against her will, assist her to escape; restore her to liberty, and a loving husband, who failed to accomplish that, which female ingenuity, combined with filial love, may effect. The letters I have procured for you are from persons who have promised their influence to aid us. The name of your mother's family is Huertas. They are rich and powerful! The likeness I have of her was taken in her novitiate habit; it may assist you in tracing her out, even if her name should be sunk in that of a religious one!"

"Too late; too late!" was indistinctly uttered by Naomie, as she sunk senseless before the inanimate form of her father.

All endeavors to calm her anguish was vain. Melbourne arrived, but she was still inconsolable. He now understood the mystery of Colonel Clarendon's conduct, and endeavored to prove to his wife that the wishes of her father had been rendered impossible by his own mysterious proceedings. He related to her the promise of secrecy that had been exacted from him on his giving his consent to their marriage. Geraldine tried to reason with her. While she did not openly condemn her brother, she felt that he had acted unjustly towards them all, as he never permitted the mention of his wife's name, or any allusion to her to be made, even though his mind was brooding over her fate; thus he sacrificed his daughter's happiness to his silent, secret arrangements.

The task of consolation was, indeed, a difficult one. To tell a daughter not to think of her mother, who was perhaps detained in some convent against her will, seemed an impossibility, and Naomie being now herself a wife, was an impediment to her father's plans; the struggle in her mind between what she considered her duty to her parents, and her duty as a wife, almost deprived her of reason. While she was meditating what course to pursue, the presence of a young son decided the question for the present time. He was christened by the name of Clarence.

How inconsistent we mortals are; we covet things that are out of our reach, we labor years to obtain them; once within our grasp they become worthless, and we care not for them. A few years

before, and Naomie considered that her whole happiness depended on her marriage with Aubrey. Now; how changed! There was no longer hope or joy expressed in her countenance in his presence. Her duties to her son and husband were mechanically performed without any seeming thought; her mind appeared blank, save on her devotions, and when her son addressed her by the name of mother.

Melbourne being ordered to join his army in Florida, the entire charge of Clarence devolved on his mother, who was to remain with Mr. and Mrs. Beaufort. She saw Melbourne depart without shedding one tear, or heaving one sigh.

Years passed speedily and Clarence improved rapidly in all his studies, but his mother's health declined daily; the physicians ordered a change of air. As Melbourne's regiment was stationed in Florida, and a treaty of peace being about to be signed with the Indians, he sent for them to join him, the air of St. Augustine being considered very favorable for the health of invalids.

Geraldine was greatly afflicted at parting with them, as Clarence, having attained his seventh year, was as dear to her as if he was her own child, and Beaufort had become so much attached to the boy, that he could not content himself to remain there after he had gone; the place seemed so dreary—everything reminded him of him and the happy days he had passed—so he resolved to make a move too; he would take a cotton plantation in South Carolina and remove there.

He communicated his intention to his wife, who tried to remonstrate with him against it, but it was vain.

"Everything is so comfortable here," said she, pleadingly.

"So it will be with you everywhere, where you manage matters so well. You opposed our coming here at first."

"I know I did, and I was wrong there; however, I make a compromise with you now; I will consent to try the plantation, provided you do not sell this place, but rent it, so that we may return to it, if you should be disappointed in your expectations in South Carolina."

As the farm had produced enough to purchase the plantation without selling the North River property, Beaufort agreed to her proposal, and leased it for two years, instead of selling it.

The arrangements for their removal were soon

completed. Naomie's having left first consoled Geraldine in some measure for leaving the place temporarily; she felt assured that he would soon grow weary of their new abode and return; she sympathized with him in the feelings that actuated the present move, for desolation oppresses the hearts of those who remain in the abode, the home, when friends have taken their departure. None know the pangs of it, but those who have endured it.

#### CHAPTER X. LIFE ON A SOUTHERN PLANTATION.

WHEN they arrived at Charleston the overseer of the property, Mr. Ephraims, was waiting for them, and a vessel was ready to take them up Ashley River to the landing, where the chaise and horses would be ready to take them to the plantation. The word chaise struck on Geraldine's ears as something ominous! However, a few hours sail took them to it. The chaise she found was a chair on two poles affixed to wheels; in front of the chair was a board, on which a negro was seated who drove the horse that was attached to the chaise. There were also two horses, one for Percy and one for Mr. Ephraims. There were about thirty negroes to welcome the new Massa and Misses and to carry the baggage; each one took a trunk, a bundle, placed it on their heads, to tote, it as they called it. Then they formed a long line following their leader, and thus proceeded to transport the baggage. As the way they had to travel over was mostly a kind of broad path through the woods, they had to go in Indian file, one after the other, when they came to a clearing; then Beaufort would ride on one side of Geraldine, Mr. Ephraims on the other.

"What do you think of the beginning?" inquired Geraldine of her husband.

"I suppose it's all right," replied Percy. "They say there is a handsome mansion on the plantation, and all necessary buildings. It was described to me as one very handsomely situated, and one where a fortune can be made in a few years. What do you think of it, Mr. Ephraims?"

"Reckon the country is pretty good, its right handsome and clever to live in, 'cept when the agers shake a body. Then one finds it difficult to keep your teeth tight in your head, an your bones seems to try to git out of your body; I tell you it makes them rattle."

"Is there so much ague here?" said Geraldine.



"Only in the spring and fall."

"That is bad!" she observed. "But is the house a handsome one?"

"I reckon its as good looking as any of tothers, cepting them there Wilsons, who are trying to imertate city folks with their mansions, as they call em, or manor houses. Its something outlandish, howsomever." As he made the observations about the Wilsons, it was evident that some disagreeable feeling existed between them, as he tried to twist the name in speaking it, and turning up his nose with every expression of scorn it was capable of.

The country looked beautiful although it had a very sombre appearance. The white moss hung in graceful folds from the tall cypress trees, which reared their heads and extended over their drooping branches, forming grottoes and arcades of lace-like architecture, so delicate and luxuriant that none would dream that the same air that nourished it contained a poison that lurked around to destroy those human victims who intruded into its influence at certain seasons of the year.

To complete the deception of the fairy scene the ground was carpeted with green moss, ferns, and wild flowers of various hues, that bloomed over the swampy earth, while myriads of gay butterflies and insects filled the air. Alas! their life was an ephemeral one, and yet their death a useful one; as they die they nourish their more majestic neighbors, the cypress and the palmetto.

They reached the so-called mansion. This mansion was nothing but an unfinished log cabin. Not like some of those in the Eastern and Western States, many of which are plastered, painted, windows glazed, and everything made to contribute to the comfort of the inhabitant. No effort of that kind had ever been attempted. It was totally unacquainted with painting or even plastering. True, it was divided into three apartments by some half-planed deal boards, while the native earth retained possession as its floors.

Geraldine looked in dismay at the prospect before her. There was but one white face (Mr. Ephraims) besides themselves on the plantation, and about forty negroes.

The overseer ushered them into the cabin, observing that he supposed he could still retain his room?

"Certainly," answered Geraldine; "but where is the kitchen?"

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"At the end of the lot," said he, pointing to another hut that had no glass in the windows.

Weary and fatigued, a night's rest was all she cared for. The negro girls surrounded her, anxious to receive orders. Her first one was a request to bring her some candles. They stared at her, when Rose, who considered herself as head waitress, asked: "What is they, Missee, fur you see we hasn't lived in de city, and we doesn't know eberyting." Geraldine was amused at the girl's simplicity and told her she wanted some lights to see by. Rose ran off and immediately returned with a long pine stick of blazing wood in her hand. "Rose, I did not want a fire, I only wanted some light."

"Dis am de light de ole Massa and Missus use." While the girl was speaking she stuck the end of the stick that was not on fire into the floor. The blaze from it soon cast a cheerful light over the place. "That is all very well, Rose, while the earthen floor remains, but I hope to have it boarded over, and that will destroy your candlestick."

"What dat, Missee?"

Geraldine told her it was something to hold the light.

"Oh, den, Missee, Minny mus come hold de pine knots!"

Geraldine laughed heartily at the idea of her new ebony candlestick; she began to think she had a harder task to accomplish than she had calculated on. However, she slept on it, and the next morning rose to work.

First Geraldine visited all the negro huts. She found each one had a lot of ground attached to it where they raised poultry, pigs, vegetables, and fruit for their own use or to sell. She was much pleased to find that the negroes had it in their power to make themselves so comfortable, having been under the impression that they were an oppressed race.

She found there was plenty of house-servants, but not one understood housework. There was no garden, no poultry-yard or house. She inquired of one of the women if there was no garden to the residence.

"Oh, no, Missee! no cessity fur it; we hab alway nuff to sell you," answered Lilly.

Geraldine soon selected one of the men, whom they told her was a gardener, laid out her plan for her garden, and set him to work to dig the ground.

Percy desired Mr. Ephraims to make the negro carpenters bring a quantity of lumber to make alterations to the house. Mr. Ephraims grumbled a great deal about it, as it would take up so much of the time of the hands, which he wanted elsewhere.

"I cannot help that," said Geraldine; "it is out of the question to let the earthen floors remain; they must be boarded over immediately, and two rooms more must be added to the house."

The overseer knew that it was in vain to contend against a woman's will, therefore he sent the carpenters, and they went to work. Such a set of workmen as the negroes were! They set Beaufort almost crazy; he knew nothing about carpenter work, but he had brains, which he was obliged to use, and assist them as his common sense directed that it should be done.

When the two rooms were added, the carpets put down that they had brought with them, the walls papered and painted, the place began to assume a very comfortable appearance, and the astonished Mr. Ephraims declared it was equal to the Wilson's. Didn't think the niggers could have done so good a job.

Everything had hitherto been carried by the negroes on their heads; there being no carts on the place. But Beaufort sent to Charleston for two of each, and for seeds and tools; also plenty of turkeys, chickens, ducks and geese, while Geraldine took care to have comfortable houses put up for them.

The plantation thus stocked yielded plentifully for some time, after which the productions began to fall off by degrees; but every negro had something to sell them. From the poultry-yard she could only get a few eggs, although she sent Minny early every morning. But Minny never found any.

"No eggs, Minny?"

"No, Missee, de ole hen is so cross she ain't a gwine to hab none," was the answer; or else, "None dere at all, at all, Missee," or something of that kind; but no eggs were ever forthcoming. At last she went herself. There were only two hens, and a turkey with some young ones left; all the stock was gone.

She went through the negro grounds, and saw there was plenty of all kinds of poultry running at large, but not much corn.

"How is this, Milly; your husband has been

selling me corn, and yet there is none planted in your garden; yet he could not find any in mine, where it was planted?"

"Dat nigger mus hab been too lazy to look in your garden."

"Oh, no; for some very industrious body stripped the stalks before six o'clock in the morning."

"Did de, Missee? I reckon it war de crows—deres an awful number of crows, big black crows, Missee. Is Missee shoor it war him as sold you corn?"

"Certainly, I paid him myself."

"Wall, Missee, de troof is, he run round de plantation, and I reckon he pick it up whar it grows."

"You have plenty of chickens here, Milly?"

"Yes, Missee, de Lor' is berry good to us poor niggers; he gibs us plenty ob chickens an turkeys."

"But how is it I have only two chickens in my yard, and no eggs?"

"I doesn't know. But you needn't not to keer about dat, kase we can give you enuff an more'n you want."

"You are very good to offer to supply us. But you have charge of the poultry, and I should like to know how mine go. I put twelve eggs there yesterday, and they are all gone to-day."

"Laws! Did you, Missee? Den dem snakes mus hab eat em. Dem snakes am orful fond ob eggs."

"Laws! Mammy, what queer tings dem snakes bees. I clar dey look jis like you; for I war lookin' through de fence, an I seed de snake's hand go right in de nest, an I tout it war yau, for it looke jis like ee."

"Jist har de little nigger. See if I dusn't cut you up fur tawkin dis ere way. Yis, deede, de snakes allers used fur to go to eat old Missus eggs an chickens. Git along ye young sarpint!" shouted Minny, as she took up a stick to throw at Milly; but Geraldine interfered, and told her she must not beat the child; whether it was herself or the snakes that had taken the eggs, she must teach the child to speak the truth.

"I alleys does speak de troof! Deed I does! My ole Misses use fur to say, 'Aullers speak de troof, an you'll be sure to meet distribution boaf here an hereafter.' Ah, my ole Missus darter was beautiful; you put me in mind of her."

Minny was a true negro in cunning, and never

lost an opportunity to flatter when anything was to be gained by it.

"No doubt, Minny, she was very handsome when she was buying her own poultry and eggs from you," replied Geraldine, as she returned to the house, taking Milly with her.

The Wilsons were one of the old Southern families which had descended from the Huguenot refugees. They lived on the estate that their ancestors had purchased, and it had descended from father to son for several generations. The present family that resided in the mansion that gained so much admiration and so much envy from Mr. Ephraims, consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, one married son, and two unmarried daughters.

They were their nearest neighbors, and very agreeable ones. Every week they assembled their friends from Charleston and for forty miles round, to meet at their hospitable mansion, where music and the most polite conversation engrossed the time.

Ephraims persuaded Beaufort to sell him a hundred acres, on the plea that he wanted to build a house on it for himself; that in so doing he would have better command of the plantation. The reason given seemed very plausible, and as he was not a very agreeable person to have in the house, they gladly consented to the sale.

A few days after, he requested Percy to sell him two hundred acres more. It puzzled them very much, as they had understood that Mr. Ephraims was a poor man, and how a poor man could suddenly be able to purchase three hundred acres of land astonished them; but they consented, as it would be the means of getting rid of him at once from their house.

Before two years were over, Beaufort began to grow weary of the plantation. He was getting no money from it, nor did there seem to be any prospect of any. When he applied to Mr. Ephraims about it, the constant reply was, "wait till the crops come in." The time for them to come in past and came again, still the same old story.

The winter was again coming on; the past one had been mild, but the present one was threatening to be a severe one. The weather was so cold that the river was frozen, and the negroes crowded into their huts. A tolerable heavy snow had fallen; the ground was white, and not a black face was seen about. Geraldine was delighted at the snow, it seemed like the face of old friend,

and she was preparing to take a walk to see what had become of all the people, when Dinah met her. She looked quite frightened at her, as she exclaimed, "Laws, Missee, whar is you gwine? you'll be frizzed to death. Does'nt ye see de snow on de yarth, an deres no fire, an deres no wood to build one."

"How is that?"

"De reason is, Missee, dat Massa Ephraims keeps all de hands so busy on him house, dat de got no time to git none, an dey ain't got no corn-meal nur no food nayder."

"No food! no fire?" repeated Geraldine.

"Nun; you see since Massa Ephraims hab bought de ground on which de corn and rice growed, he keeps it all, so de hands gits nothin, only de hab de work to do."

Geraldine was struck aghast, as she repeated, "No fire! Nothing for them to eat! Tell Milly and Cæsar and all the hands to come and get what there is in the house; let them have it while it lasts; and tell your master I want him immediately."

Dinah lost no time in executing the orders; only a few moments elapsed, when the negroes were seen running towards the house, clapping their hands and jumping for joy. Percy attended her summons immediately.

"What is to be done?" was her first exclamation on seeing him. "Oh! Percy, here are all our hands without food or fire. What is to be done?"

"First explain; then I can answer you!"

"That wretch, Ephraims; you have sold him all the ground on which the corn and rice grew, and on which the hands depended for their food, and now they have no fire or anything to eat."

Percy was completely stunned. When he recovered himself, he considered a few moments, when the thought occurred to him to apply to Mr. Wilson to advise him, and to let him have what was necessary for the present, until he could find out what Ephraims had really done.

He rode over to Mr. Wilson's as fast as his horse could carry him; from whence he returned, accompanied by negroes, driving a wagon loaded with provisions and wood.

The day was nearly past before all were served; then the evening was passed in looking over their accounts, and the deeds of the property that Ephraims had bought from them. They dis-

covered, sure enough, that the portion he had included in his deeds, embraced nearly all the cultivated ground.

The greater part of the two hundred acres left were uncleared, and some of it swamp lands. However, the house had been handsomely furnished and enlarged, the garden was well cultivated, and the negroes' huts had been well cared for.

"We will have to sell the negroes," said Beaufort, "and this house; I do not suppose it will bring much, but it will have to go. I do not mind that, but I do not like to sell the negroes, although some of them are lazy; however, I will not consent to divide any of the families, even if we have to give them away."

"If they could only take care of themselves, we might give them their freedom."

"That would be giving them up to starvation at once; for if we who have the means and capacity of mind to take care of them, find a difficulty in feeding them, what would the poor creatures do if left to themselves? See, this morning instead of exerting themselves and coming to us, they crouched into their huts and lay there dormant; chance alone discovered that to-day, which they must have known before. They must have known the state of things some time; I am wearied out to-night, to-morrow we will see what is best to be done for them. I expect we will lose nearly all we have invested here; fortunately, we have our old home to go to. I am to see Mr. Wilson to-morrow, then see what our crops of cotton have brought during the last two years, then I will settle off, and prepare for our departure."

The next morning the news spread amongst the hands that they were all to be sold. Mr. Ephraims took care to circulate it well that he was going to buy them all.

Then came a hue and cry, a weeping and wailing.

They assembled in a body to remonstrate. As they were marching in procession towards the house, they met Geraldine. They begged and entreated of her not to let "Massa sell em to Mr. Ephraims." Cæsar was made spokesman on the occasion.

"You knows, Missee, we an' all our descendants has aullers 'longed to qualerty, and 'tis aginst our dignerty and spectability to be owned by any ting else but fust-rate qualerty. Afore you comed on

har he done gwine nigh starving us all out an' out."

"When was that?" inquired Geraldine.

"Affer our ole Massa die, an' afore we was sold to Massa Percy; you not come fur some time."

She promised to see what could be done for them, and let them know as soon as possible, assuring them at the same time that they should not be sold to him.

The assemblage broke up with shouts of joy and thanks to her, as they returned to their cabins.

Beaufort got rid of all his difficulties better than he expected. Mr. Wilson agreed to buy all the negroes, and his married son had been thinking of building a house for himself; theirs being a convenient distance from the mansion, and the lands joining theirs, it would just suit him, therefore he would purchase it. The negroes could still live in their old cabins, while they worked the uncultivated grounds so as to bring them into use; they would have a good master and mistress, who would supply all their wants. This was a great relief to Geraldine's mind; she assembled the negroes, and informed them what was to be done with them.

They danced and sung for joy. They were delighted. "They were still to be owned by qualerty," and they could still live in their old homes where they were born. All were satisfied except poor Minnie, who had become so much attached to Geraldine that she cried as if her heart was broken, therefore Geraldine promised to keep her.

The rest of the negroes went off cheering for "Massa Percy, Missee Gerldeen, and their new Massa," just as Mr. Ephraims approached them, saying: "How is this? Mr. Beaufort, I hear that you have sold your house without letting me know?"

"I have; the house was mine. I had a right to do as I pleased with it."

"But I wanted it?" said the overseer, in a most arrogant tone.

"I cannot help your wants. You cannot have it."

"Have you sold the niggers, too?"

"I have!"

"What am I to do to work my land?" Ephraims exclaimed, in a rage.

"That's your business, not mine. But now I want you to settle with me the amount due me for my two years' crops of cotton?"

"I reckon there is not much due to you. I bought the land from you in July, before the crops were ripe; so the crops gathered in belong to me, and as to the year before, I don't think they brought more than would pay my wages for that year, and the one before you bought the place, that was due to me."

"What do you charge a year?"

"I reckon I charge two thousand dollars a year."

"I thought five hundred dollars was the usual price."

"Some pay that, but you made no agreement with me, and as I worked while you staid home, I charge accordingly. So I guess our accounts are square. Now I am willing to buy the house and negroes. You hain't signed the deeds with Wilson yet; sell to me and I will give you a good price."

Beaufort could scarcely contain himself, he was in such a rage.

"You have taken advantage of me in every way you could. Now, I tell you, I have sold this place and every negro on it, to those who will take good care of them, and the sooner you get out of it, the better."

When Ephraims found that he could not get any of the negroes, he walked off quite dejected at his unfortunate position; his speculation had failed, the land without the hands to work it was worthless, the seed was planted, but the crops had to be gathered, there were no hands to do it. He saw that he would have to sell his ill-gotten treasure for whatever it would bring.

"Was there ever such an unmitigated scoundrel!" said Beaufort. "He must have taken the proceeds of my crops to pay me for my own land. However, there is no use going to law with him, we can work the matter quietly. So we will take our departure and leave him to his fate."

## AN OLD MAID'S REVERIE.

BY CELANIRE.

SOME ONE called me "old maid," to-day—little Annie Ripley, the daughter of the man I might have married. The child never knew that I heard her; but it cut for all that. Am I really growing old? Ah, me! twenty years ago I was a young girl, as gay as any one.

How long ago, indeed, it seems, when I stood in my aunt's parlor, waiting to welcome our Eugene home from his Continental studies! I say "our Eugene," for although he was Aunt Maria's son, we all laid claim to him. In fact, Aunt Maria had more than once hinted to me the pleasure it would give her to see Eugene and myself in a closer bond than cousinship, and had praised the brilliant young doctor until I felt as if I had known him for years.

"Besides, my dear," she would laughingly remark, "I am mercenary, you know; I don't want this inheritance of yours, Ripley Manor, to go out of the family and be squandered by some worthless scamp. You know that for three years I have stood in the place of your dead father and mother, and I must see to it that you marry well."

"You dear old auntie," I would exclaim, "as if I could ever love anybody better than you!"

Nevertheless, as I stood this day in front of the

glowing fire, I felt my heart beat anxiously in anticipation of the judgment that was to be passed upon me. But, as I caught sight of myself in the glass above the mantelpiece, I could not help sighing at my lack of personal beauty. An insignificant, childish figure, with elfish face, dark hair, and big black eyes, what claims could I lay to attractiveness, outside of mere oddity? From my own image, my eyes wandered to the faces of the other occupants of the room. At the window sat my little brother Hal, a dreamy, thoughtful boy, absorbed in his books; at one corner of the fireplace, my aunt, a pleasant-faced matronly woman of fifty; at the other, my governess and "dearest friend," Lily Avenant. This last person was by far the most beautiful of any of us four, and upon her face my eyes dwelt long and lovingly. A tall, queenly girl of twenty-two, with a mass of golden hair, starry blue eyes, and "cheeks like the dawn of day," she sat knitting coarse stockings as gracefully and easily as though born and bred to that work. Two years before, when her father, then a millionaire, had died, during a financial crisis, from shame at his bankruptcy, I had begged Aunt Maria to let me bring Lily home as a governess. "She's so dignified, Auntie," I said, by way of recommenda-



tion, "that she'll keep down my spirit of mischief, and besides, you know she is splendidly educated." This last clause decided Aunt Maria; so it was settled that Lily should be my governess. And in time, either her beauty, her affectionate disposition, her high moral tone, or perhaps all three, brought me to love her and make her my most intimate companion. Still, I must confess that, for the first time in my life, I felt envious of her beauty, and longed for some charm of my own to offset whatever effect she might have on the expected guest. While I stood looking in the glass, I became suddenly aware of some one else's presence—that of a dark, handsome man, who stood in the doorway, surveying me with an amused smile. For a second I stood, quietly measuring him from head to foot in the mirror; then, as I turned, with the exclamation, "Why, Cousin Eugene!" he strode into the room, greatly to the surprise of Aunt Maria, who had not expected him so soon.

Of course, we all gave him a hearty welcome; but when he was presented to me, he said, as he stooped to kiss me, "So this is my little Cousin Edna of whom I have heard so much! Why, child, if Nature really puts her best goods into small parcels, you must certainly be a rare bit of goods."

"I'm not a child, if you please; I'm nineteen years old," I answered, with an assumption of dignity that made him rejoin, with mock penitence:

"Forgive me, most venerable lady."

"There, Eugene," said my aunt, as she saw me flush angrily, "don't tease the girl."

"Very well, I won't," he answered. "Forgive me, cousin mine, won't you, please?" he added, turning to me, "I am ever so sorry, I assure you."

What could I say, with that handsome face looking down so penitently at me? Of course, I forgave him, although, before the day was over, he had nearly worried the life out of me. Such a tease as he was! He seemed to take particular delight in worrying me; not by any rough-and-tumble means, for he was too well-bred for that—but by making all sorts of fun of me, just to see me blush or get angry with him, he said.

And yet, as the days went by, I found myself, despite all his teasing, gradually learning to like him. Sometimes, in the twilight, we used to have delightfully confidential talks about books and people; but at their close he always managed to vex me as usual.

To Lily he was always wonderfully polite; but then her habitual reserve and dignity made all people, even frivolous me, act so toward her. One day, however, as he stooped to pick up a handkerchief which Lily had let fall, and presented it to her with the grace of a courtier offering some tribute to a queen, it suddenly struck me that I did not like to see him so respectful to her alone. A strange feeling, half jealousy, half wounded pride, seized me; and fearing that I should betray myself, I left the room and slipped into the parlor. Once there I walked to the mirror—the very glass before which I had stood on the day of his arrival—and surveyed myself critically. "No, Edna Ripley," I said, scowling savagely at my reflection; "you're too plain to be a mate for that handsome man. You are too stupid, too selfish, too unladylike, and you haven't the shadow of a chance beside Lily." And then I put my head down on the mantelpiece—not to cry, oh no!—but to crush down my newly-discovered passion, and to force myself into a mood of calmness that would hide my disappointment.

How long I stood there I knew not; but I was suddenly roused to consciousness by hearing a well-known voice say at my side: "A penny for your thoughts, Cousin Edna."

"Don't bother me, Eugene!" I exclaimed, petulantly. "Can't you let me be for a little while?"

"Now, Cousin Edna," said he, laughing lightly, but with an undertone of seriousness, "I must beg that you will not continue in that chronic state of vexation with your unoffending cousin. See, here is a rosebud that I stole from the conservatory as I passed. Do me the favor to wear it for me in token of forgiveness."

"Oh, certainly," I answered, quite thawed out of my crossness by his genial manner. He looked on approvingly as I fastened it in my hair; and then, bending toward me, he said, as if seized by a sudden, uncontrollable impulse: "Do you know that you are what Tennyson calls,

'A rosebud set with little, wilful thorns,  
Yet sweet as English air could make her?'

Oh, my darling!" he added, with a world of longing in his voice; how I wish that you would love me as——"

"Eugene! Cousin Eugene, I say!" cried some one in the hall. It was Hal, who immediately burst into the room with the words, "Aunt Maria

wants you, please, to go right off to town with her. She wants to stay over night, and she's afraid she'll miss the train."

With a smile and a bow to me, Eugene hurried off to join his mother, leaving me filled with a new, strange delight. Did not his actions, if not his words, show that he loved me? I knew that he was too honorable to descend to a mere flirtation, and I felt sure that he would seek the first opportunity to renew his suit, and ask me to become his wife. So all that day and the next, I sang blithely at my work; and when evening came I dressed myself in soft black cashmere, with scarlet ribbons at throat and waist, and in my hair, a dress that Eugene always admired as "sitting very well on that little gypsy cousin" of his.

When I entered the sitting-room, Eugene arose, with his accustomed gallantry, to hand me a chair; then hesitated, stammered an indistinct greeting, and, suddenly recovering himself, with a distant bow went to seat himself near Lily, with whose portfolio of drawings he soon busied himself. Ah me! not until months afterward did I know the reason of his sudden change of manner. But, too proud to notice it now, I talked and jested as usual, and pretended not to notice the air of gloomy politeness with which he answered me.

All night I lay awake and puzzled to myself over his singular behavior. Then I said to myself, "Edna Ripley, you are a fool to waste so much thought over that man. Haven't you sense enough to know that he was only flirting with you?"

The next morning there came a letter from a cousin, the only kin on my mother's side, begging me to come and see her, as she had not long to live. So I went, expecting to return shortly, but she lingered all through the spring and summer, and it was not until late in the autumn, after her death, that I felt free to return to my aunt's.

When I arrived home the Indian summer had already come; and as I toiled up the long path with my satchels (for no one had met me at the train), I grew so warm and tired that I stopped to rest in the summer-house. While I sat there, Eugene and Lily came sauntering down the path; and I suddenly resolved to hide behind the cedars and then spring out to startle them by my unexpected appearance. As they neared me, however, and I overheard their conversation, I would have given anything to have been somewhere else; but it was then too late to beat a retreat, Lily was

saying, "And so you really care more for me than for Edna?"

"You remember about that note," he replied; "I could never respect, much less love, any woman who treated my holiest feelings with such scornful indifference. But don't let that stand between us. You have promised to be my wife, have you not, my Lily, my queen?"

"Yes, Eugene." And then he drew her close to him, and kissed her passionately, twice; and would have kissed her again, but that she released herself, with a gentle remonstrance. As they sauntered on down the path, I could not help seeing how well they were suited to each other, he so dark and tall and strong, she so fair and queenly. But I could not endure the sight; I turned, and crept to the house by a side path, stole up stairs—not to my own room, for that was shared with Lily—but to Hal's chamber.

His strange words about "that note" were still haunting me; and I scarcely noticed what I was doing, until my arm knocked down a pile of Hal's books. As I stooped to pick them up, a crushed and withered rosebud, with a note addressed to myself, fluttered from one of them to my feet. "Just like Hal," I thought, crossly. "I suppose some one has told him to give this note to me, and he, with his usual absent-mindedness, has laid it in a book and forgotten all about it." Breaking the seal, I read the following:

"MY DEAR EDNA: I was interrupted yesterday in what I wanted to say to you. It was this: I love you with all my heart, and I should feel honored if you would consent to become my wife. Will you, can you love me enough to do so? Let me know my fate as soon as possible, I beseech you. Give me some sign of your favor, if it be only the wearing of the rosebud which I send with this note.

"Your expectant lover,

"EUGENE RIPLEY."

This, then, was the clue to his strange conduct. I had never even received his note, had worn no rose that evening, nor given him any answer whatever. And justly hurt by my apparent rudeness and indifference, he had transferred his affection to Lily Avenant, a woman every way worthy his esteem. Oh, the bitter agony of that moment! To have been so near to Paradise, and to have known it only when it was too late! And I could not even redeem myself in their eyes, by

explaining the mistake. To have done that would have been to cast a shadow over their happiness, and I could not be selfish enough for that.

So I prayed and wrestled with my grief all that afternoon, until I rose up conqueror. I left the room in a comparatively tranquil state of mind, greeted Aunt Maria with a cheerful smile, and when the engagement of Eugene and Lily was made known, congratulated all parties heartily. And that night, when Lily put her head down on my shoulder, and told me how happy she was, and how she, in her poverty and lonely life, had often envied me the fortune and friends which I possessed, I began almost to rejoice that my suffering could secure happiness to one person at least. Once only, my resolve of silence was nearly broken. It was when Lily said, suddenly: "How did it happen, Edna, that you did not fall in love with Eugene?"

It was at my tongue's end to cry out: "I did love him; there was a cruel mistake." But I checked the impulse, and only said quietly, "Why, dear, you'll make him a far better wife than I could;" kissed her good-night, and told her to go to sleep.

So I crushed my disappointment deep down in my heart, and on the wedding-day was as full of fun and life as ever. After the marriage, how-

ever, I could not settle back into the old life. Like other girls, I had lovers, some of whom sought my money, and some myself; but I turned a deaf ear to them all. I was seized with a restless longing for some active employment, in which I could forget my grief. For a while I had what Aunt Maria called "a missionary fit;" I busied myself not only among the poor, but also among the young people of our village, started a sewing-school, a reading circle, and an art club. But, as I grew older, the quiet village life became wearisome, and I went to the city. There I wrote essays, pamphlets, and books, and, by dint of hard labor, won a position that brought me in contact with learned and cultured men and women. Then, when I had grown into a busy life, the old, aching pain at my heart began to cease. I learned to take joy in life, just as it was.

And, looking back through the long vista of years, I am not sure but that it was all for the best. Had I gained that love for which I longed, its possession would have filled me with a kind of thoughtless content, and I should have missed the strength and patience which I have won in my disappointment.

After all, what if I am "an old maid?" Life is a gracious gift, and God is good. Shall I not take comfort in that?

## THE SILVER LINING.

THERE'S never a day so sunny  
But a little cloud appears;  
There's never a life so happy  
But has its time of tears;  
Yet the sun comes out the brighter  
When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing  
With roses in every plot;  
There's never a heart so hardened  
But it has one tender spot;  
We have only to prune the border  
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a cup so pleasant  
But has bitter with the sweet;  
There's never a path so rugged  
That bears not the print of feet;  
And we have a Helper promised  
For the trials we may meet.

There's never a sun that rises  
But we know 'twill set at night;  
The tints that gleam in the morning  
At evening are just as bright;  
And the hour that is the sweetest  
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream that's happy  
But the waking makes us sad;  
There's never a dream of sorrow  
But the waking makes us glad;  
We shall look some day with wonder  
At the troubles we have had.

There's never a way so narrow  
But the entrance is made straight;  
There's always a guide to point us  
To the "little wicket gate;"  
And the angels will only be nearer  
To a soul that is desolate.

There's never a heart so haughty  
But will some day bow and kneel;  
There's never a heart so wounded  
That the Saviour cannot heal;  
There is many a lowly forehead  
That is tearing the hidden seal.

There's never a day so sunny  
But a little cloud appears;  
There's never a life so happy  
But has its time of tears;  
Yet the sun shines out the brighter  
When the stormy tempest clears.

## HISTORY OF THE MUSTARD PLANT.

MUSTARD was, according to the belief of the ancients, first introduced from Egypt, that country which claims the honor of being the birthplace of Ceres, the goddess of seeds, and Æsculapius, the god of medicine, through whose means this plant was made known to mankind as an agreeable and wholesome herb in its green state; while the seed was used as a medicine, and occupied the first rank among alimentary substances which exercised a prompt influence on the brain. Mustard is mentioned by Pythagoras, and was employed in medicine by Hippocrates, B.C. 480. Pliny states that there were three kinds of mustard cultivated in his day; the first of a thin and slender form, the second with a leaf like that of the rape, and the third with that like the rocket. The best seed, he says, was imported from Egypt, but that this plant grew in Italy without sowing. The Romans made great use of the seed in medicine; the oil extracted from it, mixed with olive oil, was used by those who suffered with stiffness of their limbs after a cold bath. Pounded with vinegar it was employed as a liniment for the sting of serpents and scorpions, and a dose of it effectually neutralized the poisonous properties of fungi. The Romans, and other nations after them, used to ferment mustard-seed in new wine, which converted it into a kind of inferior brandy, and was known by the name of *Mustum ardens*, burning wine.

The mustard-seed mentioned in the Scripture has of late years been a matter of considerable controversy, some authors supposing it to be quite a different plant from the one we are now treating of; but it is generally believed by the best authorities

in the present day that the plant referred to was *Sinapis nigra*, the common mustard, which is indigenous to Palestine, as it is to Britain. Dr. Thompson, in his "Land and the Book," records that he has seen this plant as tall as the horse and his rider, in the rich plains of Acre.

"As small as a grain of mustard-seed," appears to have been a proverbial expression for any small object among the Jews; and this seed, which was the smallest the husbandman was accustomed to sow, produced the largest results, by becoming the greatest of the husbandman's herbs.

We have no record

when mustard was first used in this country, but in the household accounts of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries we find that mustard was known to our forefathers under the name of "Senapum," and appears to have been used in large quantities, for in that interesting Household Book of the Earl of Northumberland, in the reign of Henry VII., it is stated that one hundred and sixty gallons of mustard-seed was the allowance per annum to his servants and retainers. In those days the seed was not manufactured, but brought to table whole, when it was bruised and mixed with vinegar,



MUSTARD (*Sinapis nigra*).

according to the taste of the eater. It was not only used as a condiment, but also, no doubt, for medicinal purposes. Tusser, who wrote his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry" in the reign of Queen Mary, says, in the direction for February,

Where banks be amended or newly upcast,  
Sow mustard-seed after a shower be past.

From this it appears that mustard was cultivated as a field crop; we also find it mentioned as an agricultural produce in Roger's "History of Agriculture and Prices in England," as far back as 1285. It must then have been *S. nigra*, black mustard, or *S. arvensis*, the charlock, for Gerard tells us that the garden mustard, which produces the whitest of seeds, had not become common in the days of Queen Elizabeth, but that he had distributed the seed into different parts of England to make it known. He says, "Mustard makes an excellent sauce, good to be eaten with gross meats, either fish or flesh, because it promotes digestion and sharpens the appetite." Thomas Cogan, M.D., of Manchester, who published his "Haven of Health" in 1605, says: "The force of the seed is well perceived by eating mustard, for if it is good in making to weep we are straightway taken by the nose and provoked to sneeze, which plainly declareth that it soon pierceth the brain. Wherefore as it is a good sauce and procureth appetite, so it is profitable for the pulse, and for such students as be heavy-headed and drowsy, as if they would fall asleep with meat in their mouths. And if any be given to music, and would fain have clear voices, let them take mustard-seed in powder, work the same with honey into little balls, of which they must swallow one or two down every morning fasting, and in a short time they shall have very clear voices." Shakspeare mentions mustard as a condiment in his play, "Taming the Shrew," Act VI., Scene III., where *Grumio* says to *Katharina*, "What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?" It is also mentioned in his play "As You Like It," in connection with pancakes (see Scene III.) In Evelyn's time, Tewkesbury was famous for its mustard. The seed, Coles tells us in 1657, used to be ground there and made up into balls, which were brought to London and other remote places as being the best the world affords. Mustard used formerly to be largely cultivated and manufactured in the County of Durham; but until the year 1720 the seed used to be

pounded in a mortar and coarsely separated from the black integuments of the seeds, and in that rough state prepared for use. About the year mentioned an old woman of the name of Clements, resident at Durham, conceived the idea of grinding the seed in a mill, and to pass the meal through the several processes which are resorted to in making flour from wheat. The secret she kept for many years to herself, and in the period of her exclusive possession of it supplied the principal parts of the kingdom, and in particular the metropolis with this article; and George I. stamped it with fashion by his approval. Mrs. Clements used to travel twice a year to London for orders, and was able to pick up a small fortune. From this woman's residence at Durham, it acquired the name of "Durham mustard" (*Mechanics' Magazine*, Vol. IV., p. 87). The seeds of *Sinapis arvensis*, charlock, and *Raphanus raphanistrum*, the wild radish common in our cornfields, are often sold and used as a substitute for mustard-seed. The seed of the black mustard, like that of the wild sort, and also of the wild radish, if sown below the depth of three or four inches, will remain in the ground for ages without germinating; hence when once introduced it is difficult to extirpate. Whenever they throw the earth out of their ditches in the Isle of Ely, the banks come up thick with mustard, and the seeds falling into the water and sinking to the bottom will remain embalmed in the mud for ages without vegetation (Loudon's "Encyclopædia of Agriculture.").

*Sinapis alba* appears to be a native of the more southern countries of Europe and Western Asia. It is now cultivated not only as a garden herb, but is grown very largely as an agricultural crop, chiefly as food for sheep or to be plowed in for manure in its green state. Mustard is extensively cultivated in the Fen lands of Lincolnshire and Cambridge, also in Essex and Kent. Its medicinal properties are well known; in its action it is an irritant, stimulant, emetic, and stomachic.

Some authors think *Sinapis* is derived from *sino* to hurt, and *opis* the eyes, from the pungency of the plant causing the eyes to water; others from the Celtic *mup* (modern Gaelic *neup*) a turnip which belongs to this tribe. Our word "mustard" is derived from the French *moutarde*, but in early times it was, both here and on the Continent; *sauve* or *senevé*. Some authors assert that the etymology of this plant was changed from the following cir-



cumstance. In 1382 Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, was marching against his rebellious subjects of Ghent, and the city of Dijon, which traded largely in *senevé*, supplied him with a thousand men-at-arms, for which service the Duke granted that city many privileges, amongst others that of bearing his arms, with his motto, "*Moult*

*me tarde*," in old French (I long or wish ardently), which was carved on the principal gate of Dijon. By some accident the middle word was destroyed; the other two, *moult tarde*, caused many a smile at the expense of the citizens, and in derision the *senevé* in which they traded was called *mourtarde*, a name it has preserved ever since.

## A PLEA FOR THE MICROSCOPE AS A TOY.

By T. R. J.

WE are often reminded that the microscope is no longer a toy, but a scientific instrument, and those who use it for recreation only are not unfrequently hard hit, as mere wasters of time and desecrators of a noble power.

Now, while fully appreciating the scientific use of the microscope, I would suggest a slight alteration in the above dictum, and say, it is *not only* a toy, but a scientific instrument. I would plead for it as a source of amusement. The President of the Quekett Club, in his recent address, reminds us of a remark in the first page of the "*Microscopic Journal*" of 1841, where it is said of microscopic research in those days, that it "is for the most part an amusement rather than a profession"—it is an "intellectual pastime, which is sure to terminate in beneficial results. General knowledge may be acquired by observation," and this "by industry and perseverance imperceptibly produces recondite science." This is just the view I would take of microscopical employment. It is first an "intellectual pastime." Wearied in body and mind the man of business or of literature seeks rest. Some find it in mere lounging in an easy-chair, and joining in the family chit-chat; others in listening to the music which a wife or daughter elicits from the pianoforte. There is no objection to this; but if the taste leads to the observation of nature in the sky, the earth, the sea, then a special interest is felt in whatever tends to reveal the secrets of that existence by which we are surrounded. Some turn to the telescope, others to the microscope, not as a means of scientific research, but as "an intellectual pastime." Investigation requires powerful effort, both of mind and body. Few have this to expend now-a-days on what does not bring grist to the mill. The

mind wants recreation, as the appetite longs sometimes for change of diet and enjoys the dainty bit. The holiday keeper rushes into the country, not to study, but to enjoy its beauties. He visits the picture gallery, not to become an artist, but to satisfy a taste. He goes to the Museum or the Zoological Gardens, not to become a naturalist, but to enlarge his ideas. He cultivates a variety of sweet and pretty flowers in his garden, not with the remotest intention of becoming acquainted with their orders and relationships, but purely for the enjoyment to be derived from them. And why may a man not use his microscope in the same way? What wonders—what beauties—does it reveal! Well has it been said that the microscope is a door into another world. It is so, and the man who uses it merely as such is amply rewarded. The door is opened and he is almost bewildered with the variety and beauty of what he sees. His mind is enlarged, his views are corrected; his taste is charmed, his wonder excited. The whole man is elevated, refreshed and invigorated. It is not only a pastime, but "an intellectual pastime."

But, further, we are told, it is "sure to terminate in beneficial results." This "intellectual pastime," then, does not as a rule stop there. It is not a lovely vision which vanishes away, but is an avenue to a brighter and broader view. It induces the habit of observation, and surrounds even the least things with a halo of interest which they could never otherwise have possessed. The smut on the ear of corn—the disease of the leaf of the potato—the mould on the cheese—all are now full of interest. The most unpromising object often exhibits a most unexpected character, or reveals a long-looked-for secret. And thus the

mind is not only refreshed but stored with a new fact, which in its turn proves to be only the cradle of another; so, step by step, the "beneficial results" are evolved. And great as these are in an educational and abstract point of view, they are by no means wanting in a practical, as the application of the microscope to physiological, histological, and commercial subjects, abundantly proves.

Let us begin, then, by play. If it ends here it is at least as innocent and pleasing as any other—let some of us begin by using our microscopes as toys, let others use them so sometimes, for the amusement of the uninitiated—it is "an intellectual pastime which is sure to terminate in beneficial results."

This toy, moreover, is not an expensive one, either to begin with, or to keep going. If you

buy a gun there is the constant supply of ammunition. If you buy a horse, the first outlay is nothing compared with the keeping of it. But when once you are provided with a microscope, there is no tax to pay, no food required. Let this be a plea for getting a fairly good instrument at first, capable of being added to as required. Even the magic-lantern soon tires unless new slides, which are very costly, be continually added. Having, then, this toy, we learn to find objects which cost us nothing, but, on the contrary, contribute largely to our pleasure and profit. It has, too, a great advantage over the telescope. You have not to wait for cloudless nights, nor to run the risk of colds and neuralgia. Every night is a microscopical night, and the long dark evenings of winter may be not only beguiled but improved.

## OLD FOOTPRINTS, AND VOUDOU WITCHCRAFT.

By MRS. J. R. HASKINS.

THE two attributes most closely allied in the heart and brain of man, are those of faith and superstition. Every nation, and each individual, clasps tenaciously either one or the other, as safety and security against visible or invisible foes. Where faith in Divine essence and revelation fails to exist, superstition abounds either as a poetical sentiment or in its grossest and most baleful form. It would be well if in these two extremes, the true could always be eliminated from the false; but unfortunately there are many who refuse to accept or investigate the marvelous facts that abound in the mystical world of psychology; facts that apparently seem to conflict with the generally received idea of perfect harmony in religion. The natural and preternatural blend, however, more consistently than we think, with the supernatural; but in dread of falling into positive superstition, we are apt to overlook those wondrous signs that serve to mark the boundary between those two kingdoms; signs which may be voices either from heaven or hell.

Never has stronger war been waged, especially within the last century, than against the acceptance of any doctrine that is not stamped with the *imprimatur* of materialism; yet, despite logic or ridicule, the magical and mysterious are repeatedly reappearing in substance or shadow, demanding the attention of the skeptic as well as the votary.

If it be true that history repeats itself, so too can it be proved that marvelous signs and wonders, "far beyond the reach of our souls," reappear at stated intervals; marvels which serve to confuse the judgment of the wisest, even while they fail to awaken credence or provoke investigation.

It may be very safe for us in this age, when scientist and savan are striving to sever the golden links that unite our weakness with heaven's might, to dismiss this subject without further inquiry; but close our minds as we may, we cannot deny the living power and exalted rank which the supernatural once commanded. There is not a book of the Old Testament but contains numerous facts in corroboration of this assertion. There we see angels veiling their beauty and effulgence in the disguised form of men. We hear in the dead silence of night, and in midday splendor, invisible voices of direction or of warning; we see the dead rising from their graves and walking among men, clothed again in their natural bodies; and repeatedly we behold every natural law reversed, or totally ignored by the magic of those laws which govern and direct the supernatural. The commingling of these opposite elements formed a component part of all forms of religion before the establishment of Christianity.

Besides being demonstrated in the material

grandeur, majestic worship, and direct and positive manifestations of God himself in the old Jewish rites, the voice of the once mighty *Pan* resounds also in the heathen oracle. Tertullian and contemporary writers, of both Christian and Pagan schools, attest the demoniacal personality as detected in the oracular voices of Delphi and Trophonius. The testimony is too general, the evidence too strong to be dismissed by the skeptic with a sneer.

Men of all periods—philosopher, stoic, priest, soldier and scientist—all bear witness in part to facts that cannot be comprehended by finite mind, yet still have never been logically controverted. Neither the impious satire of Voltaire, or the ridicule of the distinguished coterie of *Sans Souci* have succeeded in exorcising those phantoms of the past. Both Cæsar and Xenophon were too well versed in the actualities of life, they were too clear in mind and dauntless of nerve to be victimized by an illusion or a fantasy of the imagination. Yet the first affirmed that he saw, and heard the voice of a handsome, herculean spectre, that gave him warning of disaster, from the banks of the Rubicon; and Xenophon considered it no disgrace to his prowess in battle to be guided by the advice that came to him in a dream; following which, he declares, saved his army from destruction, when at the mercy of the Persian enemy. Again, the heraldic summons of Cæsar dead, to Antony living: "Meet me at Phillippi!"

The question now as to the truth of these records is not so pregnant as the fact that they were universally believed, were potent in their influence, and were considered worthy of preservation as historical data for succeeding ages.

Another very remarkable instance of the supernatural is related by Plutarch in his life of Cimon. During the supremacy of Pausanias at Byzantium, in his arrogance he demanded Cleonice, the daughter of a noble family, as his mistress. Knowing his power, and fearing his vengeance, they reluctantly gave their consent. The young girl, dreading her fate and its exposure, begged the privilege of being allowed to go secretly, and in darkness, to the appointment of her sacrifice. In entering the apartment she stumbled against some obstacle, and threw down the candlestick. The noise awakened Pausanias, who, in his confusion, supposed it to be an enemy coming to assassinate him, sprang from his bed, and plunged his dagger into

the young virgin's heart—a merciful providence for her, but a fearful retribution it proved forever after to him. It is recorded by contemporary writers, that her spectre appeared to him nightly, ever repeating these ominous words: "Go to the fate which pride and lust prepare."

After making his escape from the besiegers of Byzantium, Pausanias was so continuously harassed by the ghost of Cleonice that he applied to the necromancers of the temple at Heraclea. There he invoked the spirit of the murdered girl, entreating her pardon, and his release from the torture of her spectral presence. She appeared at the summons, and told him, "He would soon be delivered from all his troubles after his return to Sparta;" thus enigmatically foretelling his death, which was subsequently verified. This incident was never contradicted by contemporary historians, and has been uniformly repeated down to our own times.

All the poets have idealized the force of the supernatural, either in form or spirit. Homer and Dante, Chaucer and Spencer, Shakspeare and Milton, Goethe and Coleridge, Johnson and Defoe, each and all, in guise of witch, gnome, fairy, angel or demon, have imparted power and interest, beauty and pathos to this commingling of earthly tenants with those of the world invisible.

But we must remember, that this mysticism has its demons, as well as its saints for oracles. This was manifested in the divining power and demonology of ancient Egypt and Greece. As for those unfortunate beings called witches in England and the United States, who in the seventeenth century were the chosen victims of popular vengeance against the works of Satan, many were undoubtedly innocent, others were simply charlatans in their knowledge and practice of occult art, while some, again, were instigated by hatred and revenge against their victims. It is true, that we find also in this phase, positive proof of delegated power from some invisible agent. The story of Saul and the Witch of Endor attests this, when at the king's command, she raised up Samuel to confront him; also by the fear she displayed when she recognized the king, lest he should destroy her, as he had rooted out the "soothsayers and magicians from the land." \* Simon Magnus, again, is another instance, in the new law, of this occult power in an individual.

There must have been overwhelmingly strong testimony against this sect, to have elicited the

stringent measures taken against them by James I. of England, as well as by our own Colonial Governors. Had the severe punishments, however, been bestowed alone upon the "detestable slaves of the devil," as James styled them, there might be some palliation; but alas! the innocent must also be sacrificed, when bigotry and prejudice sit in judgment. King James embraced this subject *con amore*, and expended much time and religious zeal in his work on "Demonology," proving (to his own satisfaction) both the subjective and objective phases of its theory and practice. View the question as we now may, we cannot forget the absorbing interest that has been bestowed by the brightest minds upon it. It was an exhaustless theme for preachers as well as poets, and the dramatists also used it with great effect and *éclat*.

There exists some question of precedence between Middleton's "Witch" and Shakspeare's representation of the same character in "Macbeth," but close analysis proves that the similarity is too slight to raise any question of plagiarism. Shakspeare's creation belongs unmistakably to the dim, mysterious regions of space. They are unearthly ghouls, who come only to work weird spells of enchantment, then return to the vapory mists of ghostland. Middleton's witch gentry, on the contrary, belong emphatically to the old legendary broom-stick school, and are more proficiently versed in Billingsgate than in the solemn enunciations of prophetic lore. There is so close a resemblance between these and the Walpurgis-night-witches in Goethe's "Faust," as to suggest the idea of imitation. Yet we know that Germany has ever been rife in legends of this ilk; beside the model has never been distinguished by national color or tone.

The varied phases, however, of the subject are too numerous and complicated to be thoroughly treated in a limited space; so we leave the dim phantoms and ghoulish rites of by-gone days for more recent, more inexplicable, and equally wonderful experiences nearer home.

Among the old fetish superstitious rites, which undoubtedly sprung from the lowest phase of Eastern mythology, is that of Voudouism, as practiced among a class of Southern negroes. The fact of these rites is known by the oldest inhabitant, and have been witnessed from time to time, by an occasional favored white face. In former

years Congo Square, in New Orleans, was the favorite rendezvous every Sunday eve; but for the ceremonies on such occasions, the veil of Isis was raised and any one could be present. The rite then consisted of wild chants and dances, and presented nothing more offensive than its evident connection with idolatrous worship. But the secret midnight sessions, especially those held on St. John's Eve, are revolting in the highest degree. Nothing is omitted in the arrangements that can suggest weird and occult influences. There is a kind of altar, upon either end of which stands a life-like black and white (stuffed) cat. The high priestess is represented by a large black doll, covered with cabalistic signs and emblems; these are surrounded by lighted candles, ornamented with various designs which serve as spells, in favor or revenge of certain enemies or friends. But the most potent and hideous Python deity is that of a large and poisonous serpent, which the Voudou priest handles with perfect immunity from danger; and which, through some mystic power discovered ages ago by the snake-charmers of Africa, he compels to move and writhe at his bidding. This hideous reptile stretches his head in various directions, encircles the neophytes (who demand the initiatory rites) around the neck, hisses his fiery tongue and breath upon their faces, and sways his body in unimaginable curves and attitudes at the bidding of his master.

These ceremonies are accompanied by a pandemonium of sounds upon various instruments of bones and dried skins; while a chorus screams the refrain as the ceremonies proceed, "Voudou Magnian!" that being the title of the sect. A banquet is next served, followed by a dance, a sort of Walpurgis saturnalia, which grows wilder and wilder as the excitement increases; the votaries tearing off in this whirl different parts of their dress, until they are perfectly nude; when the orgies become fit only for the demons who prompt and control it, lasting until the flickering lights leave them in Cimmerian darkness. As the African became semi-civilized, these fetish rites lost their prestige to some extent; but strange to say, just previous to the breaking out of the war, it seemed suddenly endowed with new life, and large numbers of the better class of colored people were drawn into its circle.

This sketch, with the foregoing remarks, are however only intended as an introduction to the

narrative that follows, which I give at the request of a young relative, who, it will be seen, was an eye-witness to the effects of what may be called Voudou Witchcraft.

We were talking over the incidents attending our first opening in the earnest work of life the other night, and of the many strange, stirring events and marvelous developments that followed the outbreak of the war; events which broke up the placid current of so many lives, and which trust us, with many others, into the vortex of the busy field of action.

Among the reminiscences, our first knowledge of the Voudou superstition came upon the *tapis*, and we recalled the rapidity with which its votaries threw off all former disguise and concealment, together with the systematic manner in which they began to practice their spells of enchantment and diablerie upon all classes of people. Speculating upon these and other strange developments, Aunt Lucy said:

"Alice, suppose you make a record of our own experience of these unaccountable occurrences. It may prove a startling revelation at some future day, when these pictures may be lost and forgotten, and perhaps by that time some wiser head, a sort of Swedenborg *redivivus*, may find the clue, and settle definitely the true meaning and theory of these seeming mysteries."

So I concluded to follow Aunt Lucy's advice, although I had but little spare time at my command, for those were days when even the hands that had been folded in soft luxurious ease were compelled to learn some lesson of labor, or else combat a stronger and fiercer foe. History will record the battles that were lost or won on our fields in those days; will blazon the heroism that stamped the names of the dauntless on imperishable banners; will recall the fearful agony and woe that lifted up its voice of pain under the shining stars and cold dews of night, or wailed out life on cheerless, lonely hospital beds. But of the great and hourly conflicts that were ever present in our homes, the heroic and multitudinous trials, the sudden changes from affluence to dire poverty; the hard toil of delicate hands, that had never known anything rougher or more weighty than the diamonds that once glittered on those white fingers; of these things, and all the anguish of terror and dread, for the soldier at his post of duty, there can be no permanent

record, save such as the woeful necessities of the hour, stamped upon the sufferers' memory and heart.

It was the second year of the war, and the negroes had begun to look upon their freedom as a *fait accompli*. Those who were maliciously disposed, had proved in many ways their enmity to their former owners, and we heard from time to time, in connection with these facts, of strange weird, fetish practices among them; of midnight revels that were rendered hideous by nude dances, wild songs, and peculiar rites, that savored much more of diablerie, than of religious worship. Then, too, there were reports of spells of enchantment, wrought through the medium of all kinds of revolting material, such as we read of as practiced by the Salem witches, and which were said to be now repeated by a sect of negroes called Voudous. These worked their spells by means of the beds and pillows of those whom they determined to injure. We laughed heartily over these stories at first, though after a while we were a good deal startled by the repeated accounts of these wonder-workers that came to us from the most reliable sources.

About this time, also, Aunt Lucy became quite ill. Her symptoms were peculiar, and although she was always more or less of an invalid, yet her sufferings were at this time unlike any thing she had ever before experienced. Although scarcely able to sit up, yet her misery was always intensified when she laid down; and she soon observed that the side of her head which rested upon the pillow would torture her beyond endurance. She lost flesh and appetite, and her wonted cheerful spirits and indomitable energy abandoned her also by slow degrees. After failing with all home remedies, we at length, by hard coaxing, induced her to consult an eminent physician, who rarely failed in his diagnosis of uncommon maladies. He asked her many questions, examined her case closely, but withal, was evidently puzzled as to his conclusions, and left her without giving any satisfactory opinion as to the cause of her suffering.

Upon our return home one evening, after a day of great fatigue in a weary round of music lessons, we found Aunt Lucy looking rather paler and more depressed than usual, though she had made every effort, as she always did, to make our little home bright and comfortable for us. As we sat around the fire in her room after tea, she remained



for some time silent, appeared lost in deep revery; when suddenly rousing herself, she startled us both, by exclaiming abruptly: "No wonder Doctor V—— couldn't tell what is the matter with me; but I believe that I have made the right discovery for myself. You will laugh, children, when I tell you, that I think I am Voudoued."

Not heeding our exclamations of surprise and incredulity, she continued in the same tone of earnest conviction:

"This impression has come to me like an intuition, without any volition on my part. There is no use for us to fight against convictions, simply because we can't understand them. All of life is a mystery; we see and hear things every day that are hard to reconcile with our common-sense ideas. Whether this peculiar affair can be accounted for upon principles of natural law, or whether it comes under the head of diablery or magic, I am not prepared to say; but I am convinced, I repeat again, that I am what is vulgarly called Voudoued; and I don't mean to go to bed again until my pillows are examined. You know that they formerly belonged to Mrs. Marsh, and have for a long time been under the control of her cook Susan who always was wicked and malicious; and to injure her mistress, she has, I believe, practiced some of her Voudou tricks upon them. Don't you remember, too, how sick both Mr. and Mrs. Marsh were before they broke up housekeeping? Since then all that peculiar suffering of the head which so depressed her has passed away. All these things have occurred to me to-day; hence my resolve."

So, to please Aunt Lucy, and somewhat impressed by her earnestness, Rosa and I put up our knitting and were preparing to solve the mystery of the pillows, when a quick knock at the door announced the return of our servant Kate. She looked very pale and seemed greatly excited, and before we could speak, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Mrs. Little, mam! have you heard what the nagers are doing?"

"I have heard of a great many things, Kate, but don't know what you mean now."

"Sure, mam, they are trying to kill the white people by putting things that have been blist by the divil, God save us, in their bids. I have just seen some of them, wid me own two eyes, and sure only the divil's own nimble fingers could make the likes of thim outlandish doings."

"Tell us all about it, Kate," said I, for my curiosity was now quite excited.

"Well, Miss, you must know that me Cousin Dan, as big and strong a man as iver you see, has been ailing this long time back, and for the last two weeks not a fut has he been able to put out of the bid, and by the same token, he's wore away to skin and bone, and is as wake as a baby. The doctor hisself can't tell what's the matter wid him. Well, mam, this morning there comes along an old nagur woman, that me cousin knows this long time, and has done many good little turns for, wid his dray, whin she wanted to move, or the likes of that. So, she stud looking at him mighty sad; and at last she says to his wife, says she:

"'I know what's de matter wid Massa Dan, and please de Lord, I'se gwine to surcumwent de debil dis time, anyways.'"

"Then, mam, she ups and tells a long story about something she called a waudo; and Lord save us, man, if she didn't say the thing was in the bid itself. So, me cousin was lifted up on a chair, and Aunt Sally begins to rip and tear at the feather bid, feeling all around, and muttering to herself, when presently out she brings a great lot of the outlandishest looking things that iver you set yer two eyes upon. There was coffins and crowns, and things that looked like fishes, barring the eyes, and frogs, and lots of other shapes, that could only be of the divil's own invintion; all made of feathers, too. Well, whin it was all clane of the imps, she sews the bid all up again, and makes it nice and comfortable."

"'Now Massa Dan,' says she, 'we's all right. Neber fear, honey, but after dis work, you'll git well in no time at all.'"

"Bridget, that's me cousin's wife, picked all the things up wid the tongs; for divil a bit, saving yer presence, ladies, would she touch them, and dropping them into a basket, she carries them off to the praist."

"'Dont be bothering me, woman,' says Father Smith, 'the life's wore out of me by the likes of thim, that people bring here by the bushel ivery day. It's a wiser head nor mine that can tell you what they are. Throw them in the street, go home, and pray God to keep us from evil.'"

When Kate bade us good-night, she left three very nervous women behind her. But Rosa and I were more determined than ever to hunt the "goblin damned," if he was lurking in Aunt Lucy's

pillows. So, we spread a large sheet on the floor, and with the mental aspiration, "from all evil, good Lord, deliver us!" we began the momentous investigation. In went my hand, but it was caught at once by a network of threads that ran regularly and systematically from one end of the pillow to the other. Such regular lines might be laid on a flat surface; but in a bag of electric, vibrating feathers! some ingenuity beyond my ken, could alone accomplish that. To extricate my fingers, I pulled up one of the threads, which proved to be the ravelling of the linsey commonly worn by the negroes. To this summons up came a form that had no special likeness to anything we had seen above or under the earth, and yet bore the evidence of a design both original and unique. One design after another were thus extricated from this Ariadne-like labyrinth, each being different in form and varied in size, until we had a small basketful of feathered shapes, which, as Kate expressed it, "only the devil's own nimble fingers could execute." Satisfied that the pillows were thoroughly clear of these abortions, we next proceeded to investigate their anatomical structure. We found them composed of alternate feathers and thread, each one laid with the utmost precision, all having a piece of soft red bark as a foundation. The spirits being all exorcised by this violent expulsion from their familiar haunts, we began to seek for a clue to this barbaric mystery.

"I believe," said Aunt Lucy, pulling to pieces a fragment of the bark, "that if there really is any power for evil in these Voudou practices, that the whole solution is to be found in this piece of wood. It is possible that it may be impregnated with some poison so powerful and subtle as to permeate the system of those who come under its influence. The most ignorant and barbarous nations have all, in different ages, possessed a remarkable acquaintance with such substances. They cover a wide range, from those which act instantaneously, upon external application, to others that are protracted, yet sure in effect, even requiring months and years, according to the strength of their preparation, to destroy the vital powers. The knowledge that many negroes possess of the qualities of various herbs, their fearlessness in dealing with snakes, lizards, and alligators, have no doubt furnished the wicked among them with a knowledge of these fearful qualities and the uses they may be put to. The caldron around which they perform their

weird, nude dances contains, no doubt, some deadly concoction, of which the Macbeth witches were comparatively ignorant. My own peculiar symptoms, and those of all others that I have heard of, every one of whom recovered when the pillows and beds were emptied, correspond much more to the effects produced by slow and latent poisons, than to the symptoms of acute disease."

"But, Aunt Lucy," said Rosa, "how do these things get into the beds and pillows? When and where do the negroes find the time and opportunity for working them up and placing them in the houses of all classes and condition of people? For we know that they have been found by many who never had a colored servant, and even those of their own color are not exempt."

"I cannot give you any other solution of the mystery, my dear children, than the poisoning theory; although it is possible that there may be something of the supernatural mixed up with it. Such things have existed in former ages, and there are many signs in the present, which prove that the devil's agency is not idle. The *modus operandi* is certainly as inexplicable as are the effects produced; but, if Satan has a hand in it, he has various ways, and numerous emissaries to do his work. Obsession is a fact in the past, proved and accepted by the Church. What has been, may recur again, according to God's designs. Now, we can only form our own conjectures upon these strange things. Let us wait and see the result of the exorcism on Dan and myself; if we recover as rapidly as did Mrs. A—, Mr. H—, and so many others, we may hold any theory that suits us."

Aunt Lucy slept that night without any sensation of the old pain, and from that time became rapidly better. The same favorable report came from Dan. He was out again at his work; although, in all cases, a debilitating influence was felt in the system for a long time.

The Voudou gods being thus apparently appeased by our reverence and homage, left us thereafter in peace; but for some inexplicable reason, they were superseded the following year by a "spirit or goblin damned" far more terrific and palpable in its manifestations; much more difficult to exorcise; one whose persistent, tangible visitations at the "witching hours of night," made it hideous with fearful sounds, and did

Horribly shake our dispositions  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls.

## THE PUEBLO INDIANS.

BY MAJOR L. W. POWELL, U.S.A.

THE American reading public is somewhat familiar with the mode of life, habits, characteristics and general history of nearly all the tribes of aborigines in North America, either now in existence or extinct, from the fact that public prints have, almost from the foundation of the Government, teemed with accounts of Indian outbreaks, butcheries and outrages, accompanied with such general information about them as could be obtained and as these circumstances suggested; but how many of the readers of this Magazine can recall anything said about a race of Indians now known by the name of Pueblo? The name means simply a town or village, and signifies nothing as to lineage, origin, habits, or characteristics. Yet this tribe is the remnant of a race the most ancient, and so far as authentic history informs us, the first to occupy any part of the country comprised in what is now the United States and Mexico. This people has a history of its own making, which can scarcely be said of any other tribe of copper-colored Ishmaelites which have entered so largely and so falsely into American history, and the romances and fiction and pathos of philanthropist, sentimentalist and blood-and-thunder writers of yellow-covered literature. They are scarcely mentioned in any authentic history in the English language, and our knowledge of them comes from the partial chronicles handed down to us from their Spanish conquerors and oppressors, and from the ruins and other evidences left on the rocks and mountains and in the valleys of Central America and Old and New Mexico, the scene of their former power and predominance. Their advent into this country antedates that of our ancestors many centuries.

Notwithstanding they are Indians, they should not be included in the race, for they are entirely distinct in nature, mode of life, habits, tastes and pursuits, from the lawless, nomadic, wild and treacherous savage tribes who have always been their enemies and the enemies of the white man. The Pueblo is the only one of all the tribes of aborigines in North America which has been uniformly and always and unequivocally friendly to the white man. This is a broad statement, but

a refutation is challenged. The Pueblos were once a powerful and numerous people—the superior in all respects of any Indian tribe or nation which ever occupied any part of this country and known in history; yet very little is known of them as they are now outside those who live around them.

Who and where are these Pueblos? They are the almost extinct remnant of the great people whose historic king and prophet and god was Montezuma, the founder of the capital of Mexico, the “Halls of the Montezumas,” the builder of the colossal temples in Central America—the ruins of which may be seen to this day—who had a written religion and literature not Pagan or heathen. In the twelfth century they were a brave, civilized, industrious and prosperous people, and continued such up to the time when the conquering hosts of Spain, those mailed adventurers, came across the ocean about three centuries ago, invaded and subjugated their country and enslaved this peace-loving and noble race; and beneath their oppressive rule they have passed away as a people. Yes, the Pueblos are the last remnant of the once proud, brave and happy people known in history as the Aztecs. This is the organic name from which came several tribes of different names, of which Pueblo is one. They now live in the valley of the Rio Grande River, in Central or Northern New Mexico. They subsist by agriculture; they are the “Indian farmers of the Valley of the Rio Grande,” and number but a few hundred, living mainly in villages. In the valleys of this remote region may be found long grass-grown ridges, which are about the only remaining evidences by which can be traced the outlines of those cities and villages whose names are forgotten, and whose last occupants passed away four centuries ago. These ruins of walls that enclosed cities, for such they are, are about all that is left upon which the savans can speculate as to the people who formerly lived there.

Their history is eternally lost, but there are sufficient and indubitable evidences left that these walls once protected the homes of the ancestors of the Pueblos, who now live in their humble villages, and are sustained by the fruits of their

own honest labor in cultivating the soil. They have been farmers from time immemorial, and are to-day. They have ever, so far as we have any knowledge of them, been self-sustaining. Neither this nor any other Government has ever paid them any annuities, or furnished them with guns, ammunition, or ponies, or anything else. They have never applied for, and probably never needed, Government aid. All their instincts, tastes and inclinations are peaceful, and tend to industry and quiet. Like the husbandman of old in ancient Egypt, they are patient, industrious, and laborious, and content with what the soil yields. In their way, and so far as they go, they are model farmers; the unconscious teachers of those around them, whose ancestors were their conquerors. Under this tutelage the lazy and wretched Spaniards and Mexicans would be lifted out of the present degraded and heathenish condition in which they are in the valley of the Rio Grande, if they had the inclination to learn and the capacity to comprehend and profit by it. What they do know and practice of husbandry was borrowed from the Pueblos—at least, all the better features of their wretched husbandry.

Some features of Pueblo husbandry are interesting, and well repay a trip there to see. Their plow is made like that used in Egypt in the time of the Patriarchs, and has been used by their ancestors from time immemorial; consisting of two pieces of wood, one mortised into the other at such an angle as will make a coulter and beam. Often a crotch of a tree of the right shape is found and used for a plow. This implement, if it can be dignified with the name, is operated by the inevitable long-horned, lean and patient oxen or cows, yoked with a piece of wood, the ends of which are bound to the horns with strips of rawhide; the plow is held by its one handle, and so guided with one hand as to scratch the earth, which has previously been flooded to loosen and soften its hard, sun-burned surface, and with the other hand the Pueblo wields a long gad with which, aided by screams and yells, he guides the team. The scene is grotesque and unique to any one not familiar with it, reminding him of the rude wood-cuts illustrating Oriental farming in Biblical times. Their carts are as primitive as their plows. They are made entirely of wood, not even a nail or a screw is used—the most cumbersome and inconvenient vehicle ever seen or in-

vented—it is hauled over their fields shrieking and squeaking, its axles perpetually oilless. Indeed, the uses of iron or leather are unknown among the Pueblos. Rawhide is used to bind and fasten everything that is bound or fastened. The tires, harness, straps, braces, lariats, and shoes are made of it. It is tough, strong, and almost indestructible. It is the universal thread and string, and serves the purposes for which it is used most admirably; what the Pueblo would do without can hardly be imagined. They harvest their grain with a dull sickle of iron, in the most laborious way conceivable. They thresh it by a process which is equally as grotesque and primitive as their plowing, and much more amusing and ridiculous. The "machinery" is rapid and lively in its motions, though decidedly irregular; the nicely-adjusted cones, journals, axles, pivotal points, and such other modern arrangements as are used by Case, Pitts, and other old fogies in the manufacture of their threshers, are dispensed with entirely by the Pueblo. His machine consists of a circular space of ground as hard and smooth and clean as a Philadelphia pavement, is about twenty-five feet in diameter, with poles set in the circumference a few feet apart, and from one to the other are stretched strips of rawhide, making an enclosure; the wheat in the straw is put within the space made by this outer and an inside circular row of poles and rawhide, leaving a space in the centre, and a score or more of frisky, unbridled donkeys are let loose upon it to tread it out. Three women and one man or boy stand in the centre, and with shouts, kicks, and a vigorous application of whips and sharpened poles, so frighten and arouse these usually solemn, dignified, patient, melancholy, and slow-moving animals that they dance and kick and rush about on the wheat or corn in a most furious manner, and with their immense ears laid back, and flying heels, seem to take great satisfaction in revenging themselves on each other for the pricks, kicks and lashes they get from the stalwart Pueblo squaw; but the wheat or corn is "threshed" out. The process of winnowing and cleaning the wheat is also novel, if not so primitive. The women do this work mainly; they use a saucer-shaped basket, held high above the head, and the wheat and chaff are shaken out over the edge; the wind, either natural or created by artificial means, blows through it, carrying away the chaff; while an aged

and usually decrepit old man stands by with a broom, to sweep into the pile of wheat every stray or scattered kernel.

The Pueblos are successful agriculturists, notwithstanding their very primitive way of doing everything, and the fact that they have not had the advantages (?) of reading the ponderous volumes discussing the science of agriculture and what they "don't know about farming." The section of country they cultivate is an oasis in their desolate, dry, grassless, and parched wastes. In their fields one sees wheat of large growth of stalk and full yield of kernel; fair corn, peaches, apricots, rich clusters of grapes which burden luxuriant vines; and the principal vegetables and berries in their gardens, while by the side of these fields, divided only by the walls, it has the appearance of a desert. The Pueblo has demonstrated one fact—that these plains near the mountain base are susceptible of cultivation, and will bear cereals and vegetables, though requiring an inordinate outlay of labor in cultivation to bring them to the point of moderate production and yield. We rank a man in agriculture, as well as everything else, by his power of making things better than he finds them; of smoothing the rough, redeeming the waste, improving, transforming and creating the conditions around him. Judging the Pueblo by this standard we cannot but conclude that he is, or has been an extraordinary man, and certainly a most remarkable Indian. It would be difficult to name a part of this or any other country presenting fewer materials of hope and use to the skill of man, and a combination of more of the least promising elements of successful agriculture, than that which lies in Central New Mexico and Western Texas. Whatever the cause that drove either a willing or unwilling colony to dispute with these adverse elements the possession of this section, the prospect must have demanded the strongest hearts and most resolute and determined nature. With no materials at hand, either wood or stone, it was a great triumph over great difficulties that the Pueblos should have contrived to rear on such foundations even the humblest settlement. It speaks volumes for them. There is no doubt that these people were, as they still are in a measure, a race of peculiar hardiness and determination. The open-air conditions of their existence have invited and produced habits of sobriety, and generally of abstinence, unknown to the Spanish-Mexi-

cans who live around them. Nor have the intervening centuries of a condition of dependence, slavery and degradation robbed the Pueblo of this Spartan quality. Such people built up Venice, under the most adverse beginnings, and made land and sea pay tribute to it. But circumstances which the Pueblo could not control have brought him to his present low estate.

The Pueblos live in villages built of low houses of sun-dried (adobe) brick, made of the native soil, generally having earthen roofs, earthen benches, beds, and floor. Whether necessity is or not the "mother of *all* inventions," it certainly was the mother of the peculiar style of architecture employed in building these houses. It was used centuries ago as a means of protection against their wild, fierce, and cruel enemies, the Apache and Comanche Indians. Each house in those times, and mainly now, was a sort of castle—a place of residence and defence; it had no doors, the entrance being through the roof, and when the family retire for the night they climb a ladder and go down through the roof, drawing the stairway and hole after them. The majority of them build in the same way now, and enter through the roof, though there is not the same danger of attack or molestation from the Apache there once was.

This once numerous and powerful race has dwindled down from thousands and tens of thousands to a few hundreds, mainly living in this valley, a quiet, peaceable and industrious people, who seem to delight in shutting themselves out from the world, and enjoy isolation. Their fields, orchards and vineyards are surrounded with walls, mainly of adobe, built by hard labor and with great pains. They seem to have inherited this love of isolation and seclusion from their ancestors, who so lived, however, from promptings of fear instead of choice as their descendants do. This is a somewhat general characteristic of all the aborigines of this continent, though especially true of the ancestors of the Pueblos. They choose to keep aloof from all the hundreds of changes that are going on around them, the improvements in the arts and sciences and general progress in all respects, and quietly pass away to join their fathers without a memento, a monument or a world of history, save the meagre annals of their decline and death, as told by conquerors and destroyers. They have lived on in this way for centuries, occupied continually with the details of



the humblest life, clinging to their ancient habits and customs, apparently content; while the fierce Apache, the restless American, and the covetous Spaniard, have been and still are peering over their walls with mingled admiration, amazement and covetousness. He clings with the tenacity of second nature to his ancient belief that the immortal Montezuma, high priest of the sun, and king of the faithful, will come again from the East bringing deliverance; notwithstanding the fact, which ought to be apparent to him, that his race is gradually approaching absolute extinction. When our Government took possession of New Mexico in 1850, the simple heart of the Pueblo was cheered with the belief that the Governor then sent out was the long looked-for Montezuma. But he was again disappointed, but his faith and courage were unshaken, and remain as firm to-day as ever.

These Pueblos are a gallant and hospitable people. They know none of the "small tricks of the trade" (at least don't practice them), which characterize all other Indians and the Mexicans around them. They give you fruit or whatever they may have to give in response to your asking, and refuse money proffered in payment, except they are at their market-place. Is there an isolated instance on record or in the experience of any one of any other Indian or a Mexican *giving* a stranger anything? On the contrary they will lie you out of three times the value of what they offer if they can. That is Indian and Mexican character the country over, with the single exception of the Pueblos. Their ancestors welcomed the Spaniards with the same courtesy and kindness centuries ago, not knowing they were caressing and feeding a viper which had come to sting and destroy them. Their instincts are more humane and in all respects superior to the Spanish-Mexican; that is to say, in the higher and nobler qualities of manhood.

The primitive mode of life of the Pueblos is seen, also, in the dress of the male and female. The female wears a woollen garment similar to a shawl, bound around the waist with a red sash and covering the person to the knee only; under this is a snow-white garment which is so made as to leave exposed the arms and shoulders. The head is bound with a folded shawl, and the long, black straight hair unconfined and hanging about the shoulders. The male wears pants, shirt and moccasins. The former generally made of calico, the latter of rawhide, with the hair left on the

bottom for a sole. Calico is about the only article worn or used by male or female not manufactured by themselves. They show the instinct of the universal Indian in soliciting the brightest colors. It is seldom one is seen without some one of the garments worn being made of calico—either the male or female.

The Pueblo female is a model of physical beauty as to form, and often in features. She is tall, straight, and comely, often having the gracefulness and bearing of a queen; a stalwart beauty, utterly unconscious of herself and that she is a fine specimen of grace and statuesque beauty. There is no studied artificiality—all is untaught and unpadded nature. Such is the Pueblo squaw. The male is generally smaller in stature, shriveled in appearance, and in all respects of physical comeliness is inferior to the female. This settlement is a green spot in a vast, treeless, grassless plain, the like of which will not be found again in travelling hundreds of miles in either direction from here. To the traveller, weary of the monotony of the desolation with which these plains are instinct, it is like finding among a vast extent of ruin a bit of green moss upon the dilapidated thatched roof, or ivy clinging to the mouldering pile and entwining about the broken column.

A careful inquiry failed to elicit any definite idea of the religious belief of the Pueblos, any further than that the "Immortal Montezuma" is his god, and he cherishes the belief that some day this "man from the East" will come again to his aid and deliverance—if this can be called religious belief. The lighted taper which the ancient faith of this race required is still kept burning on many a hearth in his far-off isolated home. What the significance of this is, is doubtful; but it is suggestive of a beautiful thought. Nothing further than this could be learned of their religious belief. Their language is the original Aztec, adulterated somewhat with other dialects.

The reader may get the impression that this peaceable, agricultural people are and have always been incapable of self-defence, and dependent upon some protecting arm. This is not the case. Their entire life has been one of turmoil and strife. The Apache and Comanche Indians have always been their implacable enemies and have murdered and pillaged up to the time our Government took possession of New Mexico in 1850. The Spaniards had oppressed and destroyed them because of supe-

rior numbers, and engineering of warfare. They defended themselves against the Apache single handed quite successfully, but the treacherous and cruel Spaniard and Mexican have shown him no mercy, and have been the cause of all their woes and their downfall and decay as a people. Their conflicts with the Apaches and Comanches and the raids of the invading Spaniards caused the appearance of ruin and dead history which New Mexico wears to-day, particularly in the valley of the Rio Grande. The ancient and crumbling church in Santa Fe, built nearly three centuries ago, and now pointed to by the natives there as the oldest thing they have any knowledge of, and visited by hundreds as a curiosity, is not the oldest thing in New Mexico. Centuries before this a civilization existed in the valley of the Rio Grande superior to that of the present native population. The cities whose walls have become almost extinct were in existence and inhabited by the ancestors of the Pueblo when the mound-builders of the Mississippi Valley were at their curious and little-understood work. The route leading from Southern Colorado down the Valley of the Rio Grande, known as the "Great Southern Wagon Route," was a highway for traffic long before the first road over the Alleghanies was constructed. The ruins of mines whose shafts have been closed for centuries are still to be seen, and the Pueblo's ancestors knew how to take the precious metals from their native beds and mould them into forms for ornament and use. They had a calendar in which the days of the year were three hundred and sixty-five, and the times and seasons were noted in it, long before the Spaniards crossed the ocean. They built colossal temples of hewn stone; they planted trees which still cast their shade over the swarthy, lazy crowds which throng the streets of the new city; the fountains which they made to ornament their yards and water this thirsty land are still running—built many centuries ago.

It is a remarkable fact, that through all these centuries of conflict and change the Pueblo has remained unchanged in any essential respect. Their customs, mode of dress, methods of cultivating the soil and harvesting the products, belief and habits, remain as they learned them from an ancestry that extends back centuries of time. Whatever they make, is made in the same way their ancestors made it. There is an utter lack of invention, and all they know seems to have been

learned ages ago from hard experience. There is no industry, except that connected with agriculture—the universal pursuit; no shops, no stores; no sound of hammer, file, or hum of the wheel. Every house is a place of residence and defence; each family is self-sustaining, producing every needed article of domestic economy and of all uses; they make the fire-baked pottery used to eat, drink and cook from; the water is brought from the spring in a tall, earthen jar on the head, as in Bible times. One may readily imagine himself living in the day of the Patriarchs. Indeed, it is quite likely their ancestors did—but this is not a question to be discussed in this connection. This people illustrate the communistic theory completely.

They have, indeed, gone backward, not forward through all these centuries. But the truth, which must be apparent to them, is manifest to any one who will visit these Indians and study their history, that the day of their full extinction, and the extinction of all the aboriginal tribes of North America, is not far distant. Would that it were not so with the Pueblos; but there is no compromise with fate, death or destiny. Ever the patient victim of change, never the aggressor; with the material for volumes of history, God only knows how pathetic and heroic, stored in no archives, gone in the dead past; the poor Pueblo must leave his fields and simple home to a people with a higher and more creative life. The engine will soon be heard thundering down this valley over a track that has taken the place of the narrow path beaten by the goat and donkey. The merry eyes, white teeth, the brown and sturdy shoulders of the market women, peering above the wall at the market-place on the arrival of the government train, forgetful of the long train of wrongs which have pressed to the verge of extinction a hospitable and gallant race, will be superceded by the "American butcher;" soon the white church and school-house will take the place of the drab adobe house, and the democratic pastor and teacher will teach the children to prattle in the English language instead of the Aztec or Doltec; and to worship the true God. But the Pueblo will ever merit the remembrance that his hands were never red with the white man's blood; and that his hearth was abandoned peacefully in obedience to the dictates of a higher civilization. He simply yielded to destiny.

## LEGENDS OF SHROVE TUESDAY.

BY JOSIE KEEN.

WE propose to give a few legends of Shrove Tuesday drawn from musty lore; for many singular customs were anciently kept up in Scotland and in Merrie Auld England upon this day, when good Catholics were expected to go to confession to be shrived from their sins and prepared to keep a holy Lenten fast.

It would seem, however, that by the worldly-wise the day was not alone appropriated to confessions but to extra feasting in anticipation of the long fast of forty days they were about to keep. Hence Shrove Tuesday was also known as Pancake day.

"Let glad Shrove Tuesday bring the pancakes then,  
Or fritters with rich apples stored."

And certainly, from all accounts, they were prepared in great abundance.

It is said the curfew-bell rang out its melodious tones as early as four o'clock in the morning to awaken slumberers to regale themselves with pancakes, fritters, and various other dishes of the kind, also to engage in the peculiar sports of the day.

You must remember that those early risers had already had a good night's rest, for instead of sitting up until past midnight, as is frequently the present custom, the curfew-bell (cover fire) was rung regularly at eight o'clock, and every one expected to betake themselves to bed. In speaking of this custom, one has said:

"Scarcely time enough was allowed to see the sun go down, and as for the science of astronomy, it surely must have languished in those days.

"That every fire should be covered at the ringing of the evening curfew-bell was one of the laws that William the Conqueror ordained in England. But long before that Alfred the Great obliged the citizens of Oxford to follow the same custom, which is there kept up by some to the present day."

The curfew-bell, we are also told, received the unromantic name of "Pancake-bell" from its merrily ringing in the morning of Shrove Tuesday, when all those who were especially fond of such edibles might partake of them in profusion. For from each and every house flap-jacks, slap-jacks, fritters, etc., were browned upon the hot griddles,

that all, in anticipation of the long fast, might eat until he

"Can hold no more,  
Is fritter-filled, as well as heart can wish,  
And every man and maiden doe take their turne,  
And tosse their pancakes up for feare they burne;  
And all the kitchen doth with laughter sound  
To see the pancakes fall upon the ground."

Pancake-day not only had its grand feasting, but there were also numerous games, ridiculous sports, masking and revelry connected with it. A dish called *crowdie* was as popular in Scotland upon Shrove Tuesday as pancakes in England. A ring was put into the dish and the one who received it with his share of *crowdie* accepted it as an omen that he or she would be married ere the rest of the company. With the *crowdie* is also eaten the Bannock Junit or "sauty bannock," which are small cakes made of eggs and meal mixed with salt to make them "sauty," and then baked upon a gridiron. These bannocks are said to have a charm in them by which the lads and lassies may discover the future partners of their joys and sorrows.

Then, too, in Scotland there is the Bannock Braude, or dreaming cake. They contain a little soot from the chimney, and the person baking them must be careful not to utter a word lest the charm which is invoked should be dispelled. Each person takes one of these mysteriously baked cakes and goes quietly off to bed, places it beneath his pillow and expects to have a most ecstatic vision of his sweetheart before morning. From hence doubtless arose the custom of dreaming on bed-ding cake.

We find that one of the customs of Shrove Tuesday as far back as 1440, was for a certain personage to go about crowned as king of the year. He was mounted on horseback, his horse covered with tinsel and flauntry. He was proceeded by the twelve months of the year, all dressed appropriately. After them came Lent most singularly dressed in pure white, and decked with herring skins. The horse he rode was decorated with oyster shells "in token that sadness shulde followe and an holy tyme." When this odd procession rode through the streets it was followed by many

other horsemen dressed in fantastic costumes. There were monks and monarchs, philosophers and fools; representations of birds with huge wings, and fearful-looking animals which took delight in frightening children.

These doings on Shrove Tuesday are similar to the Romish Carnival. At first it was a feast of three days before Ash Wednesday, the earliest accounts of which are during the time of Pope Gregory the Great, in 600. It is doubtless the origin of the present carnivals, or *Fasching* as it is called in the south of Germany, and which continues in that country from Twelfth-day to Ash Wednesday.

Previous to the beginning of their long abstinence, men devoted themselves to enjoyment, particularly during the last three days of the carnival. This carnival is nothing but the Saturnalia of the Christian Romans, who could not forget their Pagan festival. At least it is said to "greatly resemble the Saturnalia which was celebrated annually in December, with all kinds of mirth, pleasure and freedom in honor of Saturn, and the Golden Age when he governed the world, and to preserve the remembrance of the liberty and equality of men in the youth of the world."

During the last days of the carnival, and particularly during the day which preceded the long fast, numerous plays, tricks, and freedom of every kind abounded. From Italy the modern Saturnalia passed to the other Christian countries of Europe. The carnival of modern times is celebrated with the greatest show and spirit at Venice and Rome, and in this country at New Orleans.

The Saturday preceding Lent is called "Egg Feast," and woe to the unlucky hen who does not lay eggs, for it is condemned to die. An especially fat hen was usually thrashed to death in this manner. It was slung on the back of the owner, who was dressed in a fantastic style. He also bore a number of horse bells as a guide to his pursuers, who were all blindfolded. They were placed in an enclosure, with boughs in their hands. At a given signal the man with his fat hen danced around, while those with boughs, following the sound of bells, chased after to thrash the hen; often, of course, hitting the man instead. Sometimes he would manage to get behind his pursuers, and the blindfold would thrash each other. This nonsense was kept up until the hen was killed. It was afterwards boiled with bacon and served with

a plentiful supply of fritters and pancakes. Thus originated the quaint lines:

"At Shrovetide to shrivng go thrashing the fat hen,  
If blindfold can kill her then give it thy man."

There were also numerous sports with the cock. We will here give one: The cock was placed in an earthen vessel made for the purpose, in which only his head and tail were visible. This was suspended from a line which was stretched across the street about a dozen feet from the ground. There he swung for many hours as a target for those who wished to make a trial of their skill in hitting a poor defenceless bird, until he who broke the vessel and delivered the captive received him as a trophy.

Among various legends of Shrove Tuesday we find the origin of "Jack o' Lanthorn." It is it is from a puppet called "Jack o' Lent," which was thrown about by children of ye olden times. Another peculiar custom was pelting the doors of houses with all sorts of broken china, such as had accumulated during the year. It is thus described by one of our writers:

"Throwing crockery against doors was usually done by small boys, who go around in parties with a leader. He goes up alone to each door, raps, and upon being admitted recites the following verse:

"I be come a shrooving,  
For a little pankaik,  
A bit o' bread o' your own biaking;  
Or a little truckle o' cheese o' your own miaking.  
If you'll gi' me little I'll ax no more,  
If you don't give me nothing I'll rattle your door."

And woe to the housekeeper who refuses this small request. This amusement is called "Lent Crocking," and its signification seems to be that as feasting is now over, there is no longer need of vessels in which to cook food, and they may therefore be broken.

From all these customs it would seem that instead of Lent being looked forward to as a "holy tyme," it was rather dreaded for its restrictions; and as much fun and feasting as possible enjoyed up to the very last moment, when, with strewing of ashes, the first day of Lent was ushered in.

To such persistent revellers the check given during the Lenten season could not have availed much; though we may hope that with many it was a time of true penitence, self-denial and almsgiving—a seeking to do good which long left its hallowing influences and a brighter hope for the true Easter that may dawn for us all.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

**The Freedom of London.**—The recent distinguished courtesies paid to our solitary, sagacious, and soldierly ex-President, whose European sojourn has been a continuous and most memorable ovation, since his first arrival in England, has suggested to the writer a reprint of the time-honored certificate of the Chamberlain, issued to such worthy citizens and *citibres* as may have acquired (by purchase or honorary tender of its Guilds and magistrates) the freedom of Great Britain's famous metropolis.

For several years I have had among my literary curiosities a parchment strip, bearing the autographic endorsement of *Crosby, Mayor 1771*, the obverse elaborately engrossed, to the following effect:

"Charles Hoppey, son of Ja<sup>s</sup> Hoppey, Appr. of his said Father Cit. and Turner of London, was admitted into the Freedom thereof and Sworn in the Mayoralty of Prass Crosby Esq<sup>r</sup> Mayor, and Sir Stephen Theodore Janssen, Bart. Chamberlain, and is Entered in the book, signed with the Letter O, relating to the Purchasing of Freedoms and the Admissions of Freemen (to wit). The Sixth day of November, in the Twelfth year of the Reign of King George the Third, and in the year of our Lord 1771. In Witness whereof the seal of the office of Chamberlain of the said city is hereunto affixed. Dated in the chamber of the Guild-Hall of the said city, the day and year aforesaid."



The municipal armorial bearings, which are here faithfully reproduced, with crest, scrolls, supporters and motto, *Domine Dirige Nos*, occupy the left end of the certificate; the official seal of the high-bred and bountiful baronet being barely recognizable on the dexter margin, where it has been hastily struck by a hand press. The well preserved vellum is of superior quality, the formal and incidental chirography (after a lapse of one hundred and six years) being remarkably clear and easily deciphered. The record itself, with the Chamberlain's seal and the city arms, covers an oblong space of about eighteen inches, with a width of three and a half inches.

H. CLAY LUKENS.

**Origin of Names.**—A large number of names derive their origin from the seasons, as Winter and Spring; many others from the elements, as Frost, Snow, Flood; good or bad fortune; points of the compass, as North, South, East, West; dignities, offices, agriculture, utensils and astronomy; and also from animals, as Wolf, Lamb, Lion, Cat; vegetables, minerals, colors, arms, etc. But by far the most numerous class of surnames are those which had their rise in certain trades or professions, of which a few are: Webster, a weaver; Bailly, a bailiff; Fletcher, a maker of arrows (from the French *fleche*); Tucker, a cloth fuller, to say nothing of the very obvious Butcher, Baker, Carpenter, etc. A search in the old statute books will furnish plenty of such names as Robertus de Bakester (Baxter?) Simon Ironmonger, John Daylaborer, etc. Another very fertile source of derivation was from places, as Gilbertus Anglicus, Godefridus de Maunville, Henricus de Hessia, Gulielmus Parisiensis, etc., and most of the names terminating in by, ham, ton and ville, belong to this class. Further a large number of surnames were originally patronymics—that is to say, names formed by the addition of son, or some other word expressive of a similar relation to the paternal name. The Normans superadded Fitz (the old French for *sons*), as Fitz-Allan, Fitz-Gerald, Fitz-Walter; the Irish O, as O'Donnell; the Scotch Mac, as MacDougall; the Welsh Ap, as Aphomas; and the Hebrews Ben, as Ben-hadad, signifying the son of Hadad.

**Ancient and Modern Extravagance.**—Who among extravagant young ladies in these boastful times ever gave her lover, as Cleopatra did, a pearl dissolved in vinegar (or undissolved) worth \$400,000? Then there was a Paulina, one of the *tons* in Rome, who used to wear jewels, when she returned her visits, worth \$300,000. Cicero, who was comparatively a poor man in those times, gave \$1,500,000 for his establishment on the Palatine; while Messala gave \$2,000,000 for the house of Antony. Seneca, who was just a plain philosopher, was worth \$120,000,000. Tiberius left a property of nearly \$120,000,000. Cæsar and Marc Antony both owned wonderful fortunes. Why, they talk about a man's failing now for \$1,000,000 as if it were a big thing. Cæsar, before he entered any office, when he was a young gentleman in private life, owed \$1,000,000, and he purchased the friendship of Quæsor for \$2,500,000. Marc Antony owed \$1,500,000 on the Ides of March and paid it before the Kalends of March. This was nothing; he squandered \$720,000,000 of public money. And these fellows lived well. Esopus, who was a play-actor, paid \$400,000 for a supper. Their wines were often kept for two ages, and some of them were sold for twenty dollars an ounce. Dishes were made of gold and silver, set with precious stones. The beds of Heliogabalus were of solid silver; his tables and plates were of pure gold, and his mattresses, covered with carpets of cloth of gold, were stuffed with down from under the wing of a partridge. It took \$80,000 a year to keep up the dignity of a Roman Senator.



## CURRENT MEMORANDA.

**The Papal Succession.**—We are enabled to announce with this number, that balloting in the Sacred College of the Cardinals at Rome, has resulted in the election of Cardinal Gioacchino Pecci, the Pontifical Chamberlain or Camerlengo. Cardinal Pecci is an Italian; he was born on the 2d of March, 1810, and is therefore in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He was a prelate and private refendary in the household of Gregory XVI., who sent him as Nuncio to Brussels, and created him Archbishop of Perugia. In 1853 the late Pope made him a Cardinal, and recently, though but for a few months only, his Chamberlain. The new Pontiff is to be known as Leo XIII. He is described as a sagacious statesman, with liberal views, possessing great administrative tact and ability; and as a learned scholar, good Bishop, and gentleman of blameless character.

**Political.**—The advance of United States bonds in London, together with the further decline of the gold premium in our market, appears to have confounded our financial wise-acs to some extent. It was an *effect* contrary to that which they predicted would be produced by the passage of the Silver Bill. The silver advocates will no doubt claim that after all it is, as they said it would be, a good thing for the country to remonetize silver; that the public credit will not be injured by it, and that all those who thought differently were grossly mistaken.

It will be well to reserve judgment on these points until the bill not only has become a law, but until its practical workings have been witnessed; and this we say while freely admitting that the first reception of the bill in the market, to a certain extent, justifies the silver men in boasting that their views were correct.

**The Eastern Question.**—The present aspect of affairs in Europe gives cause for fear that the war is not over. Turkey seems content to accept such terms as her conqueror chooses to dictate, but Austria and England manifest a disposition to interfere to prevent Russia from making such terms with Turkey as will result in a lasting peace. Austria insists on a conference of the Powers for the settlement of the questions growing out of the war. England is distrustful; and the latest advices from London state that the feeling is far from hopeful. Austria is said to have ordered the mobilization of an army corps. England is making preparations for war, pending the discussion of the supplementary vote. Gambetta, speaking for France, says that Russia must not presume to settle with Turkey alone the question relative to peace and the rectification of the boundaries of the smaller States involved in the war. This attitude on the part of these three great Powers has excited unusual indignation in Russia. By the Russians this subject of a conference is alleged to be a mere device to deprive their nation of all she has gained after so heavy an expenditure of blood and treasure, without themselves expending a farthing or losing a man. Meanwhile Germany and the smaller States of Northern Europe

are looking on without venturing any opinion upon the subject. It is evident that Germany is with Russia at the present time, as arrangements have been made to reach the coast through German-Baltic seaports should those of Russia be blockaded by the English fleet.

In view of all these facts, the Czar's declarations in his congratulatory address to his troops at St. Petersburg possesses great significance. Said the Czar, after congratulating them on the signing of the armistice: "We are still, however, far from the end, and must continue to hold ourselves prepared, until we obtain a durable peace worthy of Russia!" Such a declaration looks like a challenge to Austria, England and France. If the gauntlet is taken up, and the Czar maintains his present attitude, the world will witness a struggle compared to which the war in the Crimea was but child's play.

Still later news indicates, however, that the Czar has so far receded from his position as to consent to a conference of the Powers. This result, it is intimated, has been effected by the influence of Prince Bismarck, who, in decided though friendly language, notified Prince Gortschakoff that he was straining the situation beyond reasonable bounds. The time and place of meeting have not as yet been determined. The Czar is reported to have suggested the invitation to this Government to join in the conference, the truth of which, however, remains to be established. If so, and such invitation should be tendered, we trust our Government may have the good sense to excuse herself as diplomatically as the nature of the case will permit. We are a firm friend of the non-intervention doctrine. We tender you our kind sympathies, gentlemen, in your trials and afflictions, but really we cannot accept any of your entangling alliances.

**The Franking Privilege.**—A few hours before the news reached Philadelphia that the Senate had adopted the amendment restoring, in a modified degree, the old franking privilege, a package sent free through the mails from Washington and marked "official business," was received in this city. It contained an official report, such as is properly mailable free, but enclosed in that report was a sealed envelope containing printed matter, which, although it related incidentally to public business, was, in reality a personal communication on personal affairs, defending the official who sent it from charges that he had heretofore been guilty of other unauthorized use of the postal privileges of an official! The Senate now proposes to restore the old franking privilege, limiting the weight of written and printed communications carried free to two ounces. With this limitation the linen to be sent to the home laundry by United States mail will have to be exceedingly fine, or the wearing apparel so sent free by mail will have to be made in sections, each weighing no more than two ounces.

**Ex-Governor McCormick,** Commissioner-General of the United States to the Paris Exhibition, states that the prospects are that the United States ships *Constitution* and

Supply will be unable to carry out all the exhibits forwarded by the American exhibitors, and that he may be compelled to ask the Government to detail a supplemental vessel to carry the excess of goods. The Supply, which will sail from New York, has commenced taking her cargo, and the Constitution, which will sail from Philadelphia, is about half loaded, but both vessels will be despatched promptly. Messrs. C. E. Detmold and August St. Gaudens, on the recommendation of the advisory Committee on Art, have been appointed by Commissioner McCormick as a sub-Committee on Art in Paris, to pass judgment upon the works of American artists now in Europe, and one-eighth of the space allotted to the United States in the Art Gallery has been reserved for such works. William Maitland Armstrong, Superintendent of the American Fine Arts Department, will, upon his arrival in Paris, act in conjunction with the gentlemen above named.

Following the large order from Russia for Philadelphia locomotives, comes the information that the Russian Government has just concluded, through Major W. R. Bergholz, a contract with the Morris & Cummings Dredging Company of New York, for deepening to a uniform depth of twenty feet the channel of the river Neva, between Cronstadt and St. Petersburg. Twenty-five thousand dollars were cabled to Russia last week as earnest money. The dredging "plant" will cost two hundred thousand dollars. Most of it will be constructed in this country, and will be on hand ready for operation on the 1st of May next. The quantity of mud, etc., to be excavated is estimated at fifteen million cubic yards, and the work must be completed in four years. The superintendent and assistant of the dredging company sailed recently for St. Petersburg *via* Hamburg. The contract was obtained after sharp competition with English operators.

**Character.**—There is no instinct implanted in the breast of man so universally active as the love of character. In this respect, the prince on his throne, the judge on his bench, the merchant in his counting-house, are alike. Touch them in whatever pertains to their worldly interest—their business or their wealth—and your interference, though it may indeed be rebuked, will yet be borne with comparative indifference. Tamper with them even in the matter of life, trifle with their health, expose them to disease, and still you inflict not a deadly wound; but let the pestiferous breath of slander breathe upon their fair fame, you touch their happiness in its most vital part.

To a man of virtuous sensibilities and refined feelings, there is nothing in life that can be placed in competition with it. It is the chain that holds him to society, and the talisman that preserves his rank. Cast a mildew upon this, and you convert his moments of pleasure into seasons of anxiety and burning anguish. Blight his name, and the tinsels of fortune and existence itself would be considered as worthless.

Who steals my purse, steals trash,  
But he who filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that which not enricheth him,  
But makes me poor indeed.

This sentiment of the illustrious Shakspeare is but an expression of the common feeling of mankind. It comes

home to the heart, stamped with the living impress of truth. The "purse" may indeed be rifled by the hand of the "robber;" the pleasure of earth may be despoiled by the moth and the cankerworm; property may "take to itself wings, and fly away;" yet what are all these worth, when compared with "my good name?" The hand of industry may again enable me to hoard the valued things of life; the "sweat of the brow" may rear another habitation to shelter my defenceless head from the cold drivings of the winter storms and tempest; but no industry, no weeping, no gushing of tears from the fountains of grief, can restore a blighted character.

**The Agricultural Exhibit at the Paris Exhibition.**—The work of preparing the exhibit of American agricultural productions for the coming Paris Exposition is progressing rapidly at the Department of Agriculture.

The Southern States have shown enterprise in the work, and Virginia, South Carolina, Florida, Louisiana, Kentucky and Tennessee have large contributions in preparation. The Northern States that will be represented are Connecticut, Indiana and Nebraska. California will be represented by some private contributions that will show to some extent what she is capable of producing. Contributions have been received from private sources in the other States.

The Department has prepared, from material in hand, a collection of sections of the woods of our forest trees which have an established commercial value. A series of models in plaster of typical specimens of the fruits and vegetables, and cases of insects injurious to the principal crops, to be exhibited alongside growing specimens of the crops themselves. Each insect will be accompanied by a card, stating the character of the injury it inflicts. The division in charge of the exhibits is in consultation with Mr. William G. Markham, of Avon, New York, Secretary of the National Wool-Growers' Association, with relation to the best means of securing a representative collection of American wools.

**The Chronicle of the University of Michigan** has been investigating the Blue Laws of Mount Holyoke Seminary, and finds among them the following:

"No young lady shall become a member of Mount Holyoke Seminary who cannot kindle a fire, wash potatoes, repeat the multiplication table, and at least two-thirds of the Shorter Catechism. Every candidate for admission must be provided with a pair of rubber-boots, one pair of cowhides, a copy of "Todd's Students' Manual," one orthodox bonnet and a clothes-line. N. B.—No cosmetics, perfumes or fancy soaps will be permitted on the premises. No young lady shall devote more than one hour of each day to miscellaneous reading. The *Atlantic Monthly*, Shakspeare, Scott's Works, "Robinson Crusoe," and other immoral works are strictly prohibited. The *Boston Recorder*, *Missionary Herald*, "Doddridge's Rise and Progress," and "Washington's Farewell Address" are earnestly recommended for light reading. No young lady is expected to have any gentlemen acquaintances, unless they are returned missionaries or agents of benevolent societies. Daguerreotypes and plaster busts are also prohibited. 'Thou shalt not worship any false images.'"

## LITERATURE AND ART.

**New Serial Story.**—In our next number, we shall commence the publication of a highly interesting, humorous and attractive serial story, founded on fact, entitled, "HERBERT ORTON; or Justices' Courts in the West," by J. R. Musick, Esq. The author, a distinguished member of the Missouri Bar, is a well known and characteristic writer, and in this, his latest, displays a happy vein of rich humor, while the incidents in the plot are so linked as to maintain an unbroken interest throughout its reading. We can promise our readers an excellent treat.

**The New York School Journal**, an Educational and Literary Newspaper, published by E. L. Kellogg & Co., New York, and designed to advance the interests of school-teachers as well as the cause of education. From a cursory glance over its pages we are justified in recommending the Journal as a valuable and entertaining medium, and from whose pages the teachers of our land can reap much that is useful and instructive.

**The Scholars' Companion**, a paper devoted to the interests of the pupils of our schools, is also published by the Messrs. E. L. Kellogg & Co., of New York. Judging from the character of the numbers thus far received by us, and the display of a high order of moral standard as shown in the selection of reading matter, the COMPANION is deserving of a generous support.

**The New Jersey Home Magazine**, a new candidate for public favor, is now on our sanctum table. Its contents are original, and evidently written by careful and conscientious contributors. It is neatly gotten up, and in tone gives indication that its publishers mean to give its readers a good home magazine. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Haskell, of Trenton, New Jersey, are its publishers.

**Harpers', Scribner's, the St. Nicholas, and Lippincott's**, for March, come to us clothed in their usual bright habiliments, and present a rare literary feast that cannot fail to gratify the taste and fancy of their many readers.

**Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine**, No. 2, Vol. I. —A beautiful Floral and Garden periodical, containing thirty-two pages of reading matter, very many fine wood-cut illustrations, together with two most handsomely colored plates of Dahlias, Carnations and Picotees, has been received from the publisher, James Vick, the well-known floriculturist, Rochester, New York. It is printed upon an excellent quality of paper, and its general make-up is highly creditable as a literary production. All lovers of the beautiful in nature should subscribe for this valuable and entertaining treatise on garden culture. Subscription price only \$1.25 per year.

**The New England Historical and Genealogical Register**, No. 125, Vol. 32, published quarterly under the direction of the New England Historic, Genealogical Society, Boston, Massachusetts, has been received. That it sustains the design set forth in its prospectus, a glance at its pages will fully substantiate. As an auxiliary it must prove of invaluable service to the historian in the future.

President McCosh says, *apropos* of Chauncey Wright's "Philosophical Discourses": "It is a curious circumstance that Boston, with its annexes, Cambridge and Harvard, does not produce original minds. Hawthorne and Longfellow, who struck out a path for themselves, belong to Bowdoin, little one though it be, and not to Harvard. Channing was the eloquent defender of English Unitarianism, a system now dead and ready to be buried. Emerson is the echo, in a less powerful but softer tone, of Carlyle. Fiske is the admiring American expounder of Herbert Spencer. Chauncey Wright adopted the philosophy of John Stuart Mill, and was the ablest defender of Darwin in this country. The peculiarity of Boston is that it catches the spirit of the age, and takes up at an early date the last new thought and method and follows them till they change to something else. It has not, except in politics, been able to advance beyond the times and guide them. Its able men have not self-sacrifice enough to retire for years from the public gaze in order to construct a truly great and influential work. What they produce must be read at the first club meeting, or issued in the coming number of the magazine. Boston has been and is too much a city of literary *convivialities*, and of mutual-admiration coteries."

A rare collection of Bibles is to be found in the Lenox Library, New York. The most famous and valuable is the Mazarin Bible—so-called because a copy of the same edition was owned by Cardinal Mazarin. It was the first book printed with movable type, and came from the press of Gutenberg at Mentz in 1455. Only one other copy is known to exist in this continent, owned by the estate of the late George Brinley, of Hartford, and soon to be sold by his executors. The last copies sold in London brought respectively \$17,000 and \$13,550. Another curiosity in the same library is the original copy of Washington's farewell address, for which Mr. Lenox paid the sum of \$2,003.

**The Government Library.**—The entire number of volumes in the library of Congress is now about three hundred and fifteen thousand. This library is especially rich in periodicals, nearly all the English and American reviews and magazines being taken, with many of the most valuable in foreign languages. The files of newspapers alone now exceed five thousand bound volumes. The law requiring a copy of each publication to be filed, will soon swell the number immensely.

## SCIENCE AND MECHANICS.

**The Responsibility of Architects and Builders.**—A story is told of a retired architect in one of the provinces of France, who, induced by the requests of his neighbors, took up his pencil again, and prepared plans for a certain public building, but with the express understanding that he was not to be concerned in the erection thereof. While in process of construction the building fell, or some portion of it proved insecure; and the architect, notwithstanding the exceptional conditions of his service, was condemned under the strict law of France to fine and imprisonment. He was ruined in his estate and died before his release; and his funeral was attended by the principal architects of the country, and by a great army of his fellow-citizens, who desired in this manner to bear testimony to their sympathy and respect.

Doubtless to the discipline of such laws, even though admitting of no discretion on the part of those who administer them, is to be attributed the gradual formation of those traditions of construction under which France now enjoys an almost complete immunity from such catastrophes as we have grievous occasion to record every week in this country. A profession carrying with it such grave responsibilities would not be eagerly embraced by half-instructed youths, who must needs complete their education at the expense of the indulgent relatives, friends or neighbors who employ them, who must be dependent upon the skill of the draughtsman, acting in the capacity of dry-nurse, and upon the honesty of contractors working after impracticable plans. An architect liable to personal punishment would take pains to calculate his strains, his weights, and the strength of his materials; to study his fire-escapes and other contrivances for the security of life, and zealously to supervise the construction of his piers and arches and ties; and a builder, under the same circumstances, would neither construct nor advise to the construction of a staging without more careful consideration than he seems to bestow under our present happy-go-lucky system, in which neither forethought nor caution is encouraged. Yet it cannot be denied that such tragedies as the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre, of the Southern Hotel at St. Louis, of Hale's piano factory at New York, or the fall of the dome of the Rockford Court House, or of the roof of the New York Post-Office, or even of the temporary staging in Blackstone Square, are impossible in France, and would be impossible in Brooklyn, St. Louis, New York, Rockford, and Boston under laws by which the safety of the citizen is secured by the peril of the builder.

**A Wonderful Clock.**—In Mengel's building, Reading, Pennsylvania, is now on exhibition in all probability the most wonderful clock in the world. It was built by Stephen D. Engle, a watchmaker, at Hazelton. He is about forty-five years of age, and was about twenty years in perfecting the clock. Mr. Reid paid Engle five thousand dollars for it. Engle never saw the Strasburg clock; in fact, he has not travelled more than two hundred miles from home at any

time. This clock stands eleven feet high; at its base it is about four feet wide, and at the top about two; it is about three feet deep at the base, gradually less towards the top; its colors are dark-brown and gold. The Strasburg clock is thirty feet high, yet its mechanism is not so intricate, nor has it as many figures as the Hazelton clock. The Strasburg clock's figures are about three feet high, and the American clock about nine inches. Three minutes before the hour a pipe organ inside the clock plays an anthem; it has five tunes; bells are then rung, and when the hour is struck, double doors in an alcove open, and a figure of Jesus appears; double doors to the left then open, and the apostles appear slowly, one by one, in procession; as they appear and pass Jesus they turn towards him, Jesus bows, the apostle turns again and proceeds through the double doors of an alcove on the right; as Peter approaches, Satan looks out of a window above and tempts him; five times the devil appears, and when Peter passes, denying Christ, the cock flaps its wings and crows. When Judas appears, Satan comes down from his window, and follows Judas out in the procession, and then goes back up to his place to watch Judas, appearing on both sides. As the procession has passed, Judas and the three Marys disappear, and the doors are closed.

The scene can be repeated seven times in an hour if necessary, and the natural motion the clock produces is four times per hour, whereas the Strasburg procession is made but once a day, at 12 o'clock. Below the piazza is the main dial, about thirteen inches in diameter. To its right is a figure of Time with an hour-glass. Above this is a window, at which appear figures representing youth, manhood and old age. To the left of the dial is a skeleton representing Death. When the hour-hand approaches the first quarter, Time reverses his hour-glass and strikes one on a bell with his scythe, when another bell inside responds, then Childhood appears instantly. When the hour-hand approaches the second quarter or half-hour, there are heard the strokes of two bells. Then Youth appears and the organ plays a hymn. After this, Time strikes two and reverses his hour-glass, when two bells respond inside. One minute after this a chime of bells is heard, when a folding-door opens in the upper porch and one at the right of the court, when the Saviour comes walking out. Then the apostles appear in procession. The clock also tells of the moon's changes, the tides, the seasons, days, and day of the month and year, and the signs of the zodiac; and on top a soldier in armor is constantly on guard, walking back and forward. As the hours advance, Manhood, Old Age and Death take part in the panorama.

**Rapid Locomotive Building.**—In the Michigan Central Railroad shops at Jackson, Michigan, two gangs of workmen, numbering fourteen men each, attempted to put two locomotives together in the shortest time yet made. The

jacks were applied, the huge boilers were raised and bolted on their frames, then they were placed on their wheels with all possible expedition, while simultaneously work was progressing on every portion of the machines, which were rapidly assuming perfect form. Water was let into the boilers, and even while men were working at the grates the fires were kindled, and the "infants" began to warm up for their work. At last one of them is ready for the smokestack, and is pulled along the track until she stops beneath the one designed for her, which hangs above her.

"Lower away, cast off your tackle, go ahead," and the yard engine pulls her out of the house and to another shop for completion, her constructors working as she moves, and busy hands being employed in fastening the bolts which hold the smokestack in its place. A few moments more and the last screw is turned, the last bolt is fastened, the engineer stands in his place, and in just two hours and fifty-five minutes from the time the signal to commence was given the throttle is pulled, and the first of the twins moves off completed, followed a moment later by her mate.

All the pieces of machinery connected with the locomotive had been finished and ready for use beforehand, but none had been fitted. On the same day the two new engines made trips of seventy-six miles each and worked nicely.

#### How a Boy Helped the Growth of the Steam Engine.

—The steam engine had now assumed a form that somewhat resembles the modern machine. An important defect still existed in the necessity of keeping an attendant by the engine to open and shut the cocks. A bright boy, however, Humphrey Potter, to whom was assigned this duty on a Newcomen engine in 1813, contrived what he called a *scoggan*—a catch rigged with a cord from the beam overhead—which performed the work for him. The boy, thus making the operation of the valve gear automatic, increased the speed of the engine to fifteen or sixteen strokes a minute, and gave it a regularity and certainty of action that could only be obtained by such an adjustment of its valves. This ingenious young mechanic afterward became a skilled workman and an excellent engineer, and went abroad on the continent, where he erected several fine engines. Potter's rude valve gear was soon improved by Henry Beighton, and the new device was applied to an engine which that talented engineer erected at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1818, in which engine he substituted substantial materials for Potter's unmechanical arrangement of cords.

**The Spiromore.**—This instrument devised by M. Woillez, for resuscitating asphyxiated persons, and particularly those who have been in danger of death by drowning, is claimed to be superior to all other methods. It consists of a sheet-iron cylinder, large enough to receive the body of an adult person. This cylinder is closed at one end and the body of the patient is inserted, feet foremost, at the open end up to the neck, round which a diaphragm is placed in such a manner as to prevent air from entering the cylinder. An air pump is then set to work; the air is drawn off from the cylinder, with the result of causing a partial vacuum, when the outer air by its weight forces itself into the lungs through the mouth and nostrils, which are exposed to the external

air; by an opposite action of the pump the air is allowed to reënter the cylinder, and respiration is thereby imitated. A glass plate inserted in the cylinder enables the operator to watch the movements of the chest, which rises and falls, as in life, with the alternate working of the pump; these may be repeated about eighteen times a minute, and an exact imitation of natural breathing is thereby effected.

**Prismatic House Signs.**—A new contrivance for rendering the numbers of houses visible by night, is becoming general in Paris. It consists of a hollow triangular prism about nine inches long, two of whose sides are formed of panes of blue glass, on which the number of the house is picked out in white. This prism-shaped lamp-glass rests against the front of the house, so that the two sides with the numbers on them can be plainly seen by the passers-by. In the interior of the prism is a gas jet, fed by a pipe from the house. Householders on the Avenue del l'Opera have been obliged to supply this mode of numbering at their own expense on the houses they are building; and the municipal authorities have introduced it on some four hundred and fifty of the municipal establishments, schools, police offices, fire brigade offices, etc.

**The Missing Link.**—Professor Rudolph Virchow, of the University of Berlin, has been seeking for the "missing link" between man and the lower animals, but does not seem to have found it. He claims that fossils of men have certainly been found in the quaternary age, and admits that it is possible that such remains are to be found in the tertiary. "Not a single fossil skull of an ape has been found that could really have belonged to a human being. . . . As a matter of fact we must positively recognize that, as yet, there always exists a sharp line of demarcation between man and the ape." And in regard to the progressive development of man, after he had left the supposed lower animal origin, the Professor declares that "if we gather together the whole sum of the fossil men hitherto found, and put them parallel with those of the present time, we can decidedly pronounce that there are, among living men, a much greater number of individuals who show a relatively inferior type than there are among the fossils known up to this time." Concerning the old cave-dwellers, pile-villagers and bog people the Professor maintains that they prove to be a very respectable society. They have heads so large that many a living person would be glad to possess such. Professor Virchow does not plant himself in opposition to the theory that man had his ancestors among other vertebrate animals. He would not be astonished if proof should be adduced of such an origin. But he frankly avows that every positive advance made in the study of the subject has "actually removed us farther from the proof of such a connection." So we need not yet be positive that apes were our progenitors.

There are some sixty glass manufactories in Pittsburg and its immediate neighborhood, in which five thousand men are employed, and a capital of some ten million dollars invested, producing fabrics to the amount of about seven million dollars.



## GOSSIP AND NOTE BOOK.

**Energy and Activity.**—A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move or breathe, he will be doing something for himself, for his neighbor, for posterity. Almost to the last hour of his life, Washington was at work; so were Howard, Young and Newton. The vigor of their lives never decayed. No rust marred their spirits. It is a foolish idea to suppose we must lie down and die because we are old. Who is old? Not the man of energy; not the day laborer in science and art, but he only who suffers his energies to waste away, and the springs of life to become motionless; on whose hands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the garb of gloom. "Is he old?" should not be asked, but "Is he active?" "Can he breathe freely and move with agility?" There are scores of gray-headed men we should prefer, in any important enterprise, to young men who fear and tremble at the approaching shadows, and turn pale at a harsh word or a frown, as at a lion in their path.

**A Truthful Wife.**—Doctor S——, whilom professor of Hebrew in one of our theological colleges, had a strong impression that his wife was not the most tender-hearted woman living, and it had even entered his imagination that she was not capable of deep and self-sacrificing love. In fact he had more than once let her see how his mind was bent in that respect, and be sure that it did not at all mend the matter.

One day the doctor had gone to a neighboring town to visit a friend, on foot. On his way home, and when far away from any human habitation, a sudden shower befell him—aye, it came to be a storm with lightning and thunder, vivid and crashing. The poor man was in a terrible plight. He was subject to rheumatism, acute and painful, and a thorough wetting by rain would be sure to bring it on. As a strange and ghostly luck would have it, at that moment the old sexton came along upon his hearse. He had to drive directly by the doctor's door. The good man hailed him and begged for a ride.

"I shall die if I get wet," he said.

"There ain't room up here, doctor, for only one, and a plagued small seat at that; but if you're a mind to get inside do so. Sakes alive! I'd rather ride in there strong and well than dead."

The doctor did not stop long to consider. Any port in such a storm as that, he thought, as he crept into the body of the hearse, and pulled the narrow door to after him.

In due time—just before noon—the sexton pulled up at the doctor's door, and the good wife, who had chanced to be standing at the front window, when she saw the ghostly equipage stop at her door stone, went to see why it was.

"For mercy's sake, Mr. Prout, what've ye stopped here with that dreadful thing for?"

"I have the doctor—your husband—inside, madam."

"Goodness me! Who'd 'a thought it! No more mid-

night trampin' over the everlastin' old Hebrews!—Sally!—Sally!" suddenly turning, and directing her voice down into the cellar kitchen—"take that mutton out of the oven! Take it right out! It'll make dinners for to-morrow and—"

She stopped suddenly, for just then she saw her husband crawling out from the hearse. She saw this much and then retired within the citadel. What transpired there we cannot say. It were better not to tell, perhaps, even if we knew.

**We live in an age of pleasant frauds.** Russia leather is made in Connecticut; Bordeaux wine is manufactured on Kelly's Island; French lace is woven in New York; Italian marble is dug in Kentucky; English cashmere is made in New Hampshire; Parisian art work comes from a shop in Boston; Spanish mackerel are caught on the New Jersey coast, and Havana cigars are rolled by the million in Detroit. And for practical purposes it is of small account. "A rose by any other name," etc. But if one is troubled by a notion that things are only valuable if genuine—that shams are inherently and forever wrong and annoying—why then he must cultivate exceeding shrewdness, and not hope to get things "cheap."

**Misunderstood.**—Captain Ahrens, a neat, nice little blonde of an ex-Prussian officer, best known to fame as husband to Pappenheim, caused a laughable little error at the Peabody Hotel Christmas Eve night. Going to the steward the Captain said:

"I want supper for twenty-sefen after te obeera to-nidt."

"Certainly, sir," from the steward.

"Te finest you can get up, mint you."

"Certainly, sir."

The opera was over, and the cantatrice goes to her room. The head waiter steps out, shows his ivory, and bows.

"They are ready, madam."

"What?" questioned the great Eugenie P.

"The twenty-seven suppers you ordered."

"Me?" the eyes of the madam stared.

"Your husband ordered them, madam."

"No, not twenty-sefen supper, but doo supper for number twenty-sefen room, I orte," said the little Captain, as he came up with his great spouse's wraps.

An explanation followed. The cantatrice's room was number twenty-seven, but the steward understood the Captain to mean twenty-seven suppers, there just being twenty-seven members of the troupe stopping at the hotel.

The bill was settled.

**Small Things.**—In the animal kingdom are found myriads of forms so minute that their bulk is reckoned by less than the millionth part of a cubic inch, yet each one is endowed with organs of sense or assimilation sufficient to serve the purpose in their sphere of life. The vegetable kingdom, also, offers abundant specimens of microscopic forms calculated to

excite our admiration by their beauty and minuteness of their organisms. Such is notably the case in the several forms of *Diatomaceæ*. The striated marking of *Pleurosigma fascoila* aggregate 64,000 to the inch, while *Amphipleura pellucida* often exhibit striæ exceeding 100,000 to the lineal inch. And yet the skeletons of these minute organisms are composed mainly of silex, the silex again being made up of silicon and oxygen. Notwithstanding the almost infinitesimal magnitude of the organic world, human skill is able to compete in the matter of minuteness. Platinum wires are being drawn so fine as to rival in minuteness the smallest fibre in a spider's web. Gold has been deposited upon the surface of other metals, and drawn to such extreme thinness that a thousand-millionth part of a grain exhibited the visible characteristics of the metal. The oscillations of the horizontal pendulum can be measured to the 1-80,000,000 part of an inch, by the aid of a small mirror, a beam of light, and a graduated scale for reading the vibration. Nobart, with a mechanical skill unsurpassed, has repeatedly ruled with a diamond-point upon glass the nineteenth band of his test-plate, consisting of lines less than 1-112,000th of an inch apart, and it is claimed that he succeeded in ruling plates covering 224,000 lines per inch, such as would aggregate in superficial areas to over 50,000,000,000 to the square inch.

"Will you always trust me, dearest?" he asked, looking down into her great blue eyes with unspeakable affection. She was a saleswoman at an up-town shirt store, and she told him business was business, and he'd have to pay cash every time.

**A Beautiful Illustration.**—If any one should give me a dish of sand and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might feel for them with the finger in vain. But let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would that draw to itself the most invisible particles by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies. But let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and, as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find, in every hour, some heavenly blessings—only the iron in God's sand is gold.

A shrewd old Yankee said he didn't believe there was any cure for downright laziness in a man. "But," he added, "I've known a second wife to hurry it some."

**Standing Within.**—Christian faith is a grand cathedral, with divinely pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendors.

A wag went to the station of one of the railroads one evening, and, finding the best car full, said in a low tone, "Why, this car isn't going!" Of course this caused a general stampede, and the wag took the best seat. In the midst of the indignation the wag was asked: "Why did you say this car wasn't going?" "Well, it wasn't then," replied the wag, "but it is now."

**Obtaining Advertisements.**—When Tom Flynn was the artist of the *Open Letter*, he laughed at the idea that there was any trouble connected with the soliciting of advertisements. Said he:

"I can get a page of 'ads' in a day."

It was suggested that he couldn't get one "ad" in a week. He canvassed three days with no result, and on the fourth came in with a half column dentist advertisement.

"Put that in," he cried, triumphantly.

"What did you charge him for that?"

"Ten dollars."

"Where's the cash?"

"Took it out in trade. He agreed to pull two teeth, but I only let him pull one, and he broke that off and left a root in the gum. If any of you fellows want a tooth pulled, go to 517 S— street, as there's five dollars coming to us."

It was subsequently developed that the tooth was a sound one.

**Why Like the Moon?**—The Lowell *Courier* funny man evolves this: Here is a conundrum which we do not remember to have seen in print: "Why is a big pig looking out of the second-story window like the moon?" "Because it looks round." If anybody triumphantly retorts that the moon does not always look round, you can reply that the pig doesn't, either.

**Difference of Memory.**—One man, from taking a glance at an object will sketch it correctly; another could not give a correct representation were he to labor a month. The mind of another is more for living objects, and, like Cuvier or Knox, he carries in his memory the names and forms of hundreds of plants and animals.

A third has a propensity for the faces of his fellow-creatures, and, like Themistocles, he can name each of the twenty thousand of his fellow-citizens; or like Cyrus, he could remember every soldier in his army, the like being related of L. Scipio and the Romans. The day following the arrival of Cineas, ambassador of King Pyrrhus, in Rome, he saluted by name all the senate and gentlemen of the city. George III. had also an extraordinary power of recollecting faces.

The taste of a fourth is for languages, and like Mezzofanti or Alexander Murray, every word he hears or reads in a foreign tongue, becomes a life-long heritage.

Another retains mathematics, the symbols of which require a peculiar cast of memory. Such a mind is generally destitute of love of color, of music, etc.; it wrestles with the artificial symbols that express the most important truths of the world.

The natural history memory has to do with artificial symbols, but with these it mixes the consideration of actual appearance to the senses. The taste of another is for choice emphasis and diction; like Wakefield he can repeat the whole of Virgil and Horace, Homer and Pindar.

**Canine Education.**—If you want to teach a dog arithmetic, tie up one of his paws, and he will put down three and carry one every time.

# THE COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT,

## FOR THE

### CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES.

"The Compound Oxygen Treatment; Its Mode of Action and Results," is the title of a handsomely gotten-up pamphlet by G. R. Starkey, A.M., M.D., and bearing the imprint of Starkey & Palen, No. 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia. This pamphlet treats of the "Compound Oxygen Treatment" as practiced by the publishers, both of whom are physicians. It should be read by everybody, that the merits of this potential curative agent may become generally known. It will be mailed free to all parties desiring it.

Mr. W. M. Claffin, Manufacturer, 1006 Arch Street, and Mr. H. J. Jacobs, Chief Clerk in the Architectural Bureau, Washington, were both confirmed consumptives eighteen months ago. We have their testimonials, written this June, that they are entirely well the last year.

Hon. W. D. Kelley thanks us "for renewed health, strength and the hope of years of comfortable life."

We are also permitted to refer to Hon. S. S. Field, United States Supreme Court; Judge Samuel Smith, New York; Hon. Montgomery Blair; Ex-Governor Boreman, West Virginia; T. S. Arthur, and many more.

*From Arthur's Home Magazine for July.*

"In our magazine for this month will be found an advertisement of what is known as the 'Compound Oxygen Treatment,' for which unusual curative powers are claimed. Two or three years ago we spoke very favorably of this treatment. Since then we have had large opportunity for observing its effects, as well in our own case as in that of others, and can now speak of it with even greater confidence than before. One of the marked effects attendant on this treatment is an increase of healthy action in the whole system, every part of which seems to respond to the influx of a new life. We found this especially so in our own case, and in that of many others with whom we have conversed.

"Nearly five years have passed since we began using this treatment. Up to that period our health had been steadily declining; not in consequence of any organic disease, but from overwork and consequent physical and nervous exhaustion. The very weight of the body had become tiresome to bear, and we regarded our days of earnest literary work as gone forever. But almost from the very beginning of our use of the Compound Oxygen, an improvement began. There was a sense of physical comfort and vitality not felt for years, and this slowly but steadily increased. Literary work was resumed within a few months, the mind acting with a new vigor, and the body free from the old sense of weariness and exhaustion. A better digestion, an almost entire freedom from severe attacks of nervous headache from which we had suffered for twenty years, and from a liability to take cold on the least exposure, were the results of the first year's use of the new treatment; and this benefit has remained permanent. As to literary work in these five years, we can only say that it has been constant and earnest; and if its acceptance with the public may be regarded as any test of its quality, it is far the best work that we have done.

"So much for the results of the Compound Oxygen Treatment in our own case; and we give it for the benefit of any and all, who, in despair of old curative agencies, are looking anxiously for relief in some new direction."

*From Hon. Wm. D. Kelley.*

WEST PHILADELPHIA, June 6th, 1877.

DR. GEO. R. STARKEY, Philadelphia.

Dear Sir: Just about four years have elapsed since, overcoming a violent prejudice against any treatment that was offered as a specific for a wide range of apparently unrelated diseases, I yielded to the wishes of my friends, and abandoning other medicine, put myself in your charge.

Gratitude to you and duty to those who may be suffering as I was from chronic catarrh and almost daily effusion of blood in greater or less quantities, but always sufficient to keep one reminded of his mortality, impel me to say to you, and authorize you to give any degree of publicity to my assertion, that the use of your gas at intervals has so far restored my health, that I am not conscious of having discharged any blood for more than a year, and that my cough, the severity of which made me a frequent object of sympathy, has disappeared. In short, my experience under your treatment has convinced me that no future dispensary will be complete that does not embrace the administration by inhalation or otherwise, of your agent or its equivalent, to those who, from their vocation or other cause, are, as I was, unable to assimilate enough of some vital element to maintain their systems in healthful vigor.

Thanking you for renewed health, strength, and the hope of years of comfortable life, I remain

Your grateful friend,

WILLIAM D. KELLEY.

The author of the following letter is Chief Clerk of the Architectural Bureau. His letter fails to present adequately his condition when he began treatment. He does not state, as he might, that he had had more than forty hemorrhages; that some had blamed me, and more had considered me a fool, for encouraging him to try once more to recover his health. Up to last February, he had had no occasion to ask a doctor for a prescription.

[COPY.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 7th, 1877.

DR. G. R. STARKEY.

Dear Sir:—Your favor of the 6th inst. is received, and in reply, I have pleasure in bearing testimony as to the efficacy of your Oxygen Treatment in my case.

As you will remember, I began the experiment (for so I considered it) in April, two years ago. At that time I was so reduced in strength, by frequent hemorrhages, as to be unable to walk to and from my office without the utmost exertion.

After two months' trial, I discontinued the treatment at your suggestion, being so far recovered as to feel no need of it. My health has been uniformly good from that time to the present.

Very truly yours,

H. G. JACOBS.

STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 GIRARD STREET, PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

# POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY.

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with renewed energy, to make each succeeding number of the MONTHLY still more attractive than its predecessor—mingling with the *serious*, flashes of wit and humor—to cheer the reader onward as well as ourselves in life's great missions entrusted to both—hoping thereby to augment our monthly greetings. To the Editorial departments, hitherto attractive features, it will be our desire to add strength and vitality.

In this connection we shall be pardoned for giving extracts from a few representative papers whose good will it is no discredit to earn. Like our readers, they stimulate us in our efforts to disseminate the good, the true, and the beautiful through the medium of our periodical.

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POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY comes to us in good time, well filled with matter of interest, and may safely be designated as a Popular Magazine of high literary character.—*Toledo Blade, Ohio.*

### Uniform in Point of Excellence.

This Monthly is full of good, new, bright matter. Though there is uniformity in point of excellence, there is such diversity in subjects and styles that all classes of readers must be specially interested in some one of its articles.—*Daily Times, Oswego, N. Y.*

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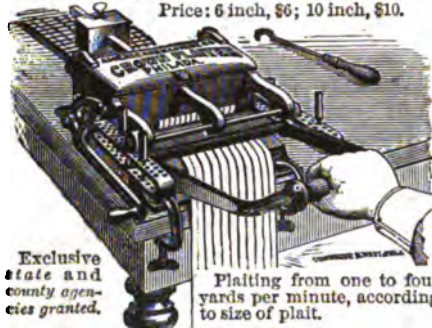
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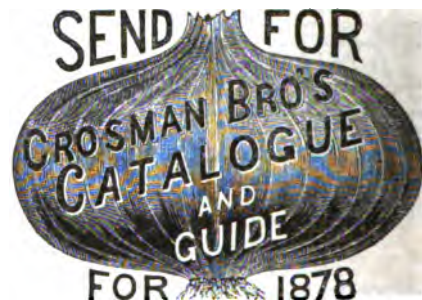


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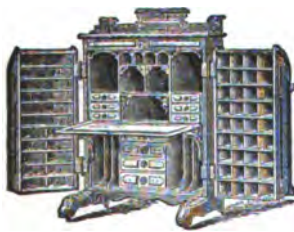
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## THE LAKE OF THE THOUSAND ISLES.

By A. SIDNEY BOLLES.



LAKE OF THE ISLES.

WHEN Thomas Moore, the sweetest of Irish poets, sailed down the St. Lawrence, in 1804,

"Through mossy woods, 'mid islets flowering fair,  
And blooming glades,"

no wonder that his poetic genius was kindled by the unique beauty of the stream into writing those fine lines which he addressed to Lady Rawdon, descriptive of the scene; for, surely, none will question, who have ever seen it, that the upper portion of the St. Lawrence River, appropriately designated The Lake of the Thousand Isles, is one of the most beautiful and interesting pieces of scenery in the world. These islands, numbering nearly eighteen hundred, from the similarity of their rocky foundations and the soil and vegetation which cover them, are the remnants, doubtless, of an anciently-united surface which was rent into numerous and many-shaped fragments by the

action of the river St. Lawrence in escaping to the sea.

Before this magnificent water-course was formed, the country must have presented a rather uninteresting aspect—a vast forest of pine, oak, birch, maple, and other trees, though generally stunted in their growth on account of the poverty of the soil. There were no mountains or deep valleys with green-edged streams to break or diversify the prospect; only a dull solitude which would have attracted neither man nor beast had they been alive in those times. But water has wrought a wonderful transformation. In trying to escape it has cut the hard sandstone into numberless fragments. In seeking out the softer portions to break through, the waters have spread over a wide expanse, in some places nearly ten miles, and rarely less than six. It was in thus attempting to release





NOBBY ISLAND.

itself in the easiest fashion, that so many patches of rock were left. Thanks for its laziness; had it pushed on in a straight course, regardless of every obstacle and sparing nothing, its loss in beauty would have been of far more consequence to the world than its manifestation of power; while its own glory would have been eclipsed in the world's loss of enjoyment; for the traveller would have as rarely visited it in quest of pleasure as its bosom is now ruffled by the canoe of the red man in search of fish and water-fowl.

Ascending the river, two islands are first seen nearly opposite Brockville, on the Canadian side, and Morristown, on the American. They lie at equal distance from either shore and from each other, having bold sides, and covered with a stunted growth of pines and underwood. On both sides of the river are railroads, which extend into the interior, and the imagination is quick to seize the thought that these rocky piles, rising so abruptly out of the stream and of ample size, were intended by Nature to serve as piers for a bridge which should link the two roads, as well as the two nations, together. No houses are upon them; beside, they are altogether too small and poor to cultivate; and they look lowly, yet sternly grand,

as the river here is very wide, and the current rapid; and it is not a little singular that these two bits of rock should have survived the fate which has swept away everything around them. They stand now, indeed, as though nothing evermore could disturb them; but when the great rocky bed of which these islands formed a part, was breaking up and whirling away with the angry flood, their prospect of remaining was dark enough. Impressive memorials of the former scene, they also powerfully awaken the senses to the beauty and grandeur that lie beyond.

Passing Brockville, other islands are seen scattered along the river, but not plentifully for five or six miles, when they rapidly increase in number and variety. Here is one just peering above the water, supporting a lighthouse. It is too small to hold the keeper's cottage; so he is obliged to live on the mainland, visiting his station, as often as occasion requires, in a small boat kept for that purpose. Its base kissed on every side with gentle ripples, the lighthouse bears a striking contrast to those on the seacoast, which are built high above the ocean, beyond the reach of its passionate waves. But the heavings of the St. Lawrence are never so high as to prevent

the smallest boat from crossing the river in perfect safety.

Not far hence emerges another low island, somewhat larger than the one last described, yet dedicated to the same friendly purpose of bearing a light for the benefit of the numerous craft which ply up and down the river. On this the occupant has erected a house, and a barn also, in which a cow is kept; but his rocky dominion is exceedingly limited, for even his woodpile extends to the water's edge. Owing to the infrequency with which the stream transgresses its accustomed limits, his firewood is quite safe, which, were it within the reach of tides, they might silently steal and carry away. But there is one advantage at least in possessing such a narrow, watery-bound home: the keeper can open his bedroom window upon any morning, and catch a fishy breakfast—that is, if the fish be disposed to bite. As for raising anything, unless it be his children, he must depend upon the mainland, for his own island has not spare surface enough for so much as a hill of cucumbers.

The largest of these islands, lying nearly opposite Alexandria Bay, is eight or nine miles long, and contains seven thousand acres. It is divided

into several farms, which sustain dairies of considerable size, and from which excellent milk and butter are obtained. Besides the houses of the farmers, several others belonging to summer visitors adorn the island. At the upper end, the Methodists, manifesting an eye for beauty and a desire for pleasure, as well as profound regard for religion, have laid out an extensive ground for the holding of an annual camp-meeting, a religious gathering peculiar to that denomination. One cannot help admiring the faith of these Methodists in their future prosperity, as indicated by their purchase of so goodly a possession, through which broad avenues have been laid, many of which bear classic names. Though the spot was chosen only a few years ago, a large boarding-house and other wooden buildings have been already erected, while the larger number of visitors dwell in tents, like Abraham and the primitive fathers. To this beautiful place thousands annually come, seeking rest, pleasure, and religion; and why cannot all these things be properly combined, as they are here? Is the worship of God rendered less sacred or inspiring because His children meet in His temple with only a leafy canopy between them and heaven? or because so much of His beauty



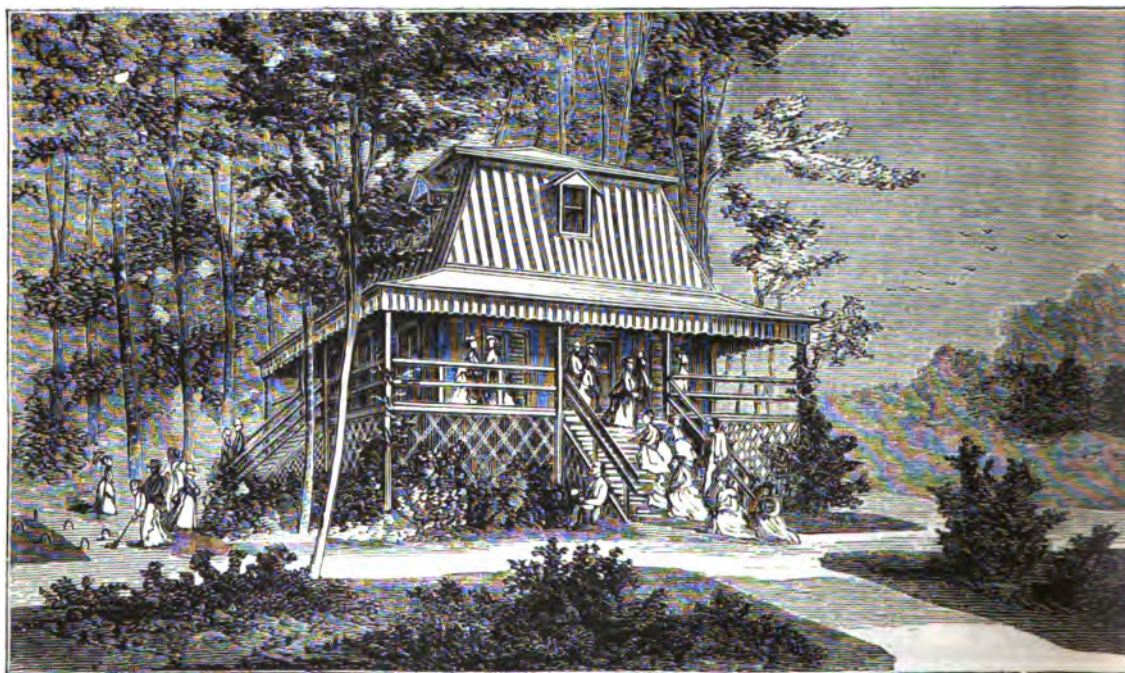
SCENE ON PULLMAN ISLAND.



fills their eye at every gaze? Rather, will not this constant feast on Nature turn their thoughts upward to Nature's God?

Near the grounds the shore-wall is breaking to pieces and falling into the river. The water is silently eating its way into the hard sandstone and causing its disintegration. Huge blocks have fallen out in some places, and others look as if they would soon follow. Once, the shore along here evidently had a smooth, perpendicular surface, but the water has completely destroyed its

body, so completely, indeed, that it has been appropriately and romantically termed "The Lake of the Isles." Passing through an opening so narrow that one can easily throw a stone across it, you find yourself embosomed amid rocks, trees, and hills, on a sheet of water nearly three miles long, protected from every wind and current, its surface unbroken save by two or three small, green islands, which look very pretty in contrast with the two large ones surrounding them and forming the shores of the lake. These are irregularly



PULLMAN'S ISLAND COTTAGE.

continuity; and the rocks thrown down, together with those remaining, look like the remnants of a mighty wall built by Nature to protect the land from the intrusion of the river. By the seashore, where the action of the waves is violent, such a picture is neither uncommon nor surprising, but along the St. Lawrence the scenery gives rise to different thoughts and emotions. It is the current of the river which has done the work, not by friction merely, but by means of ice and other solid substances. In looking at this long line of broken wall one can get a more perfect idea of the original formation of the stream.

This island, also in company with another, shuts out a portion of the river from the main

formed and edged with trees which throw their branches and shadows upon the lake, relieved at intervals with underwood and grass, which have crept so near the water as to be wet and nourished by it. About midway of this lake there is a narrow channel separating La Rue from Wells Island. A small island partially closes the mouth of this passage, which is too crooked for an unobstructed view, and through which runs a current too strong for boatmen to ascend. Even the steam yacht in which we were sailing forced its way with difficulty, and for a moment it seemed doubtful whether the boat or the current would be the victor.

The American channel is wider, straighter, and

less obstructed with islands than the Canadian, neither is its current so swift and undulatory. For a long distance the water flows as quietly as in most rivers whose only motion is imparted by the tide of the sea. But on the Canadian side, especially in the vicinity of Fiddler's Elbow, the water hurries along causing frequent eddies and counter currents. In numerous places the surface looks very much like the discharge of springs at the bottom of the river; the water comes bubbling to the top, forming miniature whirlpools which

It is impossible to describe the unique beauty of the islands in this part of the river. Only two are dignified with names, Ash and Wallace; but the others charm the eye none the less because they are not named. There they lie in their primitive glory, looking not so grand as beautiful; many of them quite circular in outline, with rocky sides extending sharply down into the water. Some of them are crowded so thickly together that the boatmen can hardly row between them, while the boughs of the trees interlace and form a



ISLE OF PINES.

maintain a ceaseless revolution. They are caused by the rushing of water into cavities on the bottom, which, in its eagerness to escape, twists itself into myriads of circular forms, and the resemblance between these "pots," as they are termed, and boiling springs is very striking. Where the channel is narrow and has a rocky floor, the boiling "pots" are the most numerous, often overflowing into one another and forming beautiful white suds, which, after circling around for a moment, are caught by the current and carried away. For a mile or more through Fiddler's Elbow, patches of suds may be seen, and we could almost hear a washerwoman, not knowing whence they came, exclaim "that somebody must have done a mighty big washing!"

living arch over the passage. As the water is generally deep close to the shore, some of the narrowest channels even are quite safe for navigation by small steam craft; and we can assure our readers that a sail among these almost fairy-like isles is perfectly enchanting. One moment you are steaming across a considerable expanse of clear water with the sun blazing into your face, suddenly the boat turns and passes between two islands having bold, stern cliffs, with overhanging branches which completely shut out the sun, while the air draws through underneath, imparting a delightful vitality. Then the boat will emerge into the main stream, there to remain for a few moments, perhaps, when it darts behind another island and glides along with ease, yet with great



rapidity, for steam and current are carrying her on at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

Nearly all the islands are covered with wood; even the tiniest, with a surface of not more than twenty square feet, will be crowned with a tree, or oftener with a clump of them. Those on the smaller islands are usually inferior, for the soil is poor and scarce; and you wonder that it has not long ago dried up and blown away, and thus prevented any wind-wafted seed from taking root there. You are reminded by the existence of this vegetation so near the water's edge, that the river is never its enemy, nor the winds pitiless. How different their fate were those islands planted in the sea, though never so close to the shore! The first rude storm beating upon these solitary and friendless trees would sweep them off, and the very soil, too, that encircles their feet.

All the islands are marked in similar ways, for they are remnants of a vast bed of rock, consequently they have rocky sides, though these differ greatly in height and specific aspect. In some places this rock wall is from ten to thirty feet high, and almost perpendicular, with only a few seams or marks of decay, and surmounted with lofty trees which throw their branches riverward,

forming a dark and solemn outline. The shores are irregularly water-lined; often sharp and well-rounded points occur, as well as cool, dark bays, which afford a delightful retreat for the weary boatman or the jolly picnicker.

The St. Lawrence, during the summer of 1876, was three or four feet higher than usual, but when the river is at its normal height, the scene which fills the eye is quite unlike that at the seashore, for there is no dreary beach between the line of vegetation and the water. Nature claims no particular portion for her daily rise and fall, or for occasional freaks. She can be trusted implicitly in the spring-time and in the autumn, and it is not oftener than once in seven or eight years that she overflows her proper limits, and even then she does it so slowly that every one can fully prepare for her coming. And such water! not hard, like the briny ocean, in which, if you bathe or plunge your hand, the skin is incrustated with salt, and feels harsh and unpleasant. The waters of the St. Lawrence are as soft as those of a spring; and if not quite so clear as the mountain stream, are nevertheless very limpid, cool, and refreshing. No one ever need be thirsty while resting on her bosom, as the purest draught can be drawn from her generous breast.



Dick's Bay.





FROST ISLAND.

On both sides of the river the houses look lonely, for usually they are a long way apart, the soil being too poor and scanty to sustain much besides half-grown trees and shrubbery. Alexandria Bay is the only village on the American side between Morristown and Clayton, a distance of nearly thirty-five miles. This secluded hamlet lies in a depression of a rocky slope, which, rising to a considerable altitude, extends to the river. At the foot of the slope are a couple of hotels, but for which Alexandria Bay would have been as little known to the summer tourist as "Sweet Auburn" to the readers of poetry without Goldsmith. In the space of about a quarter of a mile the river has cut two bays into the slope, the upper of which bears the name of the village, and is sufficiently ample to hold all the craft that usually seek its protection.

The village itself is very small, consisting of not more than twenty houses and a couple of churches, one of which was built chiefly by the efforts of the Rev. Dr. Bethune of Brooklyn, who for many summers visited this charming retreat, and who desired a place of religious worship for the summer sojourners. Naught disturbs the serenity of this hamlet, except for a few weeks in the summer,

when travellers come hither to escape the dust and din and monotony of the cities and to enjoy the luxury of a summer resort.

It is twenty-five years since Mr. Crossman built a house large enough to accommodate a dozen boarders, and began the business of keeping a summer hotel. He does not look like the typical city hotel manager, for though a kind, large-hearted man, his external appearance is that of a farmer and inland sailor, with plump, weather-worn cheeks and bright eyes, and thoughtful, fatherly ways. No one need ever hesitate to approach Mr. Crossman, for he has a genial, magnetic face, and the seeker of favors, whoever he be, is sure of receiving a kindly and satisfactory answer.

Though not looking like a profound worshipper of Nature, his works are unmistakable evidence as to what he believed concerning the tastes of others. Herein he showed greater faith and wisdom than his neighbors, who laughed at him because of his undertaking, and comforted him by declaring that he was a foolish man, for no one would ever visit his house. When, however, his first hotel became altogether too small to accommodate those who annually came hither, and he erected an addition



MANHATTAN ISLAND.

with rooms for thirty or forty more, his neighbors renewed their fears in a still more open and frank-like manner. They were certain his hotel would never be filled, and that he would lose by the operation all that he had ever earned. But no shadow fell across the pathway of his prosperity. Visitors frequented his hotel in larger numbers, remained longer, and grew more in love with the inspiring beauty of the place. So, four years ago a much larger hotel was designed and erected, and the entire establishment is now large enough to accommodate three hundred and fifty guests.

The original structure was not built upon the most favorable site, as it was partially hidden by a clump of rocks, through which the keenest vision could not penetrate. The site chosen creates the impression that its owner feared to expose all the beauty of isle and water at once to the stranger, so half their glories were veiled from him by an impenetrable stone barrier. The house as now enlarged is without this defect, as the front end extends close to the water, crossed by a broad veranda which runs half-way along the sides. This projects evenly with the third floor, upon which is located the parlor, and is of sufficient height to command a most magnificent view. It

faces north, and the river flows not more than twenty feet away, having a shore so bold that large boats can pass within easy hailing distance.

Within a few steps from the Crossman is another house of much grander dimensions, whose external appearance is like that of the Fort William Henry Hotel, at Lake George. It will accommodate seven hundred guests, and is an imposing structure, with a magnificent front, and broad veranda extending the whole length, and erected upon an eminence sufficiently high to command a superb view of the river. Though not quite so near the shore as the Crossman House, the foundation of the Thousand Islands Hotel is several feet higher, and from it a finer view of the river and its immense wealth of beauty may be obtained. All the modern conveniences and appliances to be found in a hotel of this character have been secured by the gentlemanly and enterprising proprietor, and the guests of the house are assured every comfort and attention during their stay. A very fine spring, whose highly oxidized waters possess remarkable medicinal qualities, has recently been discovered at this place, and been purchased by the proprietor of this hotel for the use of his guests.



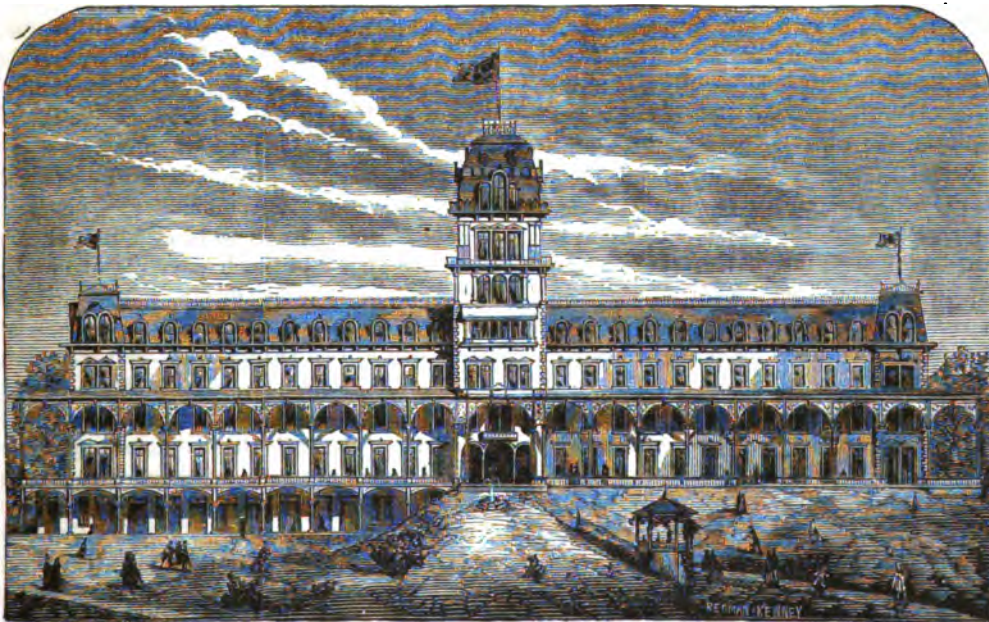
To this favored spot people gather from every quarter of the land. It seems to be the most thoroughly appreciated, however, by New Yorkers, as they constitute the larger number of visitors. But one reason why more do not come from afar is, that the attractions of the place are not generally known. Its glories are, however, annually seen and appreciated by an increasing number of enthusiastic travellers, who go away only to return in time, bringing their friends with them.

The air is light, dry, and mellow, and though it may not be adapted to the constitution of every one in the beginning, producing stupor and a kind of peace-with-all-the-world feeling, yet after a few days you awake from the inertia, and feel endowed with a new and wondrous activity. Fogs rarely occur here, and you can remain day and night out-of-doors without peril to health. Neither is the night atmosphere damp and heavy, as it is near the seashore and at many of the inland resorts; it is generally with tardy steps that one withdraws in-doors at meal-time, or for the night.

Many a time have we, after retiring to our bed, opened the blinds and windows of our room so as to obtain one more view of Nature in her evening dress, before closing our eyes for the night. Ours was a corner room on the first floor from the top, commanding a prolonged view of the river. A

delicate breeze would be rippling the waters, which, through the mingled light of moon and stars, looked like countless spangles of silver. The islands across the channel threw their black shadows upon the scene, from out the darkness of which peered here and there the light of some islander, who, like ourselves, was loth to go to bed. Then a strain of music would be heard, coming from some happy craft far enough away to drown all discord, and permit only the harmony to reach our ears. It seemed to come from a much greater distance than it really did; indeed, by that river of such sweet sounds silently floating along, it was not difficult to imagine ourselves in a fairy realm; and so, with such soothing strains filling our soul, with all serene without, Nature's sweet restorer, sleep, would steal away our senses.

Ah! but there is one recollection of that sleep which is not so pleasant. Not of mosquitoes, for these pestiferous insects are rarely seen here; but of the shrill screams of the numerous steam yachts which ply around Alexandria Bay during the hotel season, awakening all save the heaviest sleepers from their rest. At early morn the yachtmen are awake; and the suddenly aroused uncharitable sleeper is apt to think their purpose in whistling is to arouse him from his slumber, as though



THE THOUSAND ISLAND HOUSE, ALEXANDRIA BAY, NEW YORK.



SCENE ON THE VERANDA OF THE THOUSAND ISLE HOUSE.

that old-fashioned and exploded idea were still in force, that people ought to rise with the sun, whether they have finished their sleep or not. The noise of steam whistles is by far the worst nuisance of the place; yet we can readily forgive them, for their season is short, and they must improve the golden opportunity. In suffering the guests of the hotels to sleep until eight or nine o'clock in the morning, when the sun has become too warm for sailing, several of the best hours of the day are lost. Those who decline to go on this account, betake themselves to the veranda, where they can look upon the departure of those who, unmindful of the sun, and without regard to their complexion, commit themselves to steam yacht, row-boat, or other conveyance for a day's fishing or other social pleasure.

Twenty years ago, or longer, all the islands, except a few of the largest, were purchased by Messrs. Cornwall & Walton, merchants residing at the Bay, for a small figure; and in the subsequent sale of them a considerable fortune has been acquired. The prices have ranged from five hundred dollars and upward, some of them realizing twice that sum, and even more. It is nearly twenty years since Mr. William G. Deshler, of Columbus,

Ohio, and a few others, were so captivated by the beauty and healthfulness of the locality, as well as by its excellent fishing, sailing, and other pleasure resources, that they were induced to purchase some of these islands and adorn them with summer-houses. The number of island owners has steadily increased, while several have built summer residences on the mainland and on Wells' Island, which is much larger than any other.

As these houses are erected only for summer use, they are simply wooden frames covered with matched stuff or battened boards, though some of them have an additional covering of clapboards. Of course, they differ in size and style of architecture. Usually they are not more than a story and a-half to two stories in height, with verandas and windows without glass, which are closed with shutters. They are painted, some of a single color, others striped, the colors forming a pleasing contrast, and are well kept, the islanders finding it a delightful occupation beautifying their temporary homes.

One of the prettiest and most cultivated of these islands belongs to the Hayden Brothers, of Columbus, Ohio. A backbone runs through the middle of the island, from which it gently slopes to the



water line. Two houses have been erected thereon, and the grounds around them cleared up, graded, and turfed; a fine drive laid out around the island, near the water's edge, three-quarters of a mile in length, as also a little floating dock with railing around, by which easy access to and from the boats could be had. Near this is Deshler Island, and not far off Manhattan, owned by Mr. J. C. Spencer, of New York. This is one of the most beautiful of all the islands, having a gently diversified surface, a fine grove of trees, and a very irregular and picturesque shore. It is one of a cluster of islands bearing the name, but the others are too small for human habitation, and remain in their original state.

The two largest and most costly residences belong to Mr. H. E. Packer, of Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, and Mr. E. K. Hart, of Albion, New York. The former is located three miles from the Bay, down the river, while Mr. Hart's is directly in front of the hotels. These residences, on account of their larger size, location, and greater elegance, more quickly draw the eye of the traveler passing up and down the St. Lawrence than any of the others, though Mr. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, New York, has a very pretty cottage prominently located upon a small, half-formed

island lying in the middle of the American channel. His dominion has been considerably enlarged by the construction of a wall some distance out, and filling in the enclosure with earth. In one end there is a fish-pond, and trees have been planted, which afford a grateful shade. Close by Mr. Warner's island is Mr. George W. Pullman's of Chicago, crowned with a large house, the roof only of which is seen from the distance, the remainder being concealed by trees. On the mainland just below the village, Mr. E. Anthony, of New York, has erected a very neat little cottage which commands a very fine view, while still further down is Long Branch, the residence of Mrs. Clark, of Watertown, which is also pleasantly located.

The islanders have formed an association and employ an agent to visit each house twice a week during the absence of the owner, for the purpose of keeping it in order. No vandalism has been suffered by any of the houses while unoccupied, except in one instance two years ago, when one was broken into and some things stolen. The thieves, we rejoice to say, were caught, however, and speedily tried and condemned, and are now serving out their sentence in the Auburn State prison.



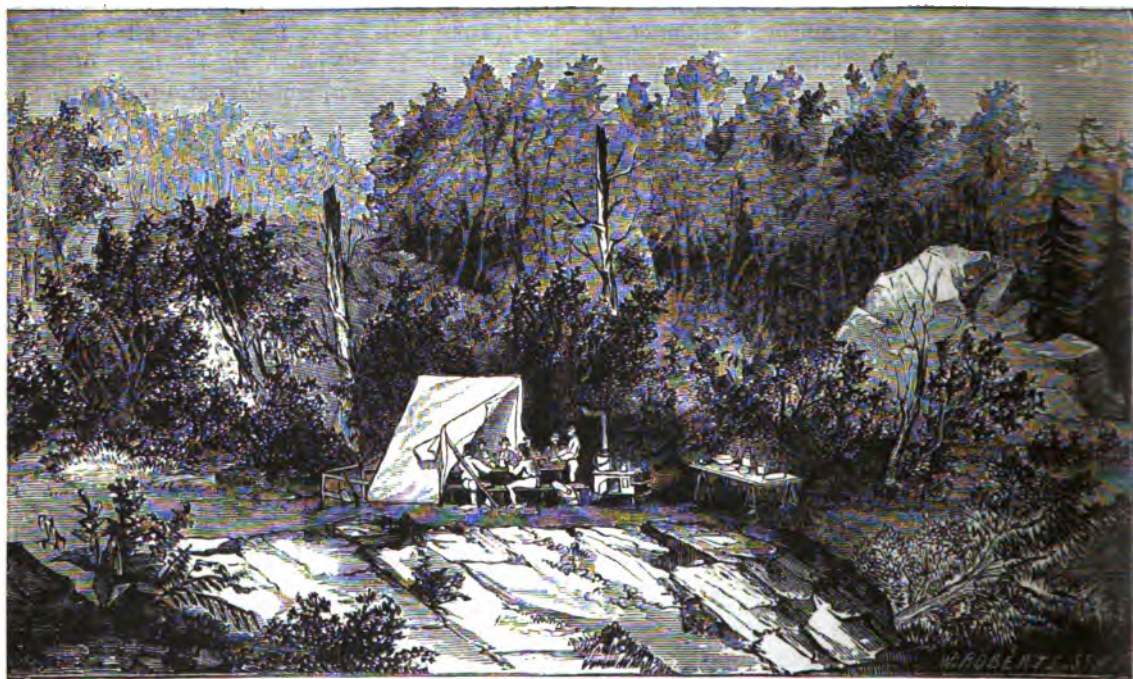
LONG BRANCH.



A system of signals has been established among the islanders, designed not only for mutual protection, but also for convenience and pleasure. Thus, the American ensign floating over an island denotes occupancy, while the same signal or a plain blue flag raised over an island-house or encampment, signifies that the occupants will receive visitors; and the display of one or more blue lights at night have a similar meaning. Sometimes white flags are seen; these indicate engagements at meals, while the display of a plain red

have never heard of any infraction by the peaceful islanders.

Several of the islands are owned by persons who have not built upon them, or have purchased them with a speculative intent. Every year houses are erected, and though the population may never equal that of Venice, or the islands be connected with bridges, their occupants enjoy far more true happiness and are more closely united by the ties of friendship and love than the Venetian. Once a year they meet and partake of a fine dinner, to



CAMPING SCENE.

flag by day, or a red light by the landing at night, signifies that the residents are entertaining invited guests. Another rule adopted for self-preservation provides that "the American ensign, suspended with the union down, is a signal of distress by day, and the discharge of guns or rockets accompanied with the waving of lights, is a like signal of distress at night, and when such signals are made from an island, boat or yacht, owned or occupied by a member, and recognized as such, it shall be the imperative duty of every other member, noticing or being informed of the same, to hasten to the relief and assistance of those making the signals." It is needless to remind the reader that this code of rules is purely voluntary, yet we

which each islander has the right of inviting his friends. Between two and three hundred will often be seen at these festal occasions. In this way their social nature finds its proper development, uniting many into one great, happy family.

But the intercourse between those living at the hotels and those on the islands is not limited to annual dinners. Some of the islanders board at the hotels, and the communication between isle and shore is constant. All to a considerable extent, unite in the same sports, amusements, and entertainments. The occupants of the islands visit the hotels and mingle in the dance, are found in the steam yachts and fishing-boats, and, in fact, look and act like other well-bred human

beings. As they do not dress in uniform, or wear badges of distinction, there is no external or social mark to distinguish them from those living on shore.

Fishing in the St. Lawrence is the chief sport at Alexandria Bay, and is very generally indulged in by the visitors. Pickerel and black bass abound during the entire summer, while the delicious muskallonge are caught in June, and occasionally still later. Pickerel are quite plentiful enough to render the sport attractive, and their goodly size

of chairs, instead of the hard, straight seat. The suggestion was adopted, and now all the boats are equipped with a couple of spring chairs facing each other in the after-part of the boat, properly secured by a single leg running down through a permanent seat into a socket. By this arrangement the chair is firmly secured, and can be easily turned in any direction. The boats also carry a small sail, but this is not often set, although we have never heard of any accident arising from its use. The boats are cleanly kept, nicely painted,



PICNICING.

heightens the excitement in catching them. They usually average from two to six pounds, and those not weighing more than a pound, or a pound and a half, are returned to their native element. Frequently a ten-pounder is hauled in, and now and then one considerably larger. Black bass are not so common, while rock bass and perch are plentiful, and easily caught.

The fishing boats are very light, though strongly built, sharp-pointed at both ends, and designed to carry two persons besides the boatman. They were originally constructed with board seats, but some gentleman visiting Alexandria Bay several years ago, a true lover of the fisherman's sport and with an eye to personal comfort, suggested the use

and present a graceful appearance on the water. They are lap-stretched, or made with a smooth surface, while some of the newer ones are finished with blackwalnut trimmings, and varnished. One of the boat builders last spring buried some oak strips in a marsh, which he intended to use in the construction of a boat, for the purpose of making them more pliable. A week afterwards, upon digging them up, they were found not only very pliable, but stained so nearly the color of blackwalnut as to almost deceive any one, without the closest inspection. Perhaps this discovery may be of value to others.

The boatmen are honest, simple-minded men, equally skillful with the oar and frying-pan.

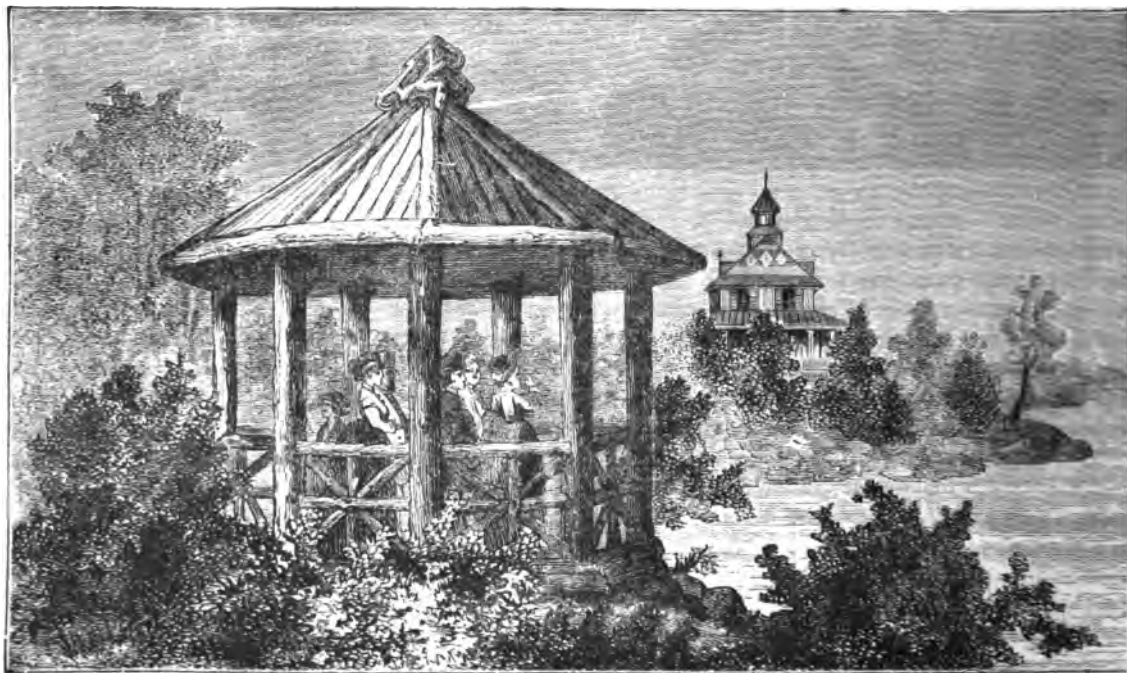


They earn a good living during the hotel season, but a rather precarious one during the remainder of the year. As the season rarely extends beyond eight weeks, and their price is but three dollars per day, the reader can easily compute their yearly income. Some of them, indeed, do better, as they build boats, catch animals for their furs, cut wood, and many other like services.

Fishing parties are usually made up and arrangements effected the night previous. The boatman is engaged in time, to make sure of him, and notice given to the hotel clerk to have a lunch prepared, as the trip consumes almost always the entire day. As the taking of a lunch is the general practice, the hotel men have reduced the preparation of it to a science. They inquire as to the number for which lunch is wanted, and who the boatman is; as to minor details, it is unnecessary to say aught. He puts your own and your boatman's name, and the number of persons for whom lunch is to be provided, upon a paper, which, in truth, is a printed lunch order, containing a list of everything necessary to make the lunch complete. Gotten up in this methodical manner, there is no danger of your discovering, when the time has come for preparing or eating dinner, that you have not all the utensils or things necessary to get a perfect meal.

The early hours of the day are the best for fishing. Many breakfast at six o'clock, or from half an hour to an hour later, while some are still more tardy. Not that it is necessary to go so early, for the fish will bite until eleven o'clock; but as the mornings are cool and the sun shines more mildly, it is desirable to take an early start. Of course the first thing is to reach the fishing ground, which may be two or three miles away, or even further; sometimes, indeed, the boats go half a dozen miles to find places where the fish are more abundant. Trolling is the principal mode of fishing, the end of a line (fastened to the end of a pole resting on the gunwale and secured by a pin to keep it in place, while the other end is inserted in a socket on the opposite side) is thrown out on one side of the boat. Another line with a pole similarly secured is suspended from the opposite side of the boat.

It would be impossible to invent a lazier mode of fishing. You hold neither pole nor line, nor watch it even, if you do not wish, for if you do not the boatman will tell you when a fish bites. Though you may be half asleep or profoundly interested in a book, or stretched out on the bottom of the boat, when the boatman exclaims, "there is a bite!" your hands clasp the pole in an instant. You pull it out of its socket, and then



ANTHONY'S POINT.



MINNEHAHA CAMP.

swing it around towards the boatman so that he can get hold of it, after which preliminary proceeding you begin to haul in the line. If you are a new beginner you may be apt, in the excitement of the moment, to pull too rapidly and thus tear the hook out of the mouth of the fish, so the boatman cautions you not to pull so fast. You draw more gingerly but firmly. Perhaps the fish may run ahead of the line, and for a moment you may think he is gone, as he is making no resistance, but as your line grows shorter you see your game at the end of it struggling to get away. Suddenly he darts ahead and downward, and again you fear that he has escaped. Meanwhile the blood is rushing madly through every vein of your body, thrilled by the excitement of the contest. You are now no longer the stupid being you were during the first week at the hotel. You do not mind a flushed or sun-burned skin if you can only haul that fish yonder over the gunwale of your boat. You have him alongside, and the critical moment has come when he is to be drawn out of the water and secured. So many get away at this stage of the contest, that you are never certain of a catch until you see him flopping in the bottom of the boat. The boatman again cautions you

not to pull too fast lest you pull the hook out of his mouth, and sometimes, if the fish be of large size, the boatman will put his hand into the water and take hold of the fish in order to make sure of him. Now that he is inside of the boat you feel relieved and a spirit akin to thankfulness pervades your recently excited brain, while he is feeling far worse than a cat in a strange garret, until the boatman takes a club, which he carries for the purpose, and knocks him on the head, thus putting an end to his misery. This improves his condition for eating, and he becomes more palatable than if he remained in the bottom of the boat and died a natural death.

Having caught *one*, you are now doubly anxious to get *another*, so the line is thrown out again, and in this way the sport continues until about eleven o'clock, when the fish cease to bite, and you seek the shore. Having landed, preparations for dinner begin. This, when prepared, is eaten alone, perhaps, or, as more frequently is the case, several parties agree to dine together. At the appointed time, if such be the case, the boats may be seen converging to the same point, and when near enough to communicate, the parties begin inquiring as to each other's luck. What a feeling



of conscious pride steals over your senses when you learn that you have caught more fish than any one else; or have secured the largest fish; or in some way have shown your better luck or superior skill! Thus it is that even in our innocent sports the ambitious element in our nature is wont to demonstrate itself.

The boats having reached the shore, the chairs are taken out and carried to some shady and inviting retreat, while the boatmen prepare the dinner. It is interesting to watch them, for they work very methodically, and show themselves great adepts in the culinary art. While one dresses the fish, another gathers wood for the fire, a third, perhaps assisted by another, constructs the table. This is made by inserting four sticks in the ground, having crotches, in which a couple of oars are placed at a proper distance apart, while some other portions of the boats are utilized to form the top of the table. For tablecloths those covering the lunch-baskets are utilized. The boatmen, as a rule, are excellent cooks, and exhibit a high order of skill in the preparation of their savory dishes. When dinner is ready the party gather around the table, and having eaten nothing since an early hour, when the appetite was dull, and naturally feeling very hungry, they join to in disposing of

their dinner of fish and hotel-lunch. Ye gods! what a feast is this for epicures! Your clam-bakes are no comparison to it.

Dinner over, they dispose themselves comfortably upon the ground until four or five o'clock, when they start homeward. Some fish on the return trip, but most of them have had all the fun they want for one day, and possess such a peace of mind and fullness of body that they are quite willing to let the fish alone. Reaching the hotel between six and seven o'clock, they are ready for supper, and after that to sit upon the veranda, gaze upon the water, and enjoy their *otium cum dignitate*.

And what is to be seen out upon those waters inviting and attractive? Off yonder is a steam-yacht returning from a fishing excursion. Seven boats are towing which were taken ten miles away in the morning to reach a better fishing-ground, or an unvisited spot for dinner. Nearer are row-boats in which are persons rowing for pleasure, the ladies in them with their thin, delicately-colored dresses looking as though the first breeze would blow them away, or to pieces. Down the river is seen a propeller which is on her way from Ogdensburg to Chicago, where she will arrive after a week's voyage. By the wharf is a steamboat



DINING OUT.





THE LADY'S CATCH.

ready to start, laden with excursionists who have been spending a few hours at the Bay. All are now on board, the gang-plank is hauled in, the ropes binding her to the wharf are cast off, the band begins to play, and the boat moves slowly and grandly up the river.

Later, the sun, though never weary with its shining, is slowly retiring to its Western home. For a moment hidden behind a cloud, its glory is not wholly lost, for its brightness pierces through in many places, splitting it into long, thin fragments. The waters are still and of a golden hue, the sun's last gift to them for the day. But though the sunshine is gone the day is not; it lingers long after, as though unwilling to be overtaken by the fast-approaching darkness. The day melts into the night in an almost imperceptible manner. You look at your watch and find that it is almost nine o'clock, yet the twilight is not gone. Gently the darkness steals over the land and river. You no longer see the boats, but you can hear the voices of those with them, who seem to have grown dearer to us, now that the night has hidden them from our sight.

For good pure air, delightful and romantic scenery, perfect and unalloyed pleasures, and the

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enjoyments to be derived from pleasant and congenial society, commend us to The Lake of a Thousand Isles, on the St. Lawrence.

There are no better trolling grounds for black bass, pickerel, and muskallonge than those among the island groups of Alexandria Bay. Even on very windy days the boats go out and find very good fishing on the lee side of the islands. The bass fishing is best from the 15th of July to September. The muskallonge period is between May 15th and July, although this most delicious of all fresh water fish is often caught later. Pickerel are caught all the season, that is, from early summer until the middle of autumn. Some of the muskallonge weigh forty and fifty pounds, pickerel sometimes fifteen and twenty pounds, bass five or six pounds; the pickerel and muskallonge are caught with spoon hooks; black bass with what are called fly hooks, the fly being made of the feathers of a waterfowl. Often fifteen or twenty of these fly hooks are attached to a single line, and five or six bass are sometimes pulled in at once.

Of fishing boats and experienced boatmen there is a good supply at the Bay. This season there will be about three hundred boats at the disposal of visitors, many of which can be hired with or

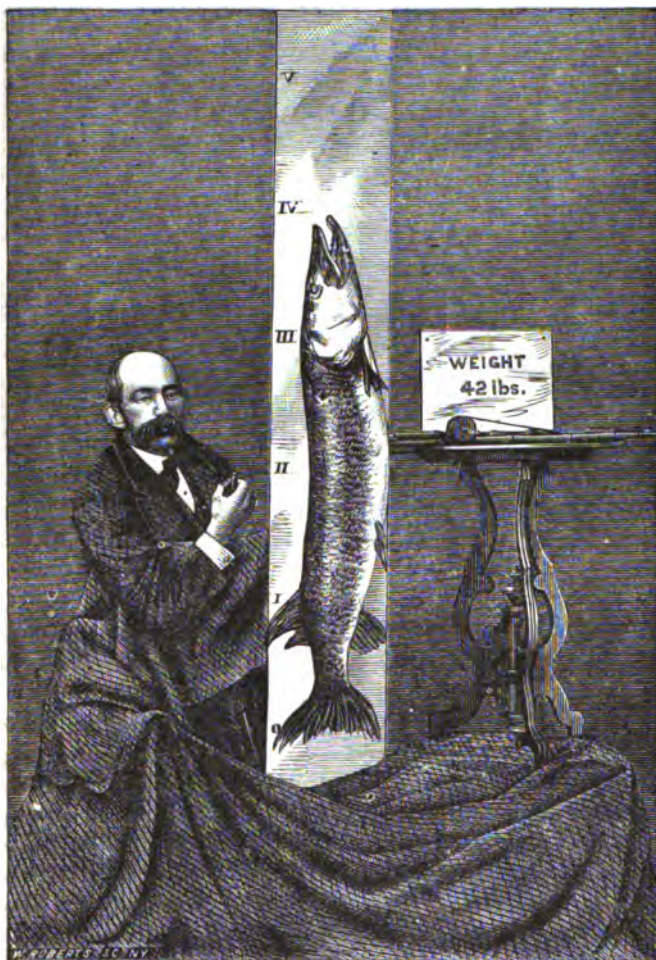
without boatmen. A boat and boatman may be obtained for two or three dollars a day. It is better for strangers to have the boatman, no matter how experienced oarsmen they may be; for he

enthusiastic lovers of the exciting sport after one or two trials, and often prove the most successful fishers. Their desire to hook one of the monster muskallonge is always ardent, and when they succeed in this they become the heroines of the day. Some of the largest muskallonge caught last season were by ladies.

The exercise of fishing and the river air create quickly a craving appetite, which causes the outdoor feasts to be immensely enjoyed, and astonishing quantities of food to disappear. Fastidious ladies, dainty epicures, and invalids are surprised to find themselves wanting five or six substantial meals a day when making their lengthy excursions along the islands.

The view entitled "An Island Picnic" is but an imperfect sketch of one of the many similar scenes of enjoyment to be witnessed here during the season, and which constitute one of the pleasantest and most enjoyable features of a visit to this locality.

It remains for us to point out the routes and conveyances by which Alexandria Bay may be reached. It is located on the south bank of the river, thirty miles from Cape Vincent, and thirty-six miles from Ogdensburg, both northern termini of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad, one of the best built, equipped, and managed railroads in the whole country, with smooth road-bed, sumptuous cars, and careful employes. Few railroads have been so free from accidents, and no other railroad company is more careful



A MUSKALLONGE.\*

knows all the ins and outs of the channels and islands, and the best trolling places, weather time, and kind of fish desired, all being considered.

Three in a boat is the correct number, as more renders the trolling inconvenient. Ladies become

\* This beautiful muskallonge, of which the above is a correct picture, was caught by Mr. Marvin, of the firm of Marvin Bros., bankers, New York, July 18, 1877; weighed forty-two pounds, and measured four feet; was caught on a small bass-hook, and after being played with for over an hour, Mr. Marvin was forced to call his friend Vanwick, who shot two balls into his Majesty before getting him into his boat.

for the comfort and safety of its passengers. Nor has the road ever been better managed than it is now, with Samuel Sloan as President, and J. W. Moak as Superintendent. The steamer Island Belle connects twice a day with the trains of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad (furnished with Pullman Palace cars) at Cape Vincent, making two trips daily each way between there and the Bay *via* the New York Central Railroad. Persons may take the sleeping car on the six P.M. train in New York and breakfast in Watertown, and an hour's ride by rail to Cape Vincent and a delightful ride of three hours on the St. Lawrence



brings them to the Bay in time for an early dinner. The Oswego division of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad connects with the main line at Richland, and the Syracuse Northern at Sandy Creek Junction.

At Ogdensburg, also the terminus of the Northern Railroad, which connects with the Vermont Central, the Northern Transit Company and Vermont Central line of steamers twice a day (6 P. M. and 10 P. M.), go up the river, stopping at the Bay.

One of the Canadian Mail line of steamers leaves Toronto at 10 o'clock every morning except Sunday, for Montreal, stopping at Kingston, Clayton, Alexandria Bay, Brockville, Ogdensburg and ports beyond. These boats leave the Bay at 8 A. M. and arrive at Montreal at 6 P. M.

The Utica and Black River Railroad touches the River at Clayton, from which place the steamer J. H. Kelly connects for this point and also again at Morristown, from whence transportation

by steamer may be had twice a day. A daily line of stages also reaches the same line of railroad at Redwood.

Let us remark, in conclusion, that the success of Alexandria Bay, as one of the leading watering places of this continent is fully established; and the fame of The Thousand Isles as a place of resort is growing greater and greater as the successive seasons come and go; the reason for which is that they are a sublimely beautiful *fact*. Our description is no overdrawn or imaginary sketch. The fish are there; the game is there; the healthy atmosphere is there; the scenic beauties are there; the accommodation for the comfort and convenience of visitors are there; and finally there are found in perfection those rational amusements and healthful enjoyments that make life happy, reinvigorate the system, and send us back to our avocations thoroughly reconstructed in mind and body, ready to grapple with our daily cares with energy surprising even to ourselves.

## NATURE'S MINISTRATIONS.

BY MARTHA CORNELL WOODWARD.

It is doubtless a relief to the overwrought sensibilities of poor humanity to be able to speak of Nature with disparagement or commendation, as the case may be, without fear of offence on the one hand, or charge of servility on the other. A vast amount of annoyances are made more endurable, or entirely dispersed, by turning them over to the account of abiding Nature. And in place of considering this infirmity an evidence of total depravity, as some over-nice people profess, to speak ill of conditions so directly under the supervision of Providence as changes in the elements would certainly appear to be, though it may reasonably be contended that it is indirectly, through law, and in nowise by direct interposition. Puny speech of ours, we may safely conclude, would scarcely serve to disorganize Nature's course.

Sometimes we exult in a fine day, and worship in spirit. It comes to us like a revelation, disclosing new worlds to our sight; we gaze into immensity, until our vision melts in a glorious halo

of light, gilding the barriers of our being with heavenly smiles. Sometimes this is so. A few times in our lives we can remember these days flashing upon us like the blaze of brilliants. And these were not days of triumph in any worldly sense of advancement in the pursuits of life, but days when the supernatural was revealed to us, when we penetrated the very essence of beauty; and for those days we were poets, floating in air, sipping ambrosia from cups of gold—in those days we believed in Heaven.

But, ah! the dark settings, the dark days that follow with inevitable celerity, the ebb-tide of hope; and dreams have vanished like dew before the sun. Life is real, joys are past, and sorrow is forever. We are no longer poets, but wayfarers heavily burdened, and we tread our weary journey onward, we know not whither. The clouds are drear, no rosy light now flushes the outposts; we stand upon the brink and gaze into obscurity, but no light appears, no star illumines our footsteps. We feel the limitations of our being with awful intensity.

We cry out for one ray of knowledge to lighten our pathway. We want no illusions or prophecies, but positive knowledge! Or, give us back our belief in joy, our incentive for living; give us back our idols, all, every one of them, O, Death! But, no, no! Nature, then, lend us thy soothing power! Let us love thy morning's breath, and labor in thy vineyards with what strength we may, day by day watching sadly the sun go down in his glory, and the moon, with sepulchral shadows softening the beds of the dead, glimmering in our dreams all the night through.

The fields and the flowers have an irresistible beauty of their own, rewarding us fourfold for our love of them. Then let us speak of Nature in familiar language. Let us scold her moods—make our complaints to her, lay our griefs and disappointments to her charge; her mother-love will forgive us all. She knows that few of us are laggards, and here and there she recognizes her brave and noble children under guises the world knows not of. She soothes the suffering with her

gentle ministrations. She soothes us, but we suffer always.

Soft breezes fan us with mysterious knowledge of the unknown, indefinable, and without language; yet they thrill through all our veins, and die away in sighs, vainly seeking expression.

Then Nature takes up the story and shows us a leaf or a flower, and in tracing their delicate fibres, fragile as air, we see the counterpart of our dreams. Nature has consoled us in language of her own. Her ministrations are sweet, yet we suffer. And we realize once again that life is a mystery which baffles our capacity of research—we know not why or wherefore.

In the encircling years the seed-laden foliage waves its requiem above our heads; in wailing sobs the night winds lament us, or, tuned to softening breezes, chant our virtues. The fret of life goes on, but it cannot disturb the rigid repose in which Nature's inexorable laws encompass us. Her ministrations are far-seeing, and boundless as eternity.

## BRYANT.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THOUGHT'S coronet of purest flowers  
Has rimmed the fountain of thy heart,  
Like bird-songs tuned for summer hours,  
Thy Muse preserves her subtle art.

E'en as a rill that ceaseless flows,  
Yet doth not sap its virgin source,  
And blesses wheresoe'er it goes,  
Thy gush of music holds its course!

Down sunny slopes through meadows green,  
And where majestic forests stand,  
How many o'er its clear depths lean  
To deck its banks with loving hand!

In the far ages yet to be,  
Though all untouched its magic strings,  
Still will that harp that honored thee  
Thrill as if fanned by angel wings!

## HERBERT ORTON; OR, JUSTICES' COURTS IN THE WEST.

By J. R. MUSICK.

## CHAPTER I. NICOSIA.

THE early summer sun was slowly sinking amidst a group of billowy clouds that graced the western horizon, as the through evening express rolled into the depot of a village in Missouri, one evening in the month of June, 18—. This village unfortunately has been blessed with a very uncanny name, and as it is called upon in our story as the scene upon which our hero and characters lived and played their part, we have selected the more classical name of Nicosia for it. Nicosia station it is. The loud-mouthed whistle sent forth its deafening shriek, and the deep tones of the engineer's bell rang out its warning peals as the train drew up along the platform. As the train came to a full stop, the brakemen shouted, "Nicosia!" when the usual commotion took place within the coaches, incident to the entering and alighting of passengers. A number came out and alighted, having reached their journey's end, while many of those upon the inside, as a measure of relief as well as curiosity, extended their heads through the open windows to obtain a breath of fresh air, and at the same time take a view of the loungers and idlers that usually gather in and about the stations of our Southwestern railroads. Of these, Nicosia could boast a greater number, more varied in style and of a more woe-begone character, than any other town of its size in the State. Upon this occasion she was unusually well represented by as motley a crowd of idlers and dirty urchins as could well be imagined. These, together with the hotel runners, draymen, hackmen, and baggage transporters, constituted a scene of depot life, not alone characteristic of this town. The same may be witnessed in far more pretentious localities, although with less of the rougher element predominating.

Among the several passengers that alighted from the train upon this occasion, might have been noticed, a young man, of about five feet and six inches in height, rather slimly built, and whose pale face and general outward appearance indicated him a student. In his right hand he carried a valise. Upon alighting on the platform he paused for a single instant and glancing about

him, took in the situation of the surroundings, and by that glance fully expressed, to an observant mind, that he found himself in a strange place. To describe him more critically, we would add that he had blue eyes, a broad and open forehead, giving evidence of a high order of intellectuality, light brown hair, with well-shaped mouth and thin, firm lips. His clothes were neat, clean and comparatively new. Nothing about him of the flashy or gaudy order; no jewelry save the plain chain that swung from the breast pocket of his vest. His feet and hands were small, his carriage and deportment that of a bred gentleman. Although graceful and polished in his movements, he was free from any assumed airishness, and with a pretension more nearly allied to plainness and simplicity of manners.

This man, who has just stepped from the train, and whose appearance we have described to you, readers, is Herbert Orton. He momentarily stood before you, his first appearance in a new country, a perfect stranger among strangers, possessed of but a small fortune, personal effects none, save his scanty wardrobe, and a few standard law books which made up the contents of his trunk.

The life-history of this young man is nothing new. There is nothing more romantic in it than may be found in many other life-histories. His was but the counterpart of thousands of others that are thrown upon their own resources in the battle of life. The son of poor and honest parents who lived in the State of Ohio, he, early in his life, by dint of close application and practicing the utmost economy, succeeded in educating himself, and after reading law for the required time was admitted to practice. In pursuance of his preconceived arrangements, he decided to locate in the State of Missouri, as in his judgment it opened out a finer field for the practice of the law than either of the other Western States. The code was simpler, the practice easier, and the State itself more liberal and progressive. After carefully considering the respective merits and advantages of all sections of the State, he selected the town of Nicosia as the most desirable and best adapted to his taste and inclinations.



Nicosia was surrounded by rich farming lands on the north and east, and rich coal mines on the south and west, as well as excellent forests of timber. Having learned that several experienced and enterprising manufacturers contemplated the erection of mills and factories at this place, he deemed it a most likely point for a young man to begin at. The future promised favorably for the interests and welfare of this young and thriving town. As he stands before us taking in that glance around, the groups of loungers and dirty urchins, as well as the motley crowd of hackmen, runners and baggage-smashers, his visions of future paying clients must have been considerably dimmed, as it no doubt was, since it is only for a moment that he halts. In that moment, however, a thousand conflicting emotions are swaying in his breast. The train having discharged its Nicosia load, once more resumes its onward way, leaving him gazing after it with feelings of regret and heart-sickness. He now felt that the battle of life had commenced in earnest.

The shouts of the different hotel runners did not let him remain in a reverie long, however.

Cries of "Nicosia House," "City Hotel," "Commercial," and "Wilson House," almost deafened him.

A middle-aged, pleasant-faced man, with a whip under his arm, politely approached him, and asked:

"Have you any baggage, sir?"

"Yes, sir," he replied; "I have a large trunk there."

"Where do ye want to go?" asked the pleasant faced man.

"I can hardly say where I would like to go," replied Herbert. "I want some place to board, where it is quiet and somewhat retired, so that I can have an opportunity of studying during my evening hours."

"I can suit you to a T, boss," said the man of the whip, his face beaming more pleasantly. "Mrs. Grayson's just the nicest kind of a lady, wants a boarder, and told me to look out for one for her."

"How much will you charge me to take me and my baggage to the lady's house?" asked Herbert.

"A quarter."

Without further parley the bargain was consummated, and Herbert was soon seated by the side of the pleasant-faced man, with his trunk in

the wagon behind him, and whirling away towards Mrs. Grayson's.

During the ride to his boarding-place, Herbert had a fine opportunity to note the general appearance of the town through which he was being driven, as Mrs. Grayson lived on the opposite side of the village from the depot. There was nothing very attractive that might encourage a new-comer, at first view. The most prominent facts that struck Herbert's attention *en route*, were the many dogs and barefooted urchins. They seemed to be the principal productions of the town. That they were freeholders, a glance at their faces and feet conclusively showed, as a sufficient amount of accumulated real estate had been appropriated to entitle them to rank as such. They were climbing upon the drays, clinging to the hacks and express wagons, sitting upon the fences and curb-stones, lounging on the corners, rolling and lolling upon the ground, and their shouts and yells made the air resound. Great torments they were to the various draymen and hackmen, yet Herbert noted the extraordinary forbearance exhibited towards them by the latter.

This town, like many other Western towns, appeared to have grown in periods. Some of the buildings were old and dilapidated affairs, while many others were new, and of modern style of architecture. In this respect, the town reminded Herbert of an orange tree; while some of the fruit was fresh and green, others were decaying and falling.

The wagon containing Herbert and his baggage at last stopped before a neat and unpretentious looking house, in the eastern part of the village.

An old lady with large, round, fat face, and her sleeves rolled up above the elbows, appeared at the door when they drove up.

"I fotched a boarder for ye, Misses Grayson," said the pleasant-faced man, as he got out of the wagon.

"Hev ye? Well, I'm right down glad, Rube, for I've got a spare room, which might as well be bringin' me somethin' as not. What's yer name, sir?" said the old lady, standing at the gate, her arms akimbo.

"Herbert Orton," he replied.

"Are you one of them fellers what's sellin' maps?"

"No, madame," said Herbert, with a slight blush.

"You peddle lightnin' rods?"

"No, madame."

"A book agent, then, I reckon?" continued the inquisitive old lady.

"No, madame; I came here to engage in the practice of the law."

"A lawyer!" exclaimed she.

"A lawyer!" ejaculated the man with the pleasant face, standing by his horse.

"A lawyer!" echoed a dirty-faced urchin, peeping around the hind wheels of the wagon.

"Why, young man, we've got more of 'em now 'an we need," said the old lady.

"Yes, we've got lots of old lawyers here, and a young 'un won't stand much chance," said he of the pleasant face.

"You'll be pulverized by 'em, sure as gun's made 'o iron," said the dirty-faced urchin behind the wagon.

"You'd better a hunted some other locality 'an this, Mr. Orton," said Mrs. Grayson.

"Yes, most any other location would have suited you better than Nicosia," added pleasant-faced Rube.

"Better absquatulate yit," put in the urchin.

"Begone, Dave, or I'll give ye a smack of my whip," yelled Rube, as he made for the rear of his wagon.

Herbert heard the pattering of feet, and saw the lad called Dave running down the street, a bootblack's box strapped across his shoulder. The bootblack, meeting some of his companions at the corner, paused, and pointing back to Herbert, said:

"He—he is a lawyer."

"That Dave Dawson 'll be hung yit," said Rube, cracking his whip spitefully towards the little ragamuffin.

Although the words spoken by the new-found friends were not very encouraging, Herbert determined to try the place, at any rate.

"What accommodations can you afford me, and what will you charge me for board, per week?" he asked Mrs. Grayson.

"I've got a good, nice, clean room for ye, nice bed an' bedin' to sleep on, and will give you the best I've got to eat for three dollars and two bits a week," replied plump Mrs. Grayson, in a tone betokening more interest in the convenience of her new arrival than herself.

With the assurance from Rube that he could not do better anywhere else in the town, Herbert ac-

cepted the terms and accommodations of Mrs. Grayson, and had his trunk and valise taken to the room assigned him.

After Rube's departure, Herbert retired to his room, and commenced unpacking his trunk, to see if his effects were all safe, after which he attended to his toilet, preparatory to taking tea, which the landlady was now engaged in preparing for him.

Supper was soon announced, and he repaired to the dining-room, where he found the family of Mrs. Grayson, consisting of herself, a niece of about fourteen years of age, and a son of about twenty, awaiting his coming.

The supper was excellent, and Herbert in a condition to enjoy it, as a travel of several hundred miles is well calculated to sharpen one's appetite. He admitted to the family that he had never relished a meal better in his life. Mrs. Grayson and her son proving very loquacious, the first meal passed over very agreeably, and Herbert felt himself perfectly satisfied with his new quarters and its accommodations.

Shortly after supper he excused himself, and repaired to his room, and being considerably wearied by his long journey, retired early. Although physically exhausted, his mental faculties were still active and exercised. He had chosen his profession, labored long and earnestly for it, and when he received his diploma and license had supposed the battle over. What a sad mistake! It is one that many young men are making, and only those who have realized the same experiences can imagine the state of mind Herbert found himself in at this moment. The great battle of life was but opening up before him; he was just stepping forth upon the arena armed *cap-a-pie* to meet his adversaries, the *stern realities*, to give them battle, and win or lose, as fate might decree.

Realizing for the first time, as he lay awake, the relative position he occupied in the busy world before him, he fully debated in his mind the plans and movements required at his hands to win success, if at all, and resolved that if by patient industry and strict economy success could be attained, he would accomplish it.

While thus engaged in meditation on his future plans, he fell asleep.

## CHAPTER II. THE LAWYER WITH THE LONG PIPE.

It is only within the past few years that the legal profession throughout the rural sections of the country has reached what may be termed

legitimate practice, and we will not pretend to say that it has even reached that point, in a universal sense. The reason for this is very obvious. The Western practice of the law is principally confined to Justices of the Peace, who are generally persons of an inferior order of intelligence, and totally ignorant of the first general principles of the law, and who are governed in their judgments exclusively by their understanding of the statutes, which in many cases prove erroneous and highly absurd. The attorneys, aware of this fact, use their logic and sophistries to bewilder and confuse the mind of the justice, instead of expounding and explaining the spirit and letter of the law or statute. Although while the various treatises and digests of the law in the hands of such justices, clearly mark out the course to be pursued and which, if followed, will in the main keep those for whom they are intended in the right path, the practice of the Western attorney is to study them thoroughly with a view of contriving *such* constructions and perversions thereof that will tend to influence the justices's mind against any correct conclusions he might naturally arrive at.

The West has more than its share of attorneys. They are not all such *either* as have made the profession a study. Many of them are such only as have gathered their knowledge—what little they possess—by hanging around the courts.

We sometimes think that the Bible and our statutes are the most abused books ever published.

The Americans as a class, with combativeness and argumentativeness strongly marked, are given to seeking knowledge to maintain preconceived opinions. It is hard to find a man in the West who will not expound the laws of his State, or tell you how to get to heaven. They have their opinions, hastily formed, rather than sought for, and instead of investigating to find the truth, seek for the knowledge necessary to maintain them. Nearly every man in the West is a lawyer, more or less, in the general sense of the term. A Justice of the Peace will give advice on almost any subject in or out of his jurisdiction, and we never yet saw a constable that did not pan out the law as seriously as a London barrister. Then there are the farmers, mechanics, traders, merchants, and country schoolmasters, many of whom we will venture to say have never seen Blackstone, let alone the very few that may have had one in their

hands, that can boast of many a hard-fought struggle before a Justice of the Peace.

This state of affairs tends to the injury of the *legitimate* practice of the law unquestionably, and by reason whereof it has degenerated into a degraded system of pettifoggery, a living disgrace to the enlightenment and civilization of the country. It enchains justice and renders her powerless. It has cast an odium upon the legitimate profession to such an extent that it is regarded with public distrust, rather than as the most ennobling calling in which a true and honorable man can engage. He is termed a sharper and a trickster; one who is always trying to pervert instead of promoting the ends of justice, the legitimate purpose of the honorable counsellor.

We observe how the hackman and Mrs. Grayson, and even dirty-faced Dave Dawson, the bootblack, showed their astonishment and feelings when Herbert announced himself as a member of the legal profession. It was very evident, although hardly shown in their words, that their respect had somewhat abated when apprised of the fact that he was a lawyer.

The morning succeeding his arrival he arose considerably refreshed, physically as well as mentally. After partaking of a hearty breakfast he took a stroll through the town, with a view of becoming acquainted with some of the members of the bar in Nicosia. He found that the town looked better than it did the evening before, forming a more favorable impression upon his mind in many respects at least; no doubt, the result of viewing objects under different circumstances.

Nicosia is the county seat, and contained at this time some three to four thousand inhabitants. Although some of its buildings were old and dilapidated structures, the majority, he observed, were handsome and neatly constructed brick and frame edifices. Three or four church spires pointed heavenwards, and the school building and seminary were of an elaborate and imposing character, showing no mean pretensions to architectural display.

Having been informed that there were several heavy legal firms in the town, he secured a legal directory and provided himself with a list of their names. Passing along one of the principal streets, he read from the various signs displayed some of the names he had noted upon his memoranda.

Prominent among them were those of Milton and Waterspout, D. A. Ridgely, James M. Dumas, Jack Andrews, W. L. Scroggs, Thomas Littlelip, and "forninst" him on the corner of a brick building upon a somewhat dingy and dilapidated sign, was faintly outlined the name of Charles L. Luckless, Attorney at Law. It was certainly a luckless looking sign, having evidently been used as a target for stones by the village ragamuffins. Herbert thought that if the owner of the name was as *luckless* as the sign had been *per se*, he had not been inappropriately named at all events. After scanning these signs a short time, Herbert concluded to call at the office of Mr. W. L. Scroggs, as that just then happened to be the nearest to him. To do this he was obliged to ascend a flight of steps, which ran up the west side of a row of brick buildings, and upon arriving at the head of the stairway or landing, he observed a second sign bearing the name of W. L. Scroggs, placed over the door.

Lightly tapping upon the door, he was greeted with a "Come in!" in a not very gentle tone of voice from the inside.

Opening the door, he entered, to find himself in a room with bare floor, stove in the centre, a portion of the room cut off by a partition, intended for use as a consultation room, and on the east side of the outer or principal room an old book-case, containing probably all told a dozen or more Missouri State Reports, Barclay's Digest, together with several text-books. On the south side stood a desk with pigeon holes and book-case on top, while the rest of the furniture consisted of a few split-bottom chairs promiscuously scattered about the room.

A man somewhat above medium height, slim built, with a small head, on top of which the hair had grown sparsely, was sitting in a chair by the desk, smoking a long pipe. His hair and beard, short and stubby, were of a reddish-brown, slightly streaked with gray, and his face showing the wrinkles of advancing age. This man, Scroggs, was one of that class of lawyers who have mistaken their profession. He was a lawyer for money, regardless of principles or personal honor. He would never hesitate to take a fee from both sides of a case, if the opportunity presented itself. His knowledge of the law was but superficial, and in fact as to almost any other subject, yet possessing a ready flow of language and a

superabundance of cheek, he contrived to make the public believe that he knew more than he actually did. He was at times a very affable and pleasant companion, but in general a cross, disagreeable and inconsiderate bore. He had a habit of never paying his debts, and it became a rule with him, to which he strictly adhered, and in consequence of which he had any amount of judgments and executions against him. One would have thought, judging by his action in this respect, that he considered it a grave offence to pay an honest debt, and if he lacked firmness in every other respect, he did not in this. He could endure the most inveterate "dunning" without even so much as showing the quivering of a muscle or the slightest compunctions of conscience. His ability for putting off his creditors exceeded his capacity for convincing a jury of a fact or the court of a point of law. His name as defendant appeared about as often on the records as it did as attorney.

This is the character of the man, briefly described, that Herbert found in the office upon entering, and who was sitting before his desk, feet thrown across one corner of it, drawing away at a long pipe, and huge volumes of smoke curling up, around and about his head.

"Is this Mr. Scroggs?" asked Herbert.

"It is; and who have I the honor of addressing?" replied Scroggs, pompously, without showing any signs of arising from his seat.

"My name, sir, is Herbert Orton," replied Herbert.

"How do you do, Mr. Orton?" said he of the long pipe, lazily extending his hand, though still remaining seated. "Have a seat," as he pointed to the various split-bottom chairs about the office.

Herbert quietly seated himself.

"You are a stranger here, I presume?" continued Scroggs.

"I am," replied Herbert; "I came in on the train last evening, but intended making Nicosia my home."

"Aha! then, sir, as you are to become one of our citizens, I am more than pleased that you condescended to call on me," interrupted Scroggs.

"Having come here to engage in the practice of the law, I thought I would spend a day or two in calling upon the several members of the profession, with a view of forming their acquaintance, before hanging out my shingle," said Herbert.

"Well, my dear sir," replied Scroggs, while a

very perceptible change passed over his countenance, "if that be your design, I beg you not to stop in this town."

"Why? Is it not a good place to practice law?" asked Herbert.

"It is a most admirable place to starve in. No, sir; the practice throughout this State is overdone, our ranks are too full now, and while a few may be thriving, there are hundreds merely eking out a miserable existence. Let me advise you now; Mr. Orton, as a friend, if you are so situated that you can do so, to go further west, or anywhere else, for the prospect here is not flattering, I can assure you."

After a moment's reflection, Herbert rejoined: "What you have just said may all be true, Mr. Scroggs, but a better day will surely come for Nicosia. I will settle here, and I believe that by industry and perseverance I shall eventually merit success."

"Ah, my dear friend!" said Scroggs, with much assumed earnestness and solemnity of manner, "I once had such wild, romantic ideas, like yourself, but I have got bravely over them. 'Tis natural, however, for young men to build air-castles, and imagine how well the ship will sail when cast adrift on the sea of life, but when becalmed for the want of the winds, sad is the awakening from their ideal phantasms. To see our fondest expectations dashed to the ground, our brightest hopes come to naught, 'tis then we fully realize the stern realities of the world. But, my dear sir, I have been engaged in the practice of the law in this town for eleven years next September, and actually, sir, dealing honestly with you, I am a poorer man to-day than I was when I commenced."

"I am willing, Mr. Scroggs, to admit the truth and wisdom of your statements, but I hear the same from every other source. A young man just about entering a profession or vocation in life, invariably meets this cry, 'All are full.' The nation is full of farmers, the country full of mechanics, the legal and medical professions crowded, the editorial sanctums swarming, 'all are full.' Then, when he has chosen any one of these callings, and comes to make a selection of some locality wherein to follow it, he is met with the intimation that there is a better place further on. This world is large; Shakspeare says its 'a stage,' and if he means a stage-coach, 'there is always room for just one more.' In choosing my profession, I

chose one I knew to be crowded; in choosing my location I expected to find it full of lawyers, yet I believe there is room 'for just one more.' I flatter myself that I am no day-dreamer, nor builder of air-castles. I do not look for fame or riches, but expect to meet opposition from stern realities. I came here to toil, to fight the great battle of life, and here I will stand or fall!"

Scroggs was somewhat taken aback by the emphatic and forcible manner in which these sentiments were expressed. He found the young man before him no ordinary character, and one that displayed a firmness of nerve and force of character in a remarkable degree. As it was a custom with Scroggs to court the good-will and esteem of all new-comers, and finding Herbert fully determined to carry out his decision, he changed the conversation to more agreeable topics.

"Have you determined on a partnership, or will you endeavor to play a lone hand?" asked Scroggs.

"A partnership by a new attorney cannot always be attained when desired, and I have concluded, that unless some very advantageous opportunity is presented me, to try it alone. It might prove more advantageous, in a pecuniary sense, to have an older and more experienced attorney as a partner, but when everything depends upon one's own efforts, he is certain to work the harder. Hard work and not fame, is the height of my ambition."

Scroggs was greatly nonplused with the new philosophy so strongly advocated and set forth by Herbert. For once, the lazy semi-lawyer and philosopher had met his match, and one whom he could not overwhelm with his usual volume of words. Puffing away at his long pipe a few moments, he again asked: "Have you selected your office yet?"

"No, sir, I have not," said Herbert.

"I think I know exactly what would suit you," said Scroggs, still puffing away at the long pipe.

"Any suggestions that you can make in the way of assisting me to obtain a cheap and suitable office will be duly appreciated, I assure you, Mr. Scroggs," replied Herbert.

"Squire Lustful has the very place. It is the room in the rear of his own office, and which can be reached by a hall. The rent will be merely nominal. It is a rear office, its true, yet you will be handy to the Squire's court, and he can throw



a great deal of business into your hands," suggested Scroggs.

"I think myself, an office with or near a Justice of the Peace might be of some advantage," remarked Herbert.

"The old Squire is somewhat in his dotage," continued Scroggs, "but you will soon learn how to humor him. He does a larger amount of business than any other Justice in our town."

"No doubt he will suit me, if I suit him. I will call and see the Squire, and form his acquaintance at once," said Herbert.

"I shall be most happy to accompany you to the Squire's," intimated Scroggs.

"I should be pleased to have you do so," said Herbert.

"At once, then," replied Scroggs, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, replenishing it with a new supply of tobacco, and after securing a light, was soon puffing once more like a steam-engine. When ready, they started for the office of L. W. Lustful, J.P.

#### CHAPTER III. HANGING OUT HIS SHINGLE.

ALTHOUGH Scroggs was not addicted to telling the truth under all circumstances, yet he did not miss the mark much, when he said that Squire Lustful was in his dotage. The Squire was in his sixtieth year, and had held his present position, at intervals, for more than thirty years.

He had grown old in the position, and now that his faculties were failing him, and he was unfit for anything else, the people gave him the office out of charity, more than aught else, forgetting that while the office was a means of support to him, his incapacity to render justice made it uncharitable to the public. It would have been much better had they pensioned him off and put some younger man in the office, who would have regarded public justice and interests more satisfactorily. The Squire had been a very good man in his time, but had seen his best days in many past years. Those whom he liked, he liked with a childish fondness, and those whom he disliked, he detested with a vindictiveness scarcely to be looked for from one considered as he was, a good and pious old gentleman.

In consequence of this trait, his rulings were frequently in the very face of the law and the evidence. Old and infirm as he was, he had his ambition. The one great aim of his life was

money, and which he arduously loved, and continuously strove for. He generally regulated his decisions so as to secure his fees. His self-esteem was remarkable, considering himself fully capable of giving advice either in or out of his jurisdiction, and priding himself, by virtue of his assumed knowledge of the law, as an excellent and reliable counsellor. He was a great stickler on dignity, and at all times impressed the fact upon the public during the sessions of his court, using the remark, from time to time, as opportunity occurred, "that the majesty of the law should be maintained."

Herbert and Scroggs found the old Squire in his office smoking. Like Scroggs, he was also an inveterate smoker. A plain walnut table stood before him; its top composed of two walnut boards, with a crack nearly an inch wide between them. A secretary, with pigeon holes for blanks, a few plain benches, and some half a dozen old chairs, constituted the furniture of the office or court-room. In appearance the room was dirty and smoke-begrimed, the floor copiously covered with tobacco *quids*, ashes and dust. They found the Squire alone, with his docket, the Statutes and Kelley's Justices' Guide on the table before him, and enjoying his pipe.

"Squire Lustful," began Scroggs, with a bow that would have done credit to a burlesque comedian, "allow me the honor of presenting to your Honor, Mr. Herbert Orton, a member of the bar, who designs to locate in our village."

"How do you do, sir?" returned the Squire, in a guttural tone of voice, a not altogether unpleasant smile passing over his countenance, as Herbert grasped his extended hand. The old man looking up into Herbert's face, after a moment, asked: "What did you say your name was?"

"Herbert Orton!" replied our hero, as he appropriated a rickety chair on the side of the table, opposite to the Justice.

Scroggs had taken one of the chairs at the end of the table, on which he placed his feet, and locking his hands around the back of his head, tilted himself back and puffed away upon his long pipe. His hat, a somewhat seedy, half-plug affair, he had placed on the table beside his feet.

"Are you from Kaintucky?" asked the Squire, of Herbert.

"No, sir, my parents lived there, but I was raised in Ohio," stated Herbert.

"Were they from near the Crab Orchard?"

again asked the Squire, manifesting some little eagerness to hear Herbert's reply.

"They were," he answered.

"Then I knew your father's people," said the old Squire, earnestly, as he brought his fist down upon the table with a vigorous thump.

"If you were reared near the Crab Orchard, it is very probable that you may have known them," answered our hero.

"Was your father's name John?"

"No, sir! his name was Philip; but he had a brother John, and grandfather's name was John."

"I know them! I know them! Old Uncle Johnny Orton and I were boys together," enthusiastically exclaimed the old Squire.

"He was an uncle of mine, I suppose," said our hero.

"Mr. Orton is here looking for an office," said Scroggs, pushing his feet a little further upon the table, "and I suggested his taking your rear room, which I believe will make him an excellent office."

"Now if you want an office," interrupted the old man, the smile upon his face assuming more pleasant proportions, "I have just the very thing for you," at the same time clapping his hands with evident pleasure; "that back room is just the very thing. You can there have just one of the nicest offices in the town. Come in and see it."

Herbert followed the old Squire as he hobbled across the room to the door leading into the rear room referred to, and walked in to examine it. While they were thus engaged, the lazy Scroggs still maintained his half recumbent position, dreamily puffing away at his long pipe. To say that Herbert was very favorably impressed with the general appearance of this room at the first glance, would simply be absurd. The walls were fearfully smoked, cobwebs in abundance suspended from all parts of the ceiling, and worst of all a huge pile of ashes in the centre of the room. It had but one window

and that looking out into the yard; while another door opened into the hall-way communicating with the street in front. The window sash was dirty and the glass dusty, and the whole about as cheerful looking as an Egyptian tomb.

"Now you can just come in here at any time, and as I used to know your father, you can have it for three dollars a month, and," he added, in a whisper, "I can do you lots of good here, I can turn many a little case over to you."

These last words of the old Squire appeared to clinch the matter in Herbert's mind. Like all young lawyers, he was exceedingly anxious to secure business. So, notwithstanding the condition of the room, he decided to take it, and the old Squire chuckled until his fat form shook, as Herbert handed him the first month's rent. They then returned to the outer office, and rejoined Scroggs, who was still employed upon his long pipe.

"Now, sir," said Scroggs, puffing away vigorously, while assuming a very wise mood, "allow me to congratulate you on your location, and I wish you all the success that any ambitious young limb of the law could wish for. May your most extravagant desires be gratified, and the name of Herbert Orton be sounded through the obstreperous trump of fame, until all the nations of the earth shall confess his greatness!"

"Thank you for your very extravagant speech, Mr. Scroggs; but my aspirations are not so lofty as are your imaginations," returned Herbert.

"Now let me tell you a little story on this young man's uncle," said the Squire, with a chuckle, showing that he was in an excellent good humor, enhanced, no doubt, by the receipt of the month's rent.

"Proceed, Squire; I am all attention," said Scroggs.

"Now listen, for I am going to tell a yarn, and it's a good one," continued the old Squire, with another chuckle.

Love is a secondary passion to those who love most; a primary to those who love least. He who is inspired with it in a high degree is inspired by honor in a higher; it never reaches its plenitude of growth and perfection but in the most exalted minds.

Boys, did you ever think that this great world, with all its wealth and woe, all its mines and mountains, its oceans, seas and rivers, steamboats and ships, railroads and printing-presses and telegraphs, will soon be given to the boys of the present age? Get ready to enter upon your duties.

## THE LOVES OF THE KINGS.

BY MRS. B. F. BAER.

## ANDREW OF HUNGARY.

ANDREW, the son of Charles Robert, whose long and prosperous reign fills some of the brightest pages of Hungarian history, was so unfortunate as to become the victim of his father's misplaced ambition.

Charles, at an early period of his reign, had preferred a claim to the crown of the Two Sicilies, and had formally presented it before the Papal Court, then held at Avignon, for the Pope's approval. The Church, whose power had been augmented by the popularity of the Crusades, and her revenues swelled to repletion by the vast spoils taken from her Oriental foes, had reached the goal of her ambition—if, indeed, there was any limit to it—and her spiritual head, firmly fixed on the throne, now assumed the right, as Heaven's favored child, to dispense crowns and make or unmake kings at his will.

The Pope felt no disposition to have such a powerful sovereign as Charles Robert for so near a neighbor, and accordingly decided in favor of Robert, another and less powerful claimant, who was also an uncle of the Hungarian monarch. Finding himself thus outwitted by the cunning successor of St. Peter, Charles returned to his own dominions, and soon began a series of diplomatic negotiations with the newly-made king, that eventually led to the *coup d'état* which had been his object from the first—the alliance of the two families by a betrothal of the lovely little Neapolitan princess to his son Andrew.

Could the brave Magyar King have foreseen the result of this rash betrothal of two children scarcely free of their swaddling clothes—neither were over six years of age—it is scarcely presumable that he would have persisted in its consummation, even to have placed the crown of Naples on Andrew's brow. But Charles was just then in the height of his power, flushed with repeated success, and charmed by his diplomatic resources, that enabled him to sway statesmen, and bend kings to his views; and he thought only of the additional splendor to accrue from this blending of the two houses in one. Andrew was the younger son, therefore could not wear the Hungarian crown, which fell

to the elder, Louis, by right of succession; then why not marry the little Giovanna, and become King of Naples? The proposition was exceedingly pleasant to Charles, whose paternal pride was flattered, and he at once set off for the Sicilian Court, attended by a magnificent retinue, taking with him the boy Andrew, whose betrothal he was going to celebrate.

Ever fond of showy processions, splendid trains, and costly displays, the King seems to have out-rivalled himself in this journey, to be in turn astonished by the effete refinement of manner that marked Neapolitan society. Brought by right of position into direct contact with the Crusaders on their way to and from the Holy Land, as well as furnishing many a noble name to the Christian host, and many a trusty spear to the ranks of the Cross, the Two Sicilies, the garden spot of the Mediterranean, became the home of a luxurious, not to say voluptuous, refinement, half Eastern, half Western, a mixture of French chivalry with Saracen splendor and elegance. Here the haughty Templar rested from his marches beneath Syria's flaming skies, tuned his lyre afresh, and gayly sang of the tender passion, from which his stern vows of chastity and celibacy forever precluded him; here, likewise, the fiery Hospitaller might have been seen, his untamed eye and proud step distinguishing him from the vulgar herd, which he appeared to spurn with contempt from his path, while the more humble retainers of either faction were content to sup their beer in less ostentatious byways, and satisfy their thirst for glory by a constant jangling over the superiority of respective seigniors. The effect of such a cosmopolitan state of society could not be anything but pernicious. With this influx of foreigners into the kingdom came wealth, and the resources became rapidly developed; her ships became famous, and her maritime relations so powerful as almost to rival Venice, then "Queen of the Seas;" but with this prosperity came French ladies, whose corrupting influence was so marked that Robert declared his crown should not descend to a son of his lest the corruption should increase. A luxurious splendor and a sensuous immorality tenfold more demoral-

izing because it was robed in costly elegance and half obscured by a grandeur that were alike pleasing to sense and sight, marked society.

Such was the court to which Charles brought his infant son, and after a public betrothal to the little Princess Giovanna, left him to be educated under his future grandfather's supervision, expressly stipulating, however, that the Neapolitan crown was the price of these concessions—that Andrew and Giovanna were to reign jointly over the Two Sicilies.

With all his boasted astuteness, the Hungarian king does not seem to have felt any anxiety for the future welfare of his son, or dreaded having him educated in the atmosphere of this effeminate court, the abandonment of which brings to memory Byron's "*Sardanapalus*;" and it is possible that Charles's love of splendor and showy details obscured his vision to the seething whirlpool of vice underneath this pleasing exterior. However, the young Prince was left at Naples, and, to his honor be it said, lived in this the most corrupt court in Europe from early childhood to man's estate, surrounded by the very quintessence of refined immorality, without seeming to have imbibed any of the noxious influence that hovered malaria-like over its society, poisoning all with whom it came in contact.

"Beautiful as a poet's dream," Giovanna and Mary, the two granddaughters of Robert, grew to womanhood, possessing all the half-veiled, half-slumbering loveliness of the Southern woman, the more charming because of the indolent repose which characterizes every movement and embellishes every pose. But attractive as the Hungarian Prince was to every one about him, a universal favorite, handsome, chivalrous and accomplished, a man sought for by others, the haughty Giovanna, possessed with a dislike too often the outgrowth of such unnatural engagements, turned a deaf ear to all his love-making, and openly avowed her aversion to the man whom state policy demanded that she should marry. And in this unfortunate dislike, which she seems to have fostered rather than quenched, added to the injudicious training of a vicious mother, must be found whatever of palliation can be urged for the action of the fair, false principal in this terrible domestic tragedy.

When this most unsanctified marriage took place, is not clearly stated, but the nuptials appear to have been celebrated before the death of Robert,

who evidently expected the Magyar Prince to redeem his people from the thralldom of luxury that was reducing them to such effeminacy. But the marital vow sat lightly on this Southern beauty, whose charms led priest and poet alike captives in her train; and the death of her grandfather removed the last restraint on her acts. She at once avowed that Andrew should never share the throne while she lived, in which course she was encouraged by her unscrupulous mother, Margaret of Valois, and another French woman, who had gained admittance at court by the most questionable means.

Justly alarmed at the turn of affairs at Naples, afraid of his brother's position there, and anxious that the family dignity should be maintained, Louis, who had succeeded Charles Robert on the Hungarian throne, referred his brother's dispute to the Pope for a just and equitable settlement. But Clement VI., who plumed himself quite as much, says a historian, on being a connoisseur of feminine beauty as on wearing the triple crown, hesitated, halting between two fears, on the one hand to insult so formidable a sovereign as Louis of Hungary by a decision adverse to his brother's claim, and on the other a dread of losing the favor of the beautiful young Queen, should he declare Andrew an heir to the throne of Naples. For once, at least, we are bound to conclude that St. Peter's successor would gladly have delegated a prerogative, for which the Church had striven for centuries—that of making and unmaking kings as the Papal will might dictate.

Moving cautiously in this intricate matter, for the eye of all Europe was now turned Southward, anxious to see how the drama would end, the struggle having become famous as well as infamous, Clement sent an ambassador to Naples to inquire into the affairs of the court, and if possible help him to a decision. But strangely enough the Pope, whose knowledge of the world should have taught him better, selected the impressible, sentimental Petrarch to execute this most delicate commission; and he only complicated the already tangled meshes by immediately falling in love with the Queen. He addressed to her the most tender verses, more calculated to flatter her vanity than to open her eyes to a proper sense of her dignity, and complained most pathetically of her coldness in not responding to his ardent love.

To him, however, we are indebted for the fol-

lowing graphic picture of the Neapolitan court as it impressed him on his arrival from Avignon. Says he: "Religion, justice and truth are banished. I think I am at Memphis, or Babylon, or Mecca. Instead of a king so just and so pious (referring to the late Robert), a little monk, fat, rosy, barefooted, with a shorn head, and half covered with a dirty mantle, bent by hypocrisy more than by age, lost in debauchery while proud of his affected poverty, and still more of the real wealth he has amassed; this man holds the rein of the staggering Empire. In vice he rivals a Dionysius or an Agathocles, or a Phalaris." This monk, so extravagantly caricatured in this description, was the tutor of Andrew, who guarded most jealously his pupil's interests, and treated the Pope's ambassador with a contemptuous indifference, that incurred Petrarch's undying hatred.

Hoping little from Clement's tortuous policy, Louis finally sent his mother, Elizabeth, a woman of excellent judgment, to Naples, trusting that her maternal influence might bring about a reconciliation between the royal pair, and adjust the controversy without further scandal; but this amiable woman and her suite were only objects of ridicule in this hotbed of luxury, where the frank candor of the Magyars and their simple manners were characterized as coarse and barbarous by the French ladies, whose etiquette was as faultless as their lives were false and shallow. With a woman's keen intuition, Elizabeth very soon detected the real state of affairs at the court but wisely attempted to conciliate her daughter-in-law, and if possible render her mission to Naples a success. In this laudable design she might have succeeded, we are informed, but for the intolerant monk, Andrew's tutor, who would not yield an inch, even to secure the desired end; and by his blind obstinacy antagonized the party which the Queen dowager was so eager to conciliate; but it was not until the Greek Empress of Constantinople appeared on the scene, bringing forward her son, Louis of Tarentum, as a claimant for Giovanna's favor, that the maternal instinct became fully alarmed, and the faithful mother began to tremble for the safety of her son.

Realizing the treachery and corruption surrounding him on every side, and feeling fully conscious that she could effect nothing by a longer visit, Elizabeth announced her intention of returning to Hungary, and also her purpose of

taking Andrew with her. Whether this announcement alarmed his enemies, and they entered into a conspiracy to retain him a captive in their hands, or whether it was a genuine desire to prevent more gossip, that actuated the chief actors in this plot is not quite clear; but the Greek Empress implored the anxious Elizabeth to change her decision, while Giovanna besought her, with tears in her eyes, not to take her husband away. Was this young wife lending herself to his enemies, and simulating a repugnance to a separation only that it might be brought about in another form, the more effectual because final? It is almost sacrilege to affirm that so divine a form could have harbored such dark and desperate thoughts; but the light of subsequent events throw a cruel suspicion on this only show of affection that she ever deigned to bestow on her unfortunate husband. The dowager began to waver in her determination, and when the Count of Monte Scaglioso united his entreaties to their prayers, she finally yielded, knowing him to be a man wedded to the Hungarian cause. A fatal retraction, for it proved the seal for Andrew's death warrant!

At length, after many futile attempts, Louis finally succeeded in purchasing from the Supreme Pontiff the tardy acknowledgment of his brother's right to a jointure of the crown of the Two Sicilies, and also the setting of a day for his coronation; but the sum, forty-four thousand marks of silver, was too small to secure the succession to Andrew's posterity. Little as these concessions were, the Hungarians were content to abide the decision, feeling the universal awe of an open rupture with the Pope; and only awoke to the fact that what they had gained from him at a liberal price would be lost to them through the intrigues of Andrew's enemies at the Court of Naples, when it was too late to repair the mistake.

Giovanna, whose shameless conduct was the theme of every tongue, in no wise awed by Clement's decision, allowed her subjects to parade the streets with banners representing Andrew standing beside a block and axe, thus significantly intimating that he should die in this manner rather than be thrust on them as their king. Was it the spell of his wife's fatal beauty that held the Hungarian Prince a captive in her train? or was he, indeed, such an imbecile, as some of his biographers would have us believe, that this warning possessed no significance to him? We cannot accept the latter



view ; for he was descended from a race that knew no fear, and his subsequent actions rather incline us to the former opinion. When her faithlessness had become the byword on every lip, her unhappy husband locked his bitter mortification in his own breast, and never by word or act betrayed that he saw or heard aught that was conducive to his dishonor.

But the net was slowly, surely closing its strong meshes about him. The Southern siren could not wear the chains of wedlock forged ever so lightly, and as if to cast a new indignity on the man whom she had married, contrived an abduction of her sister Mary, who had been betrothed to Stephen, Andrew's younger brother. This was also passed by in silence by Andrew ; and his traducers cite his forgiveness and clemency towards the abductor as another evidence of his mental weakness. It rather seems to have been that stern, silent overlooking of his own personal grievance, to save the fair name of one with whom his life was so closely woven ; which, after all, may have been a weakness, but not of the kind that imbeciles are given to.

Louder and louder blew the breath of scandal, however, closing about the young Queen, and enveloping her with its hideous mantle ; but in the face of it all, the Prince took no measures for his own safety, as the day of his coronation came nearer and nearer. What but love for that false, but fair face, could so have blinded him to the danger lurking about him ? As it was, he rode forth that summer's morn in the gay cavalcade of Neapolitan gentry without a thought of the treachery in its midst. He rode by her side, cared for her every want, it is to be presumed ; and when fatigue and the heat had oppressed her, led his Queen to a safe retreat, where food and drink could be had and taken, while she rested with her suite. The spot chosen by the Queen's attendants for the hunting party to rest for the night was the lonely, solitary convent of San Pietro, in the vicinity of Aversa, where, after supping gayly together, Andrew and his wife retired to the room pointed out for their use. Shortly afterwards, the King was aroused by a loud knock, and was told that important despatches from Naples awaited him outside. Without a suspicion of treachery, the young King hastened from the room, the door of which was immediately closed on him, and the conspirators at once seized their victim. But An-

drew, perceiving his situation in an instant, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, and made a singularly brave resistance, that only superior numbers could overcome. Finally, being overpowered by his enemies, and exhausted by his own exertions, for he drew blood from more than one of his antagonists, he was gagged with the gloves of his assailants, and dragged to a distant window, where, suspended from the frame by a silken cord, Sicily's uncrowned King was strangled to death by a set of wretches, who tugged at his feet until the noose had completed its horrid work.

In her distant room, Giovanna sat on the bed with her face buried in her hands, awaiting the sequel, a prey to terror and remorse. Those delicate white hands, held so closely to her face, had furnished the silken rope ; and if she was not an active conspirator in the dreadful drama, she at least raised not a finger to avert the terrible consummation. Is it any wonder that she paled and cowered before the staunch old Hungarian nurse, Isolda, who rushed to the apartment on hearing the strange noises, and demanded Andrew, the child of her love and care, from the cruel siren ?

Failing to learn anything from the terror-stricken wife, Isolda ran to the window, and there discovered the body of Andrew lying on the grass where the assassins had left him on the approach of footsteps. It is said that they had intended to throw the body into a stream close by, and thus produce the appearance of suicide. The first storm of remorse having past, the youthful Giovanna returned to Naples, and plunged into the wildest dissipation, following it up by an indecent haste in wedding Louis of Tarentum, thereby setting the seal on her own condemnation. Not secure in her safety, however, from Hungarian revenge, she wrote letter after letter to Louis, trying to establish her innocence as well as ignorance of the conspiracy ; and he replied by demanding the conspirators to be delivered to justice for a trial for the heinous crime.

This, of course, was impossible. They belonged to the royal retinue, were even the Queen's special favorites, and some actually were members of her own family ; how could she deliver up her chosen people to satisfy Hungarian ideas of justice ? She faltered, fortified herself in her palatial castle, and in the bewildering delights of her demoralized court awaited the result.

Louis laid his complaints before the Pope at

Avignon, and the Supreme Pontiff, rather disgusted by the criminal scandal, once more sent ambassadors to Naples; but Louis soon perceived that, if he expected redress, he must gain it at the point of the sword, rather than from ecclesiastical interference. The peculiarly atrocious murder of his brother aroused the Hungarian king's indignation to the highest pitch; but such were the affairs of his own kingdom, that it was at least a year before Louis could march an army into Sicily finding little or no opposition on the route.

The Queen and her guilty husband, Louis of Tarentum, fled before the avenging monarch, and took refuge at a safe distance, while her nobles, such as could clear themselves of any share in the conspiracy, flocked to his standard, glad to throw themselves under his protection. When Louis returned to Hungary, he had put to death every one concerned in the plot whom he could reach, had dispossessed Giovanna of her throne, and was the acknowledged king of the Sicilies himself; he had stood by the window where his brother had met his unhappy fate, and from it, with an indignation easily accounted for, had hurled Charles Durazzo to the ground below to be speared by his soldiery on the very spot where Andrew had laid a strangled corpse. This nobleman's complicity in the murder has never been clearly proven, but his intimacy with those known to be connected with it—his abduction of Mary, the Queen's sister, and his pretensions to the throne—threw the strongest suspicions on him, and time has done little to relieve his character of the opprobrium.

But historians do not agree as to the death of Charles at Louis's hands, for more than one emphatically declare that he lived to wear the crown of the Sicilies, which he claimed on his wife's behalf. For the above-mentioned account of his violent end, we are indebted to Percival, who seems to have had no doubt of its authenticity.

Giovanna took refuge in Provence, and from thence proceeded to Avignon, where she threw herself and her cause before the Pope, sued for his protection, and trusting to her personal charms and woman's wits to secure her petition, begged the Holy Father to interfere to save her from Louis's wrath. Says a writer in this connection: "There's a curious print extant among the old illustrations of the early copies of Froissart, representing Giovanna presenting herself to Pope Clement, and suing for his intervention. Here is the Pope, a

good-humored, full-faced, elderly man, with a goodly double chin, triple crowned, with a crosier in hand, and in a richly decorated mantle clasped at the throat with gems, descending from the throne, at each side of which stands a cardinal, and holding out his hand to Giovanna, who young and pretty, with a circlet on her head, and attired in a wide-sleeved mantle lined with ermine, kneels before him, and eagerly takes his proffered hand. Two close-shaven priests, kneeling behind her, look extremely edified, while two courtiers and a warrior, in extraordinary armor, complete the group. The audience-hall has a decorated window, but the artist has not distracted attention by introducing a single article of furniture."

Thus, in person and with her own lips, this accomplished but unprincipled woman plead her own cause before the ecclesiastical tribunal, and with the most conclusive evidence to prove her guilt was acquitted by the august body; but her countrymen turned from her with a disgust that they did not care to conceal. With her husband, Louis, she wandered from spot to spot, ever seeking a reconciliation with the Hungarian king, whose vengeance still threatened her.

But Louis was implacable. His brother's blood was on her hand, and her fair face, divine form and elegant manners did not cover her crime, and make her one whit the less guilty in his eyes. This led to a second ecclesiastical investigation by the Pope, and again the royal woman appeared in person to fight her own battles; but not to plead her innocence as before, for she presented to that court one of the most absurd arguments that imagination could devise. She actually declared that her complicity in Andrew's murder was brought about by the devil, or, in other words, she was the victim of witchcraft, and therefore was not responsible for the deed.

We of this nineteenth century can scarcely credit such a monstrous statement, but the Pope really accepted this argument, returned a verdict of acquittal, and allowed the bewitched Queen to retire to her own dominions, and resume her crown.

Louis, finding the throne of the Two Sicilies a costly bauble, allowed Giovanna to take her former place, but accepted no overtures of reconciliation at her hands, and made no secret of his determination to punish her should an opportunity ever present itself. Whether this open threat

alarmed her—for Louis was no despicable foe—or she really desired a reconciliation with the guardian of her child, we do not know; but the question was being constantly agitated until it assumed an aspect that astonished the whole of Europe; and the fourteenth century witnessed the strange spectacle of a powerful sovereign and the beautiful queen of the most splendid court of that age referring their quarrel, by mutual consent, to Colas di Rienzi for an impartial judgment. This man, of low and obscure birth, who first styled himself "Tribune" and afterwards "Senator" of Rome, was just then at the zenith of his power, the idol of republican Rome, the cynosure of all eyes, the marvelous illustration of what an unbounded ambition and a dauntless courage can compass, the wonder of the century, and the object of royalty's bitter hatred, because potentates were obliged to acknowledge his singular honesty, his unflinching integrity, and unblemished character, while they trembled for their thrones in the face of such a precedent as his life presented to the world.

To this Tribune of the Roman republic, in whose judgment they placed the utmost confidence, Louis and Giovanna brought their dispute, and to him left the vexed question of who should inherit the crown of the Sicilies.

But, like the Pope, this tribunal dallied with the investigation, determined, if possible, to make the most of the opportunity to wrest the future appointment of the Neapolitan kings from the Papal hands, and in this hesitancy lost all chance to secure an amicable adjustment of the difficulty. Louis retired in disgusted anger from the contest, feeling, no doubt, that he was unable to cope with his wily antagonist, whose beauty and siren tongue were more than a match for him, powerful as he was; but to the day of his death, there is no account of any reconciliation having been effected between him and his sister-in-law.

Giovanna married, successively, Louis of Tarentum, James of Aragon, and Otho of Brunswick, after Andrew's death, and, at the age of fifty-two, met the fate she so richly deserved by being smothered by order of Charles Durazzo, as some historians assert, he having usurped the throne. However, there can be scarcely a doubt that her end was a violent one; that as she had meted out to others, so was it meted to her. "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine."

It is singular with what pertinacity some historians dwell on the coarse manners and barbarous tendencies of Andrew in extenuation of his queen's character; but when we remember that Giovanna was reared in a court where learning was respected, men of letters encouraged, and all the refining influences calculated to soften and embellish the female character, were to be found, the hideous blackness of her depravity becomes so prominent, that we turn from it with a shudder of repulsion, to dwell with admiration on the patience and touching silence with which this "coarse and barbarous" Hungarian bore insult, treachery, and infidelity from the most "beautiful and accomplished princess" of the day, and the firmness and courage with which Sicily's uncrowned king sold his life with the fearful odds of a well-organized conspiracy against him.

Civilization and barbarity! The one represented by a man, the other a woman; he sprung from a race of warriors, bred to the art of war; she a female, born under Southern skies, surrounded by the refining graces of an elegant court, bred to the luxuries and magnificence of a splendor unequaled in Europe, brought up among the most distinguished men of letters, graceful, accomplished, and beautiful; what an influence she might have wielded in the high sphere to which she was called! Like the present "Star of Italy," she could have reformed whatever was rude in the manners of her husband, and by her own winning politeness have secured to herself his respectful love and confidence. As it was, her life presents a most hideous picture, charming men of learning only to draw them down to her own level; for Boccaccio's most revolting sentiments are said to have been penned at her instigation and by her command; sinking her people lower and lower in the slough of a ruinous effeminacy, and finally soiling her own fair hands with the blood of the man whom she had vowed to love and cherish. Her opportunities were grand, but she discarded them; her education above the average, but it was tainted with French views of life; her personal charms the envy of all who knew her, but the heart was corrupt, and, like Mary, Queen of the Scots, whom she is said to have much resembled, she never overcame the seeds of vicious counsel sown by a French woman's hands, and at last she paid the penalty of a too ready obedience to those evil suggestions, with her life.

## THE ISLAND-TEMPLES OF INDIA.

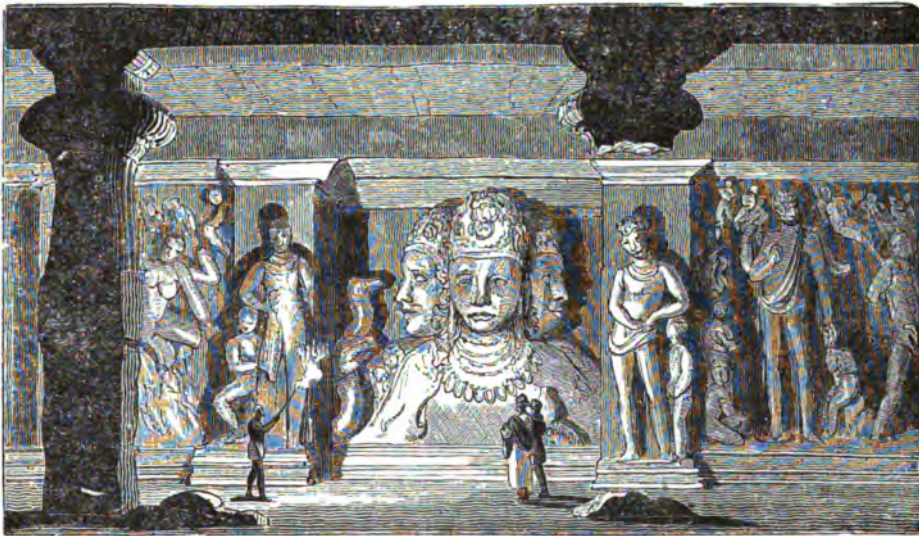
By MRS. J. M. CHURCH.

THE wonderful cave excavations of Elephanta and Salsette have long puzzled the curious in such matters as to the period of their construction, and the purpose for which such incredibly hard work was undertaken. The sculptured figures with which the walls are so thickly embroidered, the massive figures, the almost endless excavations, are alike subjects of perplexity and amazement.

Ingenuity has exerted itself in vain to solve the

his famous army was alone equal to such a work of excavation; and as if to carry out this theory, the immense figure of a horse, carved out of the rock on the island of Elephanta, has been called from time immemorial *the horse of Alexander*. Another theory, which is supported by the natives, ascribes these marvelous works to giants and genii in the earliest ages of the world.

Among the labyrinths of those dim and misty



HINDOO SCULPTURED IDOLS IN CAVE-TEMPLES, ELEPHANTA, INDIA.

hopeless, when and why; and the feeble lights of successive theories have cast their flickering shadows through these gloomy caverns, but none of them heralded the day-dawn of established fact. Each in turn has cried, Eureka! and represented them as retreats from an invading enemy, the story in stones of a defunct religion, the sacred resting-places of royal and illustrious dead.

A French writer confidently asserts that Semiramis ordered the construction of these sculptured caverns as memorials of her invasion of India, for the excellent reason that the invaded sovereign defended himself against that enterprising lady with a procession of elephants covered with mail, and troops armed with lances, like those which abound on the walls of Elephanta. An English writer assigns them to Alexander the Great, because

periods, speculation loses itself; and the only practical *raison d'être* of these wonderful edifices is the supposition that they were intended, originally at least, for religious purposes. "The gloomy cavern and the consecrated grove bore witness to the earliest devotions of mankind. The deep shade, the solemn silence, the profound solitude of such places inspired the contemplative soul with a kind of holy horror, and cherished in it the seeds of virtue and religion. . . . The Brahmins of Asia and the Druids of Europe were therefore constantly to be found in the recesses of the sacred grotto and in the bosom of the embowering forest."

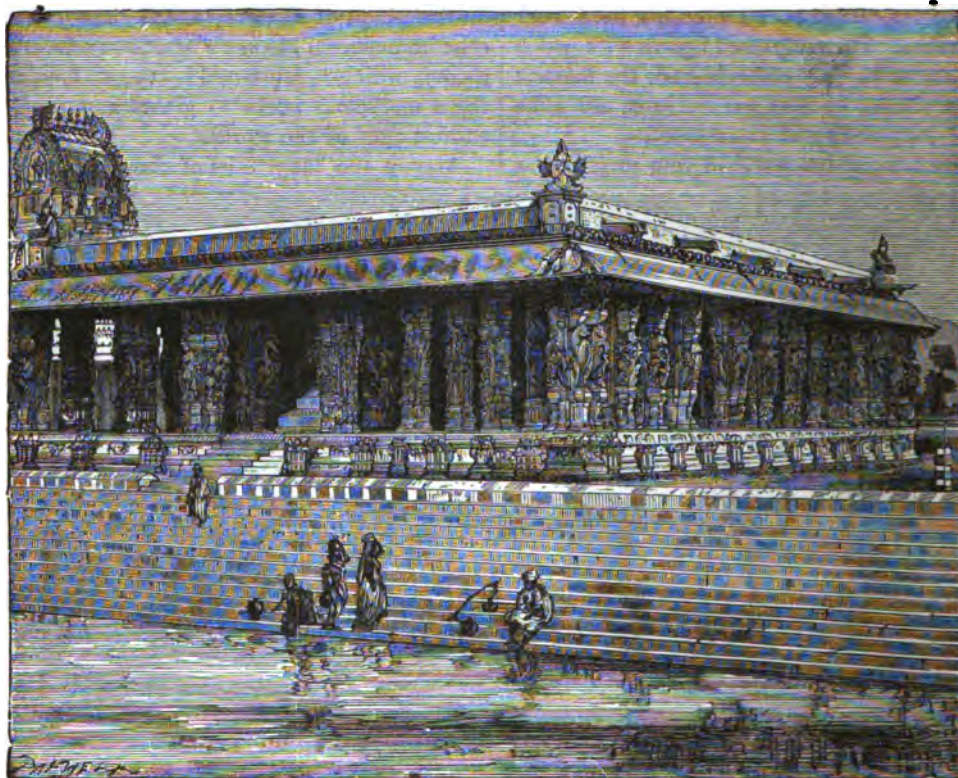
Elephanta, which the natives call Gallipouri, is a small island on the Indian coast, nearly opposite Bombay. The huge stone elephant on the south



shore, which has been apparently split in two by gunpowder, gave its name to the island, and is so good an imitation of the real article that, at a short distance, even an eye accustomed to elephants might be deceived. This seems to have been a work of supererogation—a sort of playful freak on the part of the architect, mortal or otherwise, that served as a preparation for the wonders

have a flat appearance, which has been compared to that of a cushion pressed together by the weight of the mountain overhead. A stone ridge, like a beam, crosses the tops of these capitals; it is about a foot thick, and profusely ornamented with carved work.

Forty or fifty colossal statues stand out from the sides of the cavern in such wonderful bas-relief



TEMPLE AND TANK AT CONJEVERAM, INDIA.

to be seen within the cavern pagoda. The horse, too, is represented as "so lively, and with such a color and carriage, that many have fancied it a living animal."

This temple, or Pantheon of the gods, who in India are deified heroes and princes, is about half-way up the steep mountain, from the stony heart of which it has been excavated. It forms a complete square of an hundred and twenty feet, and is eighteen feet in height. The four rows of pillars, on which the solid mass of rock above is supported, are exquisitely proportioned, but of no received school of architecture. Each finely-fluted column rests upon a square pedestal, and is larger in the centre than at any other point. The rich capitals

that, although they are not detached from the rock, the rounding of each figure is so perfect that a careful examination is necessary to convince the spectator of this fact. These figures vary in style and character; some wearing the pyramidal helmet of the warrior, others have crowns ingeniously wrought, and splendid with jewels, while some of the heads are without ornament, save that of curled, or flowing tresses. Hands are plentiful with these heroes and princes, who do not appear to have found four, or even six, too many for them; and these numerous hands are generally filled with sceptres and shields.

Some of these worthies have undeniably bad countenances, and are described by an ancient



writer to be of such "horrible and fearfull formes, that they make a man's hayre stand upright." Others look serene and benignant, while on the features of others are marks of dejection and anguish. The gorgeous Indian dress in which they are attired—with heavy ear-jewels, magnificent collars sparkling with gems, fancifully wrought belts, and rich bracelets on arms and wrists—

the neck. The sleepy, placid expression of the face is supposed to express "that absorbed state which constitutes the supreme felicity of the Indian deity."

The head on the right of Brahma is the pre-server, Vishnu, smiling and gazing with rapt admiration on the sacred lotus which he holds in his left hand. The destroyer, Mahades, scowls



SCULPTURED PILLARS IN THE TEMPLE, CONJEVERAM, INDIA.

makes a picture that fairly dazzles amid the gloom of the cavern.

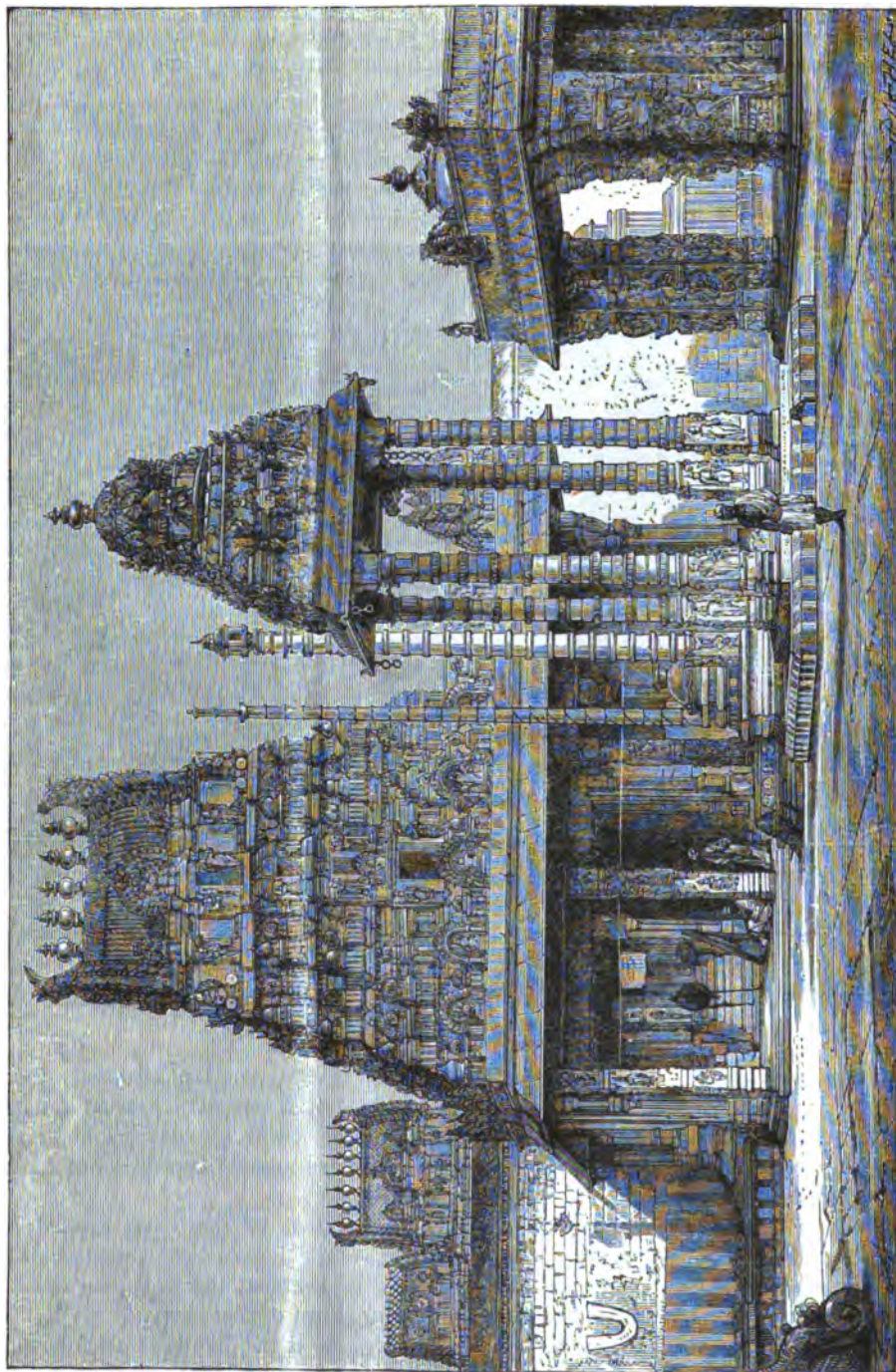
The nearest of these figures to the entrance, and facing it, is an enormous bust. Its three heads, joined behind the ears, represent the grand triple deity of India: Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. The great breadth and depth of the central head are evidently the sculptor's expression of the supreme presiding deity. A face that is five feet long, with a nose of a foot and a half, conveys a practical idea of power that is farther enhanced by a shoulder expansion of twenty feet. An immense jewel sparkles like a solitary star in the pyramidal cap that crowns the head, while a broad collar of pearls and other precious stones adorns

on the other side, and looks the very incarnation of malice. His tongue is thrust out, and the large hooded snake grasped in his right hand seems only the natural expression of his own evil nature.

On either side of this triple-headed bust is a majestic, whole length figure, wearing the three-fold cord of Brahma, and supposed to represent a subdar, or priest of that deity.

Farther on, is the figure of an Amazon, which seems curiously out of place in a Hindoo temple. It is in the midst of thirty uncouth statues, and has four arms, the right fore-arm resting upon the head of a bull. The left fore-arm hangs down, but whatever it holds has been mutilated past





THE GREAT HINDOO TEMPLE, CONJEVERAN, INDIA.

recognition. The hand of the hinder right arm grasps a hooded snake; the left a round shield. This brings back the theory of Semiramis; but it is supposed again that, as Herodotus writes of

Scythian Amazons, the statue may be accounted for by the connection which, in early ages, seems to have existed between India and Scythia.

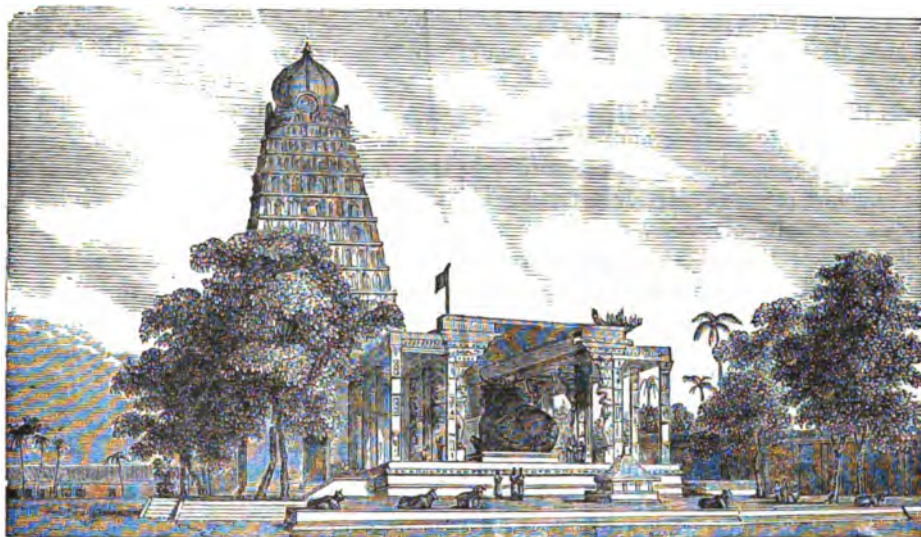
The sacred *Zennar* of Brahma which adorns so

many of these sculptured figures—the striking representations of the very gods now worshipped in India—and the assertion of Niebuhr, who declares that he saw the islanders paying poojah to the images in the temple of Elephanta, all seem to contradict the theory that the rites of a religion quite different from that now prevailing in India, were practiced in these cavern pagodas.

At one end of this wonderful temple is a dark recess twenty feet square, with no outside orna-

now connected by means of a bridge. The excavations there are so extensive, and the sculptured figures so numerous, being over six hundred, that it has been estimated to have cost the labor of at least forty thousand men for forty years. The caverns are in four steep hills that rise near the centre of the island, and are fringed with woods that are plentifully stocked with the animals of that region.

Within the bosom of these hills sleeps the vast



PAGODA AND SACRED BULL, AT TANJORE, INDIA.

ment except the eight naked figures, thirteen and a half feet high, that seem to be starting from the wall to which they are attached. These figures are ornamented in the same gorgeous fashion as the other statues, with rich collars about their necks and immense jewels in their ears. They guard the sacred mysteries of a debasing worship, whose serpent-like trail disfigures all Indian temples and paintings.

The *crushed* appearance of Elephanta's flat roof and comparatively low ceiling, is a prominent defect in this famous temple; but it is, nevertheless, a palace of wonders, and in contemplating the life-like forms that stud the massive rock from whence they seem to have sprung, the spectator almost feels that the spirits who were supposed to work in the bowels of the earth could alone have accomplished such results.

The Island of Salsette is much larger than Elephanta, and nearer to Bombay, with which it is

city of stone which the natives call Canarah, or Kanheri. It is on so grand a scale, with different stories or galleries and distinct sets of apartments, that Elephanta sinks almost into insignificance beside it; and a traveller who visited it in 1759, says: "The chambers and houses within this compass, or four galleries, are three hundred, and entirely full of carved pagodas, of so fearful, horrible and devilish forms and shapes that it is wonderful to behold."

It is impossible to describe such a mass of sculpture minutely; and there is such a repetition in the details, that it is only necessary to dwell upon the more prominent divisions and figures. Each separate range of apartments has its interior recess, or sanctuary, and a small tank of water for ablutional purposes.

The western hill contains the finest temple, which is forty feet high; though considerably less in length and breadth than Elephanta. The por-



tico, or vestibule, is particularly fine; and has two beautiful columns, finished with capitals and bases. Two colossal statues stand, one on either side, and wear the usual mitre-caps and ear-rings. This portico has three gates of entrance; a magnificent central gate, and two smaller ones.

The roof of the temple is arched, which is a great improvement upon the painful flatness of Elephanta; and it is supported by thirty-five massive pillars. These ancient pillars are very beautiful, being octagonal in form; and the capitals and bases are covered with admirably executed figures of animals. Two rows of niches around the walls of the temple were intended for the lamps which, it is supposed, were kept perpetually burning in this gloomy shrine; and around the huge altar are more recesses for the same purpose.

It is this immense altar, twenty-seven feet high, and nearly as much in diameter, which gives a peculiar character to the cavern-temple of Kanheri. All the details of this rocky pagoda are on a grand scale; but the subjects of the almost endless sculptures and hieroglyphics do not differ materially from those of Elephanta. The creating, preserving and destroying powers are represented again and again in various shapes and combinations; and the serpent, as an emblem of the divine nature, is constantly seen in the hands of the dieties, or environing them. Serpents, too, are sculptured on the cornices about the roofs of these temples; and on the same cornices are numerous embossed figures of horses, elephants and lions—symbolic animals with the Hindoos, both in religion and astronomy.

Says one who has carefully studied the subject: "That a considerable portion of the hieroglyphic sculptures and paintings in the temples of Hindostan have an astronomical allusion, has never been doubted by those who have accurately surveyed and attentively considered them; though their latent meaning and intricate history have never been completely developed. The blaze of glory streaming from the radiated crowns on the heads of all the Avatars, speak their descent from the

regions of light and glory; the emblematical ornaments of serpents that deck the venerated statues of the god—rajahs, who frown from the walls of the various pagodas; the figures of sacred and sidereal animals sculptured near them; the sacerdotal vases for oblation; the consecrated bells which some statues bear, and the sacred zennar and staff of the Brahmins which distinguish others; all these circumstances united evince their immediate connection with the profoundest mysteries of science, and with the most awful rites of religion."

From the circumstance of the lamps, joined to the position of the pagoda-altars toward the east, and the many evidences that the Hindoos of old worshipped the sun and fire, it is argued that this species of devotion, deriving perhaps additional strength from the visible emblem of Deity, whose throne was supposed to be fixed in the sun, blazed forth in this temple in the fullness of its meridian splendor! If, it is asked, no less than a hundred lamps were burning continually before the idol Juggernaut, how many thousands must have been lighted up in the immense caverns of Elephanta and Salsette?

The ascent to Kanheri is by a regular flight of steps cut out of the rock; and its elevated position and the beauty of the surrounding country afford a grand and extensive prospect. Here, it is thought, the Brahmins mounted the eminences of the rocks to pay their devotions on the mountain tops. They ascended the heights of Salsette, as the Egyptian priests of old ascended the apex of the pyramids, to adore the sun and to make astronomical observations. When the immediate object of their veneration was lost to their view, the Brahmin devotees descended with the shades of evening into their stony recesses, and there renewed, before objects emblematical of his apparent figure, power and properties, their fervent adoration. The Orb of radiated Gold, the bright Spiral Flame, ascending from the ever-glowing altar, impressed their inmost souls with an awful sense of the present Deity.

## LUCK AND ILL-LUCK.

LUCK's the giddiest of all creatures,  
Nor likes in one place long to stay;  
She smooths the hair back from your features,  
Kisses you quick—and runs away!

Dame ill-luck's in no such flurry,  
Nor quick her close embrace she quits:  
She says she's in no kind of hurry,  
And sits upon your bed—and knits!

## THE THREE NAOMIES, AND THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

BY MRS. C. DURANG.

CHAPTER XI. FLORIDA.—THE CAPTIVE OSCEOLA.—  
A CHILD STOLEN.

THE warm sun tinged the leaves and fruit in the orange groves through which the long train of Seminoles were winding their dreary way, after having surrendered to the United States troops. Their waving plumes and glittering ornaments flashed in the light that transiently fell on them in mockery of their fate. Thus they mournfully bent their course to the jail where their gallant Chief, the brave Osceola, was imprisoned.

They were about to take their departure from their loved hunting-grounds and the tombs of their ancestors. They wished to take leave of their Chief, but that privilege was denied them. All they gained was a promise that he should soon follow them.

Michenopah, Yehoulogie (the Cloud), and some of them passed over the everglades with a silent, melancholy feeling; the steps of the warriors were enfeebled by war, oppression, and conquest, and a few still lingered about the jail doors and windows, doubtful whether the conquerors would keep their promise of restoring their Chief to them, when they perceived an interesting-looking lad watching them and the jail windows. Glances of cunning passed between them, indicating that there lay security against treachery.

The fierce eyeballs of Michenopah glared on the boy as he suggested to Yehoulogie that he might serve as their hostage for the prisoner confined in the jail.

With an alacrity unknown to any but the savage race, the boy was seized and bound on one of their swiftest steeds; before a single soldier or one of the inhabitants could perceive them, he was borne on his way to the far-off West.

The mild climate of Florida, its groves of oranges and figs, so delightful to wander through and inhale their perfume, did not improve Naomie's health or spirits. She had become a complete devotee.

To her husband she was cold, and uncongenial in sentiment, insensible to all his efforts to render her happy; his patience was almost worn out; at length he began to expostulate with her; all was in

vain. He asked her if he should resign his commission.

"Why should my wishes stand in the way of your greatness?" was her cold reply.

"Nay, there are other roads to greatness beside the battle-field—those that soothe our cares. When Orpheus made the inanimate stones move; when the prophets made their harps vibrate as they were suspended on the willows of Assyria, they consoled the slaves of Israel and became great. Painters and poets create a world of their own, exist in realms of beauty and grandeur, and thus become great. Say, shall I resign my commission in the army? Will it be any satisfaction to you?"

A smile of indifference played on her lip as she answered, "If it will be any advantage to our boy."

His patience became exhausted, as he proceeded: "How is it, Naomie, does your religion require you to neglect and treat with contempt the blessings that have been showered on you by an All-wise Supreme Power, because it is his will to thwart you in one instance? Since I must speak plainly, it looks more like ingratitude than anything else."

His expostulations seemed to affect her.

"Aubrey! since a mother's love has become an inmate of my bosom, it has assumed a sway that has brought with it a train of ideas hitherto unknown to me; it has recalled the duties of a child to a parent that I had neglected."

"Then do not let them cause you to neglect those of a wife."

"The first error was the cause of all. Our marriage was a sin, for it was an act of disobedience, and such a one as is sure to call down retribution on the offenders. Had we obeyed my father's wishes and waited, the marriage might have been blessed by the presence of a mother, of one who may now be pining in confinement. Perhaps at this moment my mother is deploring the absence of my father. Alas! may not a host of events have persuaded her that he was treacherous to her love, and all that was sacred to her on earth?"

"These are only suppositions; the task that your father would have imposed on you was one



that you might never have been able to accomplish. It was an unnatural one."

"Hush, Aubrey! respect the memory of my father; spare it. At least, do not speak of it in that way to me."

"Where our happiness is so deeply concerned I must speak. Is not a cheerful face and loving tone from a wife to a husband and the husband to the wife the seal to the marriage vow; vows recorded in the book of eternal life; a mutual recognition of the duties of each? True Christianity wears no mask. Its open sincerity imparts, while it receives happiness, and smiles in sweet acceptance of the gift. Your boy! his tender age! does it inspire you with no wish to live to guide his steps in honor in that world that lies open before him? Eight years are past since he first breathed the air wherein a sorrowing mother's sighs and tears have clouded his young days and made them those of grief, not joy. I have been silent until silence becomes a crime; I now speak, and entreat you to arouse to a sense of reason."

"Oh, forgive me!" murmured Naomie, through sighs and suppressed tears. Her better nature burst through the gloomy thoughts that had so long oppressed her. "I will try, I will try. The struggle has been dreadful to me. My father's last wish, which was untold until his departing spirit had winged its flight to where no sad reply of mine could answer it. Oh! it is a cruel task, yet I will try it. I should try, for I have been ungrateful. I have been blest; a dear son blesses me daily. A loving husband blesses me hourly—and yet I remained ungrateful. You are right, you have given my conduct the right name. Thanks, thanks, for revealing me to myself, and recalling me to my duty; I will try to perform it."

The last struggle to overcome her past errors increased her agitation until she became almost insensible. Aubrey became alarmed, and sought to rouse her from her present state by inquiring where Clarence was.

"I have not seen him since he went to church, and the service must have been over two hours ago."

Melbourne went in search of him, but he was nowhere to be seen.

Hour after hour passed; the night passed! yet no tidings of him.

The next day the inhabitants and soldiers turned out to search for him, but he was not found.

For two months the search continued, until hope died out in the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Melbourne, when a traveller, who had passed the Indians, brought the report that they had a white boy with them.

The intelligence produced such mingled sensations of joy and fear, that it was near destroying the life of Naomie. Undetermined what course to pursue, Melbourne demanded aid from the Government, as he could not pursue a tribe of Indians with any success without it.

After some delay his request was granted, and a detachment of riflemen, sharpshooters, and cavalry, were placed under his command to search for the offenders.

It was a dangerous service, as he would have to go amongst tribes whose minds were full of enmity to the white race; besides, having to encounter fatigue and many deprivations, under such circumstances it was impossible for his wife to accompany him. He wished her to visit Geraldine and remain with her during his absence. She agreed to the arrangement, as she contemplated the difficulties before him.

They separated with mutual feelings of regret, sorrowing and foreboding.

As there was a vessel sailing for Charleston from St. Augustine, there was no difficulty anticipated in her reaching the plantation. How great was her disappointment on arriving there to find that Beaufort had sold it. She had to alter her plan and follow her husband as far West as it was possible, where she could hear oftener and sooner what success attended the enterprise.

While Aubrey Melbourne was pursuing his way West, his wife was following him with her young infant in her arms.

A severe winter had set in; Lake Champlain was frozen over so that sailing vessels could not be of any use, therefore sledges and sleighs were the only means of travel. As Naomie was anxious to proceed on her journey she took advantage of the first one that was going to cross, as she dreaded being detained too long lest she should miss Melbourne.

The train of sleighs started late in the day. When they reached the centre of the Lake night overtook them.

The scene was terrific; the fierce wind groaned and waved as the lightning flashed around, and the rain fell in torrents over their heads. In the

midst of the darkness rolling sounds like distant thunder were heard under their feet warning them that the ice was breaking.

The horses, ever sensible of danger, took flight, and with their living burdens dashed through slush and snow, at one moment deluging them, the next dragging them over hills of ice, then bounding through the broken crevices until they were close to the shore, where the lights from the houses appeared like beacon fires, giving hope to the wrecked travellers; suddenly one plunge of the horses broke the traces, and left the sleigh with its precious cargo, floating on a small field of ice.

Despair filled the hearts of all, when a strong breeze and rough wave dashed them on the beach, which was crowded with the charitable inhabitants, who had seen the horses which had reached the land, and knew that they must have left some lives in danger.

Thus hungry, wet and weary, Naomie and her infant were cast on the shores of Vermont, where the hospitality of the people was shown and every persuasion used to detain her until the spring; but a few weeks' care revived her, and as the Lake became clear of ice she proceeded on her journey by the first boat that left the Vermont shores for the other side, from whence she journeyed onward, in sleighs, wagons, or any vehicle that could be procured until she reached Clark's Fort, a trading place, being a rendezvous for Indians, traders, British and American soldiers; the traders to purchase skins and furs, the Indians to sell them, to hold their councils and to settle their quarrels, the soldiers to keep them in order.

There were but two white families residing at the place in log cabins; attached to one of them was a block house to which the white people could retreat in case there were no soldiers to protect them from the Indians.

On reaching this place she was doomed to meet with fresh disappointments. Melbourne was not there; but she learned that he had gone in pursuit of a tribe who, it was supposed, had possession of Clarence.

Here she was in the wilderness, herself and her infant surrounded by savages, and they being savages of the worst description; some of them being more like beasts than human beings, devouring their food raw, and tearing it to pieces with their fingers. When they could procure liquor their maddened fierce yells filled the air with

sounds appalling to the senses. She hesitated which way to direct her steps. There was no way of communicating with her friends, or of discovering which direct way her husband had gone; in fact it was a case of necessity that she should remain, as there was no means of conveyance from there at the present time, and fortunately the white people were very kind and wished her to remain with them.

She passed most of her time in wandering through the woods with her infant, hoping to learn some news of Aubrey.

Day after day she wandered almost hopeless, when suddenly the sound of horses' feet at a distance struck on her ear. She held her breath till the sounds approached nearer to her, when a cloud of dust announced the approach of a party of Indians. Her eyes grew dizzy as she beheld the well-known form of her husband, his swift steed pursued by a band of savages. She saw him fall amid a shower of arrows. She saw no more. She sank fainting on the earth by the side of her child.

#### CHAPTER XII. A STORM OFF OCRACOCKE INLET.— ROCK CASTLE.

THE Beauforts arrived in Charleston, and sailed from there in a ship bound to New York. There was a large number of passengers on board. They passed Cape Fear with the prospect of a quick passage, and all were enjoying their supper unaware of the dark clouds that were surrounding them. Suddenly a severe storm overtook them, dashing everything into confusion; trunks, chests, and people flew about like acrobats; at every lurch of the vessel fearful seas were shipped, which poured hogsheads of water into the cabin and steerage. The hatches were quickly closed, and the passengers, who a few moments before were feasting merrily, were left in darkness, shivering with cold. Some fell to praying, others remained motionless, frightened at the noise around them, the roaring of the wind, the flapping of the restive sails and cordage, which sounded like the discharge of a park of artillery; each particular plank seemed to groan in agony. Amid the din, the gruff voice of the captain giving orders was sometimes indistinctly heard, and the sailors' answers of "Aye, aye!" came like faint whispers of hope, as if to assure the travellers that there were human beings yet at work to save them, for which prayers were offered by the captives in the cabin.

After two hours' fierce contention of the elements a calm succeeded. The hatches were opened, and all hands were called to the pumps. The wind had abated, but the vessel had sprung a leak. Orders were given to steer for the shore, signals of distress were furling up, and cannons fired.

About midnight a sail appeared in the offing; when about three miles distant the stranger answered the signals of distress and floated over the threatening waves like a swan with outstretched wings.

Oh! most welcome! thrice welcome friend to the distressed mariner. She proved to be a pilot boat!

"Want a pilot, Massa?" was spoken through a trumpet from the little craft.

"Aye, aye!" was the quick response, when a heavy, dark-looking negro sprang on board the ship.

"Whar you bound, Cap'in?" was the first question.

The Captain informed him that he was bound for New York; that the vessel was leaking so badly that he wished to put into the nearest port.

"Den Cap'in, I'se take you into Portsmouth, inside ob de Inlet, you know, Ocracock Inlet; den you has safe anchoring, and den you can git the leak prepared dere. I'se been pilot har for twenty years."

The pilots along the Southern coast were mostly negroes, and were acquainted with every stream, bank, or rock for miles within their stations. It was a great relief to the Captain and passengers to have such a pilot on board.

The vessel reached the inlet by daybreak; sailed in between two low-looking banks of sand, anchored before the town of Portsmouth, within sight of which were forests of masts of vessels that had been wrecked, and remained as warning beacons to all mariners to avoid the swash, which was a surface of shallow water extending for miles inside of a narrow ledge of sand separating it from the ocean, thus keeping it within its enclosure on the inland side of the swash. The banks of the coast are covered with liveoak, evergreen through all seasons, entwined with vines, creeping plants, and a variety of wild perfumed flowers.

The water before the town and in the anchoring roads is so singularly transparent that for several fathoms deep a distinct view of all Nature's productions under the water can be seen. The splen-

did plants outvying some of those of the garden, and the various fishes, inhabitants of the ocean, can be observed sporting and swimming about in their native homes.

On examination it was found the vessel was so much injured that it could not be repaired there. The unwelcome news was told that they would have to wait until another vessel would arrive, that they would send for, to take them the rest of the way.

The passengers resolved to continue the journey by the land route. As there was a small schooner about sailing up the Neuse River to Newbern, the Beauforts availed themselves of the opportunity to go by it, and from there take the stages for the rest of the way.

The same pilot that had navigated their wrecked vessel into Portsmouth, was engaged to pilot the schooner up the river.

Bob Blount being rather an intelligent negro, Geraldine got into conversation with him, and found him very communicative.

"You see, Missus, we pilots belong to de Blount's estate, and we hires ourselves out."

"Who are the Blounts?" inquired Geraldine.

"You neber har ob de great Blount famerly of Nort Carolina? Dem am fust-rate qualerty! dey own de county ob dat name, and I doesn't know how many niggars. Massa Ned, he I 'member when I was a youngster at de castle; that war before Massa Ned deceased. I war head waiter. Ole Massa war always hassing so much company at de castle; but Ole Massa an young Massa Ned now be deceased. De lady ob de castle still lives thar; we always stop dere when we comes from de sea. I hopes to has de pleasure to introduce you to her; she's rite hospital lady."

Geraldine, much amused by the negro's intended politeness, returned him thanks, and inquired where this castle was.

"We cum to it by-an-by, Misses; you see it am built on de rock an oyster shells, an it am called 'Shell Castle.' Many a storm de ole castle has stood. You see it are an ancien buildin'. It war dere dat my ole Massa and Missus receebed General Washington an de Marquis ob Cornwallis, after dat gemman surrendered to our Ginerl. Massa gabe em a gran ball, an supper, an de Ginerl an Marquis staid dere som time, as de travellin war so bad dat it war deleterous to dere healths, so de could not git away imminently. All de qualerty

frum all de country round dissembled thar. Oh ! it war gay times den. I war a boy, an waited on de Ginerál. Him fine gemman, Missus !"

"Did she reside at the castle ever since his death?"

"Yes, cept when she goes on de visit to New York or some of Massa Ned's folks. See dere am de castle!" said Bob.

Geraldine saw before them an odd, nondescript sort of a place in the midst of the water, rearing itself on a strong foundation of oyster and other shells, which time and the rush of water from the ocean had formed into a compact body, on which seaweeds and other uncommon plants grew. The castle itself was composed of wood, stone, and other materials of so ancient an appearance that it would be difficult to analyze what it was exactly made of.

Bob Blount, however, kept his promise, and after some difficulty in landing them, owing to the roughness of the water round the castle, was over, he introduced them to the lady of the castle.

Mrs. Blount was a very lady-like person of the old school; her manners were very polished. She received her guests with great dignity, ordering her servants to prepare dinner for her guests. In person she conducted them to the ball-room and dining-hall where General Washington and the "Marquis of Cornwallis" had been entertained. She then conducted Geraldine to the apartments they had occupied, and offered them to her and Beaufort for occupation as long as they would honor her with their company.

As the schooner had to proceed in a couple of hours on towards Newbern, they were obliged to decline the invitation with much real regret, as the offer was made with so much grace and hospitality that they felt in so doing they were denying themselves a great pleasure by declining it.

After leaving the place Geraldine and Beaufort expressed their astonishment to each other that a person of her manners could live in such an isolated place, with no white person near her house, or rather, castle, which seemed at the mercy of the winds and waves. True, they had been merciful to it, or some unforeseen power had protected it for over a century, and how much longer none could tell; yet there she remained, as she said, "Living in company with the memory of her husband and departed family." There the winds blew now as they did then, when they listened to them together.

At Newbern they bid farewell to Bob Blount and water-travelling. They proceeded by land to New York, there to remain until they could get possession of their own farm.

#### CHAPTER XIII. THE BOY'S NEW INDIAN HOME.—PICTURED ROCKS.

A GENERAL council of various tribes of Indians were assembled at Fort Clark. Amongst them were the Seminoles, who had been driven from Florida, and the Menomonees from Green Bay, on Lake Michigan; the Seminoles had brought furs and skins to barter with the whites for blankets and trinkets; with them they also brought the boy they had captured and kept as hostage for their Chief Osceola, whom they were hourly expecting. But the worst had to be told them. He was no more! The great warrior's indignation scorned to be bound within the confines of the jail; his mortal spirit burned with shame for its bondage! His heart burst, and his immortal spirit ascended from earth, leaving its former noble form in the arms of his wife.

The Council sat in solemn assemblage; the smoke from their pipes descended.

Their loved chief Osceola is no more!

The Seminoles do not weep; but avenge. "The boy, our hostage!" was their cry.

It was decreed that he should be burned. The fires were lighted; whilst the savages were in wild exultation, shouts, shrieks and yells filled the air as they danced around their victim.

Amongst the Menomonees was their aged Chief Cheemanahnaquet (the great Cloud), who came to sit in council. He saw the eyes of Clarence wandering over the dark swarthy faces that surrounded him, in hopes to find one human heart. The Chief was touched with pity. "Let vengeance be shadowed with mercy," were the words of the old Chief, as they reached the ears of the warriors. "The boy is innocent. He cannot atone for the errors of his race. Let him be sold to slavery; I will purchase him!"

The warriors sat again in council. The smoke from their pipes ascended. They agreed to sell the boy to the Chief, who was bound to keep him captive for a hundred moons.

The borders of Lake Superior and its tributary streams present never-tiring subjects for the painter and poet; their luxuriant foliage, borne down by clinging and creeping vines, bathed in the smooth reflecting waters, all of which received new interest

in the animated display of the tribe of Menomonees, gayly arrayed, rowing their canoes, led by Cheemanahnaquet and his captive boy.

Cheemanahnaquet was enveloped in the choicest furs; a robe of the finest scarlet cloth was thrown across his shoulders, leaving his bust and muscular arms uncovered. The robe was ornamented with all the natural materials that the lakes and forests supplied—such as shells, fish scales, humming-birds, and many other feathers of variegated hues, all of which were moulded in such tasteful forms that they equaled fine embroidery. His long black hair was enclosed in a band of gold, from which floated many-colored feathers. The boy was appareled in half-Indian and half-civilized costume. His moccasins were evidently manufactured by an unskilled hand, while the rest of his garments were a mixture of furs, skins and worn-out cloth.

Not a single breath of wind stirred the heated air; the silence of the desert and a heavy sultry heat portended a storm.

"Boy, keep to the land; there is a storm threatening. We must hasten on, or we will not reach the settlement to-night," observed the Chief, as he took the oar to guide the canoe himself. "We must take the inside of the Falls, or we may be overwhelmed in the lake." He then glided their frail vessel under the arch that the cascade formed.

Clarence looked with wonder at the many phenomena of nature that surrounded them; there was the Cascade La Portaille, that they had just past, throwing its immense volume of water a height of seventy feet, the mysterious Doric Arch, that appears as if the art of man had been moulding the four pillars to support that immense entablature, on which spruce and pine trees flourish till they reach the height of sixty and seventy feet.

Meanwhile the sky became darkened, the clouds lowered their heavy vapors so as to envelope and conceal the mountain tops. The impetuous wind, aroused from its repose, roared and moaned aloud, madly driving the heavy masses of dark clouds to and fro, bending the pliant trees to earth, whilst it uprooted the aged ones who tried to resist its power. It was a frightful but magnificent scene. The thunder echoed its heavy cannonading sounds over the mountains accompanied by the lightning which poured its fluid in a slender column of fire on the tall pines, which was returned by a volume of smoke which mingled with the dark masses of clouds that was ready to receive them.

The howling of wolves and bears added to the tumult, and rendered it appalling to the youth.

"The Great Spirit is angry!" said the Chief. "Let us rest;" and the chief, with one dash of the oar ran the frail bark into an inlet; they landed, and seated themselves beneath an oak, whose spreading branches sheltered them.

"Fear not, boy!" continued the Chief, as he saw the downcast look of his companion. "The storm will clear off, then we will soon reach our own settlement, where you will meet with kindness and care."

"I hope so!" was the reply.

"Fear not," said the Indian; "there are some ungrateful tribes who are abhorred on earth, who have no pity in their natures. Such were those I bought you from; I fear that you suffered with them."

"Suffered!" echoed Clarence, with a sigh. "Five years have passed in hard service. They taught me the use of the bow and arrow, the lasso, and all their instruments of war. The chase sometimes amused me; but the first transient ray of joy that lightened my heart, was the sound of my native language when you spoke to me. My heart trembled lest they should refuse to sell me to you."

"Your own native language! how is that; were there none there that could talk with you?"

"None; yet I found company in these books," said Clarence, as he showed them to the Chief. "They are a Bible and a Prayer-book that I had in my pocket when they stole me. Those and the recollection of my mother's melancholy features, and her teachings, remained indelibly impressed on my mind and consoled me in the wilderness."

"Umph! They said they could not make a warrior of you, so they sold you to me for a slave."

There was a proud look of scorn in Clarence's countenance at the word "slave." The Chief fixed his eyes on him and a look of pleasure seemed to rise in the expression of the old man's face as he continued:

"There is in your face something that I have seen before. You will soon cease to regret your mother in the blessings that surround you here. Behold our forests, our magnificent rivers, the peace of deserts without their solitude. Who amongst us have felt poverty! We have rich fields of grain, flocks of sheep, and herds of buffaloes; but these are not our only treasures. Our



tombs are here. Here sleep our ancestors. The Great Spirit, the author of nature, surrounds us and guards us. We feel the benefit of His love and care. His resplendent grandeur flames in the light of day, and at night when we raise our eyes to the Great Spirit we know that he is there, though veiled from our vision under those fleecy vapors, directing with a firm power the course of the stars, the brilliant globes of other worlds that are distributed in the skies. Come! the storm is clearing away; see those bright clouds under whose shelter the brave Indian marches in liberty through the vast forests."

"Your tribes may march in liberty through the forests, but the Seminoles would not let me even breathe in liberty. I was watched morning, noon and night. Their women took pity on me, for which the men sought to take further vengeance on me; their hatred and cruelty know no bounds."

"Humph!" ejaculated the Chief, as he looked kindly at the boy. He proceeded: "They are a miserable tribe. You will find the Menomonees have kind, good feelings—men, not brutes, in their natures. We have consecrated our forests and our wigwams to hospitality. There is always food and corn for the stranger, even though he be an enemy. I could tell a story of one of our tribe and a young child."

Clarence became interested at the Chief's words, and looking anxiously at him, begged of him to proceed. Again the eye of the Chief rested on Clarence, and he observed:

"There is in your face a strange resemblance to—but let me proceed with my story. This Indian was wandering around, when through an opening in the wood he saw a woman laying on the ground; he approached her; she was dead! Beside her was a young child who was playing with a trinket that was suspended from the woman's neck. The Indian took the child to his wigwam, sheltered it, fed it. After a while he returned with some warriors to make a grave for the woman, but she was gone. Perhaps the bears and wolves had done the work for them. But the storm has ceased, let us hasten to our clearing."

The air had become clear, mild, and balmy; its influence seemed to increase the pleasure of their journey on the beautiful streams through which they guided their frail little barques to the Indian village.

They were met at the banks by a number of

squaws, and two young children; one was perfectly white, a lovely little blonde; the other was a brunette, about ten or twelve years of age. The Chief called her his Idaho, meaning, in English, "The Gem of the Mountain;" he embraced the children affectionately, and ordered the squaws to prepare supper.

The children walked around Clarence, surveying him with apparent wonder; they felt his hands, face, and hair, compared them with their own; then clapping their hands shouted, "White, white!"

"Yes, the white man will teach you to speak his language well, and to be good."

"Good!" muttered an old squaw, who vented her spite in complaints about the girls, declaring that Minneha had stolen almost all the game, and given them to the young eaglets, leaving them scarcely any for supper.

"You are always complaining," said the Chief, as he told Clarence to eat.

The supper was an excellent one, plenty of venison, fish, game, milk, and an abundance of pure water drawn from a spring that flowed over the rocks. To be sure, there was no glass or china-ware; a gourd supplied the place of glass, and large leaves, fresh from the trees, the plates; best of all, the fresh air furnished an appetite to enjoy it that all the business in the world would not give.

The squaws waited on them, but did not sit down with them. Their lot was a hard one; they had to cook, make fires, carry home the game, and nurse their children.

Clarence's situation was a great improvement on the village he had left. It was situated near the banks of the river. The wigwams were covered with skins stretched over poles, and there were plenty of buffalo hides to sleep on inside. These tents or wigwams were surrounded with highly cultivated fields, orchards, and fruit trees.

Most of the tribe spoke English in a certain way.

Clarence soon observed that the two children were exempted from all labor. The squaws were ordered to take particular care of them. Now, jealousy and envy is a stronger passion in an Indian woman than in a white one, which Clarence was not long in perceiving, for when the men went to the chase the children were ill used, and made to assist in the drudgery; to escape

from it they would climb the highest mountain peaks, and play with the young eaglets in their nests, being always sure to take some food for them. They felt their safety there, as they knew the squaws would not follow them.

The wretches, knowing that the children loved the young fawns, would make them assist in killing the deer, and rejoice in the disgust that they exhibited. Clarence observed all, and resolved to protect them, without appearing to notice what had been going on. When he was on any expedition he would take the children with him; thus they became quite attached to him, an affection that was returned with interest.

One day as they wandered up the mountains they came to a lake called "the Indian Girl's Mirror," from the numerous Indian belles resorting there to gratify their vanity with a peep at themselves, as they decked their heads with flowers and feathers, the water being so clear that it reflected every object.

Minneha was contemplating herself in it, when Clarence looking over her shoulder, the two faces were reflected together; he started back, the resemblance to himself was so strong that it brought on a long train of reflections. Could she be any relation to him? No; he had no sister, that he knew of; or if there was, what would have brought her there. Nor had he any connections that he could trace her to. He wished to ask the Chief who her parents were; but he knew, from conversations they had had, that it would be useless, for when he had spoken to him about the child that had been found in the woods, he had asked him if it was an Indian or a white child, he answered, "that is a subject on which silence is enjoined. Acts of charity or benevolence are covered with a veil of obscurity by our tribe."

It was very strange and very mysterious, for there was a strong resemblance to his mother also; as he looked at her, he vowed to himself always to protect her as a sister, and to love her as such.

By degrees the feelings of captivity wore off, as he was treated well by all the tribe, and taken care of by the squaws; custom reconciles us to many things; as the remembrance of old times grew dim, and every day the girls became more endeared to him; as he moulded their manners to those of civilized life, he taught them to read, write, and to cipher, and they taught him to love them, until they felt that they were almost necessary to the ex-

istence of each other. They had but the two books; but where there was a willing teacher and willing pupils, substitutes for such things could be found; a leaf, written on with a pointed stick, or even the sand on the river's bank; these were used, and thus the forest-taught girls became as well-informed on the elements of an English education as many that had been at school all their lives.

#### CHAPTER XIV. A WEDDING, AN ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE.

WITH hearts lightened from their trouble, Beaufort and Geraldine arrived in New York just in time to be at Laura's wedding. This was rather an unexpected event, but one that promised much happiness to the bride and groom. There was youth, health, worth and wealth on both sides. Mr. Walsingham had been three years endeavoring to secure his prize; Laura had been very exacting and coquettish during that period, but he considered himself amply rewarded in becoming possessed of her heart and hand.

The lease of the farm not having expired, they paid it a visit. To their great surprise they found that a town had sprung up on the borders of their ground. Here was a mine of wealth to him; here was speculation. "Now, Geraldine, I will divide the land into building lots."

"Softly, softly," was her reply; "it is all very well, but I must confine the bounds of your speculation to that portion of farm that will not interfere with the cultivated part of it."

"Anything you say, Geraldine, shall be minded. We have just got out of a scrape. I see that if speculations are not carried on carefully they lead to ruin." It was agreed between them that they would sell that portion of the ground that was uncultivated, after dividing it into building lots, as it lay adjacent to the newly located village, at a distance from the house, it sold well.

It was near a year before they could get possession of their own home; their exile from it had taught them to value it. How different it was from their Southern home! there winter came when no one seemed prepared for it; here, as it approached, it was as welcome as the summer; the comfortable, substantial, well-built house, elegantly furnished; rich damask curtains added to the appearance of the splendid apartment, while they intercepted the cold air; the low, open grate that Beaufort and Geraldine were seated before enjoy-

ing their evening meal, heated the room, and spread a cheering light over it, whilst a favorite dog lay enjoying it on the rug at their feet.

"I think this farm was a very great speculation, Geraldine, though you did object to it," was Percy Beaufort's outspoken reflection, as he saw and felt the comforts around him.

"So I did; for I dread speculations. Now, let well alone; we have enough."

"We have; but there is that boy of Melbourne's. Melbourne is as proud as Lucifer; he expects to support himself, wife, and two children on a Captain's pay. If he has a friend to dine with him, he will have to starve on water-cresses for a month after, and his wife is as high-spirited as he is; she would not let you know it if she had not seen a dinner for a fortnight, with her obstinacy that her father's money was left for a particular purpose. So bless them and the dear boy; I wish we could see him, and that poor little babe."

"Yes, it was very wrong of her to take it with her, when we could have taken such good care of it."

"True! But do you know, Geraldine, both Naomie and Aubrey are very obstinate; I could never convince him on any point whatever of what was right, when we were in the army together."

"The fact is, he ought to have left the army long ago."

"But she would not let him," continued Beaufort. "That was her obstinacy! I wish we could hear from them; it is more than a year since they went off in search of Clarence."

The dog raised his ears as if listening to some distant sounds, and looked up inquiringly in his master's face.

"What is the matter, Carlo?" The dog jumped up and commenced a loud bark as an accompaniment to the bells of some sleigh that was approaching the house. "Strangers are coming," continued Beaufort; "whoever they are, they must have had a cold ride to-night."

While they were expressing their surmises as to who it might be, the door opened, and Mrs. Melbourne stood there, scarcely able to support herself. She was so changed, and then not expecting to see her, they did not recognize her, but invited her as a stranger to walk in and be seated, when she sank into a chair, murmuring, "Oh! my dear aunt?"

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"Heavens! it is Naomie!" exclaimed Geraldine, as she clasped her in her arms. "Are you alone?"

After a severe struggle Naomie replied:

"Yes, alone; alone indeed! all are gone. A poor widowed, fatherless, childless being comes to you for consolation for"—Tears and sobs prevented her from proceeding.

Geraldine, seeing her fatigued, exhausted, and worn out, forbore questioning her, and suppressed all curiosity to learn the fate of those belonging to her, directing her attention towards getting her to bed, and giving her some warm nourishing drinks, so as to secure her a good night's rest. All night Geraldine watched, but no sleep rested on her wearied lids.

In the morning a physician was called in, who pronounced her in a very critical situation. A fever of the brain had seized her. It was six weeks before she recognized any person near her; but as her reason returned a recollection of what had passed returned with it. No one attempted to speak on the subject of the past; although Geraldine was anxious to know what had become of Melbourne and the children, she waited until she would speak about them herself.

Several weeks elapsed without her making any disclosures, and as she was packing up for a journey, Geraldine found she must speak, and inquired if Melbourne had sent for her.

Naomie looked wildly at her for some time, till tears came to her relief, and she replied: "Do you not know that he is dead?"

"Dead!"

"Yes, dead; I saw him pursued by the savages, I saw him fall, I became senseless; my poor babe was with me waiting his return from his search for Clarence. I do not know what became of my babe. The people, the kind people who sheltered me at Clark's Fort, became alarmed at my absence. On searching for me they found me in a state of insensibility and took me home. But they could gain no intelligence of my child. Several months elapsed before I knew where I was. They had searched for miles around, not even her bones could they find. Now my punishment is complete. A malediction has fallen on me for my sin, my disobedience! I will obey my father's will, and search for my mother. His spectre calls!"

"My dear niece! how can you think of such a thing?"

"Why should I not think of it? It has been a

spectre skeleton that has haunted me day and night. It beckons me on. It was some demon lured me from my duty. It came again, and destroyed the happiness of my husband. How I have sinned! Too late I have awakened from my feverish dreams, to find myself a widowed, childless being who has wandered through life in error. A victim who has victimized others, and has no resource now but to immolate herself upon the altar of repentance, and perform the sacred duty imposed upon me by my father."

"Consider, dear Naomie, the difficulties that you will have to encounter. Alone! in a strange country!"

"I am alone! Alone everywhere! I am left alone!"

"But your religion! The object that you are going for is surrounded by those whose religion is not yours."

"I can become of theirs, if my duty demands it. You are aware that my father provided everything to assist me. His wishes must be obeyed; it is the only way that I may atone for my errors. I am left alone that I may fulfill my father's commands. Yes! heaven has deprived me of all those endearing ties, of husband and children, so as to leave me unfettered to perform my duty. My mother's form visits me in my nightly dreams, calling on me to aid her. Even now, methinks, I see my father's hollow eyes fixed on me with fierce, commanding mien, urging me to hasten to my task. I now only want your prayers and your love. Watch over all events that may occur among the Indians, and if you hear of my poor boy, think of me. If I succeed, I will soon return. Mind, to no persuasions will I listen, nor yield my purpose."

Geraldine saw her determination with a sorrowful heart; therefore they concluded to assist her, while secret indignation arose in her mind against her brother's memory, for having placed his daughter in such a position.

She had already all the papers and letters necessary for her purpose. A few weeks elapsed, when she took her departure for Cadiz.

#### CHAPTER XV. INDIAN LIFE.—BAPTISM.—A WEDDING AND MASSACRE.

LAKE SUPERIOR, delightful sea of wealth, health, and beauty, whose calm, refreshing water assists and sustains life, yet when roused by angry storms,

destroys it! We see it spreading its flowing branches, where weeping willows embrace the pure element, grateful for the nourishment they receive from them.

On the banks of the Menomonees' River, the wigwams of that tribe were gracefully grouped around their magnificent and imposing scenes, which were rendered doubly enchanting by the constant changes of time and seasons. The solemn darkness of night was made rich and gorgeous when lighted up by the glare of the camp fires that illuminated the immense masses of foliage reflecting on each leaf a ruby tint; these lights extinguished, the bright moon stole in fitful glances through every crevice, lending its feeble light. Then the morning with its balmy air is enlivened by the birds, whose tuneful and vibrating notes echo from hill to hill and wood to wood, where their monarch oak assumes its power, while its rebellious subjects, the spruce, pine, and fir rear their heads aloft in proud defiance to catch the sun's first beams. The picturesque character of the view was enhanced by the group of wild beings that had wandered into its bounds.

In the background, the squaws clothed in their blankets of red, blue, and various colors, were employed in their different arduous tasks, some carrying water in gourds, others cutting up wood, game, wild fowl, etc., and preparing the meal for their harsh masters, their husbands. Some of the Indians were painted, and decorated with gaudy ornaments. At a distance from them the Patriarch of the tribe was seated on the stump of a broken tree, alternately gazing on the flowing river and watching with melancholy looks the young trio who were engaged in their daily lessons—writing on large leaves. He was in deep meditation on some sorrowful subject. Idaho, perceiving it, hastened to him, pressed his hand, covered it with kisses until the tears streamed from her eyes.

"Your thoughts are sorrowful, let me share them with you," said the gentle maiden.

"The oldest trees bend before the storm that rends them out of the earth. The wisdom of years prepare us for sorrows that must come. When a warrior dies we know that he is gone to the Great Spirit; but when he leaves our hunting-grounds, the thoughts of evil assail him! The vices of civilized life tempt him!"

"Then why is it that you wished us to be instructed in all that relates to civilized life?"

"True!" replied the Chief, looking earnestly at Clarence, who advanced towards them. "It was because I loved him."

After a silence of some moments he proceeded: "The spirit of a father and son have been mingled for years. The captive boy that I purchased from the warriors has been faithful to me, but the customs of civilization were first planted in his mind, and he has instilled it into those around me. The old tree is stripped of all its leaves before the snows of age fell on it; when the hoar frost blights them, and dries the sap of the old trunk, it feels that Nature is doing its work, and it submits."

"Away with such gloomy thoughts!" said Idaho. "Tell us some of the traditions of our race. The legends of them are the best preparations you can make for after years; that our children may relate the virtues of our tribe; speak of my mother."

"Your mother was not of our race; yet she willingly became one to obtain her liberty. She was a native of Canada; she was a nun, and fled from the convent walls. She took refuge with our tribe, where sorrow and remorse preyed on her mind, until the Great Spirit took compassion on her sufferings and called her home."

"My poor mother! But that child that she used to speak about, that was found. Where is that child? Is there not a tradition that it was found in the forest?"

"Yes, but that tradition is one that we have veiled in the shadow of mystery, lest we should offend the unfortunate. It is a sacred subject, to which our hearts are involuntarily drawn. You must remain in ignorance of the fate of the orphan committed to our care! Clarence, the means for your departure presents itself, I will no longer detain you. The time I was pledged to keep you in bondage, a hundred moons, has expired; go, see again your enchanted palaces where tyrants reign, but leave that tender branch, that dear child, unharmed. Do not bear away with you that gentle love that else would entwine itself around some strong sapling that would shelter her from our enemies, and wander with her in our happy hunting-grounds through life; there, we will part in peace."

Clarence was startled at the proposition of the Chief. Other sentiments than those of home had occupied his thoughts. Notwithstanding the rudeness of savage life, there was some fascination in the charms of nature, and there was a tender link that bound him to the tribe—the young Idaho.

The woods where their first words of affection were spoken, seemed to be identified with their loves.

Those thoughts rushing on his mind, he replied: "No, father. 'Tis true my heart has often languished to behold again the scenes that are impressed upon my heart like a dream, but there are some objects that obscure them, and almost obliterate them from my memory. I am willing to relinquish them and all the pleasures they possess, for Idaho as my wife, in a true Christian form and spirit."

"How can that be?" inquired the Chief.

"Idaho is already a Christian in faith and spirit. It is true we have yet no temple built by the hands of man to worship in, but we have God's blessed arch, the skies above our heads and His precepts in our hearts. Idaho has learned them from that book of prayer that was my faithful companion during my captivity, and by which many of your tribe have been taught to believe in our Christian faith."

Clarence took from his bosom the two books that he had read and instructed most of the Indians to read from, and gave them to the old Chief.

The old Chief, faithful to the Indian school of teaching, remained motionless in features. But after looking through the book, he replied:

"Will you remain as one of our tribe; true to our interests; in war our defender; in peace our son? But you wish Idaho to be your wife in Christian spirit; is not baptism the entrance into the Christian church?"

"You are right," answered Clarence. "Here flows the pure stream ready for the purpose. There is a missionary at the station up Fox River who can perform the ceremonies; he is an ordained minister. No matter what his persuasion is, while the offering of our religion is being made in our hearts, which I trust will be accepted."

Cheemanahnaquet having given his consent, Clarence's canoe was soon seen darting up the river, whilst Idaho watched his rapid retreat from a projecting rock.

There was but little preparation necessary. Idaho and Minneha were soon arrayed in their holiday robes, adorned with the richest plumage furnished by the feathered tribes and forest flowers. They plucked some magnolias and other wild flowers, some of which they entwined in their hair, and wove garlands of the twining plants



which they threw in graceful festoons over their figures, which gave them the appearance of lovely wood nymphs as they were presented before the missionary.

They did not wish to alter Idaho's name, it being considered very appropriate, therefore she was christened "Idaho, Gem of the Mountain." But Clarence requested that Minneha should be called "Naomie," after his mother.

The ceremony of baptism over, the Chief took from the ornaments around his neck a locket and placed it around that of Naomie, saying:

"This is yours, my child; keep it as a charm, it may guard you against evil."

They then prepared for the marriage; everything proceeded joyously. A rustic altar was formed of a rock covered with moss, over which wild grape vines, honeysuckles, ivy, and various climbing plants were trained so as to form a complete arbor.

The Indians were grouped around in their gay costumes, with waving plumes.

The marriage ceremony was performed by the missionary, which was followed by dancing and singing, which the mountains echoed again until the moon sank beneath the dark clouds, and the brilliant fires burned away, leaving a sullen gloom, where all had been so bright and gay; a silence reigned which was only interrupted by the distant growl of the bear, and the howl of the wolf.

The bright sunny weather which followed the wedding induced Clarence to visit their favorite haunt, the "Mountain Lake," with his wife and Naomie. The pure air and the surrounding objects enticed them to remain some days. Idaho urged them to return; she had a presentiment that something evil was about to happen, yet there was a fascination about the place that they could not resist, and they lingered there for some weeks, after having conducted the missionary home.

On returning, when they approached within sight of their village, Naomie observed that there

was no smoke curling from the fires of their wigwams. What can be the reason of it?

Alas! she knew not the scene of horror that awaited them. They hurried on; all was dark and silent. Having obtained a light, they commenced to search. The first object the light shone on was the mangled form of the Chief.

Poor Idaho fell senseless on the body of her father, while Naomie assisted Clarence in making further discoveries. They were of the most horrible nature. The whole portion of the tribe that had settled there had been massacred by a tribe that they were at enmity with. Life remained in one of them sufficiently long to relate the dreadful slaughter of men, women, and children.

Darkness, silence, and despair prevailed for some time; silence was at length broken by Naomie, who exclaimed:

"Oh! Clarence, do let us leave this place. Take us to some of those places that you have so often told us of. We have no friends here now; no one to love us or to care for us. Oh! do; it is so dark and dismal here."

Clarence reflected a few moments. He knew the malignant revenge of Indians would bring them back. What resistance could he make to them? None! Darkness would now favor his flight, therefore he resolved to take advantage of it.

Fortunately the murderers had left the best horses, but had driven off the sheep and cows; still, they had not taken the valuable collection of skins and furs that the Menomonees had been saving for two years. Clarence secured them, and loaded the horses with them; they were very valuable; there were also provisions to last for the journey.

There was one sad duty remained for him to perform—to bury the murdered tribe. Fearing danger, he hurried his wife and Naomie off. Then alone, he performed the sad rites; and ere day broke he overtook his train, and proceeded on towards his native place.

## WHO ARE LIFE'S HEROES?

Who are life's heroes? Whom shall we crown  
When their sun has gone down?  
Are they princes of war, whose red plumes  
Cast their shadows on tombs?

Who are earth's great ones? Whom shall we praise  
At the end of their days?  
Are they masters of wisdom, whose lore  
Is of time, and no more?

Who are the sovereigns? Whom shall we greet  
With our knees at their feet?  
Are they tenants of thrones? Do they play  
With their crowns for a day?

Who are earth's heroes? Whom may we bless  
At the last of life's stress?  
They are servants of God; and their throne  
Is as sure as his own!

## THE UNRIGHTEOUS BARGAIN.

By T. B. S.

## IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

## CHAPTER III. THE CITY.

MILMONTE and White were walking up Walnut street one rainy, dismal evening, about a week after the conversation in the Park; they were arm-in-arm (they were generally inseparable), the street, like all Philadelphia streets, was dark, only lit here and there by a feeble and sparingly distributed gas lamp, whose faint illumination was aided occasionally by a ubiquitous horse-car flitting up a side street and sending a gleam or two of light from its lamp over the muddy pools of water that it plowed up in furrows with its wheels in passing. As the two friends sauntered along they could look out from under the dripping edges of their umbrellas, and peep into those hermetically closed houses in which it is the joy of the citizens to imprison themselves after nightfall. They could catch the stray notes of a piano and see the beams of light creeping duskily out into the night, from within quiet parlors where waited (as is the city custom) the young ladies of the house the calls of such of their male friends as felt inclined to brave the inclement weather for the sake of their sweet society.

It was settled between them that Milmonte should pay his first call in his new character of lover on Miss Brauns that evening. White gave him a great deal of instruction and advice, to which he lent an attentive ear, for he was in anything but a calm and equable mood. Never much of a ladies' man, his new enterprise filled him with strange alarm. Finally White had almost to push him off.

"There, go now, and luck go with you."

"Perhaps she will not be home!" feebly suggested the victim, as a last excuse.

"Nonsense, she is sure to be home; this is my night for calling."

So Milmonte rang the bell timidly, and was admitted to the parlor. "Miss Maggie will be down directly, sir!"

A sweeping sound on the stairs, a little rustle of drapery, and the girl was before him. At first he was a trifle nervous, but she set him completely at his ease before the evening ended.

As he rose to go he asked her to ride with him in the Park the next afternoon. She consented readily, and he closed the door on himself with a feeling that he had spent quite a jolly evening. It was as good as his club or the stables, which generally absorbed his attention. She went up stairs and buried her face in her lounge, and cried and cried until the pretty dark eyes were encircled with red.

"How unkind it was of Frank to ask that horrid jockey to pay attention to me. This was Frank's evening, too."

But she never flinched from her resolution; she went out driving with Milmonte and talked and laughed and was as agreeable as girl could be. Milmonte congratulated himself. "I thought I should be frightened and awkward, but bless me, she makes me feel as much at home as if I had known her for years."

She smiled at his jockey talk and answered it as best she could.

Both men kept to their bargain religiously. For six weeks she did not catch even a glimpse of Frank, and then he only bowed distantly; he was paying a great deal of attention to a Boston girl who was on a visit to his cousin. Milmonte went riding with her regularly every day of the week, and people began to couple their names together. She was very gracious to Milmonte, she never seemed to miss Frank, and every bright afternoon would see them spinning along the river road behind Milmonte's dashing grays, her dark face flushed with color, and her small shapely figure in its natty toilet, making every eye turn to look after them.

"Which will it be, do you think, this year, Harvard or Yale?"

"I do not know; girls don't understand about boat-races, like men, you know."

"Just tell me, for luck."

"How can I, Mr. Milmonte?"

"You can say Harvard or Yale."

"Yale! there, now, will that do?"

"Thanks;" he made a note of it.

"What are you doing!"

"I am going to bet on Yale."

All this was very dull for her, but she went through with it regularly like a martyr. Milmonte was delighted with her opinions on horses, boats, base-ball, and kindred subjects; most of her opinions were elicited very much in the same fashion as the one in the Harvard and Yale races.

It was drawing on to mid-summer holidays and the city was growing deserted; the Boston girl had gone home and those two wise men, White and Milmonte, held a council of war on the situation. Milmonte, to tell the truth, was getting tired of paying court to another man's sweetheart; he wanted to go off to the Long Branch races.

"See here, White, those three months are up now."

"What of it?"

"Only this; you must come back to your friend."

"What for? You say you like her, and get along well with her; why not keep on and give me a longer holiday?"

"Look me in the eye, Frank White," said Milmonte impressively, laying his brawny, muscular right hand on his friend's shoulder, while a curious sort of sound came into his voice, "do you mean to tell me that you are not going to keep your promise about that girl?"

"Now, Charlie," said White, in a soothing tone, "what are you exciting yourself about? You know I never broke a promise to you or any one."

"Never mind what I know; this I am sure of—that girl cares for you; and you must go to her."

"So I will."

"Immediately?"

"You are so awfully pressing."

White gave in, however, and it was agreed that he should resume the old intimacy by calling on Miss Brauns the next day.

He was received politely and without any allusion to his prolonged absence. He began to feel a little relieved from the trepidation which even his well-schooled nerves had felt at the meeting. His manner, which had been in spite of himself a little stiff and embarrassed, began to grow genial and sunny as usual. So at last he ventured to say: "I have bought my dog-cart round, would you like to take a drive in the Park?"

She smiled pleasantly. "You are so kind, Mr. White, but I have another engagement."

He collapsed in astonishment. He had known the time when she would have broken an engagement for him. There was something, too, in her manner of speaking, in calling him Mr. White, instead of Frank, and in the air of polite though formal regret, that vexed his soul. His vexation was not diminished when just as he was making his adieux on the steps, up drove Milmonte's carriage, into which he had the pleasure of assisting Miss Brauns. She bowed as they drove off. "Perhaps another time I may go with you."

Both men were puzzled; Milmonte was so absent-minded that he nearly ran over an old woman. He had forgotten his appointment to drive with her when it had been agreed between them that White should call, and had recalled it just in time to drive up more as a matter of form than anything else; for he fully expected her to excuse herself to him, and go with Frank. White was more than puzzled; he was angry without any cause, he admitted; nevertheless, angry he was. There, she might wait a month of Sundays before he called again. He had kept his promise; and now Milmonte must take care of her. He gave a savage cut at his horse as he drove away.

Milmonte was secretly in his heart of hearts pleased. Who would not be, to have a pretty girl show him a preference, even if it were only through spite? They had a delightful ride; Miss Brauns took care of that; she amused Milmonte and did everything that a woman knows so well to make him perfectly happy.

Frank stayed away, and the daily drives went on uninterrupted. A revolution was at the same time going on in Milmonte's mind.

"Perhaps," thought the honest fellow to himself, "she really cares for me. Then it is my fault, and I am bound to follow up my conduct as a gentleman. I am ashamed anyhow of my part of it. Don't I wish I were well out of it? It all comes of listening to White; he is too shrewd for me."

One evening she said to him as they were coming home in the moonlight: "I am going to the White Mountains."

"Indeed!"

"Which way are you going this summer?"

"I really had not thought much."

"Have you ever been there?"

"Where?"

She smiled at his inattention. He was wondering what she meant; did she want him to follow her?

"To the White Mountains!"

"Ah, I beg pardon. No, I never have." Then, with a sudden plunge into the matter, he blundered forth: "I should not wonder, though, if I were to turn up there this summer." An honest, self-conscious blush displayed itself as he made this speech. He had had as much idea five minutes ago of going to the White Mountains as to Kamtschatka.

It was her turn to wonder and color now. Did he think she meant that for a hint?

#### CHAPTER IV. THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

WHETHER she had so intended or not, he took the hint and his valise and followed her into New Hampshire. He did not know exactly where she was, but he took the chances of running across her somewhere; the White Mountains are not so extensive.

A hot, dusty August day beheld him descending bag and baggage from the Lake Winnepesaukee and White Mountain Express, at Plymouth. He drew a long breath of relief; how glad he was to be rid of that hot, snorting demon of a steam-engine, and to climb up into the stage behind the four wild horses. He intended to travel up the Franconia Notch to the Profile House. He looked down complacently from his perch on the top of the stage on the heated, hurrying mob that swayed in front of the Express train. Waiters were running to and fro, so were great trucks full of huge trunks, and so were gray-haired paterfamilias in search of stray children.

"How conducive to philosophy it is," reflected Milmonte, "to look down from a stage-coach on a railroad train." Then he wondered if the driver would let him drive four-in-hand. He touched the ribbons just to see how it felt, but dropped them when he found the horses getting restive. Then somebody lost a trunk, and came rushing over in his direction, with one of those idiotic questions which confused travellers are always asking:

"Have you seen my trunk?" anxiously.

"No; I am sorry to say, I have not," blandly, as though it were a positive luxury to say so; and utterly regardless of the fact, that having received no description of the said trunk, he might have seen it a dozen times and not known it.

"Why, Mr. Milmonte!" He turned around, and there stood Maggie Brauns, holding out one

dainty hand for his embrace. "Mr. Milmonte, my mother."

He saw the old lady safely stowed inside, and then assisted the younger one to a seat beside him on top. A perfect storm of questions and answers then set in. Where had he been? Was it warm in the city? They had been at Centre Harbor, on Lake Winnepesaukee. Just as he had replied appropriately to all these questions, the people began climbing and swarming up the stage.

The driver cracked his whip, and away they went, along the winding road that skirts the Pemigewasset, the four wild horses dragging them along, scraping their heads against the trees, and bumping them up and down in their seats with much unnecessary emphasis. The air was fresh, and highly impregnated with the aroma of the pine trees. All around lay the hills covered with pines; and gently rising, as they advance, to surround and close them in. They were a very merry party on top; the stout, red-faced driver was full of quips and cranks. Milmonte did not share in the general jollity; but under cover of it, he took the liberty of being excessively happy in a quiet way. There was something so composing and restful in that calm, girlish face beside him.

"It is like old times in the Park, isn't it, to be riding this way?" he whispered, bending down and brushing a tree-branch out of her way.

"Yes," said she, simply; and wondering at this, the most sentimental speech she had ever heard from his lips.

She was a little distant toward Milmonte on the ride up the valley; in spite of all his misdeeds and unkindness, her heart still thought with some regretful pain of poor Frank, toiling and moiling in the hot city, while his rich rival was riding by her side through the lovely scenery of the mountains; and it was on some wild principle of natural justice that she thought it her duty to make him what little compensation she could, by not being too kind to his rival.

As the stage-coach rolled on, however, she could not resist taking some interest in the various little events that happened along the road. Here stood a country woman, leaning, with folded arms and eager face, over the picket-fence by the roadside, waiting for the letter the driver carelessly tossed her, and which she greedily caught up from the ground and carried into the house. Another

woman, further on, stood in almost exactly the same position, but there was no letter for her; and as they dashed past her, up the hill on a full gallop, she turned silently away disappointed. Maggie saw her look as she went into the house, and felt sorry for her.

Late in the afternoon the road plunged into the deep green recesses of the wood, into which the sunlight, even at midday, scarcely penetrated. A forest stillness pervaded this road, so that the slow reeling of the stage from side to side was painfully loud. They became dimly conscious too, for it was impossible to see that the mountains which had loomed up before them for the last five miles in the open, were now under cover of the forest gradually swallowing them up. The talk which had been quite lively on top began to fall into silence. Maggie drew her cloak about her; there was a damp, chill air coming from the forest, as out of a cave. The woods were very wild-looking, as though one might wander in them for days without seeing a human face or habitation. Very beautiful were they, too; like some immense church or cloister with a low, thick roof of darkest green, supported by innumerable pillars of every size, by the slender delicate columns of the white and yellow birch, by the thick and heavy oak-trunk, by the tapering pine.

There came upon them after a while a shower of rain, pattering with a loud echo on the vast extended roof of leaves, as of a thousand tiny hammers striking on the leaves. When this happened the unhappy tourists on top would fain have stopped the stage and crept into the shelter of the interior, but the driver would not suffer them, whether through surliness or because it was really full nobody knew.

"Maggie! Maggie!" came a deep voice from below them.

"Yes, mother."

"Put on your water-proof." Having delivered this brief command, the head which had poked itself out of the narrow window was withdrawn. So Milmonte had the pleasure of throwing the great ugly cloak around the drooping shoulders and the tiny erect figure, touching her as one might some beautiful statue.

The rain ceased, the clouds broke away, the last rays of the sun came glancing down on the dripping leaves as they rolled out into the presence of the Profile and Mount Lafayette, whose sum-

mits shone down upon them all alight with sunset fire. Each one drew a breath of relief as if released from the oppression of the dark forests. The previous dank, dripping, green twilight had prepared their eyes for the joy of color and height and open sky that came suddenly upon them.

Both looked up, but neither spoke; he was glad she did not, he said to himself, and then found himself wondering where he had come upon so delicate a feeling.

The driver, with that nice knowledge of the picturesque which is impressed by dollars and cents, paused to let them gaze up at the great Stone Face that gives its name to the Profile Mountain. He eyed the passengers critically and in silence, very much as a photographer looks at a subject after uncovering his camera, as if calculating how much time it would require for the Profile to be photographed on the minds of his passengers. When he thought sufficient time had elapsed he drove on again, without a word.

"Maggie! Maggie!" again came the heavy voice from below. Her mother stood the picture of confusion in the midst of bundles and boxes. They were at the Profile House. Milmonte assisted the ladies with their trunks into the hotel, and then turned off for a smoke before tea. The piazzas of the hotel were damp with recent rain, so were the drives and walks. Perforce he sat down and looked up at the high walls of green that fenced him in. He felt like a pigmy at the bottom of a huge cup, so small did the hotel and himself seem, and so close and high were the hills. Should he ever be able to get out, he asked himself. He walked around the cup to see, and there, on the opposite side, the mighty hills sank away in a long curve, like receding waves, and let the western sky with all its gorgeousness look in. He remained gazing at the sunset until it was time to go in to tea.

The next day dawned cloudless, he was awakened by the sunlight reflected into his room by the broad side of the mountain which rose straight up before his window. Hastily dressing, he sallied out to enjoy the scene; the sun was just letting his light pour down in a scattered broken flood over the edges of Mount Lafayette. The whole space was alive with delicate shadows, they floated in the air from side to side, they traced long lines on the sides of the hills, and they drew one deep



dark boundary along the opposite hill, showing exactly how high the sun had risen.

When he came out after breakfast to resume his gazing, he saw standing at one end of the long piazza two figures, one of which he recognized as Maggie; they had evidently just breakfasted, like himself, and had come out to enjoy the view. Maggie was shading her face from the sun with one hand, while the other held daintily her long white dress from dragging in the mud. The other figure he soon found was her mother. He exchanged a few commonplaces with them, and then the mother discreetly left them to themselves. She, to tell the truth, was only too delighted at the turn things had suddenly taken; perhaps, after all her tribulation, Maggie might accept the rich Milmonte. "Of course, he is in love with her, or he would not have followed us here," she reflected.

Meanwhile the young people betook themselves to all sorts of rambles and expeditions. Maggie grew more charming day by day, she developed wonderfully on close acquaintance; she was so girlish, so innocent and fresh in her ways and speeches. He felt a sort of self-reproach to think that he could ever have made so thoughtless a bargain about her. Did she still care for Frank? Every day he asked himself the question, and every day he feared that his honor towards his friend would be tried beyond his strength. How could he be with her and see her constantly and not love her?

One day they were out rowing on the Profile Lake; she was dabbling her hand in the water, and every now and then casting a few drops over him in sport. Away up in the air rose the mighty face of stone, peering southward down the Franconia Valley. It was like the head of some great prophet gazing majestic and silent into the dim future.

"What does it see there, I wonder?" said she, looking up with him and answering his thought.

"It saw from its lofty seat the Revolution and the great Rebellion, with the dark lines of the troops moving to and fro over the country. That is what it saw. Who knows now what it is seeing? Perhaps famine, war, pestilence; no one can tell."

"Hush! hush," said she putting her fingers in her ears; "I will not listen to such terrible prophecies."

On both sides of them rose the rocky walls, covered with pines, and here and there along the

water-courses perfect torrents of rich green color, rushing, as it were, down the mountain side in strong contrast to the dead-green of the evergreens that make a shore for its waves of color. Drifting about in this way, by some mischance his hand got caught between the oarlock and the oar, and his forefinger was severely bruised before he was well aware of what was taking place. A feeling of deadly faintness came over him for a second, caused by intense but temporary pain. In spite of his self-control, a little imprecation caught him off his guard. "The devil take it!"

The next moment he was filled with regret. She turned quickly, with a curious expression about her expressive mouth, half displeasure, half sorrow; she had never heard even so mild an oath before. But when she saw that he was in pain, all this gave way to womanly tenderness. Before he could say, "I beg your pardon," she had flown to his side like a minister of mercy. She took the wounded finger and looked pitifully at it out of her lovely dark eyes. How soft and beautiful she looked! A great longing came over him that he could not resist. Without a thought of the consequences he placed his well hand upon hers, thus taking her captive. She looked up in surprise, and met his eyes full of yearning; she read their meaning with a woman's quick instinct, and the color rushed up into her face.

"Maggie," he said, bending nearer to look into her eyes that veiled themselves from him, "can you forgive me?"

"What?" she whispered.

Then he told her of the unrighteous bargain which he had made with White, and of his shame at his own share in it.

She listened in dead silence, never once looking up, the color vibrating and glowing in her face at every changing feeling. She never allowed him for a moment to suspect that she had known all he said long ago. She did not know her own mind; now as he told of White's proposition she felt as if she could sink him and the boat in the lake, and never see Frank again; then her fondness for Frank came back, and she longed to see him.

When he had finished, he again asked his question, "Can you forgive me?" adding, after a pause, seeing that she made no answer, "Maggie, I love you, will you not give me a little bit of hope?"

"Not a morsel."

"But, Maggie, you have been so kind to me, I thought; perhaps you have acted toward me as if my attentions were not disagreeable."

"Yes, I know; but"—she was twisting up her pocket-handkerchief into all sorts of knots, and looking into the water, not knowing what to do.

"What do you mean, then?" She said nothing. Her lips began to tremble as if just ready to cry; he was thirsting to kiss them, but dared not; how often had they offered themselves freely to Frank's caresses was his jealous thought.

"It cannot be that you still care for that White, who has treated you so cavalierly!" he spoke, impetuously, under the goading of jealousy.

This roused her. "How dare you speak so to me, and of a man who is your friend? What right?"—here her short-lived indignation broke down utterly, and she began to cry quietly to herself. With maidenly modesty she covered her face and turned away, but he saw the tears slowly dropping through her hands. This was more dangerous to Milmonte than her other mood. What man can look on impassive on the woman he loves, in tears? He attempted to approach her, but she drew herself away; she wanted to be alone in her grief. She could not tell him that she loved Frank; what should she do?

"Do you think it honorable to betray your friend's confidence, and take advantage of it for your own purposes?"

He felt the justice and keenness of the rebuke.

"I forgot myself and everything but that I loved you."

"Do you really love me, as you say?" asked she, with pretty archness; and then, without waiting for a reply, but with just a second's hesitation, she ventured, "I wonder—can I trust you?"

"Try me," he said, quickly, looking her frankly in the face.

"I will," she said, impulsively; "you have a good face. You are quite sure you love me?"

"Yes; I can say no more than yes; all the oaths in Christendom could not strengthen it."

"I want no oaths," said she, with dignity, "I believe you."

She gave a shy glance around to see if any one were listening.

"Are you capable of making a sacrifice for one you love?"

"Ask me."

Then she confessed, in half-broken sentences,

that she loved Frank, but she was jealous; and she was determined to break him of his flirting before she allowed him any more privileges. "He must respect me as he ought to respect the girl he loves. I believe he does love me," dropping her voice to a shy whisper.

He entered completely into the plans and plots to which she asked his assistance. As they walked up from the lake to the hotel, under the arching trees, she turned a happy, grateful look upon him, which rewarded, while it stabbed him, revealing as it did, how she loved his friend: "I hope you do not think me quite a fool."

"I could not," he answered, to her half-question, taking her hand and kissing it.

As the result of their plotting, a note was despatched by Milmonte to Frank, which had the effect of bringing the latter gentleman to the Profile House within a week.

The three made all sorts of expeditions together, and Frank never suspected for an instant the secret understanding that existed between his friend and Maggie. She was equally kind to both; so impartial was she that Frank fretted himself greatly, and knew not what to do.

"Come, let us go to Echo Lake," he said to her one morning.

"So we will, as soon as Mr. Milmonte comes."

"Bother Milmonte," said he, impatiently; "you did not use to be so awfully backward about going off alone with me. Why cannot we go now?"

"Because I do not choose," she answered, with a provokingly indifferent smile.

Milmonte came at last, and they set out to walk through the woods. Somehow, short as the walk is, they became separated, and before Maggie was well aware of it, she lost her way and her companions. In her sudden confusion she sat down on a mossy tree-stump. It was too absurd for anything, the wood was only a narrow strip of timber, lying between the lake and the public road. One slight cry, and she could bring a dozen people probably to her aid; but that would be so ridiculous; she could easily find her way out; looking up through the trees she saw, looming beyond in the sunlight of the upper air, the shaggy side of Eagle Cliff, with its thick cushioning of trees, here and there scarred like a shabby cloak with the fur rubbed off in patches, its skin beneath showing through rugged and bare. Here was a sure guide. So, fixing her eyes on it, she began to scramble

through the brush and bushes. The brambles caught in her light morning dress, and tore it; she scratched her delicate hand trying to push through the obstinate briars; then she slipped on a mossy, slippery stone and bruised her knee so that she had perforce to sit down and wait until it got well enough to allow her to walk. "How tiresome it was," she meditated, hugging her wounded knee with one hand, while with the other she endeavored to ascertain the damage her dress had sustained.

She was so intent on her troubles that she did not notice that some one had approached her, until, aroused by the crackling of a stick, she looked up, and saw it was Frank.

Here was his chance; they were alone in the green recesses of the wood, the birds would tell no tales. She was frightened, her anxiety about her dress was forgotten, her knee no longer pained her in the presence of this emergency, this *été-a-été* which she had been carefully avoiding ever since his arrival.

"Have you hurt yourself, Maggie?" asked he, as he threw himself down at her feet.

"It is of no consequence!" said she, coldly.

"Anything that hurts you, darling, is of consequence to me."

She felt a sort of repulsion to his endearing epithet. He tried to take her little hand, but she drew it away.

"Maggie," he said, "why cannot we be the good friends we were?"

"Now, Mr. White, pray do not assume the pathetic; one might suppose we were ancient enemies just on the point of a grand reconciliation. We are good friends as the world goes."

"How can you speak so flippantly? if you felt as I do, you would not."

"I like that, coming from you; flippant indeed! Who was it, I wonder, that made this which you now pretend to be so careful of, the subject of a bargain with another man!"

He was taken by surprise, and then almost choked with anger. "I know who told you that!"

"Then it is true, is it, that you made my love the subject of a vulgar bargain?"

Until then she had been hoping against hope as a loving woman will for some explanation, now she waited his answer with the deep questioning look of her dark eyes as though she would read his very soul.

"Yes," said he; "but Maggie, I love you more than ever, dearest; forgive me, let us be reconciled." She did not give him time to finish, but swept away with a scornful glance.

By good luck she stumbled into the road, else her dignity might have received a severe fall, by being compelled to call on Frank for aid.

Frank sought out Milmonte with all convenient speed, and having first begun by accusing him of stealing away his sweetheart, finally ended by telling him the whole story and asking his advice.

"You say you proposed to her in due form?"

"Yes."

"What answer did she give?"

"She rose and left me in silence, and with such a look in those eyes of hers as I never wish to see in a woman's again."

"I cannot understand it, I am sure; she told me with her own lips that she cared for you, not two weeks ago."

Milmonte was as much puzzled as White; what man can comprehend the varied and subtle changes of a woman's heart! So impossible are they of comprehension that the only solution of the difficulty for the masculine mind is to call them unreasonable, and the woman that is subject to them, fickle. Milmonte was troubled about it; he wanted to see his friends happy even at his own expense, but he knew not how to accomplish his benevolent purpose.

They had gone over from the Profile to Fabyains, they had sat up with the driver behind the six shaggy horses, and had ridden through the pure fresh air down the long hills of the Franconia Range, they had beheld the long undulating lines of the Presidential Range from their lofty seats. Their intercourse had continued on as smoothly as ever. She had admired the scenery with them in the most cordial way; and now she and Milmonte were sitting on the porch at Fabyains. It was just after tea, and the sun had set across the Ammonoosuck meadows, leaving the sky frescoed with brilliant color. Over the meadows was rolling a silent sea of white mist, enveloping every object. One solitary elm stood up, an island for the eye to rest on.

He determined at all hazards to break the ice, and ask her plainly what prevented her granting what White had asked. She received his question haughtily.

"I do not think you can judge of a matter of

this sort between lovers; do not you think you had better leave us alone?"

But he was not to be balked by a little coolness of manner where so much was at stake, so he went on bravely.

"Now, Miss Brauns, do not let your happiness be wrecked by a little pride."

"Suppose my happiness is no longer at stake—suppose I—" she began to falter and stammer, when to her relief he interrupted her with his astonished exclamations.

"What! do you mean to say that now when he is at your feet, you no longer care for him? I did not dream that woman could be so fickle, least of all you."

She turned her face to him, her great dark eyes expanded, and her face full of feeling. "How unjust men are to women," she said, softly; "you never understand us;" she spoke pathetically, as though representing in herself all the injustice women have suffered from men. "I am not fickle;" there was a perceptible pause. "Suppose my pride is wrecking my happiness in quite another way."

Now her face was turned so that he could not see it. He looked around at her; the long eyelashes were drooping over the soft eyes, and the

face was glowing with a more beautiful tint than was ever painted on sunset sky. A great impulse of joy came over him. Was it possible that this gentle creature, with her dainty, incomprehensible ways, was his? He could not believe it, but he put out his hands to take what he thought his own. She did not resist, tacitly acknowledging his right. It is to be hoped that there were no sharp-eyed guests about the porches then. It is not for vulgar eyes to look upon such scenes of tenderness as followed.

She took his arm and walked into the parlor. "Good-night, sweetest mine," he said, and kissed her lips reverently as she stood upon the stairs. She half turned round and looked archly back at him over her shoulder as she ascended. "Do you think me capricious?" shaking a finger at him; "I fear you do."

The old dowager, Mrs. Brauns, when she heard of her daughter's engagement to Milmonte, characteristically, and as a matter of course, was highly pleased.

"I do declare I could not have managed the two men better myself. That Maggie of mine has more sense than I gave her credit for. The way she played young White off against Milmonte was pretty, I tell you."

## THE CERAMIC ART.

By F. A. GRIESEMER.

THERE are few arts so universally useful as the manufacture of Pottery. Deprived of it, the nations now most civilized could hardly retain their high position, while its introduction is generally the first step in a nation's progress from barbarism. This art, then, is the most valuable legacy left us by the ancient Egyptians, for with them, at the very dawn of authentic history, it originated. We cannot be certain that the earliest specimens of Egyptian ceramic art have been found, but those already discovered go back as far as the beginning of the fourth dynasty, which commenced, according to Lepsius, 3427 B.C. This would make it coeval with the building of the great pyramids. Bricks cannot have been much used for public buildings, as the Egyptian kings possessed extensive stone quarries, and the forced labor of prisoners

made the cost of transportation comparatively light. The bricks used were of sun-dried clay mixed with straw. Unbaked clay was used for some other purposes, but the baked earthenware is of as remote antiquity and more characteristic of Egyptian art. The colors employed were a pale red or yellow, a darker red, and for more refined uses a still darker and highly polished red. By far the most interesting specimens of this early period are, however, of what has been misnamed porcelain, for it is very different from the Chinese ware for which this name was invented. This Egyptian porcelain was made of fine sand, loosely fused together, and covered with a thick siliceous glaze. The shades of blue so frequently seen in this ware are of great beauty, and were produced by an oxide of copper. White, purple, green, and

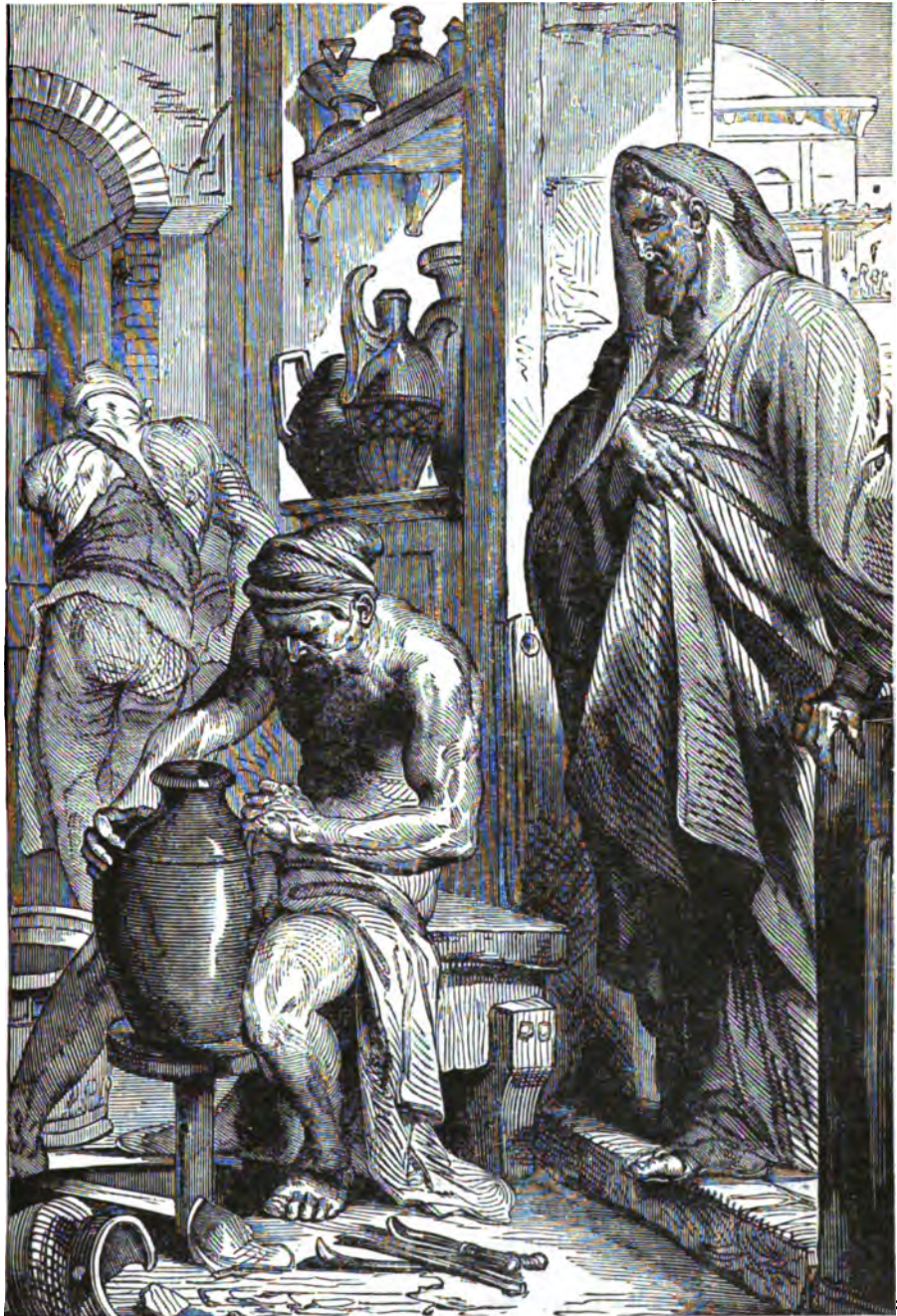


yellow porcelain also occur. For work of the very finest quality, the figure was first cut in steatite, and then covered with a blue glaze. This process was admirably adapted to the manufacture of small objects, as by it a very brilliant color could be combined with more delicate execution than was possible in figures made of porcelain alone.

That the Egyptians, more than three thousand years ago, were well acquainted not only with the manufacture of common glass for beads and bottles of ordinary quality, but with the art of staining it of divers colors, is sufficiently proved by the fragments found in the tombs of Thebes; and so skillful were they in this complicated process that they imitated the most fanciful devices and succeeded in counterfeiting the rich hues and brilliancy of precious stones.

The principal use to which glass was applied by them, was for the manufacture of bottles, vases, and other utensils; wine was frequently brought

to table in a bottle or handed to a guest in a cup played by its transparency the sculptures or hieroglyphic legends engraved upon the stone, a



THE POTTER AT WORK.

Occasionally a granite sarco-

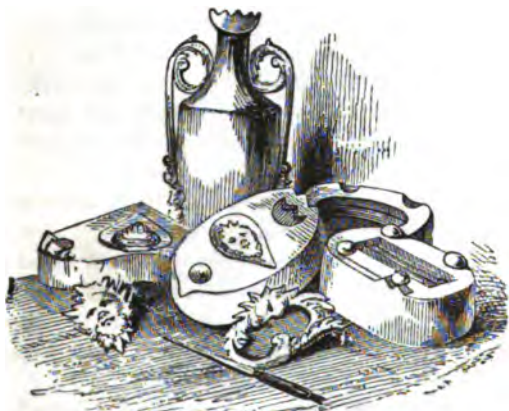
played by its transparency the sculptures or hieroglyphic legends engraved upon the stone, a





ANCIENT ROMAN VESSELS, FOUND IN PADUA.

process well understood by them, and the same they employed in many of the blue figures of pottery and stone commonly found in their tombs.



ANCIENT MOULDS FOR PORCELAIN WARE.

In their glass mosaics the colors have a wonderful brilliancy; the blues which are given by copper are vivid and beautifully clear, and one of the reds has all the intenseness of rosso antico, with the brightness of the glassy material in which it is found, thus combining the qualities of a rich enamel.

Many of the porcelain cups discovered at Thebes present a tasteful arrangement of varied hues, and show the skill of the Egyptians and the great experience they possessed in this branch of the art. The manner in which the colors are blended and arranged, the minuteness of the lines, frequently tapering off to an almost imperceptible fineness, and the varied directions of twisted curves, traversing the substance, but strictly conforming to the pattern designed by the artist, display no



ANCIENT POTTERY.

ordinary skill, and show that they were perfect masters of the means they employed.

The Egyptian porcelain should perhaps be denominated glass-porcelain, as partaking of the quality of two, and not being altogether unlike the porcelain-glass invented by the celebrated Réaumur, who discovered, during his curious experiments on different qualities of porcelain, the method of converting glass into a substance very similar to chinaware.

That the Egyptians possessed considerable knowledge of chemistry and the use of metallic oxides is evident from the nature of the colors applied to their glass and porcelain; and they were even acquainted with the influence of acids upon color, being able, in the process of dying or staining cloth, to bring about certain changes in the hues.

Some glass bottles were enclosed in wicker-work very nearly resembling what is now called by them

ing made of the stalks of the papyrus or cyperus rush, like the modern bottles containing Florence oil; others again appear to have been partly cased



ANCIENT POTTERY OF EGYPT.



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN PORCELAIN.

a damagan, which holds from one to two gallons of fluid; and some of a smaller size, from six to nine inches in height, were protected by a cover-

in leather sewed over them, much in the same manner as some now made for carrying liquids on a journey. Among the many bottles found in the tombs of Thebes and other places, none have excited greater curiosity and surprise than those of Chinese manufacture, presenting inscriptions in that language. Their number is considerable; but though found in ancient tombs, there is no evidence of their having been deposited there in early Pharaonic or even Ptolemaic times; and so many of the tombs have been occupied till a recent period by the Moslem population that they may have been left there by these their more recent inmates.

The intercourse between Egypt and Greece had been constantly kept up after the accession of Psammitichus and Amasis; and the former country, the parent of the arts at that period, supplied the Greeks and some of the Syrian tribes with numerous manufactures.

The Etruscans, too, a commercial people, appear to have had an extensive trade with Egypt, and we repeatedly find small alabaster as well as colored glass bottles in their tombs, which have all the



character of the Egyptian; and not only does the stone of the former proclaim by its quality the quarries from which it was taken, but the form and

design, the quality of the material and the gorgeous colors employed are unexcelled. The finest porcelain is made in the province of Kiang-se.



POTTERY OF ANCIENT ROME.

style of the workmanship leave no doubt of the bottles themselves being the productions of Egyptian artists. The same applies as well to many objects found at Ninevah.

The export of Egyptian porcelain figures must have been very considerable, if their frequent occurrence in the tombs of neighboring countries is any guide. After the extinction of their national independence, the pottery of the Egyptians was slowly assimilated with that of their Greek and Roman masters. At the present day their ancient methods of manufacture are preserved on the public buildings and tombs, and unless great climatic changes occur in the next five thousand years, the coming man of that remote future will see there the record of how his ancestors made bricks and vases five thousand years before our time.

The Chinese have been acquainted with the art of Pottery over four thousand years, but it is to the invention of Porcelain, 185 B.C., that their national reputation in this department is due. Chinese porcelain consists of alumina and silex, and the manufacture has reached such perfection, that although inferior to the work of European artists in beauty of

Ming dynasty, to commemorate the virtues of his mother. It was blown up by the Tai-ping rebels, who committed so many atrocities that this act of vandalism was scarcely necessary to perpetuate their fame.

If the Chinese could be induced to employ machinery, they could make further improvements in the manufacture of porcelain, and perhaps add



ANCIENT ROMAN POTTERY, FOUND IN LONDON.

considerably to the export demand. The universal attention given to their exhibits at the Centennial, may open their eyes a little to this

as well as some other points where they have been kept back by national prejudice.

As the oldest known remains of Babylonian and Assyrian art are the bricks inscribed with the names,

it to our notice, and even the Peruvians and Mexicans, the most ingenious and enlightened of the races on this continent before the coming of Europeans, were not possessed of any process of glazing.



ANCIENT PATERÆ, OR DRINKING BOWLS.

titles, and exploits of various kings, it cannot be shown whether in these countries the art of pottery was known before a general government existed, or whether it was a later discovery. It may have

been introduced from Egypt, or have been indigenous, but it attained to far greater importance than in that country, as cylinders, prisms, and other figures of glazed earthenware were covered with extensive historical and legal writings.

We are now pretty well acquainted with the most interesting period of Assyrian history, which would have been totally lost had it not been for this enduring method of writing. Many thousands of inscribed tablets, belonging to the reign of one King Assur-bani-pal, have been discovered. He appears to have collected a very creditable library on every branch of literature then known, and the history of his reign is, for so remote a period, very well known, while that of less bookish

(or brickish) kings has been entirely forgotten. The pottery of some aboriginal races on the American continent is of very great interest, and had we any way of arriving at an opinion as to the age of some articles found, the antiquity of even Egyptian art might be surpassed. Aboriginal pottery has generally very little beauty to recommend

Some articles of old Peruvian manufacture are, however, well modeled and ornamented with brilliant colors. There are still extensive portions of this continent which, if properly explored, might



ANCIENT ROMAN URNS, VASES, ETC., FOUND IN LONDON.

be found to contain remains of native art of the very highest value. We allude particularly to Yucatan, Central America, and the southwestern part of the United States, which must have been at one time the abode of races far more advanced than the Indians, and whose antiquities are only just beginning to receive the attention they deserve.

## ORIGIN OF EASTER DAY, AND EASTER CUSTOMS.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

"EASTER SUNDAY," or as it was formerly called, "the Sunday of Joy" (*Dominica gaudii*), like many other ceremonies which have come down to us from earlier times, has been changed from its original, and to some extent Pagan character, to a religious observance; until now, more especially limited to the Romish and Episcopal churches, it is the festival of the resurrection of our Lord.

We read that in olden time there was a feast of the Teutonic goddess Ostera (in the Anglo-Saxon *Eastre*, whence naturally comes our *Easter*), the goddess of Spring, and the Anglo-Saxon name for April was Ester-month. The Pagan worship of Ostera was strongly rooted in northern Germany, and was brought into England by the Saxons; and the early missionaries, finding it impossible to abolish it, endeavored, as with some other ceremonies, so far as was possible, to change it to a Christian festival, and to give to the rites a religious significance. This was easily done in this instance; for joy at the rising of the sun, at the bursting of spring from the bonds of winter, the resurrection of the natural world, could quite easily be changed to joy at the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, at the resurrection of Christ, his triumph over death and the grave. Easter has often been called the Christian passover, because the Jewish passover was celebrated according to the Mosaic law, on the fourteenth day of the month of Abi, that is within a day or two before or after the vernal equinox.

Although the Church has always been united as to why Easter should be celebrated, there has been a wide difference of opinion as to when it should be observed. This controversy grew out of a diversity of custom, the Judaizing Christians keeping their paschal feast on the same day the Jews kept their passover, the fourteenth of Nisan—the Hebrew month corresponding to our March or April—while the churches of the West, in remembrance that Christ arose on Sunday, had their festival on the Sunday following the day observed by the Eastern Church. This discussion was kept up until the time of Constantine, who (A.D. 325) brought the subject before the Ecumenical Council of Nice, from which time to this, Easter Sunday has been everywhere on one and the same day—

the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon or next after the 21st of March; and if the full moon comes upon a Sunday, Easter Day is the Sunday after. This decision was in favor of the Western usage, that body holding that the Sunday after the 14th of April was proper for the commemoration of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. The introduction of the Gregorian calendar made some changes necessary, and the ecclesiastical authorities at last decided to regulate the time of Easter by the moon, not however the actual moon, nor what is called by astronomers the "mean moon," but an imaginary moon whose movements are so arranged that it follows the real moon by some two or three days.

Easter, which is now preceded by Lent, in early days was introduced by fasting on one day only—the Friday in Passion Week, known as Good Friday; by-and-by the time was extended to forty hours, in token that Christ had lain that long in the tomb, and from this it was at last prolonged to forty days—the season of the temptation in the wilderness. The primitive Christians on the morning of this day saluted each other with the words, "Christ is arisen," to which the person addressed answered, "Christ is arisen, indeed, and hath appeared to Simon," a custom which is still retained in the Greek Church. "Indeed," says an eminent foreign writer, "all the ceremonies attending the observance of Easter were at first exceedingly simple; but in the early part of the fourth century a decided change was brought about. Constantine, naturally vain and fond of parade, signalized his love of display by celebrating this festival with extraordinary pomp. Vigils, or night watches, were instituted for Easter eve, at which the people remained in the churches until midnight. The tapers which it had been before customary to burn at this time, did not satisfy his Majesty, but huge pillars of wax were used instead; not only in the churches, but all over the city were they placed, that the brilliancy of the night should far exceed the light of day. Easter Sunday was noticed with most elaborate ceremonials, the Pope officiating at mass, with every imposing accessory that could be devised."

During the interval between Easter and Pente-



cost, a period of fifty days, the Christians were not expected to pray kneeling, for this attitude was considered as a token of humility, but rather with outstretched arms and faces looking to heaven, at this season when only songs of joy and gratitude were expected. Both Easter and Pentecost Sunday were accounted fortunate days on which to baptize children, and the interval lying between these days as favorable for marriages.

Various ceremonies, sports, and superstitions have in times past characterized the day, and still are many of the old Easter customs practiced in different parts of the world. That of making presents of colored eggs was at one time almost universal; eggs being considered symbolical of the revival of nature, the springing forth of life.

Passion Week in Paris may be termed the "feast of eggs." Every good Catholic not only fasts every Friday throughout the year, but for a week together at Easter. The Church does not allow at any time any flesh food; but eggs may be eaten in any quantity. On the first day of Passion Week everybody presents every one else with some little present emblematical of an egg in some shape or other, which is known as Paschal eggs (*aufs des Pague*). Among a people so ingenious in trifles as the Parisians, the opportunity is not lost, so that egg-shaped articles are to be had in every conceivable variety of material. One would think that the once imperial eagle of France had summoned all the birds of the air to come to Paris, build their nests in shop windows, and there deposit their eggs; for, go where you will, look into whatever shop you fancy, there you see eggs from the size of a caraway comfit, such as is found in the nest of the humming-bird, to one as large as a bowl—the ostrich or emu's egg. The toy shops are full of egg-shaped boxes; within them are dolls and playthings. Here you have chocolate eggs full of cream where the yolk should be; there you have sugar eggs filled with liquor; and again, ivory eggs, within which is a scent-bottle. Passing along the streets are women with barrows, crying aloud, "*Des aufs! des aufs!*" eggs! eggs! On their perambulating boards are piled two lots of eggs, one white, natural; the other red, cooked in log-wood water. Thus red eggs, ready boiled, are sold in every street in Paris; and *aufs rayes* is the synonym of *aufs des Pague*, in their literal sense meaning Paschal or Easter eggs, and in the more acceptable one, the presents usually given at Easter time.

Some of the nests are beautiful works of art. Here is a stoat or weasel stealthily climbing up a tree to suck the eggs, with the parent bird in battle array, ready to drive the intruder away. Here again a cuckoo has turned out a little chaffinches' egg, which lies broken on the ground below, while she has left her own for a foster-parent to hatch. Altogether in Paris Easter eggs are one of its sights, and well worth seeing.

The rank of a princess does not shield her from a salute on the cheek by the lowest boor that presents her an egg at Easter, in Russia; and the custom of distributing *pache*, or *pache ege*—the Passover or Easter egg—is still observed by the peasantry in different parts of England; while the young people of Scotland, where the festival has been suppressed for centuries, still throw about and play with hard-boiled, colored eggs, which they finally eat.

In the days when old and young alike received these eggs, the demand for them was such that they commanded oftentimes great prices. After they were boiled hard, and colored in red, violet, blue, green, etc., dyes, inscriptions and various designs were traced on them; and those thus ornamented were exchanged by those sentimentally inclined, very much after the same fashion as are the Valentines of the present day. The plainer ones were saved by the youth, and used on Easter Monday in playing ball, which, by the way, was a favorite game.

On Easter Monday, even the clergy indulged in the delights of this game of ball, which men, women and children reveled in. In many instances it formed a part of their service; bishops and deans taking a ball to church, and, at the commencement of the anthem, while dancing to the music, threw it to the choristers, who handed it back and forth to each other during the singing. After this service they all retired for refreshments, which usually consisted in a dish of bacon, with tansy pudding—this last symbolical of the bitter herbs they were commanded to take at the paschal feast.

Though these old customs are often modified and greatly changed, they all bear resemblance to those from which they sprung. In certain parts of England the absurd and senseless practice of "lifting" or "heaving" is in vogue. This is performed by two strong men or women joining hands across each other's wrists, forming a sort of seat in which a person to be "lifted" sits, when they are thrown up in the air two or three times, being

often, during this process, carried two or three yards along the streets. Easter Mondays the men "lift" the women, and Tuesdays the women return the compliment; very ludicrous incidents have been related of travellers who, ignorant of the prevalence of this custom, have been astonished to find themselves in the lusty arms of these people, and "heaved" in spite of their execrations and efforts for release.

A grave clergyman happened to be passing through Lancashire on an Easter Tuesday, and having to stay an hour or two at an inn, was astonished by three or four stout women rushing into his room, exclaiming they had come to "lift him."

"To lift me!" repeated the amazed divine; "what can you mean?"

"Why, your reverence, we've come to lift you, 'cause it's Easter Tuesday."

"Lift me, because it is Easter Tuesday? I don't understand you. Is there any such custom here?"

"Yes, to be sure; why, don't you know? All us women was lifted yesterday; and us lifts the men in turn to-day. And in course its our rights and duties to lift 'em."

After a little further parley the reverend traveller compromised with his fair visitors for half a crown, and thus escaped the dreaded compliment.

In Durham, England, on Easter Monday, the men claim still the privilege of taking off the women's shoes, the women retaliating on the following Tuesday.

The town of Cuzco, Peru, is a settlement of modern times, sheltering forty thousand souls, close to the old Inca city of the same name, the Rome of aboriginal South America. The religious ceremonies performed there are of the most puerile character, and would be thought by most, equally idolatrous with those formerly held in the same spot by the descendants of Manca Capac. On Easter Monday is celebrated the *Festa del Lenor de los Temblores*, or Festival of the Lord of Earthquakes. On this day the public Plaza in front of the Cathedral is hung with garlands and festoons, and the belfry utters its loudest notes. The images of the saints are borne out from their shrines, covered with fresh and gaudy decorations. The Madonna of Bethlehem, San Cristoval, San Blas, and San José, are borne on in elevated state, receiving as they go the prayers of all the Maries,

and Christophers, and Josephs, who respectively regard them as patrons. But the crowning honors are reserved for the miraculous Crucifix, called the Lord of Earthquakes, which is supposed to protect the city from the dreaded terrestrial shocks, the *Temblores*. The procession winds around a prescribed route, giving opportunity for public prayers and the devotions of the multitude; the miraculous image, in a new spangled shirt, that gives it the most incongruous resemblance to an opera dancer, is finally shut up in the church, and then the glad throng, feeling secure from earthquakes for another year, dance and sing in the Plaza all night long.

In olden times, the churches of Europe at this season presented much the appearance of theatres, and crowds of people jostled against each other to see the sepulchres which were erected, representing the whole scene of the Saviour's entombment. In those days the belief prevailed that the Lord's second coming would be on Easter Eve, hence the sepulchres were anxiously watched through the night preceding Easter Sunday, until three o'clock in the morning, when two aged monks would enter, and take out a beautiful image of the Resurrection, which was held up before the worshipping audience during the chanting of the anthem, "Christus Resurgens." It was then carried to the high altar, where a procession formed with lighted tapers, and old men bearing a canopy of velvet over the image, they proceeded around the exterior of the church, all singing, rejoicing, and praying, until coming again to the high altar their precious burden was placed there, not to be removed until Ascension Day. In many of the churches we are told that the monks personated the characters connected with the event they celebrated.

Easter Week is still the great season at Rome—for Italy is Catholic, if the Pope is not king. For Easter Sunday the greatest preparations are made, and it is celebrated with elaborate ceremonies. The day is ushered in by the firing of cannons, and early in the morning, carriages, with their eager freight of men and women, begin to roll toward St. Peter's, which is richly decorated for the occasion, the altars freshly ornamented, and the lights around the tomb of St. Peter all blazing. On this day the Pope officiates at mass, with every imposing accessory that human invention can devise. From a hall in the palace

of the Vatican he is carried into the church, seated in his chair, borne on the shoulders of his officers. On his head he wears a round gilded cap, representing a triple crown, signifying spiritual and temporal power, a union of both. On all sides of him are carried large fans of ostrich feathers, in which are placed the eye-like parts of peacock's feathers, to represent the vigilant eyes of the Church. When in the church he rests under a rich canopy of silk. After mass, to the sound of music, he is borne back to a balcony over the central doorway, where, rising from his chair of state, he pronounces a benediction, with indulgences and absolution.

The crowd of people who witness this most imposing of all the ceremonies at Rome at this season is immense. Below the balcony at which the Pope appears to pronounce the benediction is the densest crowd, who watch with upturned faces

the falling of the papers containing copies of the prayers that have been uttered, which are thrown down into the midst of this restless multitude by the Pope and his assistants.

Both in France and England the Jews were wont to receive unpleasant attentions on Easter Day, such as being stoned and beaten; in England the boys ran about the streets crying:

"Christ is risen, Christ is risen,  
All the Jews must go to prison."

But space forbids us to discourse further regarding the observance of Easter. While we may not recognize this and similar "days" as binding upon us in any sense, we should not make light of the sincere feelings, beliefs, and practices of others, and we may often be well rewarded by considering the religious significance of fasts and festivals.

## BRAZIL AND HER PEOPLE.

BY MARGARET FIELD.

THE debates in Congress on the subject of our Brazilian relations; the unusual stir among New York capitalists, and capitalists generally, in regard to the practicability of a line of steamships to Brazil, from this country direct, as well as the almost daily quotations in the papers of this or that article of American manufacture sent to South America (by way of Liverpool), makes a résumé of any matters pertaining to Brazil, her history and her products, especially pertinent at this time.

The "Land of the Cocoa and the Palm," as it has been aptly named, opens its arms, literally, to receive in cordial fellowship this country and our belonging. Ready to take at our hands all we send; responsive to every advance; eager for anything which will bring about a commercial, maritime, or social connection; thus she stands waiting.

Brazil is the other great Power, the other mighty American nation upon this Western Continent, which has firmly maintained a thoroughly stable governing power, and advanced towards a place commensurate with the progress incumbent upon the age, as well as due an enlightened and civilized community.

Its form of government is like and unlike that

of the United States; unlike, inasmuch as we know its chief executive is an Emperor and a European, that noble, grand Dom Pedro, after whom all the world wonders, who is the the delight and admiration of civilized mankind.

Yet, though an hereditary monarchy, Brazil has a government thoroughly democratic in its chief characteristics, being ruled under the sanction of a written constitution and laws, enacted by an elective and representative Legislature, in which the lawmaking power abides; while the power of executive and office appointments rests with the Emperor and his ministry. Except for priests and domestic servants, suffrage is free to all persons having a certain stated income of small amount.

The Press is free; education and religion is also free, save that the Roman Catholic is the State religion, although all other creeds are tolerated. A remarkable thing in the working of the Court polity is the fact that, although there is a nobility, as in all monarchies, it is not an hereditary one, but ends with the life of the incumbent, and is held only for merit, being conferred for meritorious services in the performance of public duties, military services, or service done to literature,

science, the arts, or especially for any great improvements or inventions in mechanics, manufactures, etc.

The present government is contemporary with that of Mexico, having been established in the same year (1824) with that of the so-called "Republic of Mexico." Anything more unlike, anything forming a greater contrast can scarcely be conceived.

With population about equal, somewhat the same advantages of climate and situation, the one has been the prey of everything in the shape of anarchy, contention, and rebellion at the hands of unscrupulous demagogues and ambitious military leaders; the other has enjoyed the largest prosperity and tranquility under a firm, stable, and reliable government presided over by a ruler of the most enlightened type.

Dom Pedro, whom many of us have been privileged to know, or if not that, most of us to see, has won the respect of the civilized world. His eager search after knowledge, his willingness to be taught, to learn from the humblest sources; his affable deportment, his zealous inquiry and research into the why and wherefore of everything, make him an example of large, intellectual manhood for all other men, be they king or plowman.

Although but just past what Goethe calls the perfected arch of life, fifty years, he has yet been emperor of Brazil over forty years, having been invested with regal honors in his fifth year, at the abdication of his father, Dom Pedro I., after a series of tumultuary proceedings upon the part of the people. Abdicating in favor of his little son, he appointed a regency of three persons, chosen by the chamber of deputies, to conduct the Government during the minority of his son, and sailed for Portugal in 1831, leaving him in the charge of José Bonifacio de Andrade, a man whom all unite in calling a savant of the profoundest type, a patriot of the largest views; as religious and honorable as he is scholarly and far-seeing. What he really is may best be judged by the noble record of his honored pupil, Dom Pedro II.

All the vast attainments of the Emperor, his investigations into all matters of science, arts, and mechanics; his acquirements in the studies of engineering and all steam appliances; his knowledge of the political status of the various nations,

which he keeps fresh by a constant perusal of the current news, in the morning journals of six languages, which he speaks fluently; all is devoted to the interests, enlightenment and benefit of the people over which God has appointed him a ruler.

Uniting as he does the blood of the Bourbons, Hapsburgs, and the old Spanish Braganzas in his veins; being connected with almost every reigning house in Europe; he is only, after all, a scholarly gentleman, a wise, enlightened and conscientious ruler over a vast nation. And it is with this ruler and his people that the present movement purposes to bring us into close relations of mutual improvement and profitable advantage.

Brazil, occupying almost half of the South American continent, is roughly estimated to contain an area of 3,959,800 square miles, having a coast line of more than 3700 miles, with much good harborage. For 700 miles the coast consists of high, rugged bluffs covered in the most picturesque manner by thickly wooded forests of verdure. This especial portion of the coast between Santos and Cape Frio, can be seen distinctly fifty odd miles at sea.

The river system of Brazil is said to be unrivalled by any other in the world, in number and size; the great northwestern portion being drained by a perfect network of streams of all lengths, and varying in volume; indeed, so intricate are these rivers, and yet so distinctly arranged, that they have been compared to the veins of the human body. The largest river in the world (although not the longest), the Amazon, is the channel through which most of these streams find their way to the ocean. Its waters are emptied with such force and swiftness, after draining an area of 800,000 square miles, and traversing in its course 4000 miles, that mariners, after losing sight of land, drink its fresh water far out at sea, for its volume and impetus carry its waters, unmixed with those of the ocean, for eighty leagues from shore.

This wonderful river opens, by its unnumbered branches, over 10,000 miles of inland navigation for large vessels, to a land abounding with luxurious foliage and fertile soil. The whole length of this immense river is studded with islands of almost inexhaustible fertility. And to quote Von Humboldt, if the name of primeval forest belongs to any one forest of the earth, none can claim the

title above those filling and connecting the basin of the Orinoco and Amazon. A remarkable feature of this great water system is what is called the *bore* occurring at its mouth two days before and two days after the full moon, when the waters of the ocean rush into the river in huge mountain-like waves, from ten to twenty feet high, following each other with rapid and irresistible force; it is said the Indian name, Amassona—*boat destroyer*—originates from the many boats destroyed at these times.

The mouth of the Amazon was discovered in 1509 by Vincente Yanez Pinçon; but it was first ascended by Orellana, a Spaniard, who four years after sailed up it several hundred miles. It was with him the story originated of having found a community of female warriors in great numbers on the banks of the river, whom he allowed were like the Amazons of antiquity. It is most likely the resemblance of the Indian name Amassona suggested to Orellana the fabulous story.

The tide of the Amazon, which is called the *pororoca*, is terrible at certain periods, because of the numberless rapids occurring at the entrance into the main river of every one of its tributaries, some of which are very wide; as the Rio Negro, for instance, which is fifteen miles wide a few miles above its mouth, yet rushes in through a funnel-like space of less than two miles in width, having come down from the mountain regions more than a thousand miles; while others of the two hundred rivers which add their waters to the giant Amazon in her four thousand miles journey from the mountains of Peru to the coast of Brazil, send in their supply with equal force and rush.

Steam navigation, subsidized by the Government, has been established on the larger proportion of this great river system, and for several years back surveys and vast engineering works, purposing to improve the navigation, and enable steamers to carry passengers and freight around the cataracts and falls occurring along the river, have been vigorously projected, and carried towards completion, by the zealous foresight and enterprise of the Emperor, who is himself a practical surveyor and engineer.

With this great river power and her forty odd harbors, Brazil is well able to prosecute an immense commercial trade with all nations, while she develops for the foreign market the vast resources of her interior.

Among her most valuable exports, apart from her vast mineral wealth, are her numerous and varied stores of invaluable useful woods, used in almost every branch of manufacture, from ship-building to the most delicately carved pieces of household furniture. While her forests yield every species of palm growth and all the chief plants for medicinal or chemical uses, the cultivated soils send to the markets of the world vast quantities of sugar, coffee, maize, cotton, cocoa, rice, tobacco, all sorts of grains, and every variety of tropical fruits. The wonderful manioc plant is indigenous to Brazil, and its farina is almost the only meal used by the natives; an acre of it is said to yield more nutriment than six acres of wheat. The Indians find this useful and beautiful plant to usurp the place and do away with the need of rice, and all the cerealia cultivated elsewhere.

Among the most valuable trees are the *Andaçu*, or *Purga das Paulistas* (*Anda Gomezi*), the seeds of which yield a perfectly tasteless oil more powerful as a cathartic than even castor oil; the *Casalpina echinata*, bearing what we know as Pernambuco wood, largely used for dyeing purposes; the rose-wood, mahogany, the fustic, and a great variety used for ship-building. At our Centennial Exhibition, Brazil sent, beside all the rest of her wonderful exhibit, magnificent specimens of over a thousand tree varieties, in blocks, logs, and boards, cut and planed, and either wholly or partly varnished, to show the grain of the wood as well as their adaptability for decorations. Of the resins, oils, dyes, and medicines obtained from these trees, as well as the valuable fibres made into rope, cordage, and calking purposes, there was an immense display. Indeed, it was remarked at the time, that if the exhibit from the forests of Brazil had been made by the world at large, it would have been wonderful.

The minerals of Brazil are of world-wide celebrity; from coal to diamond, through every grade and variety, the yield surpasses that of any other country. Perhaps in real value as a marketable curiosity, the hematite iron ores are in excess of all others. Iron is dug in vast quantities, from deposits which, it is said, being surrounded by vast forests, are easily worked, as well as economically. Ore of superior quality; carbonate of lime for fluxes; refractory clay for building fur-



naces; excellent water-power for the working of the largest engine power, and splendid forest lands, are in closest neighborhood to some of the most valuable iron beds. Coal, lignites, bituminous schists and peat are found in immense deposits. Besides these there are vast quantities of mica, asbestos, graphite, sulphur, alum-rock, salt, and all kinds of building-stones, including several varieties of sandstone, granite and marble.

As regards her precious metals, has she not been named the Eldorado of the modern world! Back of the seaboard cordilleras along the Atlantic coast, past the beautiful Parahiba Valley, with the first link in the long chain of Espinhaco, the profuse *flora* of the tropics begins to disappear. The *capim gordura*, a parasite, chokes the verdure and overthrows the power of the hitherto regal forests. Not even the mosses of the tropics, elsewhere so lush and profuse, are found here. Yet once this red clay was covered with a rich vegetation, ere the *conquistadores* came from the Old World, tearing asunder with ruthless hands the very soil to find its hidden stores of treasures, rending rocks, however rugged, to discover within them transparent pebbles, to glow and gleam and brighten into an hundred beauteous lustres on the brow of kings and queens far from this barren wilderness, which once was beautiful with forest life. Thus is the old-time Eldorado of Brazil to-day dubbed the "Mining District." Remembering the wild excitement of our own day over California gold digging, can we wonder that the Spanish and Portuguese invaders three centuries ago, should, seeing the lavish use made by the natives of gold, their temples covered with it, their houses adorned with it, even their household utensils made of it, have believed in the existence of inexhaustible mines and quarries of pure gold; indeed of mountains of solid layers of the precious metal, concealed in some remote region which they called *El Dorado*, the place of gold? And when the Indians, to rid themselves of their blood-thirsty, cruel conquerors, pointed over the mountains, they rushed frantically on to the regions where the Amazon gathers her waters together east of the Andes.

It was not, however, until the close of the seventeenth century that mining explorations to any great extent were prosecuted in Brazil; for a variety of causes, after the first fury of discovery was over, the *conquistadores* were employed in exporting to

Europe the vegetable products of the country. It was not until the terrible Paulists or Mamelukes, the descendants of the early Portuguese and most savage of the native tribes, turning their course to the mountains again, began their search for *Serra do Emeraldas*, or the Mountain of Emeralds, traditions of which remained among them.

Roaming through this unknown land from river to river, they found limpid waters flowing over beds of the long-sought golden sand. Then began such a series of adventures and wonders as read like tales from the "Arabian Nights." The immense amount of gold found, almost surpasses belief. It was no unusual thing for a *minero* to obtain in a day, pounds of pure gold. At Cuyaba alone, six tons were taken in a single month.

The *quint* paid during last century to the King of Portugal, representing the fifth part of the gold obtained in the country, is stated by Von Humboldt to have been 3,000,000,000 francs.

Besides the gold, precious stones are by no means rare in the mountain streams; large and beautiful topaz have been found, and in certain granite localities amethysts are abundant. The grandfather of the present Emperor, King John VI. of Portugal, at the time of his residence in Brazil, during the invasion by Napoleon of Portugal in 1807, received an aqua marina valued at one hundred thousand francs. From the Mountain of Frost, Serra do Frio, in the Province of Minas Geraes, celebrated as the Diamond District, magnificent stones were sent to the famous lapidaries of Holland to be cut. Yet the suffering and woe which sprang up in the wake of all these marvelous discoveries counterbalances a thousandfold all the good obtained. To-day the mines are comparatively little worked either in the gold or diamond regions, although the precious stones still remain awaiting the hand of man to bring them forth.

But out of all the rush and fury, the agony and cruelty of those old days, came wonderful prosperity to Brazil. Cities arose in the room of mud huts, forests were leveled, that agriculture might have its way, and this land lying beneath the sun's most potent beams, has been made ready for whomsoever will, to come in and share in her goodly stores.

This wonderful land invites, through her Emperor, the great Yankee nation to join her in showing what two American nations can do in the grand march of improvement.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

**An Old Interpreter.**—**DIED:** At Lower Brule Agency, Dakota, January 26, 1878, Zephyr Rencountre, a native of Saint Louis, born about 1789.

This announcement will bring to many officers of the old Army some stirring recollections of their early service on the Missouri River, as well as a pang of sorrow for the departure of this old time-keeper of three generations.

About one hundred years ago a party of Osage Indians came over to the Nishnabotona, a tributary of the Missouri that falls into it above Saint Joseph, to hunt buffalo. There they came upon two lodges of a party of Yankton Sioux, that was there also on a hunt. Those tribes being then at war, the Osages killed the occupants of the lodges, consisting of a couple of old men, three women and a boy, the young men being at the time out hunting. Two little girls who had fled into the long grass near the river were, however, spared and carried away as captives. Old Pierre Chateau had then a stockade and trading post at the point where Weston now stands, nearly opposite Leavenworth, and thither the marauders wended their way after the atrocious deed. Chateau himself was at the post when they arrived with their skins and the two captive children, but refused to buy a fur until the latter were given up to him, a matter that was soon arranged by the payment of a ransom in beads and red cloth. The old man took the children to Saint Louis and raised them in his household, and one of these was the mother of Zephyr, both of them having married employés or followers of the Chateau establishment. Zephyr was born and raised under the Chateau roof, and adhered to the family till the death of Chateau, Sr., when he disappeared and finally reached Philadelphia, then the greatest city in the country, but soon got sorry and returned penitent and of course penniless, travelling on foot from Philadelphia to Cumberland, and thence to Pittsburg with a train of wagons returning from Philadelphia with supplies for Chateau's boats, which had just before arrived there with a cargo of furs from the Far West.

Pierre Chateau, Jr., was now the head of the family; and reaching Saint Louis, after a keel-boat passage of three weeks, Zephyr found a welcome in the old seigniorial mansion. He subsequently accompanied Chateau to the Indian country, and probably because the nomadic instinct prevailed over the other elements in his nature, he never again left it, but always remained in the service of Chateau; and when that gentleman and his partners, under the name of the American Fur Company, supplanted the Northwest Company, on the Missouri, Zephyr, who had been adopted by the Yankton Indians as a friend and relative, rendered the company and his patron invaluable service in pioneering their intrepid agents and traders to the remotest wilds of the unknown land of the Dakotas. The Sioux and Rees Mandans and Gros Ventres then waged bitter warfare, in which the posts of the company located on the Sioux territory were often placed in siege or jeopardy, and many heroic deeds

were performed by the brave voyageurs that can never be chronicled. Our old friend bore the scars of more than one of those sanguinary combats, for though the company was a neutral, many of the employés were allied to the Sioux and made common cause with them. In those days the Sioux and white people were friendly, and a white man or trader could go alone, and take his cart or boat load of goods, where it would be sheer madness to venture now without a company of soldiers. But at last the evil day of rapacious gold hunters and dishonest merchants came upon the Dakotas, and then came the soldiers, under General Harney, to punish them for resenting their wrongs in their own way, and to occupy the land. The halcyon days of the Fur Company had passed, and its posts retired further into the wilderness, leaving to Harney and the troops that invaded its dominion the immovable chattles of many of its establishments. One of these was Zephyr Rencountre, even then so old that the company had no further use for the services which he had faithfully rendered for forty-two years. Corporations, like republics, are without gratitude and have no souls. General Harney, however, employed the old voyageur to interpret the first and only sincere treaty of peace the Sioux ever made with the Government, and took him with him in his campaign. Ten years later the General again visited the Sioux, and again to make peace, but this time without his dragoons. The honesty and fidelity of the old voyageur, together with the esteem in which he was held by the savages among whom he had always lived, contributed much to the success of the peace proposals, and when Harney returned to his home he loaded his old friend with presents. Though living among the savages for more than sixty years, the suavity and native and characteristic habits of the seigniorial training were never absent from his manner, and together with a sterling truthfulness and honesty, made him perhaps the most respected and extraordinary man of his class ever known on the border.

**Royal Gluttons.**—Royal gluttons include Cæsar, Frederick, Napoleon, William III. of England, Henry IV. of France, Henry Beauclerc, and many others. Cæsar probably freshened himself with an emetic. William III. loved to stay five or seven hours at a table; while the story of his devouring a dish of young peas without offering any to the Princess Anne is perfectly historical, and earned him the name of Caliban, which was bestowed upon him by her indignant Highness.

Another authentic piece of gluttony may be said to have largely contributed to the deliverance of Europe from the yoke of France. It was the opinion of one of Napoleon's staff that the Emperor was not himself at the battle of Leipsic, his faculties being almost paralyzed from the effects of an indigestion caused by a surfeit of shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions. Frederick not only ate enormously, but in his latter years the honor of an invitation to the royal

table must have been received by dyspeptic men with a secret terror; for the great king was passionately fond of pepper, and the royal cooks peppered him to his heart's content. He required, moreover, that his food should be heated to something not far removed from white heat, and a miserable guest at Potsdam has immortalized a certain pie which looked and tasted "as if it had been baked in Tophet."

**Bank of England Notes.**—Few of the persons who handle Bank of England notes ever think of the amount of labor and ingenuity that is expended on their production. These notes are made from pure white linen cuttings, never from rags that have been worn. They have been manufactured for nearly two hundred years by the same family, the Portals, Protestant refugees. So carefully is the paper prepared, that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on a dial by machinery, and the sheets are carefully counted and booked to each person through whose hands they pass. The printing is done by a most curious process, in Mr. Coe's department within the bank building. There is an elaborate arrangement for securing that no note shall be like any other in existence. Consequently there never was a duplicate of a Bank of England note, except by forgery.

**A Tree that Rains.**—The Consul of the United States of Colombia, in the Department of Lereto, Peru, has recently called the attention of President Prado to a remarkable tree which exists in the forests adjoining the village of Moyobamba. This tree, known to the natives as Tamai-Caspi (rain

tree), is about fifty-eight feet in height at full growth, and the diameter of its trunk is about thirty-nine inches. It absorbs and condenses the moisture in the atmosphere with astonishing energy, and it is said that water constantly exudes from its branches. So abundant is the water supply that the soil near by is turned into a marsh. The tree gives forth most water when the rivers are dry during the summer season, and when water generally is scarce. Its cultivation is proposed throughout the arid regions of Peru.

**Antiquity of Cheese.**—Cheese and curdling of the milk are mentioned in the Book of Job. David was sent by his father, Jesse, to carry ten cheeses to the camp, and to look how his brothers fared. Cheese of kine formed part of the supplies of David's army at Manhanaim, during the rebellion of Absalom. Homer says that cheese formed a part of the ample store found by Ulysses in the cave of Cyclops. Polyphemus, Euripides, Theocritus and other early poets, mention cheese. Ludolphus says that excellent cheese and butter were made by the ancient Ethiopians, and Strabo states that some of the ancient Britons were so ignorant that, though they had an abundance of milk, they did not understand the art of making cheese. There is no evidence that any of these ancient nations had discovered the use of rennet in making cheese. They appear to have merely allowed the milk to sour, and subsequently to have formed the cheese from the caseine of the milk, after expelling the serum or whey. As David, when young, was able to run to the camp with ten cheeses and an ephah of parched corn, the cheese must have been very small.

## CURRENT MEMORANDA.

**Personal.**—It is seldom we are led to refer to ourselves in these columns, preferring to let the MONTHLY speak for itself. We cannot, however, permit the occasion to pass, when it becomes our duty to acknowledge the many favorable notices and commendations of our readers and the press, so generously accorded us. In the several instances, where special mention has been made of some of our contributors and their articles, it affords us great pleasure to return, on their behalf, such proper acknowledgment.

Our constant aim is to make the MONTHLY an attractive, entertaining, and readable medium, acceptable to all classes of readers, ever directing our efforts to make each succeeding number a decided improvement upon its predecessor, and in this respect we feel that we have fully sustained our purpose, judging from the numerous flattering letters we receive daily from many of our old subscribers. To these we cordially renew our assurances of future consideration, kindly thanking them for their very liberal appreciation of our efforts in their behalf.

As an evidence that our humble efforts are also receiving due appreciation at the hands of many new readers, and the MONTHLY is rapidly growing in public favor and esteem, the following kindly written note well attests:

"DEAR SIR: I have the reading of your Magazine, and like it. I wish there were more published of its class.

"I like the story, 'Finding Rest,' in the February number. I have read a good deal from that author of late, and like the character of all she writes. She is what I call both strong and fine.

"I always wait impatiently for the next number of your Magazine.

"My hand holds the plow oftener than the pen, but I wanted to say these few words, and have said them, after a sort. Truly Yours, A. L. D."

An extract from another:

"You are getting out, in my opinion, the *best* magazine in the country. It is elegant and refined, and a *credit* to American enterprise."

Did not the want of space forbid, we might add many more of the same style and character. To one and all, however, we gratefully tender our best wishes, trusting that our future efforts may continue to merit their confidence and esteem.

**The Great Minister.**—Of all the ministers of England who have ruled supreme in the councils of the Cabinet, none

have been more bitterly and generally hated than Pitt. There have been statesmen, such as Walpole, who have been as much hated as liked; others, such as Newcastle and Portland, who have been deemed beneath the dislike of their fellows; others again, like Chatham, who have been too much feared to be cordially hated; while of the political mediocrities, the Rockinghams and the Percivals, their very want of individuality and of marked capacity has kept them free from the malice and all uncharitableness of their colleagues and opponents. But with Pitt it was different. His was one of those minds which dawn at rare intervals upon the world, yet with the exception of his lofty intellect, and his splendid sense of independence, which commanded the homage of all, he possessed few of the qualities which Englishmen admire in their rulers, and many of the faults which they detest. He was intensely proud, and, save in the presence of his family, where he was warmly loved, stiff, cold, and ungenial. When he appeared in public, even when he was cheered and fêted, his harsh features seldom relaxed their haughty, repellant expression. Kings bowed and smiled; but Pitt, the Commoner, the son of a newly-created peer, took scant pains not to show that he held such homage in contempt. His conduct was irreproachable. In an age of much profligacy, he wore the white flower of a blameless life; he was a fond father and a faithful husband; he did not gamble; scandal could find no fault in him; yet the warm heart of the ruined spendthrift, Fox, made all who came in contact with him love him, while the virtues of Pitt were so hard, so austere, so cold, that they grated upon the sensitiveness of mankind. Like Addison, he was fond of wine, but owing to an enfeebled circulation, the port he drank never raised his vitality to a generous or joyous pitch. He seemed never to forget that he was so rigidly virtuous, so highly honorable, so pure and disinterested, and endowed with such splendid talents; from the lofty pedestal of his superiority he never descended; he always spoke and acted as if the world were at his feet, and he the only man who should stand upright.

**Yankee Check.**—It is a curious fact that the United States was the first nation to force an entrance through the closed straits of the Dardanelles. In 1801 Commodore Bainbridge, who had a secret message to convey to the Sultan from the Dey of Algiers, sailed from Algiers for Constantinople, in the American frigate *George Washington*. As he knew he would not be allowed to proceed up to the capital, he made a show of coming to anchor off the Castles of the Dardanelles, in the meanwhile firing a heavy salute. As the wind blew strong up the channel, under cover of his own and the reciprocated salute, he spread all his canvas to the breeze. Before the Turks could discover his manoeuvres he was out of range of their cannons, and speeding his way with such speed and velocity that it was impossible to overtake him. When he cast anchor off the mouth of the Golden Horn, and displayed the Stars and Stripes, great was the surprise and consternation. He was supposed to be a pirate, as the flag of the United States, never having before been floated in Turkish waters, was unknown. Having no knowledge of America, the Turkish authorities were informed that the vessel was from the *New World*. After consider-

able delay, and threats of imprisonment in the Seven Towers for having passed through the Dardanelles without previous permission, the Commodore was admitted to an audience at the palace, and eventually accomplished the object of his mission.

**The Bar and the Bench.**—An eminent English Judge, Lord Hatherley, once expressed his ideas of judicial conduct and bearing in the following terms: "I have always thought that honor and dignity were best studied by not talking about them, but by practical courtesy of language, and by never allowing any outbreak of temper between any member of the bar or the bench. The dignity of the bench is best maintained by hearing first all that persons have to say, by keeping yourself on your guard, and forming a covenant with yourself, as it were, to let every matter be fully placed before you, ere you allow yourself to form an opinion, much less to pronounce a decision upon the subject. And certainly you ought not to disqualify yourself from the office of Judge by expressing strong opinions when only one side has been heard, or still less, when nobody whatever has been heard. That is not my opinion of judicial dignity. I will only say that during the forty-four years I have been at the bar, and the nineteen I have been on the bench, I have studied to act on these principles. It is impossible for any man to say of himself that he has carried them out successfully, but at least I have never lost sight of them. At the bar or on the bench I never had an altercation with any human being."

**How the Turks Live.**—It is certainly a mystery that the inhabitants of the Ottoman Empire did not all perish years ago from pulmonary diseases. Their feet are first swathed in a coarse rag, which is then wound round the lower part of the leg, and bound tightly with twine; on the rag is tied a piece of sole leather hammered into a rudely shaped sandal, with sides rising one inch up the side of the foot; holes are cut in the upper edges of the sandal and strings tied in them, and then fastened over the top of the foot. It is evident that their feet are wet the moment they step into mud or water over an inch in depth. This they are doing constantly in bad weather; consequently their feet are soaking wet for a week at a stretch, and yet they live and multiply. They violate every known law of hygiene in the ventilation and often the cleanliness of their dwellings, and yet their children are generally sturdy-looking, and the adults show a fair average physique. They sleep in rows on a mat laid upon the floor of their underground huts. Sometimes the floor is covered with them, and yet they do not appear to suffer for want of oxygen.

**Paris Exposition.**—One of the greatest floral attractions of the coming exhibition at Paris is expected to be the grand bed of tulips planted out in November by the Haarlem Florists' Club. Upon this space of ground, some fifteen by seventeen mètres in extent, about forty thousand tulip bulbs are set, to represent when in bloom the arms of the City of Haarlem, with the words "Haarlem," "Holland" underneath. The tulips used for this purpose are the *Rex Rubrum* and *La Candeur*, and are surrounded by a broad border of the double brown flower known as "Princess Alexandra."

## LITERATURE AND ART.

**Kathleen; a Perfect Love Story**, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "Theo," "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Pretty Polly Pemberton," etc., and published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, is a most entertaining and charming love story, tender, true and pathetic. "Theo" and "Pretty Polly Pemberton," by the same author, were good, but this one is better. Kathleen was a natural beauty, and made a very decided impression on the heart of our hero long before she had learned the meaning of the word "love." It was at a little village on the coast of Maine, where she lived with her old grandmother, nine years before our story opens. Carl Seymour was an artist, and not rich when he met his love for the second time at Newport—met her to fall blindly at her feet, and worshipping her as all others did. But this second meeting was very different from the first; the old grandmother was dead, and Kathleen was chaperoned by a worldly-minded aunt, who had determined her niece should make a brilliant marriage. Carl Seymour proposed, and was rejected, to find her engaged to a millionaire. After three years of separation, in which time the aunt's money must have taken wings, Kathleen reappears as the governess to Mrs. Armadale's children, a sister of Carl Seymour, in Mr. Seymour's house. Mrs. Armadale having to leave home on business, Kathleen assumed entire command. Is it any wonder then, that Carl Seymour and Kathleen being thrown together thus, should forget all their past troubles, and that their cloud, which looked so black to both, had at the last so bright a silver lining!—with various complications ensuing, we would refer the reader to the book itself. "Kathleen" is written in Mrs. Burnett's best mood, and is as pathetic as any one could wish.

**Joseph Balsamo**, by Alexander Dumas, from which the play of Joseph Balsamo has just been dramatized by his son, Alexander Dumas, Jr., with illustrations of all the characters in the work and play, published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Joseph Balsamo is Alexander Dumas' most striking romance, and the one that he always regarded as his best performance, the hero of which is the renowned mesmerist, necromancer, alchemist, and politician, sometimes called Count Cagliostro. To read this historical romance of "Joseph Balsamo" is like passing through a grand picture gallery crowded with portraits of eminent persons. Louis XV. and his family, including three grandsons, who reigned most unhappily, as Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., and Charles X.; with the fair-haired and fatal Austrian, who appears here as the youthful bride of the Dauphin. Here, too, are the princesses of France, of whom Louise has obtained historic notice. The Court at Versailles is presented as it was, with Marie Antoinette as its nominal, and Madame Du Barry, frail and fair, as its actual head; while the stately Duchess de Noailles, whom Marie Antoinette nicknamed "Madame Etiquette," attends, as if to freeze every one into stately propriety. Here are Chon and Jean,

sister and brother, and even Zamore, the negro, who was made governor of Luciennes. Nor are the statesmen absent. We have M. de Choiseul and the Duke de Richelieu, intriguing for place, and M. de Sartines, checkmated even in the very heart of his own police office. In this crowd, too, we see a great deal of Rousseau, the philosopher, and of that wretched Marat, who, in after years, was slain by the hand of the intrepid Charlotte Corday. Here, too, are the De Taverny family—the wicked old father; the fair daughter, Andree; that true chevalier, Philip, the son; Nicole, the intriguing soubrette; and Gilbert, who ought to have been sent to the galleys. Finally, to deepen the interest with something apparently akin to the supernatural, there are Althotas, the aged alchemist; the beautiful Lorenza Feliciani, a clairvoyant; and Joseph Balsamo himself, who seems to pervade the whole tale, revealing the future to the Dauphiness, giving the elixir of life to Du Barry, and making ingots of pure gold for Cardinal de Rohan.

**Bibliotheca Americana for 1878**; a priced Catalogue of Books and Pamphlets relating to America, for sale by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. This is a very large collection (nearly seven thousand items), and is exceedingly useful to public and private libraries in making selections of new works.

**The Western Review of Science and Industry**, February number (and No. 12 of Volume I.), a new monthly publication, edited by Theodore S. Case, of Kansas City, Missouri, has found its way to our sanctum. Its pages contain well-printed, substantial and reliable reading matter, comprising original articles, by able and prolific writers, upon the best scientific, medical, educational, agricultural, and literary subjects. As we believe it is the first publication of its character that has ever been originated in the West, we trust that it may meet with proper success in its undertaking.

**The Periscope**, a Bi-monthly Journal, devoted to physical, mental, and moral culture, published by the Remedial Institute Company, Dubuque, Iowa. This publication is likewise a new Western enterprise, the first number of which has just reached us. Its contents cover a wide field of useful and instructive information for general reading, and will no doubt be appreciated as it deserves.

**Authors and Coteries.**—With feelings farthest possible from desire of criticism, it is not the fault of readers, if at unlucky times they are brought to a stand, by phrases in popular writers which may be characterized as frivolities of expression. These writers it seems have become peremptory and careless, from the very fact of holding positions as popular writers; and in their security of reception impose upon the public meaningless expressions—as Carlyle has it, "straw



that has been thrashed a hundred times without wheat"—under shelter of the public indifference.

It appears that there is a strong predisposition to charlatanism in human nature—authors included—from the frivolity of which, nothing but the most vigilant rebuffs of fortune can save them and us. Smooth-sounding words are a delusion and a snare, decoying to leniency all the rules of syntax. The propensity to glide with the current, and to bridge chasms by means of obscure, or high-flown phraseology, are ventures which none but the popular writer may indulge in. Woe be to the trembling debutant who endeavors to smooth his pathway by peccadilloes like these; he is brought to immediate trial, and in haughty condemnation consigned to the lowest depths of oblivion. Thus branded, he shuns the trodden paths of men; he muses in secret; he seeks counsel of the deity of shades. Happily, through wise intervention, he may become imbued with the spirit of simplicity, and rise in fabled creation to a life shorn of hyperbole, it is true, but born to wiser conceptions of the uses of language.

The debutant should not be dismayed by studied disapproval of his somewhat superabundant expression, when in excess he contemplates the frothy substance which oozes from the productions of the popular writer. He should take warning. The temptation to avoid the plodding pathway, and by circuitous route arrive under prestige of accidental association of pursuits or sympathetic laudation of the public idol, is but a juggler's trick. How propitiate the grim sentinel who stands at the portal, when in place of living gems he yields his tarnished jewels? Sooner or later the password to literature becomes imperative; neither tricks of language purporting to inspiration or passive surrender to flowing streams of popular favor, will serve to exalt frivolities of expression into conditions worthy a respectable public.

It is true that concession to expediency may be regarded as a stepping-stone to prosperity. In the endeavor to conform to the periodical of the day, which, like the requirements of well-bred society, circumscribes its limits to autocratic boundaries, the aspirant for popular favor is positively restricted to a stereotyped vocabulary. He whose footsteps would stray into unbidden precincts, and over unrecognized fields of thought, must so clothe and prescribe his offering, so prune its rough edges, and sap its vitality, as at best to present but a pale-faced starveling to a waiting posterity.

An admired writer of the present day, in former struggles for acknowledgment, was fairly driven to his "trumps;" when, standing upon the defensive, he made valiant charge upon the enemy, boldly declaring that he would not change the style of his communications, but that on the contrary, he would change the style of editors. Readers who have accompanied him in his search after the "Baddick, and that Sort of Thing," will glory in his gallant onslaught.

What wonder, then, that in persistent discouragement of originality of style and thought, writers in their endeavor to meet the demand should fall into frivolities of expression; more, that they should forever harp upon some subject indicated by public sentiment, as a commendable and proper subject for admiration, and of extended criticism,—the mania, spreading from Quarterlies and Reviews, to critiques from Pike's Peak *Gazette*, over the book entitled "Daniel

Deronda," serving as example; the subject at length assuming such vastness of proportion as to submerge all the flood-gates of literature, rendering the inundation complete and overwhelming. School-girls announced in essay and composition the astounding discovery that George Eliot had become the rival of Shakspeare. So much for a safe subject unmuzzled and let loose upon the community; and so much for a populace gone mad by special permit.

Similarity of style has indeed become a painful feature in literature. From year to year a fastidious public have been surfeited with subject-matter endorsed and superscribed by autocratic literati. The same headings meet their eyes from year to year; until, under a depressing sense of personal injury, they are ready to cry out, "hold, enough!"

In these latter days, when the public mind has become aroused to the necessity of abolishing "monopolies and rings," and in their place substituting Labor as king, toilers in the potter's-fields of literature should take heart, and with persistent effort dig and delve, until the soil shall have become enriched to conditions when they in turn shall rank as competitors. Let effete and well-worn subjects rest in honored and richly-bound volumes upon the library shelves. Let seers and prophets of literature stand upon the hillsides with waving flags of truce, welcoming wayfarers and dreamers beneath its folds. Leave loopholes open for aliens and vagrants to pass in, though they jostle and brush the robes of conservators themselves.

Imagine, by way of illustration, that some wild-eyed Bohemian, fresh from the wilderness, should invade the editorial sanctum of the *Belgravian Journal*, and that with uncouth obeisance he should present his specimens of unpolished gems. What then? Instantly, it may well be understood, the terrible mandate would resound through hall and corridor, reaching the ears of quaking guard and sentinel, "Depart, depart from hence! By whose authority do you proffer to us your rude wares? Drive him with thongs back to the jungles from whence he emerged; his rubies and sapphires may be genuine, but they are without superscription."

Rings of monopolists have been proven of clumsy structure, and full of flaws; rings of politics bind its votaries in enslaving chains, dripping with slush from the streets. Rings of literature are woven in deft and rare workmanship; fabrics of ancient splendor veil its edifices of poetry and art; watchmen with lynx-eyed vigilance guard its avenues of entrance. But the sacred temples have been disintegrated by distractions from within. Its high priests in a phrenzy of exclusiveness have destroyed the messengers by whom exchanges were transmitted. The adamant chain which hedges in the royal preserves of a coterie has become worn to flexible thinness.

Serene of aspect, laborers pursue their occupations under the sun. Science beckons them from afar; glaciers and mountains fascinate their gaze; rivers and oceans welcome their approaching footsteps. Discoveries are evolved from the patient research of honest toil. The fine-spun tracery which encloses conservatism, rusts in the common thoroughfares.

"Behold, a new revelation I declare unto men!" The chrysalis in which the butterfly has lain enshrouded, in the

order of Nature has burst its bonds, remaining but a shell upon the shores of time; while the richly caparisoned captive floats in realms of space.

Call this wonderful creation an insect, in wanton rudeness sipping the breath of flowers; call it a loiterer in sunlit fields; call it rather a messenger of destiny; call it the vanguard who in golden-winged armor harbingers the dawn.

Watch for the approaching chariot of Phœbus to burst upon the world, deciphering in ghastly blazonry the miserly conditions of men. View the inhumanity of cliques, and the partisans of cliques. Look with dismay upon the frivolities of high-born literature, sunk to the position of time-servers in the houses of bondage; and upon scoffers of discerners of truth who fill the highways. Thus was it written upon the walls of ancient Babylon: "Thou hast been weighed in the balance and found wanting." Behold! a cycle has run its course, from whose entrails has come forth the stalwart form

of Labor—clear-sighted and strong, a very Samson in stature. Well! let men prey upon each other, let them brawl and wrangle, let them hoard their ill-gotten gains; the new era has branded them with impotency.

In place of these are waiting souls of nobler mould, who, for the first, tread familiar ground; who, for the first, breathe pure air; and to these it is given to become interpreters of the child Labor.

Before beneficent justice, coteries dissolve in air; for a space, equality reigns. There is a brave inauguration of the successor. The competitors start with perspective of royal expanse. Broad plains of waving grain bend low before their sweeping march; mighty forests lie prone at the feet of the monarch Labor. The Successor starts fair-handed and beautiful, borne upon the waves of Destiny; the cycle speeds onward. In the round of Time's unceasing travels, we shall have the fruit of the harvest.

## SCIENCE AND MECHANICS.

**Gravity, Specific and Otherwise.**—No admission fee is charged to visitors to the Bonanza Mills, the only requisite being a permit from the Superintendent; but a lady who visited the California Pan-mill recently paid twenty dollars for the privilege, and was taught a lesson in natural philosophy, in this wise: Mr. Long, the foreman, was showing three ladies and a gentleman through the mill, and kindly explaining the functions of the various settlers, pans, and so forth. The quicksilver bowls standing near the amalgamating pans attracted the attention of the visitors, and they inquired what use the odd-looking concerns were put to. He explained their use, but the ladies did not seem to catch the sense of his remarks very readily. They seemed quite puzzled. Mr. Long repeated his explanation, but the ladies manifested more surprise than ever. In order to make himself understood, Mr. Long then gave a practical demonstration of the working of the bowls, by pulling up the stopper which checks the inflow of the beautiful metal from the pipe connecting with the supply tank. The bowl immediately filled with quicksilver, the surface looking clean and bright. The party could not resist the temptation of dipping their fingers in the metal. They withdrew them as clean as when they put them in. This surprised them. Mr. Long threw a bunch of keys in the bowl. They floated. This was a pleasant experiment. A gentleman with the party then threw a pocket-knife in the bowl. It also floated. The ladies were delighted. Mr. Colby the Chief Engineer of the party, having just been relieved, came along. He threw a four-bit piece in. It floated, of course, and he took it out and rubbed it dry. The quicksilver having absorbed all the impurities on the coin, it looked as bright as burnished gold. One of the ladies said it was beautiful, and another took a twenty-dollar gold piece out of her pocketbook and threw it in. Mr. Long and Mr. Colby saw the movement, but said nothing. The specific gravity of gold as compared with

quicksilver being as seventeen is to fourteen, the coin sank out of sight, to the utter dismay of the ladies and the great mortification of the owner of the twenty dollars. This feeling did not last long, however, as Mr. Long assured them that in a day or two he could probably restore the lost money in the form of amalgam, as he would have to use the quicksilver to work the next charge put in the pans.

**Patents.**—The following table shows the number of patents issued to each State and Territory during the year 1877:

Alabama.....	43	Nevada.....	24
Arizona Territory.....	2	New Hampshire.....	78
Arkansas.....	36	New Jersey.....	508
California.....	341	New Mexico Territory.....	3
Colorado.....	28	New York.....	2,456
Connecticut.....	607	North Carolina.....	51
Dacota Territory.....	6	Ohio.....	1,083
Delaware.....	28	Oregon.....	38
District of Columbia.....	123	Pennsylvania.....	1,545
Florida.....	14	Rhode Island.....	212
Georgia.....	63	South Carolina.....	34
Idaho Territory.....	1	Tennessee.....	114
Illinois.....	1,046	Texas.....	115
Indiana.....	450	Utah Territory.....	4
Iowa.....	488	Vermont.....	58
Kansas.....	103	Virginia.....	100
Kentucky.....	151	Washington Territory.....	4
Louisiana.....	72	West Virginia.....	31
Maine.....	132	Wisconsin.....	245
Maryland.....	192	Wyoming.....	9
Massachusetts.....	1,392	United States Army.....	14
Michigan.....	383	United States Navy.....	2
Minnesota.....	146		
Mississippi.....	39	Total.....	13,099
Missouri.....	366	Foreign.....	590
Montana Territory.....	6		
Nebraska.....	36	Total.....	13,619

**Imitation Terra Cotta.**—The *Magasin Pittoresque* gives the following original recipe by which it is stated plaster casts may be made to imitate terra cotta ware with great fidelity. The following colors are necessary: brick red, lampblack, zinc white, and yellow ochre, all in powder. The object to be treated is first carefully rubbed over with "o o" sandpaper so as to remove all roughness of the surface or ridges indi-

cating where the parts of the mould have been joined. The mixed color consists of yellow ochre, two parts; brick red, two parts, and black one part. These are well rubbed together. Then three parts of zinc white are separately mixed with a little milk to a paste. All the ingredients are then combined in a mortar with eight or ten parts of milk and the resulting mixture is passed through a fine sieve to remove any particles of the white. A soft brush is then used to spread the stain over the object, care being taken to lay it on evenly. After twenty-four hours drying a second coat is applied. When the article is completely dry, rubbing with the finger will eliminate brush marks.

**Ancient Mode of Moving Large Stones.**—M. Eugene Robert, having found in the neighborhood of a Celtic dolmen in France a ball-shaped mass of sandstone about a foot in diameter, suggests that it might, with other stones shaped like it, have been used as a roller to facilitate moving the immense masses of rock wherewith the ancients constructed their monuments. He thinks that by this means the large granite rock which supports the equestrian statue of Peter the Great in St. Petersburg, was brought from Finland.

**Death from Chloroform Averted.**—A correspondent of the *British Medical Journal* communicates the interesting observation, that in a case of syncope during the administration of chloroform, where the usual treatment was without effect, and death seemed imminent, the application of some lint saturated with nitrite of amyl to the nostrils was followed almost immediately by restoration of the pulse, and the subsequent recovery of the patient.

**Russian Remedy for Hydrophobia.**—A correspondent in *Land and Water* gives the following Russian remedy for hydrophobia: In Saraton the inhabitants collect the larva of the rose beetle (*cetonia aurata*) which are chiefly found in the wood ants' nests. The grubs are gathered in the spring, placed in earth, and their change or metamorphosis watched for. When this takes place, they kill the beetles and dry them. The powdered insect must be kept in hermetically sealed bottles, or the dry beetles may be kept in sealed pots and reduced to powder when wanted. Three beetles, powdered, is considered a dose for an adult, given immediately after the bite. One for a child and five for an adult in which the disease has declared itself. The effect is to produce a long sleep, which must not be interrupted. The bite is also treated surgically.

The beetles caught on flowers are not so beneficial; they must be secured in the larva stage, and killed directly after they attain the imago. Some of the Russians give their dogs occasionally half a beetle as a preventive.

**The Influence of Trees on Rainfall.**—From observations by M. Fautrat, relative to the comparative influence of leafy woods and resinous woods on rain and the hygrometric state of the air, recently communicated to the Paris Academy, it appears that pine forests have a much greater influence on the hygrometric state than others; so that if the vapors dissolved in the air were apparent, like fogs, we should see forests shrouded in a large screen of moisture, and in the

case of resinous woods the vapory envelope would be more distinct than in that of leafy woods. M. Fautrat also shows that pines retain in their branches more than half of the water which is poured upon them, whereas leafy trees allow fifty-eight per cent. of the precipitated water to reach the surface of the ground. He suggests, therefore, that in planting with a view to oppose inundation, it would be advisable to choose by preference resinous trees, as offering a better covert.

**Steam Heating.**—The experiment of heating Lockport, New York, by steam, by the "Holly system" initiated there at the beginning of the present winter, has proved successful. By three miles of pipe, covered with non-conducting material, and laid under ground through some of the principal streets, about fifty dwellings and other buildings, including a large public school, "have been thoroughly warmed all winter by steam thus distributed, and turned on or off as required by the tenant, with the facility of water or gas." It is stated that dwellings more than a mile distant from the steam generator have been heated as readily as those next door. Steam meters are provided, so that the consumer pays only for what he consumes, and the rates, it is asserted, do not exceed the cost of coal and wood under the old system of heating by fires. It is claimed that the system can be developed so as to furnish steam "at fifty pounds pressure, transmitted through twenty miles of pipe, thus supplying power for engines and manufactories, and steam for cooking and laundry purposes, for extinguishing conflagrations, for cleaning streets of ice or snow, or protecting hydrants from frost."

**Chatham Island,** lying off the coast of New Zealand, is peculiarly situated, as it is one of the habitual points of the globe where the day of the week changes. There at noon, Sunday ceases, and instantly Monday noon begins. A man sits down to his noonday dinner on Sunday, and it is Monday noon before he finishes it. It is a good place for people who have lost much time, for, by taking an early start, they can always get a day ahead on Chatham Island. It took philosophers and geographers a long time to settle the puzzle of where Sunday noon ceased and Monday noon began, with a man travelling West fifteen degrees an hour, or with the sun, and at last a place has been found.

**The London Press.**—The daily issue of the London papers is as follows: *Daily Telegraph* (ministerial), 267,000; *Standard* (Tory), 200,000. The issue of the *Daily News* (Liberal) during the war of 1870-71 sometimes exceeded 300,000 copies; it now averages 230,000. The *London Times* spends more than \$500,000 for its paper, and for its printing ink, \$20,000. Each advertising column in this journal, and it averages nine pages of them, brings in a revenue of \$35,000. The outlay in foreign correspondence amounts to at least \$40,000 per annum. The circulation varies with the exciting intelligence of the day, being on the average about 200,000, and occasionally considerably higher. No pains or expense is spared by the great London dailies to procure the latest information from all parts of the world.

## GOSSIP AND NOTE BOOK.

**Popular Errors.**—To think that the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become. To believe that the more hours children study the faster they will learn. To conclude that, if exercise is good, the more violent it is the more good is done. To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained. To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in. To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better is good for the system, without regard to more ulterior effects. To eat without an appetite, or to continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste. To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep and a night of weary waking in the morning.

**A Husband Market.**—A strong-minded woman married a man not noted for activity of body or energy of character, and before the honeymoon was over, upon awakening one morning, he found his spouse in tears.

"My love," said he, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, I've had such a dreadful dream!"

"Why, what was it?"

"I thought I was going out Fourth avenue when I saw a sign, 'Husbands for sale.' So many women were rushing in that I followed, and just then they were selling a splendid specimen for \$1,500."

"But did they all bring as much as that?"

"Oh, no! They went at \$1,000, \$500, and so on down."

"Well, did you see any that looked like me?"

"Yes, indeed. But they were tied up in bunches like asparagus, and sold for ten cents a bunch."

Tableau.

**Avoid intermeddling with the affairs of others.** A number of persons seldom meet but they begin discussing the affairs of some one absent. This is not only uncharitable, but positively unjust. It is equivalent to trying a cause in the absence of the person implicated. Even in the criminal code a person is presumed to be innocent until he is found guilty. Society, however, is less just, and passes judgment without hearing the defence.

"Ten dimes make one dollar," said the schoolmaster. "Now go on, sir. Ten dollars make one what?" "They make one mighty glad these times," replied the boy; and the teacher, who hadn't got his last month's salary yet, concluded the boy was about right.

**Above all earthly gifts a good mother stands preëminent;** she is worth her weight in gold—more than an army of acquaintances. Those who have played around the same doorstep, basked in the same mother's smile, in whose veins the same blood flows, are bound by a sacred tie that can never be broken.

"Do you know," remarked a rather fast youth the other day to a friend to whom he was slightly indebted, "that I intend to marry and settle down!"

"I don't know anything about it," was the reply, "but I think you had better stay single and settle up."

"Hurrah! hurrah!" cried a young lawyer, who succeeded to his father's practice, "I've settled that old lawsuit at last."

"Settled it!" exclaimed the astonished parent. "Why, we've supported the family on that for the last ten years."

A smile costs the giver nothing; yet it is beyond price to the erring and repenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice, subdues temper, turns enmity to love, revenge to kindness, and paves the paths of darkness with beautiful gems of sunlight.

**Another Candidate.**—One of the State-House officials found an unknown woman parading up and down the lower corridor, and upon his inquiring if she was looking for anybody, she replied:

"I rather think I am. I want to be janitor of the State-House."

"But no woman can secure such a position."

"Why not?" she grimly asked.

"Why, how would a woman get along here alone among such a crowd of men? It would be very embarrassing, to say the least."

"They'd sneer at me, would they?"

"Of course they would."

"And then what would I do?"

"You could do nothing, madam."

"I couldn't, eh! After I had taken one or two of them by the necktie, like this, and jammed 'em through the wall, like this, I guess they'd shut up, wouldn't they?"

Picking up his hat, which had been jostled off by the shock, and hanging it to the loose ends of his collar, he replied:

"Go for the office, madam; you shall have all my influence."

"You must cultivate decision of character, and learn to say 'No,'" said a father to his son. Soon afterward, when the father told the son to chop wood, the boy said "No," with an emphasis that showed a remembrance of the lesson.

**Several exchanges are giving directions "How to dress."** The most sensible way is to stay in bed until the fire is started, and then take your clothes under your arm, and trot out to the dining-room stove.

"Oh, George, I'm ashamed of you—rubbing your lips like that after that dear little French girl has given you a kiss!" "I'm not rubbing it out, mamma—I'm rubbing it in!"

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# THE COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT, FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASES.

**What is Compound Oxygen?** It is a combination of Oxygen and Nitrogen, two elements which make up common or atmospheric air, in such proportions as to render it richer in the vital or life-giving element. This exact combination, so long sought by chemists and pathologists, has never before been made; and its discovery, after long and patient investigation and experiment, marks the beginning of a new era in the healing art. Thousands of suffering men and women have already been restored to partial, or to complete health, through its remarkable curative action.

**How Does it Cure?** It cures by a natural and strictly physiological process; that is, by assisting nature to throw out of the system the excess of carbon, which, from habits of repressed and imperfect respiration, and from other causes incident to our in-door, sedentary, inactive and abnormal modes of life, has been slowly accumulating in nearly all the tissues and vital organs of the body.

**Compound Oxygen** does not cure by the substitution of one disease for another, as when drugs are taken, but by an orderly process of revitalization.

**In Consumption,** the Compound Oxygen Treatment has been remarkably successful. How few ever recover entirely from PNEUMONIA, and all for the want of a vitalizing agent such as COMPOUND OXYGEN would certainly furnish. Thousands might, by its use, be saved annually from the grasp of that great destroyer, CONSUMPTION.

**Dyspepsia** yields readily to this treatment. An improved appetite and an increased power to assimilate food always follows the use of Compound Oxygen.

**Nervous Headaches,** some of over two years' standing, have been permanently cured by this new treatment.

**Are You Asthmatic?** Then try the Oxygen. It is giving relief and making cures in cases which have baffled all other remedies.

**Ozæna,** which has never been cured by any school of medicine, yields to this treatment. Some most remarkable cures have been made.

**Broken-Down Constitutions** are renovated by this new curative agent, which gives back to the vital forces their normal control in the bodily organism.

**How is Compound Oxygen Administered?** By simple inhalation. This can be done at our office and under our personal attention; or at the patient's own home.

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**FREE!** A Treatise (200 pages) on Compound Oxygen, its mode of action and results, to which are appended a large number of testimonials to most remarkable cures, will be sent free by mail to all who write to us for it.

**Convalescents** from Acute Diseases, who get so far on the returning way to health, and no farther, will find in Compound Oxygen an agent that will, in most cases, tide them over this critical period, and bear them back to full health again. Thousands of these, who are drifting towards fatal maladies, might be restored to health by its use.

**Business and Professional Men** who, in consequence of overwork or from any other cause, find themselves suffering from a gradually increasing brain and nervous exhaustion and a loss of power to do their best, will find in this new treatment the means of saving themselves from the breakdown or paralysis that most surely come unless there be a cessation of work or help from some revitalizing agent.

**All Nervous Disorders** find speedy relief under the revitalising influence of Compound Oxygen.

**Catarrh and Bronchitis** are speedily relieved and in many cases permanently cured.

**Diverse Diseases** are cured by Compound Oxygen, because, not being a medicament, but Nature's Own Remedy, its sphere of action is universal.

**Don't go to Florida or Colorado!** Stay at home, and use Compound Oxygen, and you will save your time and your money, and gain a larger benefit than if you went away.

**Who have been cured by Compound Oxygen?** From among the large number of those who, during the past ten years, have found relief and cure in this new treatment, we give by permission the names of the following well-known and eminent persons: MRS. HALLIE KILBURN; Judge SAMUEL SMITH, New York; Hon. MONTGOMERY BLAIR; Ex-Gov. BOREMAN, West Virginia; Hon. WM. D. KELLEY; T. S. ARTHUR; Gen. FITZ HENRY WARREN.

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# POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY.

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with renewed energy, to make each succeeding number of the MONTHLY still more attractive than its predecessor—mingling with the serious, flashes of wit and humor—to cheer the reader onward as well as ourselves in life's great missions entrusted to both—hoping thereby to augment our monthly greetings. To the Editorial departments, hitherto attractive features, it will be our desire to add strength and vitality.

In this connection we shall be pardoned for giving extracts from a few representative papers whose good will it is no discredit to earn. Like our readers, they stimulate us in our efforts to disseminate the good, the true, and the beautiful through the medium of our periodical.

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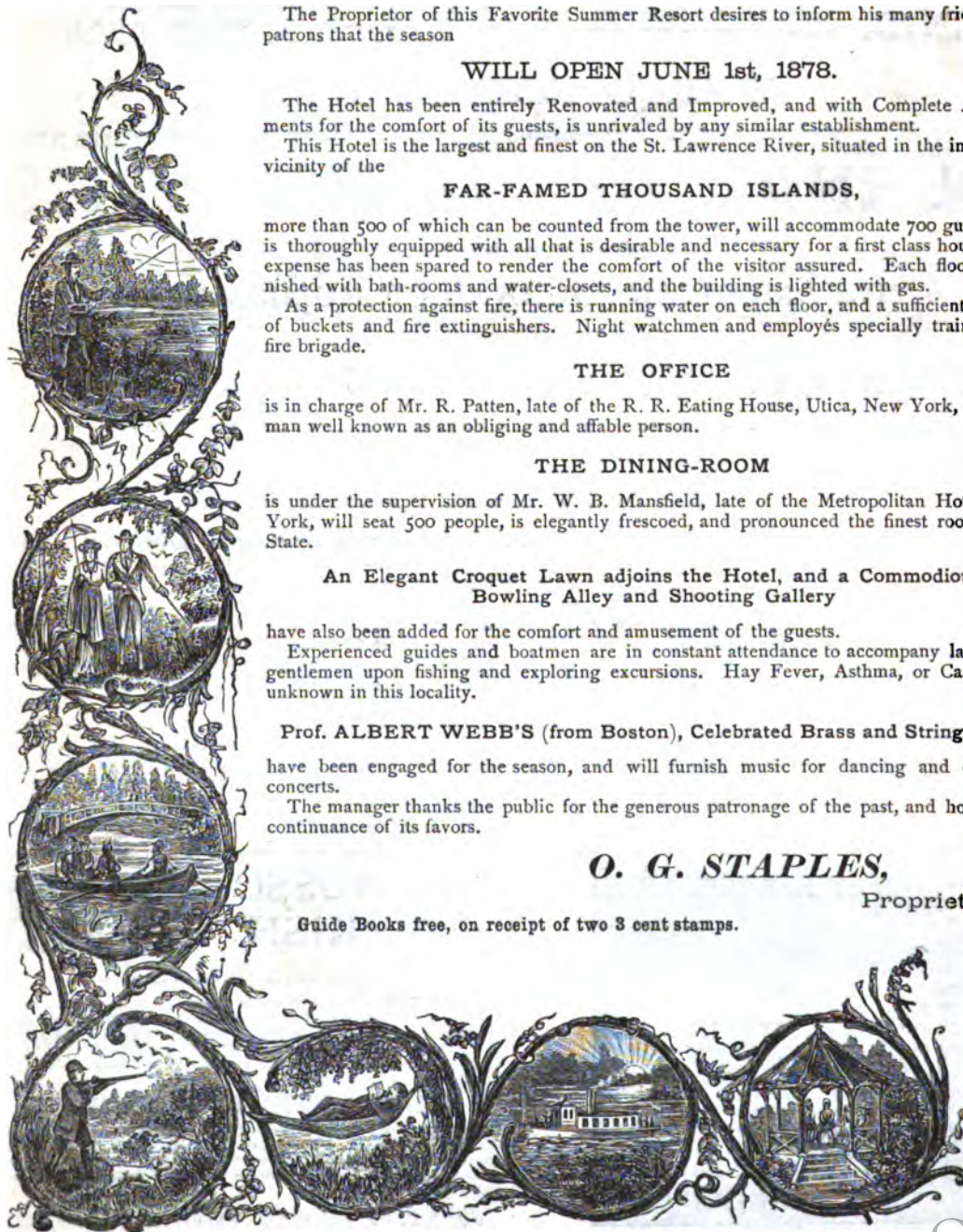
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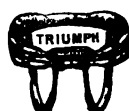
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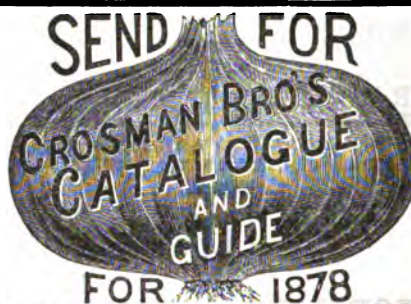
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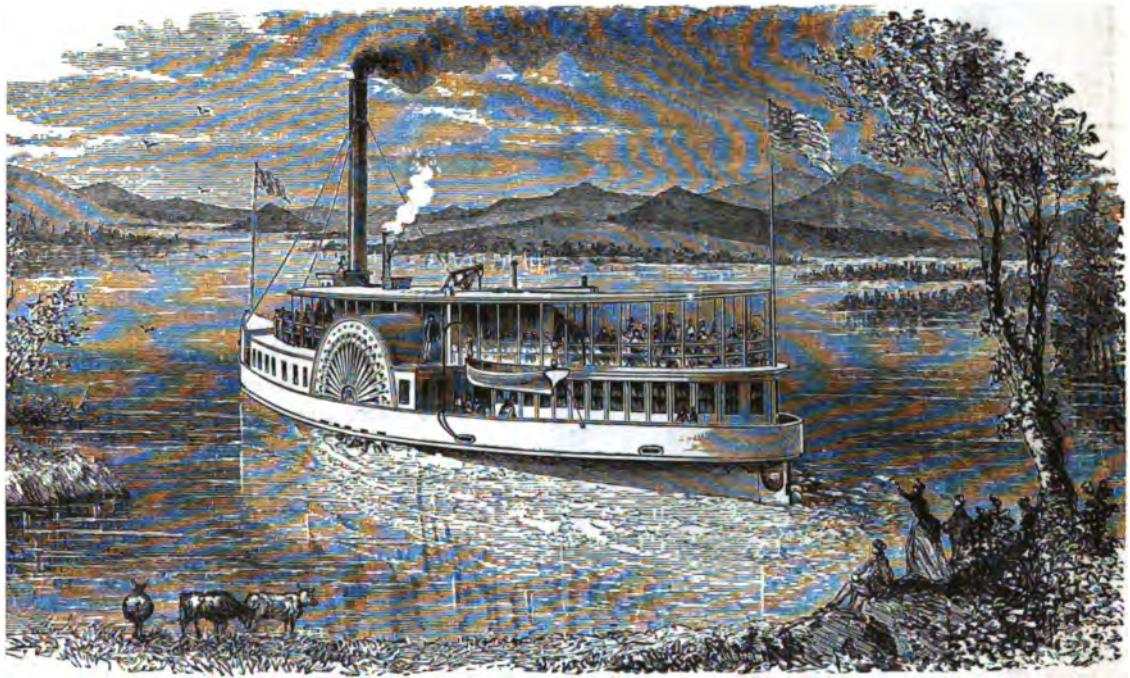
VOL. X.

MAY, 1878.

No. 77.

## LAKES GEORGE AND CHAMPLAIN.

By J. BONSALE.



LAKE GEORGE.

THE trip to New York City, the great metropolis of the Western world, and the picturesque and lovely courses of the Hudson River, whose palisades, highlands, and the thousand-and-one objects of interest, passing before the tourists' vision as he steams along, are as familiar as household words.

It is only after sipping the nauseous waters of Saratoga that our thoughts turn to more congenial nature developed in scenic beauty to the north and the east. With Saratoga and its crowds of fashionable votaries, drawn thither by other motives than the love of travel, or the benefit of health and real enjoyments, we part without regret. Our mission is a nobler one, and not to be drowned by the frivolities of fashion or the devotees of Mammon reveling in the unlicensed pleasures of an *artificial* watering-place.

VOL. X.—21

Leaving Saratoga by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's Railroad, we pass northward. In the far northeast we behold the outlines of the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts, and dimly in the northwest the lower spurs of the Adirondack group. Crossing the Hudson, we arrive at Fort Edward. Here we leave the main road, and take a short branch road leading to Glen Falls, a distance of about three miles. Reaching Glen Falls, we mount one of the fine Concord coaches of the Glen Fall's stage company for Caldwell, on Lake George, nine miles distant by plank road. It is a change from our previous conveyance, that is by reason of its novelty to us, an agreeable relief all around. The only difficulty, however, in the way is, that all desire to ride upon the top of the coach, though it has been suggested that it would be impolitic, as it made the coach top heavy,



and more liable to upset. "Put the trunks inside, driver," says some one. Jehu, after a time, succeeding in getting his load satisfactorily adjusted, gets under way, and away we go. Our four spirited horses trot briskly along, and everybody aboard seems jubilant. Nature upon all sides redolent with many-hued and sweet scented flowers, the cool and bracing air lending a vigorous

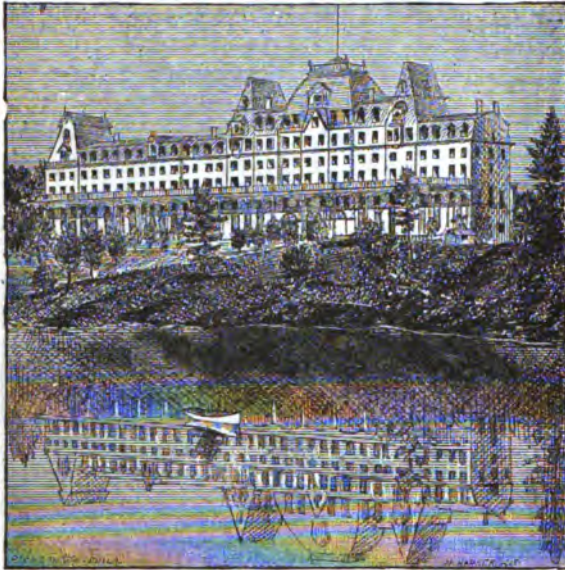
ladder for the ladies that may desire to alight, saying as he does so, "plenty of time, gentlemen, to get a milk punch, or make your ladies a lemonade while the horses are being watered."

The ladies keep their seats, however, while the gentlemen disappear in the doorway, whence they shortly reappear, some with cigar in mouth, while others are wiping their lips, showing conclusively that they had accepted of Brown's invitation to "take something."

All aboard once more, and away we go at a rattling pace. As we swing around a corner, we catch a sight of a sign bearing the inscription "Williams's Monument." To the left of the road, and only a short distance from it, is a plain shaft about ten feet high, erected in 1854, by the graduates of Williams's College, in memory of the founder of that institution. On it is inscribed, both in Latin and English, "Erected to the memory of Colonel Ephraim Williams, a native of Newtown, Massachusetts, who, after gallantly defending the frontiers of his native State, served under General Johnson against the French and Indians, and nobly fell near this spot in the bloody conflict of September 8th, 1775, in the forty-second year of his age."

Near by, and a little further on to the right of the road, "Bloody Pond," covered with its odorous snow-white pond lilies, and fringed with elm and birch, appeared. It is said that a party of French troops were seated around this "pond" at sunset, partaking of their evening meal, when they were surprised by a party of English troops from Fort Edward, who poured into them a deadly and destructive fire. The French, utterly routed, fled in confusion, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. Their blood mingling with the water of the pond, is said to have turned it red, and from which circumstance it took its name.

Some distance beyond this, and the highest point in the road is reached. Before us, in all its beauty, lays the placid and scenic Lake George. Driving along leisurely, we are busily scanning the prominent outlines and noteworthy objects of interest that envelop them upon all sides, losing sight of the fact that we are gradually drawing up in front of the "Fort William Henry House," the mammoth hotel of Caldwell. This hotel is built on the spot where formerly stood Fort William



FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOUSE, CALDWELL.

impulse to the sluggish blood coursing through our veins, we feel perceptibly the influence exerted upon our enfeebled systems.

As we slowly toil up the hill, and before reaching the "Halfway House," the horses on a walk, a couple of barefooted urchins appear, one upon each side of the coach, their hands filled with bouquets of the beautiful pond lilies, which abound here in great numbers. As they reach the side of the coach, they throw them to us, and follow until we reach the summit of the hill, where, while we halt a moment to view for the first time in the far distance the dimly outlined mountains of Vermont, they mount the wheels of the coach, take off their brimless hats, and pass them around for a *douceur*. Soon resuming our drive, but a short time elapses before we swing up in front of the Halfway House, where the driver announces a stop of five minutes for refreshment. "Mine host" Brown, stepping forward smilingly, opens the coach door, and places a step-

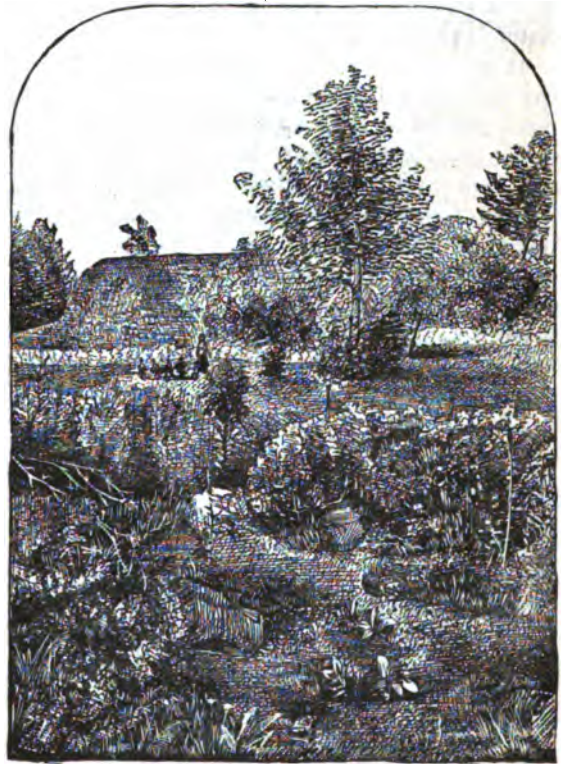
Henry, and is now the leading house at Caldwell. As to its accommodations, we are unable to speak from experience, never having availed ourselves of its hospitality, but are led to believe that they are such as must give universal satisfaction, judging from the very many tourists that patronize it, and the very large business that it does. The majority of our fellow travellers of the stage alighted here, while ourselves and the others remained seated until it reached the portals of the "Lake House," commanded by our friend "Gale." This hotel was formerly, before the erection of the Fort William Henry House, the leading hotel; yet, though eclipsed in size and style by it, we doubt whether it is surpassed for its genuine comfort and homelike qualities.

To the rear of the Fort William Henry House, about one half mile, the remains and embankment of "Fort George" are still plainly visible. From it, a magnificent view of "Lake George," with its many beautiful islands may be had. Its shores are jotted with good hostelries, and taking into consideration the shortness of the season, their rates are quite reasonable. On the eastern shore of the Lake, embowered by handsome shade trees, and about one mile from Caldwell, is the hotel of F. G. Crosby, known as "Crosbyside." This "House," with its adjoining cottages, designed for those desiring beautiful and quiet summer retreats, presents a most attractive and charming picture.

The Lake was originally called "Horicon," its Indian title, and meaning "Pure Water." It was named after King George, the English King, and since then, that of Horicon has passed into oblivion. We are inclined to prefer the former name, however, as being more appropriate and a much prettier name. It is thirty-six miles in length, and from two to four miles in width, and is said to contain three hundred and sixty-five islands. It is bounded upon all sides by mountains, and on the eastern shore it is still a wilderness, the mountains running down to the water's edge, leaving but very small patches of tillable land. On its western shore are a number of good farms, with a good carriage road a short distance back, running the entire length of the Lake. There are several very fine pleasure boats or steamers on the Lake, for the accommodation of tourists, principal among which may be noted the Minnehaha, the regular line boat and the

largest of the number. She makes a round trip daily from end to end of the Lake, leaving Caldwell at 8 o'clock in the morning, and returning toward evening, making landings at various points along the line of the Lake. The Ganouskil and Lillie M. Price are excursion boats only. The Owl, the smallest of the steamers, is generally engaged by select parties, at reasonable rates, for Lake Shore excursions and picnics.

Taking the Lillie M. Price at Caldwell, we steam down the Lake for Bolton on the west shore of the Lake, and distant about ten miles. In steaming along, and among the many beautiful Islands of the Lake, we are very much reminded of the scenery on the upper St. Lawrence, among



RUINS OF FORT GEORGE.

the Thousand Isles. The day is fair, and the weather all that could be desired. The water shows scarcely a ripple. To the east, Black Mountain casts its shadow into the Lake. A Sabbath calm now pervades the enchanting scenery, where once the war-whoop of the savage wildly echoed, the dread signal of alarm to the early settlers on its hospitable shores.



Our first stoppage is made at Crosbyside, whence a delightful view may be had of Caldwell, which we left behind us. This is a lovely retreat for summer travellers seeking quiet and rest. It is beautifully situated and a delightfully attractive spot, presenting many inducements to make a few weeks' sojourn both pleasant and enjoyable. Sailing along, after leaving Crosbyside and passing in review, we have the "Priests' House," or home of the Paulist Brothers, with some of the ghostly fathers on the porch fronting the Lake; also other diversified and highly attractive objects too numerous to specially describe, and as varied almost as the objects of the kaleidoscope. New beauties meet our view upon all sides, and we drink in with a childish relish the unfolding charms from Nature's panorama.

At the end of an hour we enter the land-locked bay on which Bolton is situate. While we are much pleased with the appearance and attractions of Crosbyside, we must, however, give Bolton the preference. For calm, peaceful, quiet and beauty of natural surroundings, commend us to this place by all means. For such as are in need of quiet, healthful rest, with utter relief from the cares and vexations of active business pursuits, it seems the very quintessence of perfection, a very paradise.

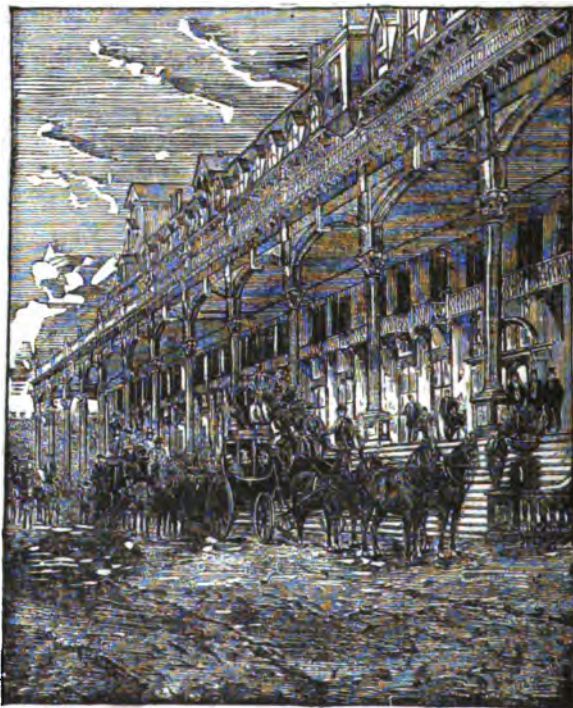
As we arrive here on a Saturday, we readily decide to make a stop here over the Sabbath day. We find that already a Sabbath quiet prevails over the place, and on all sides a general settling to rest in anticipation of the morrow. In olden time, and still in parts of New England, the "Sabbath" is understood as commencing at sundown Saturday night. The sentiment in favor of quiet and rest on the Sabbath day has so far prevailed in this section, and sustained by the residents on Lake George, that on that day all secular labor is at rest. No steamboats plow its waters, and at many of the hotels they decline to hire out row or pleasure boats.

At the dock, we meet several Philadelphia friends rather unexpectedly, and with whom we gradually wend our way along a clean, well-swept gravel path, leading through a velvety and well-shaded lawn to the Mohican House, kept by M. O. Brown, Esq., a very courteous and attentive host. We are very fortunate in finding accommodations here, as the house is

but two stories high, and accommodates about seventy only, being usually overrun with guests, and unable to accommodate all that apply. There are, however, several excellent private boarding-houses near by, where quarters can be had at almost any time, should the Mohican be unable to supply them.

Sunday morning dawns brightly upon us. All Nature seems hushed in a quiet stillness that impresses upon the spirit a sense of relief truly grateful. Shortly after breakfast this stillness is pleasantly broken by the sound of the bell of "St. Sacrament," the Episcopal church, a half mile distant. In company with a number of others we answer the call of the bell, and quietly wend our way thither. To the left of the road, on a rocky elevation, *literally* "founded on a rock," stands St. Sacrament. Upon entering the church, we found that that live churchman, Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, was to officiate, and we are pleased to say it was an admirable and eloquent sermon he preached.

The church of St. Sacrament is a striking evidence of what one energetic, earnest woman can accomplish, and is a permanent monument to the



STAGES LEAVING CALDWELL.





ROGERS'S SLIDE, SOUTHWEST FROM ROGERS'S ROCK, LAKE GEORGE.

devotion of the sex in the cause of Christianity. In 1861 Miss Thieriot, or "Miss Hennie" as she is called here, conceived the idea of erecting a church at this place. She started a subscription paper, procured lecturers, organized concerts, and devised various other means and measures for raising funds. She organized a Sabbath-school in a barn, with common boards utilized as seats. Unremitting in her efforts, and untiringly prosecuting her labor in that behalf, she succeeded, and in the year 1869 the present church of St. Sacrament was finished, a monument to the energy and zeal of "one weak woman" well grounded in the faith.

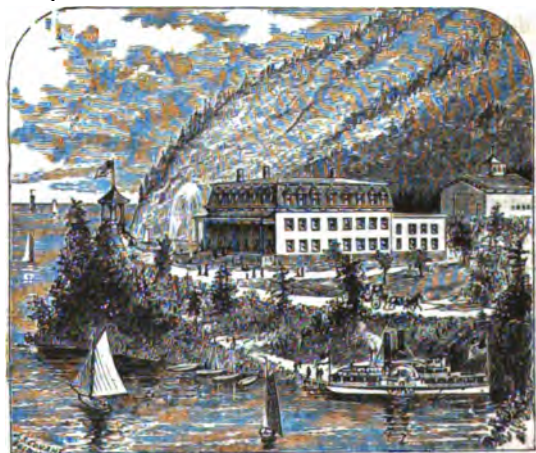
On Monday morning about nine o'clock we regretfully bid adieu to our kind host and friends, and boarding the splendid steamer Minnehaha on her arrival at Bolton, soon find ourselves steaming northward. Shortly after leaving Bolton, we again have the pleasure of meeting a "real live Bishop," as Bishop Williams has been sometimes styled, the Bishop coming on board fully prepared for a day's fishing among the islands of the Lake. He swings his boat alongside the

steamer, so that he may leave at any point he may desire. During his stay on board we have the pleasure of a personal introduction, and enjoy a very pleasant social chat with him, finding the Bishop a lively and spirited character. Our friend Gale, of the Lake House, is also on board, in company with Mr. Yoshida, the Japanese Minister at Washington, who is summering here, with headquarters at the Lake House. He and his party are also out for a day's fishing.

Crossing the Lake, three miles brings us to Fourteen Mile Island. This Island contains some ten or more acres of land and rock, covered with trees, and is beautifully situated, and altogether very desirable as a resort. The Fourteen Mile Island House is well kept, and will accommodate quite comfortably about forty guests.

The next point of prominence that presents itself, as we steam on our way, is the Black Mountain, under whose spreading shadows we pass. This mountain is the highest on the shores of the Lake, being twenty-eight hundred feet high. We find ourselves at the entrance to the Narrows, the most picturesque portion of the Lake. Almost daily at this point, some time in the course of the day, the American eagle may be seen soaring aloft. In five successive trips by the writer, he has observed one or more of these historic birds wending its way from the westward toward the Black Mountain.

In the Narrows the Bishop leaves us, and although he has a boatman with him, he himself



ROGERS'S ROCK AND HOTEL, LAKE GEORGE.

vigorously plies the oars. At the same time and place Mr. Gale and the Japanese Minister likewise part with us, and prepare to enter upon their day's sport among the denizens of the deep, this being the best fishing-ground on the Lake.

The space here is nearly filled with islands of



NORTHEAST VIEW OF ROGERS'S SLIDE, LAKE GEORGE.

various shapes and sizes, so that the steamer is forced to cautiously wind its way through. At a distance no signs of a passage can be observed, and the islands, covered as they are with a heavy foliage, almost seem an impassable barrier. It is only as we approach that the passage widens, and small openings appear.

A little farther on, and near the centre of the Lake, we reach Halfway Island, passing by the innumerable other islands that dot its surface, the want of space preventing our going into details. Emerging from the Narrows, we soon observe a tongue or strip of land stretching out into the water from the western shore of the Lake. This is known as Sabbath Day Point, and from its placid beauty we deem it very appropriately named. The name was given it at a very early date, why or wherefore has never been clearly told. Magazine writers and others say that it was so called

because General Abercrombie halted here with his troops in 1758, to rest before proceeding to attack Ticonderoga. This story is shown to be untrue, from the fact that French officers in their reports named it Sabbath Day Point one year before Abercrombie came to the Lake. The view from here is one of great beauty, and needs to be seen to be properly appreciated. It is not in the power of pen to describe it comprehensibly.

Next beyond Sabbath Day Point we reach the little village of Hague, opposite to which, and on the eastern shore of the Lake, boldly defined and jutting into the water is Anthony's Nose, so called from the peculiar outline figure it presents to the eye. It is one of the many prominent and noted objects treasured by the tourists of Lake George. Two miles beyond Anthony's Nose we pass Rogers's Slide, another prominent and characteristic landmark, whose outlines stand forth in bold relief. Near by the "Slide" a fine new and first-class hotel has been erected, and opened last season, and is known as the Rogers's Rock House. This point is the northern end of this charming sheet of water, and where we leave the Minnehaha and her pleasant associations. At the landing we find cars waiting for us, Baldwin's line of coaches, the former mode of transit across the divide of five miles between this and Lake Champlain, having been done away with last season by the advent of the iron horse.

Baldwin always was, and still is, an institution here. The railroad authorities, duly appreciating this fact, have had the good sense to retain him in their employ as a conductor on their trains. His humorous manner and funny speeches at Ticonderoga, with "his drive on George," have made him noted. He is a perfectly temperate man, and of steady habits, but as full of fun as a nut is of meat. He told us that some one who had heard of him after the stage stopped running, asked him on the cars one day what had become of Baldwin, that they wanted to see him very much; that he, Baldwin, replied that "Baldwin broke his neck when on a spree." This very much astonished the party, as they said that they had always heard Baldwin was a clever man, and did not suppose he drank.

Taking a lingering look at Lake George, we enter the cars and select a seat upon the left. In



a few minutes the train is under way, and we are again on the iron rail. It is but a short ride to the village of Ticonderoga. On our right close down to the track comes the mountain, shutting in the view from that side, while at our left, and almost alongside of the track, runs Lake George Creek. Soon we pass Ticonderoga Falls, and the ride of five miles brings us to the Lake Champlain.

Ticonderoga, or "Old Ti," as it is universally called here, is about one and a half miles from the depot and steamboat landing. Its French name was "Carillon," meaning a chime, the name being given it with reference to the perpetual music of the falls on Lake George Creek, which are well worthy of attention; their descent between the two Lakes being about two hundred and twenty feet. The idea of "Ticonderoga" was suggested by the Indian name "Cheonderoga," which, in the Iroquois tongue, signifies *sounding water*.

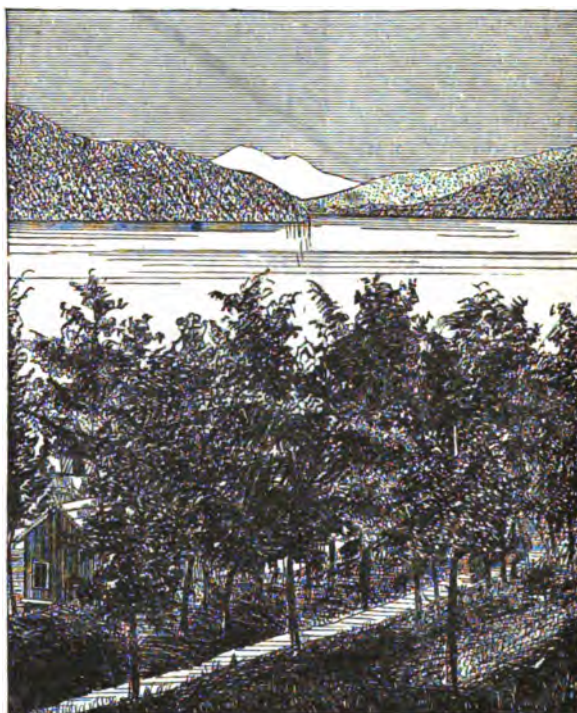
The remains of the Fort are situated on a beautiful peninsula elevated about one hundred feet above Lake Champlain. It is a position of considerable strength, being protected on three sides by water. It is overlooked, however, by Mount Defiance, which is nearly eight hundred feet above the Lake. We fully explored the ruins, taking a look into the old well, thought of and discussed the various stirring incidents connected with the history of the old Fort, and scrambled into the old powder-magazine that once held the materials of war for the sturdy old pioneers of our early days. The entire scene depicted is now but a mass of ruins. The reader, should he ever design visiting the historic region, would find it highly advantageous to first read up his history, as thereby his mind will more fully comprehend and appreciate the scenes as they present themselves. For this purpose, we would refer him to the local history of Essex County, written by Winslow C. Watson, Esq., which is very complete and comprehensive. The entire region is rich with historic incidents with which page after page might be filled; but want of space will not allow.

The Delaware and Hudson Railroad have leased the New York and Canada Railroad, which skirts close along the west shore of Champlain and extends to Montreal. The trip over this road is highly interesting and delightful, with its attractive scenery of Lake Champlain on the one side,

and the picturesque Green Mountains on the other, now and then flashing into view; but we prefer the trip by boat at all times.

Lake Champlain lays in the direct route from New York to Montreal, is about one hundred and thirty miles long and at its widest point twelve miles in width. It will always be an important link in the chain of communication between the States and Dominion of Canada, furnishing by means of the Champlain Canal and the Sorrel or Richelieu River a complete water communication to the St. Lawrence.

The steamer Vermont, the largest and finest built boat on Lake Champlain, we found at the landing upon our arrival, steam up and only awaiting her load of passengers before starting. Going on board, we soon made a thorough tour of inspection of her, from stem to stern, and were



ANTHONY'S NOSE, SOUTHEAST VIEW FROM ROGERS'S ROCK.

pleased to find her the very perfection of a complete steamer, everything neat and clean, and perfectly officered and manned. She was built in 1871 at Shelburne Harbor, near Burlington, is two hundred and sixty-two feet long, thirty-six feet beam, nine feet hold, with a capacity of

eleven hundred and twenty-five tons, and is furnished throughout in the most comfortable and approved manner. Her sister boat on the line, the Adirondack, is also very complete throughout, though not quite so large.

It is compensation enough for a tourist to have the privilege of sailing the length of the Lake in either of these fine steamers. Landings are made without the usual noise and confusion to be found on most boats, and the meals given on board both as to variety and quality, combined with good cooking and superior style in which the tables are arranged and served, equal those of any first-class hotel.

Leaving the docks, the Vermont turns her prow northward, and we settle down to note passing objects as panorama-like they come in view. At this point, the Lake is barely half a mile wide, but gradually widens as we proceed. Nothing worthy of note presents itself during the first twelve miles of the trip, and until we reach Crown Point, which is almost as celebrated in history as Ticonderoga, and with its ancient works in a much better state of preservation. During the five successive seasons that we have visited Ticonderoga, it seemed to us that with each visit the relics of the old place are gradually melting away as it were, and should no means be taken to preserve them, soon all vestiges will have gone. The weather and vandalism together are fast doing their work.

Nine miles beyond Crown Point, and we reach Fort Henry, on the west shore of the Lake. This is the headquarters of the great iron works of the Bay State Iron Company, who have great banks of ore a few miles back. During five years prior to 1869, the furnaces of this Company produced

upward of fifty-eight thousand tons of pig iron, consuming one hundred and seven thousand seven hundred tons of coal, and one hundred thousand eight hundred tons of ore. In addition to these, there are several other large furnaces in this region. Lake Champlain is rich with beautiful bays and indentations, upon the inner edge of

which picturesque little towns are situated. The Lake gradually widens; to the east the mountains of Vermont appear more distinctly in view. Camel's Hump, Lion Mountain and Mansfield, the highest of the Green Mountain range now come into view to the east, while on the west the Adirondacks loom up higher and higher as they stretch in misty billows far to the north and west either side we look, and billows of mountains, as it were, meet our vision.

The next landing is at Westport, which is the first landing for the Adirondacks, and about nine miles beyond Elizabethtown, a well-known and much frequented summer boarding resort, much patronized by art-



STEAMER MINNEHAHA, LAKE GEORGE.

ists, because it is rich in mountain scenery, and the autumn foliage remarkably brilliant and varied.

The Green Mountains recede some four to ten miles from the Lake shore, leaving charming stretches of agricultural land between their base and the water, their sides clad in verdure to their topmost height, and as the misty clouds hover over, the scene is one a poet or painter would thoroughly enjoy. On the west shore, mountain spurs come down to the water's edge, except where points of land stretch far out into the Lake. These are highly fertile and cultivated spots, but there is little farming land along the western shore, till we draw near the north end of the Lake. Champlain is not enriched in its scenery

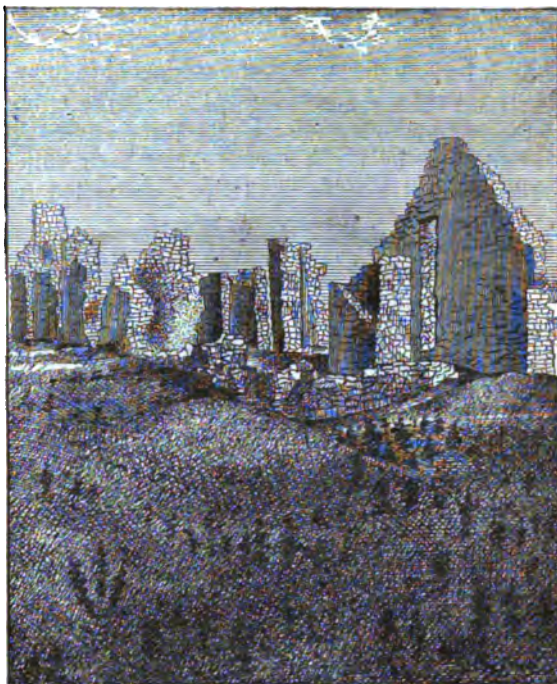


by many islands, as is Lake George, but its clear limpid waters, and magnificent mountain scenery skirting its shores, make it one of the most beautiful sheets of water our country can boast of.

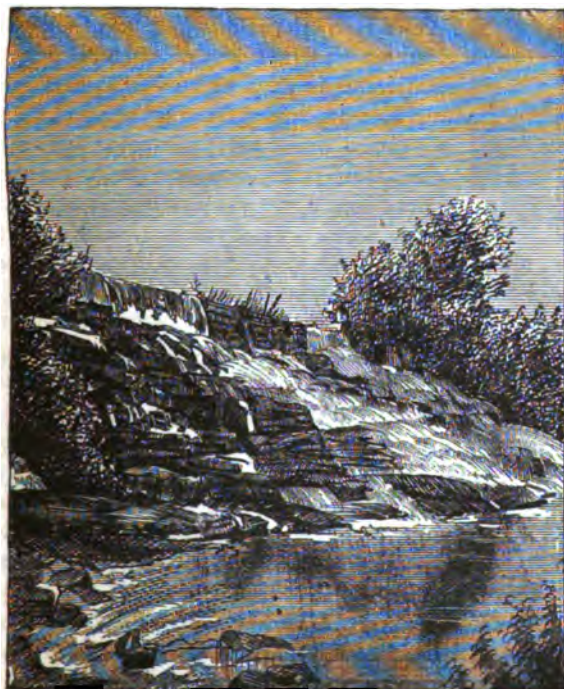
Thirty miles north of Crown Point is Split Rock, which is considered a great natural curiosity. Near the lighthouse a point runs out into the Lake, at the end of which is an island of half an acre or more in extent, separated from the mainland by a fissure fifteen feet wide. The water flows through the fissure, and in it soundings have been made five hundred feet deep without finding bottom. Several theories have been given to account for its formation, but none are perfectly conclusive.

Eight or ten miles farther on is Willsborough, the scene of the best agricultural region on the Western shore, and here also is the mouth of the "Boquet," one of the Adirondack rivers.

The boat now heads toward the eastern shore of the Lake, and shortly we pass a curious rock (Dunder, or Reggio) frowning toward the north, and rising some twenty-five feet above the water, and almost in a line of the steamer. Juniper Island with its lighthouse is to our west, and the islands, "The Four Brothers," between us and the western shore. We soon pass behind the



RUINS OF FORT TICONDEROGA.



TICONDEROGA FALLS, LAKE GEORGE CREEK.

breakwater and tie up to the wharf at Burlington, the largest city of Vermont, and called by its citizens the "Queen City of the Lake." This city has a population of about seventeen thousand, and its harbor is protected by a long breakwater with a lighthouse at each end to protect it from the strong west winds. The city is located on a hill which slopes backward from the water's edge, in one mile obtaining an elevation of three hundred and seventy-five feet. On the summit of the hill is located the Vermont University, from the dome of which is had a most magnificent view. Many of its dwellings are embowered in trees, and large and handsomely laid out grounds surround them. Like many other New England villages and towns, it has a very attractive appearance to the stranger. It has a large town hall with a seating capacity of eight hundred, and to the rear of which is the Park. This park is handsomely laid out and arranged, and in the middle of it, well shaded with trees, is erected a large music stand, from which, during the fine summer evenings, the "Queen City Band" discourses most excellent music. This place also ranks as the third largest lumber mart of the United



States, its sales amounting to six or eight millions of dollars annually.

After leaving Burlington, the steamer once more heads toward the northwest. About three miles to the south is Shelburne Bay, the place where the steamers lay by for the winter, and their shipyard. Here the worn-out boats are also left to

A short distance further to the north, the beautiful Winooski River, known in our school-days as the Onion River, empties into the Lake. As we get fully out into the Lake, to all appearance we are in a land-locked bay. Behind us the Queen City is well defined, its houses almost hid among the leafy trees, the Green Mountains forming a beautiful background, with Lion Mountain standing boldly out in their front. To the north, and farther up the Lake appear "North" and "South Hero" and "Valcour" Islands, on the last of which a Free Love settlement was started, with very poor success, however, as the soil is barren and sterile, and the first severe winter froze them out. Mount Trembleau is immediately before us on the western shore extending into the Lake, and forming a graceful promontory, under the shadow of which the old town of Port Kent nestles.

The twelve miles passage is made all too soon, and in about forty minutes we reach the dilapidated dock at Port Kent, and whose tumbledown sheds are beyond ordinary capacity to depict. It will need the pencil of an artist to show them in all their forlorn and grotesque condition. As we land, the round and good-humored countenance of Captain Allen, the dock-master, appears. He is one of the fixtures of the place, and without which it would be unnatural and incomplete, and when the time comes that he shall be called hence, if the Swedenborgian doctrine prevails that the same pursuits are



STATE ROOM OF THE STEAMER VERMONT.

rot away, it being in fact their "graveyard" as well as their birthplace. As we pass into the Lake, we observe a short distance to the north, on a point jutting into the Lake, "The Hopkins Theological School," and near by, standing prominently in view, the monument erected "to the memory of Ethan Allen," in Green Mountain Cemetery. It is a plain marble shaft erected July 4th, 1863, and on which is inscribed the following:

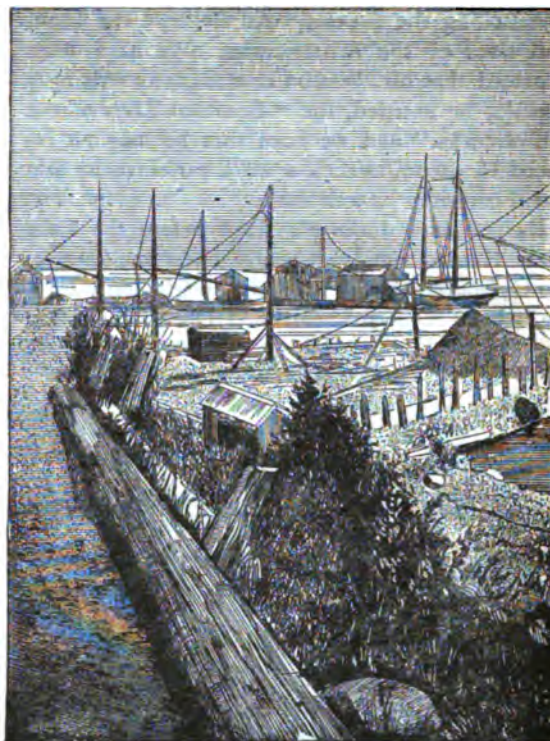
THE  
CORPOREAL PART  
OF  
GENERAL ETHAN ALLEN  
RESTS BENEATH THIS STONE.  
THE 12TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1789,  
AGED 50 YEARS,  
HIS SPIRIT TRIED THE MERCIES OF HIS GOD,  
IN WHOM ALONE HE BELIEVED AND STRONGLY TRUSTED.

followed in the next world as in this, we have no doubt that the captain will be found in charge of the "gang plank."

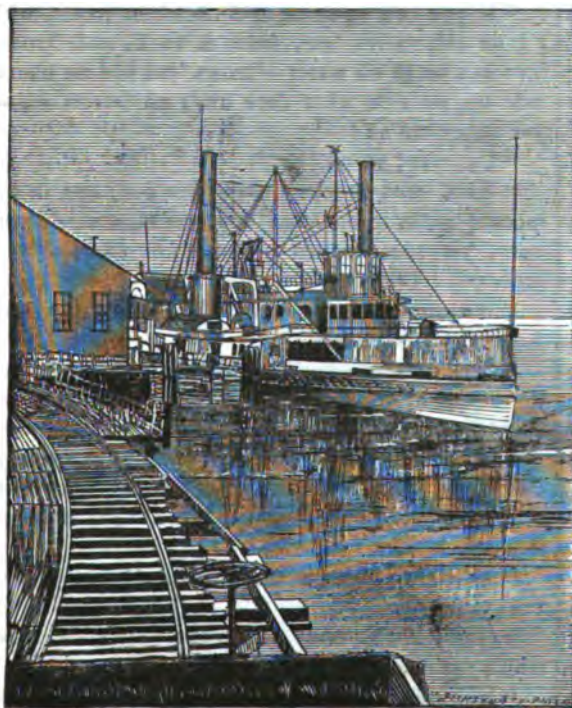
Port Kent was formerly the residence of Peter Comstock, who ran an opposition line of steamers on the Lake, and a man of indomitable energy and great perseverance. He was, in fact, the "Daniel Drew" of this region, and like "Daniel," lost his possessions and became poor. He died about three years since. Here on a promontory within a half mile to the north of the steamboat landing still resides the venerable Winslow C. Watson, who has made such excellent contributions to literature, and so greatly aided in preserving the rich historic incidents of this region in his "History of Essex County and

Champlain Valley," and other papers. His work on Essex County is very voluminous, and shows the care and research which at once enables the student to pronounce it as authority, and valuable as a work of reference.

Harper's coaches are in waiting, and selecting the one driven by that experienced stage man himself, we mount its top. Soon we are toiling up the hill upon whose sloping sides clusters the old town. We are much pleased to find that the tedious ride through the old sand road has been done away with, and a new plank road substituted. The cloud shadows hang over the distant Adirondacks. The Vermont is already well on her way towards Plattsburg, while our coach, heavily laden as it is, more slowly drags its way westward. We console ourselves, however, with the fact that our jaunt is to be but short. The "Lake View House," at Au Sable Chasm, our point of destination, is but three miles off. Contemplating a somewhat prolonged stay at the Chasm, we do not care how much loitering may be done on the way. Most old stage-drivers are as good as old sailors at spinning yarns, and Harper is a veteran at the business. Any one may ride with him day or night with



PORT KENT, LAKE CHAMPLAIN.



STEAMER VERMONT, LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

the most implicit confidence, as his early education at the whip was perfected on the overland route among the mountains of California long before the Pacific road was known or thought of.

As we reach the head of the Champlain Hills, the view that greets our eyes is almost entrancing, and we feel perfectly spell-bound with the immensity of space, the diversified scenery, and the boldly outlined objects spread before us—thirty miles of Lake scenery stretching away far to the northward, while to the northeast and dimly in the distance we behold the "Aldis" and "Bellevue" Hills, back of St. Albans. To the northwest appears the White Face Mountain, with its cloud-capped summit. To the American tourist, and especially to the true lover of Nature and its beauties, no section of our glorious country develops so much scenic effect and grandeur as this now before us. But we are now making better time, our friend Harper drawing the ribbons taut as we pass out upon the level stretch beyond the rise. The rush of waters reaches our ears, and we know that we are



approaching the famous "Au Sable," the beautiful river of the Adirondacks. We have been informed that Mr. Watson contemplates writing a work, to be entitled, the "Beautiful River of the Adirondacks," and we hope that he may be induced to do so, as such a work perfected by him would certainly be well done.

Harper soon draws his team before the Lake View House, standing boldly upon the face of the Champlain Hills, the sun now gradually sinking below the distant horizon. The good-natured

and efficient host of the Lake View smilingly steps forward, ready to give us a cordial reception as we step down and off. Remarking the fact of our distinctly hearing the roar of water as of waves on the seashore, we are informed that it is caused by the Birmingham Falls, the Niagara of the Chasm, and only three minutes walk away. But as our stay here is to be prolonged until we have explored all the wonders of this noted place, we shall close, reserving a description of them for a future article.

## ONE MAY MORNING.

BY EDYTH KIRKWOOD.

THE two girls were bending over an old book, and it was open at a page headed, "May-Day Customs."

"Can't find anything here," said Flora, shutting the book. "Those old English customs don't fit on this tropical climate."

"I believe you are right," replied her friend, Marga Dunning. "May poles and Morris dances wouldn't do here. You see, those old observances were to welcome back the spring, and 'here everlasting spring abides.' There is nothing for it but to consult some wise old darkey for native lore."

"All right," said Flora; "Angela, my old nurse, is helping here to-day. She is the most superstitious of creatures, and if she can't help us to something then we'll give up."

She ran out and returned presently, bringing with her a tidy-looking, but wizened old negress, with twinkling eyes, white teeth, and enormous gilt hoop earrings.

"Now, Angela," she said, "tell us something about the first of May."

"On de fust ob May you was born, Miss Flora, and dat's why dey called you Flora May. Flora means suthin' 'bout flowers—dey 'splained it all to me beau'ful—and May was for de monf."

"I know all about that," cried Flora, impatiently; "but tell us something to do on the first of May."

"Your ma's done gwine gib a party for yer birt-day, Miss Flora, and I'se done come to see 'bout de fixins. Ain't dat nuff to do?"

"But, Angie, dear," broke in Marga, "can't you tell us some spells to work; something to do that will make us see—well, make us see whom we shall marry, perhaps?"

"I knows dem ar," replied Angela; "but white folks laughs at cullud pusson's beliefs, and don't never try 'em good."

"We'll try them good; only tell us."

"If you cuts up some bits ob white paper, wid all de letters on 'em, from A to Y, and 'trows 'em in a basin ob water—'trows 'em wid de blank side up, de side whar dere ain't no letters on—yer unnerstan's?"

"Yes, yes; go on."

"Well, puts de basin under yer bed, and in de mornin looks in dar, and dere yer sees, sure's yer born, yer sees de fust letters ob de name of yer husband. I don't tell no lie."

"We shall try it," said Marga. "Go on, Angela, tell us more."

"If ye gets up airy in de mornin, 'fore sunrise, jes' at dawn, yer knows, does yer unnerstan'?"

"Oh, yes; at dawn."

"Well, if ye looks down de well, ye'll see yer own face, and anodder face lookin' ober yer shoulder; only you must go 'lone. Mustn't go togedder?"

"All right; we can manage that," said Flora. "Anything more?"

"Guess dat's 'bout all, 'cept dere's de May sticks yer can cut. Knows 'bout dat?"

"No; tell us."

"De May sticks dey grows 'bout a mile from

dis, and you mus go dar whar dey grows, and cut de stick wid a sharp knife, slanting—so. And den, believe me, young ladies, dere yer sees de letters, de 'nitial letters, ob your husband's name, and I don't tell no lie at all. Mus' go now. I disremember if dere's anything else, and Lucy she's beatin dem eggs till dere won't be any sense in de cake, 'nless I goes down to 'drect.' And she was off.

The girls consulted, and agreed to try the spells. They cut out little squares of paper and marked them with the letters of the alphabet, then waited impatiently for night to come.

Flora May Fields was the only daughter of wealthy parents, and her home was on the outskirts of a lovely Southern city. During a year spent at a fashionable New York boarding-school, she had formed a friendship for Marga Dunning, and on her return to her home she had persuaded Marga's parents to allow her to spend several months with her. Marga's brother Edward followed her in the next steamer. He said he had a cough, and needed to try a mild climate, but no one else could discover anything wrong with his health. He made himself comfortable at the hotel, and growing intimate there with a young Spanish artist, he seemed to find the time go easily. He and his friend, Serapio del Banco, rode and drove around until they knew all the prettiest spots, and with Mrs. Fields for chaperon, they took the girls on many pleasant excursions.

Crafty old Angela made up her mind that her spells should work truth. She made her cakes and her plans at the same time, and when the day's duties were over, she went to the hotel to carry some clean linen, for her business was washing. She found Dunning and his artist friend together, and deftly introducing the subject, she let them know all the girls' projects.

The gentlemen could appreciate a favor like this, and Angela left with two bright gold pieces in her hand, and a beaming smile on her wrinkled face. She was trotting briskly down stairs when an idea seemed to strike her, and hurrying back she thrust her turbaned head in at the door, saying, "I kin read, Misser Edward."

"Well, what of it?" he asked.

"I kin turn de bits of paper to de right letters in de two basins if yer like."

"Do so, good Angela," cried Serapio; "and mind you make no mistake."

"Trust me," she chuckled, as she disappeared. When the early morning broke, Angela tiptoed into the room where the two girls lay asleep. She peeped under the bed and saw the two basins, but they were not exactly as she expected, and she was uncertain which to assign to her young lady and which to her friend; but she resolved to make a bold guess, and kneeling down she found a number of the papers curled over. These she turned back, and in one basin she turned up the letters "E. D.", in the other "S. D. B." Then she woke the girls.

"Oh, young ladies, hurry den! De sun done gwine to rise, and de spells don't work good when he done look on."

"Pull out the basins, Angela," cried Marga, as they jumped up. "O, mine don't tell true. E. D! Why, those are my brother's initials. What a stupid thing!"

"And mine," said Flora, laughing and blushing, "is S. D. B."

"Serapio Del Banco!" exclaimed Marga. "My dear, I congratulate you. He is both handsome and good." Marga spoke lightly, but her cheeks flushed and her hands trembled as she bound up her lovely hair.

"Dem basins done got mixed somehow," said Angela. "Mebbe I done pull 'em out wrong. Guess I did, for true."

Her speech was cut short by a bouquet of sweet flowers which was thrown in by an unseen hand, and which hit poor Angela smartly on the nose. When a second one came flying in she dodged dexterously, and ran to the window. "Quit dat ar foolin," she cried. "Most done put my eye out already." But no one was to be seen.

The girls, laughing at Angela's indignation, picked up the flowers.

"A pretty May-day attention," said Flora.

"Charming," replied her friend; "but I hope we have the right ones. Odd if we get them wrong like the basins."

"Hurry 'long dere, ladies, de sun done gwine to rise. Mind to go one at a time to de well, and de odder keep her eyes and ears tight shut, fear to break the spell."

These directions were obeyed. Marga turned her back and shut her eyes and ears, while Flora walked to the well. She did not expect to see anything, but after a moment of steady watching, she saw a laughing face look over her shoulder,

and turning, half afraid, she found herself almost in Edward Dunning's arms. He pointed to the silent Marga and whispered, "My birthday greeting to you, sweetest flower of May. Let us go to try the last spell, and leave Marga here to learn her fate."

Away they went. Marga waited a while, and then grew nervous. A wild idea crossed her that Flora might have fallen in the well. She ran toward it and looked down. Gazing intently on the smooth surface, she never heard the light foot-fall behind her, and presently she started to see an earnest dark face beside her own. Her eyes in the well looked into his for a moment, and then she turned quietly. He saluted her gravely. "Your friend, Miss Marga, has gone on with your brother. Will you permit me to walk with you?"

She assented, and they went on together. Edward and Flora had a pretty good start, but they soon came up together, and then began the search for May sticks.

"What other name has the plant?" asked Edward, as he cut a twig here and there.

"Angela didn't say," replied Flora; "but this is the place she told us to come, so this must be the shrub. Let me try it."

Edward handed her the knife. She made a cut as Angela had directed, long and slanting, and inside she found the wood white and satiny, with curious veins crossing each other. "I can make out nothing particular," she said, coloring. "Or rather, I think I could make out anything I choose."

"Let us see," said the others.

"E. D.," said Edward, decidedly.

"Looks like it, to be sure," assented Del Banco.

"So I think," said Marga, laughing.

"I will give you till this evening to decide, Miss Flora," said Edward. "Now, Marga, try your fate."

Serapio handed her the knife. She cut the branch, and laughingly cried, "I say with Flora, that it is anything or nothing, just as I please. See here, the marks, although different from hers, are just as vague."

"I see it not so," said the Spaniard. "Do not these lines here form an S, and is not this a D, and this a B?"

"Certainly," replied Edward. "Not a doubt of it. But perhaps Marga also would like to examine them again, after some reflections."

"I will give her until this evening to decide," said Serapio, "if she will deign to think on it again."

Marga said nothing. She was looking far over the sea, where, through tropical verdure, the sun was rising.

"Angela says the sun breaks the spells," said Flora. "So we had better hurry home before he finds out what we have been about."

Evening came. The rooms were lit with wax candles and dressed with the loveliest flowers. Caged birds hung amid the garlands and joined their song to the music, as the bright-robed figures went floating by in the dance.

"And so you like my dress?" said Flora to Edward, as they paced the veranda which looked over the sea. "I thought white and green prettiest for the season."

"Fair as the day,  
And sweet as May,"

quoted Edward. "But the moon is bright enough for you to make out these letters now." And he handed her the little May stick.

"O, I can't," she said, drawing back.

"Try," he coaxed. "I make it 'E. D.;' don't you?"

And her "yes," though faintly whispered, was loud enough for him to hear.

Down by the sea stood Marga and Serapio. "Lady of my love," he said, looking down with the same earnest eyes which had met hers in the well, "read me this once more," and he bent his head over the twig he carried, and to which he had fastened a fair white rose. "I make it 'S. D. B.;' is it so?"

Taking it from him, she fastened the rose in her breast for all her answer, and he understood.

Angela made the bride-cakes when the time came, and her exultation knew no bounds. "Dem spells dere work true," she remarked in her glee, utterly forgetting or ignoring her own part in the fulfilling of them. And indeed it was not until after they were married, that Flora and Marga found her out.



## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

## RICHARD SNOWDON.

RICHARD SNOWDON, the third son of Leonard and Jane Snowdon, was born at Pontefract, a town in Yorkshire, England, April 15th, 1753. He descended from an ancient and influential family, which can be traced to Kirbymoore, in the same Shire, and at which last-named place he received a liberal education. His parents emigrated to America with their children, and first settled in North Carolina, but finding the climate unhealthy, in a short time came to Burlington, New Jersey. They were Friends, and much respected in the community where they lived.

Previous to the Revolutionary war, however, they removed to Philadelphia, Richard remaining in Burlington, in the employ of John Hoskins, a prominent citizen of that place, perhaps as a private tutor in his family. Having a fondness for literature, he indulged in writing upon the topics of the day, taking the side of the American people in their struggle for independence.

On one occasion his papers were examined by a military commission, but for some reason he was not molested, or his documents destroyed. He was next employed by Joseph Roberts, who resided near Haddonfield, in Gloucester County, New Jersey, in like capacity; still a very young man, always coming up to the expectations of those who put their children under his charge.

He afterwards removed to the village, and took charge of the school under the patronage of the Friends' Meeting at that place, where he remained several years. In 1779 he married Sarah Brown, a daughter of Ebenezer Brown, then a resident of Haddonfield.

About the year 1792 he established a school at Gloucester (now Gloucester City), having his residence near Mount Ephraim, in a house now demolished. While here he wrote and published a "History of the American Revolution," written in the style of the Sacred Scriptures, much admired for its authenticity and beauty of diction. It was extensively read, but the edition being small, is not known at the present day. It is a curious work, showing at once his knowledge of the subject, his familiarity with the language in

which he clothed his thoughts, and must be especially interesting at this period of our national existence. In 1795 he published "The Columbiad," a concise poetical history of the same period, which attracted much attention at the time, though like his first work is little known at the present. It was published anonymously, but in a reprint of 1802 the author's name appeared, without his knowledge or consent. In 1805 was published his "History of America," from its discovery to the death of General Washington, in two volumes. It is a well executed and valuable compendium, and reflects much credit on its author.

In 1807 he removed with his family to Woodbury, New Jersey, and purchased and occupied the house now the residence of John C. Smallwood, Esq. With William Brick he became partner in the mercantile trade, and so continued for several years. He was a gentleman of refined taste, proverbial for his generous impulses and acts of kindness among his neighbors. His contemporaries are all gone; but many are the grand-sires still living who remember him as their first teacher, but do not associate him with the brutal and bigoted pedagogues so numerous at that early day. His kindness of heart was a leading characteristic, and those who were his pupils never forgot him as a willing and forbearing tutor, always ready to assist them in time of trouble, and happiest when his advice and direction rendered their tasks easy. He died in Philadelphia, March 31st, 1825, and it is eminently proper that his name be brought to the knowledge and remembrance of the present generation, as among those who with his pen aided in leaving us the blessings of a free government, and who endeavored to leave to those coming after him a knowledge of the trials and bloodshed through which it was accomplished.

## EDWARD VON HARTMANN.

In 1842 a Prussian military officer residing at Berlin, had a son on whom he bestowed the name of Edward, the family name being Von Hartmann. Had the father been told of the wide popularity to be reached by his son's philosophical works, it is likely that even he would have doubted.

After a faithful use of the educational means

afforded by school and university, and a successful course in engineering, young Von Hartmann received a commission in the army in 1860. A kick on the knee, producing a nervous affection of that part, forced him to resign in 1865. Since that time he has devoted himself to extended studies in philosophy and natural history, which had previously been favorite subjects with him.

His larger works are "The Philosophy of the Unconscious," "Truth and Error in Darwinism," "Fundamental Statement of Transcendental Realism," "Self-decomposition of Christianity, and the Religion of the Future."

He is chiefly known by the "Philosophy of the Unconscious," which has given him a very wide reputation as a leader of thought, and has made numerous converts. Its most important features may be stated very simply and briefly. It is nothing more or less than another attempt to solve the old hopeless problem of infidelity, viz., to account for the creation and continuation of the universe without a God. Science has taught man to seek an adequate cause for every effect. Some causes, however, produce great effects and act according to a purpose, without being conscious of such purpose or of the action that serves it. Such are the artist's pencil, and the writer's pen. Such, in a higher sense, are the involuntary muscles which act without the consciousness of the mind.

These unconscious causes suggest to Mr. Von Hartmann the idea of an unconscious *first* cause, and this is what the book is really about. The universe was made and is held in existence by a

powerful principle or force called the "unconscious." This power is a compound one, made up of the "simple will" or will that wills nothing, and the "notion" without co-existence. These two nothings together were the origin of the universe.

There being no such thing as a moral government by this "unconscious" force, happiness is regarded as the end to be served by the universe. Mr. Von Hartmann is positive that the happiness in the universe is not equal to the misery. Hence, he is not slow to pronounce the whole a failure. It were better that creation had never arisen from naught.

For this lack of success, a remedy, truly heroic, is proposed; nothing less than the united power and intelligence of man shall some day succeed in so arraying the forces of nature as to overpower the "unconscious," and by a single terrific throe, restore the original nothingness.

It need hardly be said that the philosophy or theory loses much of its attractiveness by being thus briefly and barely stated; that, as presented by its author with the charms of a vigorous and pleasing style and copious illustration, it has much power to fascinate, is evident from the marked attention it has attracted.

Its author hopes to see it triumph over Christianity, but it is so unsubstantial, insufficient and contradictory, that it does not seem too much to predict that in a few years it will lose all its popularity, and be regarded simply as one of the many dreams that have been called philosophy.

## AUF WIEDERSEHEN.<sup>1</sup>

BY PERCY.

AMID fair clover-blooms and grasses sweet,  
A silver streamlet gurgling at our feet,  
Where daisies nodded and blue harebells swayed,  
And leafy shadows on our pathway played,  
We meet to say "good-by;" but all in vain!  
Our lips could only breathe "Auf Wiedersehen!"  
How could we bid farewell in that sweet place?  
How could I lift my eyes to his dear face  
And say "I leave you now forevermore;  
Forget me, for our dream of love is o'er!"  
My courage all forsook me in my pain,  
As low he whispered, "Dear, Auf Wiedersehen!"

<sup>1</sup> Till we meet again.

And *aid* we meet again? Ah, yes, till love  
Grew strong within our souls all fear above.  
With joy intense it filled our hearts, and still  
We scarcely knew the meaning of it, till  
The *final* parting came, and even then  
We murmured 'mid our tears, "Auf Wiedersehen!"  
Auf Wiedersehen? Alas, broad seas divide,  
And cruel mountains rise on every side,  
While Fate keeps guard! Ah, never any more  
Will daisies bloom for us beside the shore;  
And yet, in spite of doubt and grief and pain,  
In *death* we'll whisper still, "Auf Wiedersehen!"

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## HERBERT ORTON; OR, JUSTICES' COURTS IN THE WEST.

By J. R. MUSICK.

## CHAPTER III. (CONTINUED).

At this moment, however, the door of the office opened, and a man about thirty or thirty-five years of age, of medium size and slenderly built, entered, saluting the Squire with the usual "Good morning, Squire."

"Ah! how are you, Charley!" said the Squire; "come right here and sit down, I am going to tell a little anecdote. By the way, this is Mr. Orton, Mr. Luckless," introducing the new-comer to Herbert, "and it is about his uncle, old Johnny Orton, who I used to know back in Kaintucky, and how he and I got into trouble over a yaller jackets' nest."

Mr. Luckless, who was also a member of the Nicosia bar, having shaken hands with Herbert, seated himself, and awaited the Squire's anecdote.

"It makes me even laugh now to think of it, though it happened when I was quite a boy. Johnny and I were boys together, and once upon a time were playin' in the woods, as we often did; but upon this particular occasion we found a nest of yaller jackets. Holding a council, boy like, we concluded that we could whip 'em out with switches, so we went to work, got each a handful of switches, and placing ourselves upon opposite sides of the nest, commenced on them in high old style. They soon began crawling out, but for a time we killed them as fast as they came out. Although we made the switches move lively, they soon began to *stir out right smart*, and making it extremely hot for both John and I. They seemed to make a special onslaught upon him, and soon put him to rout. He dropped the switch and ran off through the woods, the yaller jackets following him up, and unmercifully stinging him. I lost no time in making tracks after him, I assure you. John, finding 'em working their way among his clothes, began to strip as he ran. Off went his hat, followed by his jacket, quicker than you could say Jack Robinson, and all the while keeping up his rattling pace, until he reached the creek, which he went into with a hop, skip and a jump, that sent him nearly to the opposite shore. Ha! ha! He! he! he! I see him yet. Poor

John got enough of yaller jackets' nests to last him a while."

The old man highly enjoyed the recollections of Uncle Johnny Orton's mishap, judging from the convulsive laughter that followed his recital of the above incident, and although his auditors did not seem to relish the story to the same extent, they were induced to join in the laugh, out of courtesy.

Herbert, after listening to a yarn from the droll and eccentric Scroggs, excused himself, and left the *trio*.

Having secured an office, he proceeded at once to its proper preparation and arrangement for occupancy and use. Passing over the interregnum, with its minor and unimportant details, we will simply state that at the end of one week from the date of his arrival in Nicosia, he had everything completed, and a neat little shingle hung out, modestly displaying the name of "HERBERT ORTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW."

## CHAPTER IV. THE SOIREE.

AMONG the most prominent citizens of Nicosia, distinguished alike for his eminent abilities and high-toned character, stood Judge Bennett, who resided in an elegant mansion situated upon the outskirts of the town. His residence was a magnificent and stately structure built of brick, and in the most substantial manner. The grounds surrounding it were beautifully laid out and artistically adorned with trees, evergreens, shrubbery, and many fragrant flowers.

At one time a struggling lawyer himself, he had by an untiring self-devotion to his profession and successful application to business, received the reward which is its inevitable result. His ability as a lawyer and conscious integrity as a man gaining him the respect and esteem of his fellow-citizens, he had been elected and served for a time with honor and distinction as a Judge of one of the Missouri judicial circuits.

At the period of our story the Judge had, however, wholly retired from professional or judicial life, and was living at his ease, enjoying the plea-

asures attending a retired life in the bosom of his family, consisting of an only son and daughter, who had respectively reached the age of manhood and womanhood. Being the wealthiest man in that section of the country, with many interests identified with the common welfare of the community at large, the Judge naturally exercised a powerful influence. In all matters of public interest Judge Bennett's views were invariably consulted, and due deference paid to his opinions and sound judgment. Upon all great occasions, and whenever his fellow-citizens were gathered in public meetings, the Judge was the presiding genius; not that he was vainglorious, or desirous of such exhibitions of preference, as, on the contrary, he was decidedly practical, and ever expressed his disapprobation at such renewed manifestations of favoritism.

: Comprehending that much of this was simply offered in a fawning and hypocritical spirit, he frequently showed evident signs of displeasure and at times the most open and direct contempt.

Socially, the Judge was the most amiable and pleasant of men, and his social gatherings of friends, both old and young, at his mansion, were occasions of rare enjoyment and much merriment. They were occasions that caused no little commotion in the leading social circles of Nicosia, and were the subject of gossip days and weeks before they came off, and the pleasant remembrances arising from them gave room for many friendly chats afterward.

When it was announced that the Judge was going to give one of his social entertainments, or *soirees*, as they were termed, the whole town became excited. It was the gossip of all the ladies far and near, and many were the surmises as to who would be fortunate enough to be among the invited ones.

"They're goin' to hev a stunnin' affair up at the Judge's," said little Dave Dawson to one of his companions, as they stood on the corner. His companion was also a bootblack, and they both had their boxes slung over their shoulder.

"Yes, the highflyers an' sich are goin' to all call on the old Salamander," replied the companion.

"Tell you what less do, Bill," said Dave, throwing away the core of the apple he had just eaten.

"What?" asked Bill.

"Why, his winders are low down, an' we kin

go up in the yard and peep in at all the fine folks."

"That'll be jolly," replied Bill, and they agreed that they would go.

To no other individual mind in all Nicosia, probably, did the question of the Judge's *soiree* present less food for reflection than it did to Herbert Orton. Without cause for expectation, being as yet a perfect stranger, and more especially as he had not even as yet the pleasure of meeting his honor, Judge Bennett, he could not permit the subject to tax his mind while engaged in making his various arrangements preparatory to his entry upon the practice of the law.

Under such circumstances we may well imagine the surprise Herbert must have experienced upon receiving a formal invitation from the Judge, "with his compliments, and trusting that he should have the pleasure of his company."

"Shall I go, or not?" he soliloquized, as he sat in his dingy back office, envelope and invitation in hand; "Judge Bennett is a man I have heard a great deal of, but I am not acquainted with him. Doubtless every other member of the bar in Nicosia will be there, and he will expect me, too." After considerable deliberation upon the subject he finally decided upon going, if only to pay his respects to the Judge, as a matter of courtesy.

The evening of the party occurring in a few days afterward, Herbert immediately prepared himself for the occasion. The evening in question found him at the door of the Judge's mansion, where a colored servant in livery met him, with a silver tray to receive his card, bearing his autograph and professional title. The servant reappearing in a few moments, he was ushered into the Judge's reception room, where he met the Judge and his daughter.

The Judge, a portly-looking man of sixty, somewhat elegantly dressed, was standing at the door, with his daughter leaning upon his arm, as Herbert entered. Of fine and commanding appearance, with broad, high and prominent forehead, clear-cut and attractive features, the Judge at once made a very favorable impression upon our hero's mind. The daughter, about eighteen years of age, with full and well-developed form, large dark and lustrous eyes, and wavy black hair, standing by his side, presented a picture that any father might well envy. Her features and mobile expression of countenance not only betokened exceeding great

beauty, but also evidenced a high order of refinement and intelligence.

Embarrassing as it might be supposed the circumstances of his position would prove, he nevertheless commanded the utmost composure and self-possession. Although feeling perfectly self-reliant and conscious of his own ability and *status*, Herbert, nevertheless, recognized that he stood in the presence of those socially his superiors.

"This is Mr. Orton, our new attorney?" inquiringly asked the Judge, a bland smile on his face, as he extended his hand and grasped that of Herbert's.

"It is, and I have the honor of meeting Judge Bennett, I presume?" replied Herbert.

"You have; allow me to introduce you to my daughter."

"This is Mr. Orton, Lola."

The daughter inclined her head slightly toward our hero, with a graceful bow, in recognition, and which he returned in a manner that evinced a degree of gentility and polish only derived from a previous thorough social culture.

"How do you like the appearance of our town, so far, Mr. Orton?" asked the Judge.

"I can hardly tell yet, Judge; I have not been here long enough to form a just opinion. I have made but very few acquaintances. Those that I have formed thus far prove highly agreeable," replied Herbert.

"You think you like our people, then?" said the Judge, with a peculiar twinkle of his dark-gray eyes.

"Papa, that is an unfair question," said the daughter; "you know that if he did not like our citizens here, he would not want to say so, especially in our presence."

"Say the question is irrelevant, incompetent, or leading, Lola," said the Judge, with a smile. "If you wish to instruct the court in a matter of evidence, use legal terms."

"I fear the court would overrule the objection," replied Lola.

"If the objection be withdrawn, I will answer, that I like the citizens of Nicosia very well from the slight acquaintance I have with them; but must confess that I have spent most of my time in my office since I have been here."

"That's all wrong, all wrong," interrupted the Judge; "but I see my old friend, Colonel Wilson, has just come; I must speak to him. Lola, take

Mr. Orton and introduce him to—to everybody in the house;" and the Judge, with a graceful bow, bustled away to meet his friend, the Colonel, who had just arrived.

Herbert thought his lucky star had surely risen, as he found himself walking down the brilliantly illuminated drawing-room with Miss Bennett, the acknowledged belle, not only of Nicosia, but of that entire section of country, leaning upon his arm. The long room was crowded with the gay and happy guests, chatting and laughing, and enjoying themselves in a manner characteristic of such occasions.

As they promenaded leisurely along, the fair Lola, in answer to the inquiries of Herbert, enlightened him as to the names and their relative social and business *status* of many of the most prominent gentlemen present, and although she expressed her desire to introduce him, he excused himself, assigning as a reason, his desire to remain, for a time at least, "a silent looker on in Venice."

The gentleman that first attracted Herbert's attention in the course of his observations, and who was at the time trying to entertain some young ladies by his wit and display of ready *repartee*, copiously interspersed with a laugh somewhat between a *squeal* and a *cackle*, he learned was Mr. Harry F. Milton, of the law firm of Milton and Waterspout. He was hardly over medium in size, with black hair and whiskers, narrow forehead, and small blue eye, and his age about thirty or thirty-five. To the general observer, he would pass as a man possessed of some ability and learning, yet to the casual observer and a close student of human nature, he would present himself in a far different light. Self-esteem and conceit were prominently developed in his nature, and no opinion had greater weight with himself than his own. No one laughed louder and enjoyed a joke more, when told by himself, than he.

The next gentleman Herbert observed in order, was a much younger looking man, and smaller in size than Milton, with gray eyes, dark-brown hair and mustache, and whose eyes and features expressed a constant twinkle of good humor, as he conversed with a young lady near him. This he learned was Mr. Waterspout, the junior member of the firm. He impressed Herbert as an energetic young man, and one who might be willing to do a great deal of hard work and give some one else the credit for it.



The next pointed out, were also members of the Nicosia bar. They were the Messrs. Grindstone and Heedless. These two men, and especially Grindstone, were so full of law and Supreme Court decisions, that they could not even lay them aside for a sociable evening party, as their whole conversation appeared to run into legal propositions of some character or other, during the entire evening.

Having made the circuit of the long drawing-room, he no longer manifested any desire to look on, becoming too much absorbed with the society of his agreeable companion to take further notice of the Judge's many guests. Signifying his consent to a general introduction, in answer to a suggestion from Lola, she severally introduced our hero to her many guests of the evening, and at the conclusion of which they resumed their promenade.

At this stage, however, a familiar voice greeted the ears of Herbert.

"Good-evening, my Christian friend! I am truly delighted to see you out to-night, and with Miss Lola too! Why this is more than any young limb of the law could hope for!"

Looking around, and by no means pleased at the interruption, Herbert beheld Scroggs. The long pipe was invisible, however, yet our hero thought he could discern its outlines in his breast pocket. "Good evening, Mr. Scroggs," said Miss Bennett, bowing to the Attorney, Herbert likewise returning the salutation at the same time.

"Enjoying yourselves I see," continued Scroggs. "You both look in the bloom of youth, and one would judge from the glow of happiness in the face of each, that you enjoyed each others society."

Lola blushed, while Herbert retorted:

"You are really loquacious this evening, Mr. Scroggs."

"Mr. Scroggs never lacks for words," added Lola.

"I most highly appreciate your commendations of your humble servant," rejoined Scroggs, with a most profound bow.

At this moment Judge Bennett approached the trio.

"I beg pardon for intruding upon you," said the Judge, "but I promised myself that I would have a chat with my new friend, Mr. Orton, before the evening was over, and now for the first time I have leisure."

"Perhaps our mutual friend here has not the

leisure of which your honor speaks," said Scroggs, with a significant nod of the head toward Lola.

"Mr. Orton of course can excuse my company for that of papa's," replied Lola, with a smile of exquisite sweetness, as she released the arm of Herbert, she had taken on the promenade.

"It will certainly be a sacrifice of the esthetics, nay, I may almost say ethereal, for the intellectual," pompously put in Scroggs.

At this moment the ubiquitous Waterspout came up, and solicited Miss Lola's company for a promenade to the piano, much to the mortification of Herbert. He bore it, however, as best he could, while the sweet strains of music that soon filled the room in a measure consoled his troubled spirit.

"Make yourself at home, Mr. Scroggs, and excuse me," said the Judge, "for I want to have my chat with this boy, and see if he has got the fire he ought to have about him, to make a successful lawyer."

"Your excuse is a laudable one, Judge, and I am very happy to grant it, but for the present, I must say 'I am tired and sleepy too,' and that I am going home to 'put me in my little bed,'" replied Scroggs.

"My dear sir, do not hurry away so soon!" said the Judge.

"I am not very well, Judge, and must retire."

Scroggs went out into the hall, and Herbert thought he observed him taking out his long pipe, as he passed through the doorway. He was certain that he heard him say to some one whom he met in the hall:

"Good evening, my Christian friend! Have you any long green tobacco about you?"

"Now," said the Judge, when they were alone, "we will hunt up some corner where we can be alone, and have a private chat."

They took a seat in a bay window, where the Judge introduced him to his son Oliver, who, in company with another young man, was engaged in playing a game of chess; shortly after which Oliver and his friend withdrew, leaving our hero and the Judge alone.

After a somewhat desultory conversation between the two upon the various practical relations of law to business, and business to law, the Judge said in conclusion:

"To be successful, young man, you must go in to do or die. Success may be slow in coming,

but true merit and hard work will receive its reward. Do not think that your work is over because you have a diploma or license in your pocket, but work on, study on. Get up imaginary cases, and always seem busy, whether you are or not. If other attorneys seem to frown on you, rest assured they are only envious, which is a sure indication that your successful star is rising. When you do really have a case, even before a Justice of the Peace, do not become faint-hearted; forget everybody or thing, and become wholly absorbed in your case. Don't try any flowery airs or oratorical flights, but know the law applicable to the case and give it."

Tendering his acknowledgments to the Judge for the kindly advice given, and assurances of full appreciation of the grateful interest manifested in his behalf, Herbert excused the Judge, who then withdrew to another part of the room, upon the return of his son Oliver, who had closed his game of chess, and now rejoined Herbert.

Herbert found Oliver Bennett to be a good-hearted, whole-souled fellow, yet reckless to an extreme. He preferred horse-racing, cards, billiards, the chase, and merry companions to solid study, and exhibited a disposition entirely the reverse of his father's. While Oliver was more kind and tender-hearted than his father, he lacked his intellectual and moral force of character.

Among the first of the departing guests, our hero bade Miss Lola, her father and brother good-night, and took his departure, much pleased and highly delighted with his reception and courteous treatment at their hands.

#### CHAPTER V. THE FOREST BEAUTY.

OLIVER BENNETT, like a great many other young men who have been reared in the lap of luxury, had his faults. Possessed of good sense, a warm heart and vigorous physique, he yet lacked the necessary firmness and determined will, essential to a well-balanced mind. His warm-heartedness, buoyancy of spirits, and easy-going life, proved to be his worst enemies, instead of adorning him with the true friendships and respect of friends. With a mind wholly unoccupied with useful thoughts, and free from any obligations to labor for self-sustenance, he gave himself up to unbridled passions and forbidden pleasures. Visiting the larger cities, he fell in with the very worst companions to be found, wild and rollicking char-

acters, like himself, and having at all times an unlimited supply of money to spend, he became their leader and idol.

Generous to a fault, he, by reason of such trait in his character, gained the esteem and consideration of many of the citizens of Nicosia, who were disposed to overlook and excuse his many shortcomings otherwise. However, while others could pardon the faults of the son, the father could not. He had remonstrated time and again with the utmost sternness, resorting to threats and even blows, yet all availed nothing in the work of reforming Oliver or breaking him of his peculiar weaknesses.

The honest old Judge, although very successful as a Judge, proved a failure as a parent. His harshness and austerity of manner in his treatment of Oliver, only tended to make him worse.

The only one that exercised any influence over the fast young man, was his gentle sister Lola. More than once had her little hand and warning voice deterred him from some wild frolic, which might have proved his disgrace and utter moral ruin.

The miners in the coal banks doted on the young rake, because he was "not so stuck up but what he could occasionally give a feller a drink," they said.

Among these miners who seemed to be especial favorites of Oliver, were Sam. Grayson and Mat. Conroy. These two men had leased a coal bank from his father. Near this bank was another owned and operated by Dixon and McCabe. Petty quarrels and, not very unfrequently, fights occurred between the two sets of hands employed at these banks. As a natural consequence, Oliver espoused the cause of Grayson and Conroy, and thereby gained the ill-will and hatred of Dixon's company. Recklessly brave and a lover of excitement, he even joined in one of their pitched battles, and as a consequence, his father was obliged to pay a heavy fine for him, Oliver barely escaping the penitentiary.

Exasperated beyond endurance, the Judge vowed never again to do anything to prevent his receiving the full punishment of the law, should he again violate her mandates. Finding himself thus cast off by his own father, he became more reckless than ever.

When remonstrated with by a friend, for his treatment of his son, he invariably exclaimed:

"Its no use, I tell you. I have done all I can for him, and all that I will. It is only a question of time when he'll land in the State Prison, and I think perhaps the sooner the better."

The day following the social party at Judge Bennett's, Oliver remained at home until about the middle of the afternoon, when putting on his hat, he started down town. Passing a corner, where a number of ragged urchins were collected, he stopped, and in answer to his call, one of the urchins with a bootblack's box slung over his shoulder came bounding to his side.

"Selim at Big Oaks?" said the boy.

"Yes, Dave," answered Oliver, putting a fifty-cent piece into the boy's hand.

"How soon, Mr. Bennett?" asked Dave, placing the money in his pocket.

"In an hour," was the reply.

The ragged bootblack darted down the alley leading to the wretched hovel he called his home, and hurriedly relieving himself of his box and implements of his trade, started directly toward a livery stable, further down the principal street of the town, where after a few moments he arrived, and giving the keeper his message, he quietly waited, until a beautiful black horse, duly saddled and bridled, was brought out. With the aid of the keeper, little Dave clambered into the saddle and galloped away.

In the meanwhile, Oliver passed through different parts of the town, stopping at several saloons on the way, and finally entered the thick copse of woods bounding the northern outskirts of the town. He walked briskly along a narrow pathway leading directly through a thickly-wooded defile, and his movements evidently indicated that he was on some mission whose object he desired to conceal. Thus far he had managed to leave the town without being observed.

After walking about a mile along this narrow road, he came to a point where three large oak trees reared their giant forms high above their surrounding companions. In the shadow of, and directly under these oaks, stood the black horse, with ragged Dave on his back. The horse observing the approach of Oliver, uttered a whinny of delight, and champing his bit, commenced pawing the ground.

"How long have you been waiting, Dave?" asked Oliver, pausing and wiping the perspiration from his face with his handkerchief.

"Pretty near an 'nour Mr. Oliver," replied Dave, as he dismounted.

"Oh, no, not half that long," returned Oliver.

"Don't make no difference if 'twas two," replied Dave; "you pays me more'n I kin make all day blacking boots, an' I kin afford to wait a little."

"See that you are as faithful in keeping a still tongue in your head as you are at waiting."

"Don't ye never go for to fearin' of me, Mr. Bennett," rejoined Dave; "the grave can't be any more silent than I'll be."

"See to it then. It would ruin me if you was to blow to the old governor on me."

"You bet that I won't."

Oliver sprang lightly into the saddle, and was soon galloping to the southwest, while little Dave retraced his steps homeward through the woods to resume his place on the corners, and ready once more to "shine 'em up, Mister."

The course taken by Oliver Bennett, upon leaving the "three oaks" lead him back over a greater portion of the road taken by Dave in going out, and until he reached a point about a mile and a half west of the town, where he turned off into a plain road leading from Nicosia to the rival coal banks.

Galloping along at a lively gait, he soon reached the vicinity of the Bennett Coal Bank, worked by Grayson and Conroy.

Conroy was a married man and lived with his family in a house near the mines. Just across a ravine, and not more than three hundred paces off, stood the cabins of McCabe, Dixon and the other rivals of Conroy.

The arrival of Oliver was greeted by a welcome shout from a dozen lusty and coal-begrimed miners who had just emerged from the bank, and with each he heartily shook hands, as they came up. After chatting a few moments with the men good-naturedly, he again turned his horse's head toward the southwest, and passing along a narrow ridge road, leading through a very rough portion of country, surrounded by high hills and deep ravines, he soon reached a neat little cottage, situated on a plateau of about four acres. Though small and plain, it bore every evidence of neatness, and the symbols of the beautiful in Nature were everywhere visible. Wild ivy and clinging vines adorned its walls. Flowers, fragrant, and of many hues, bloomed in the little enclosure. Delightful

shade trees, wild and domestic, grew in front of it, and an old oak standing at the gate, sheltered beneath its welcome shadows a rustic seat. The whole place bore such an air of simplicity and attractiveness about it, as to notably commend itself to every passer-by.

Dismounting, and securing his horse to a post, Oliver opened the gate and walked into the yard. The sun was now slowly sinking in the western horizon. Gently rapping upon the door, he was received at its threshold by a lady passed middle age, whom he saluted by a

"Good evening, Mrs. Elmer!"

"How do you do, Mr. Bennett?" replied Mrs. Elmer, mildly; "Come in, and sit down. Have you been well since you were here last?"

"Quite well, I thank you," replied Oliver, tapping his boot with his riding whip; "have you *all* been well since I last saw you." From the peculiar emphasis he put upon the word "all," it was evident that there was some one else in whose welfare he felt an interest.

"Yes, tolerable," responded Mrs. Elmer.

The awkward silence that ensued after the last remark made by Mrs. Elmer, Oliver interrupted by asking:

"Is Hattie at home?"

"She is out in the garden now, but will be in in a few moments," replied the old lady, her face lighting up with a pleasant smile.

Even as she spoke, the door opened, and the young lady entered. Hattie Elmer, the daughter, was a rare type of the beautiful. With hair hanging in ringlets of gold about her shoulders; eyes of a deep blue, and gentle as a summer sky; cheeks soft and delicately tinted as a full ripe peach; and lips plump and red as the cherry when bursting with its ripeness, she presented a picture of loveliness that might well become the envy of less susceptible hearts than that of Oliver Bennett. Added to a faultless and symmetrical form, with a grace of movement and gentleness of manner almost perfection itself, she combined all the graces and elements that justly entitled her to the name of "The Forest Beauty."

Oliver had met her in the village, and from the first had loved her in his passionate, selfish way. She, poor confiding girl, loved the wild, wayward and reckless young man, with all his faults. Not slow in making known his affection for her, he soon realized the fact that his love was returned.

His visits to the widow's cottage became frequent, and when his father became aware of them it deeply angered him, and to the extent that he forbade his son to repeat them, under pain of expulsion from his house.

Oliver, however, managed to steal away unobserved from the town, and by the aid of little Dave Dawson and the livery-stable keeper, continued his visits to the idol of his affections, as we have observed in the above instance. Mrs. Elmer, Hattie's mother, was entirely ignorant of the fact that these visits were thus clandestinely made, and like her daughter, had the most implicit confidence in the young rake.

Although a woman of most excellent good sense and judgment, she was nevertheless inexperienced in the ways of the world. She little dreamed of the danger into which her daughter was slowly drifting.

"Hattie would make a good catch to get him," she thought, and so closed her ears against the tales of his profligacy.

Oliver could hardly tell whether or not he intended to deal honestly with the affections of the heart he had won. He found her society agreeable, a pleasure to sit by her side, to hold her little hand in his, and gaze through those mild blue orbs at the pure and spotless soul within, and while it gave him pleasure, took no thought of the pain it might occasion to others.

The widow having retired upon the entrance of Hattie, the lovers were left alone. It was but one of the many meetings between them. The evening being delightfully mild and pleasant, the lovers soon betook themselves to the rustic seat under the old oak.

The sun some time beyond the horizon, the moon had succeeded in all her refulgent glory, and the heavens became garnished with her myriads of stars and bright constellations. The crickets are chirping their lively airs from the old log in the lot, and the whip-poor-will pours forth his plaintive and melodious song.

Long the lovers sat, in earnest conversation, beneath the spreading branches of the old oak.

"Why do your father and sister treat me so coldly, if they have no objection to your visiting and even marrying me?" asked Hattie. "I meet your father frequently on the streets, when mother and I go to town, and he never deigns even to notice me. The last time I was in town I met

your sister in a store, and she did not speak. Although you had a social gathering at your house a day or so afterwards, why not have invited me and my mother?"

"Oh, my dear, as to my father, he does not know you," replied Oliver, with a slight laugh; "and as to my sister, she did not suppose you would care about coming, and sis, you know, is a little vain, and wanted to be the prettiest girl at the party herself. And since I come to think of it, it was myself that suggested our not inviting you, as we did not wish the public to know that I visited you, and more especially as we intend to take Nicosia by surprise some time."

Poor little unsophisticated Hattie, confiding, gentle, and ever-trusting! Any explanation was sufficient, as she wanted to believe her lover truthful.

"I cannot doubt anything you tell me, Oliver. My life and happiness are in your keeping. Some have hinted that you are only flirting with me, and will soon abandon me for some other love, fairer and more cultivated than myself, one moving in higher circles of society and better fitted to share your joys and sorrows."

"They tell me that your proud father would not permit his wealthy son to throw himself away by marrying a poor little country lass, like myself. But, Oliver, I love you, and trust you. Love has united the prince with the peasant, and why should wealth separate us? You are too good and honorable, I know, to trifle with the feelings and affections of a poor helpless girl, like myself," rejoined Hattie, impulsively.

"Heaven bless you, Hattie!" he cried, as he clasped the fair girl in his arms, and for a moment, overcome by the better feelings of his nature, continued: "You deserve a better husband than I will make. Your faith cannot be surpassed, and in my estimation you are far worthier than many, very many, whose stations in life are far above yours."

The subject of his fidelity proving somewhat distasteful, Oliver changed the topic of conversation to matters more congenial, during which, as is ever the case with lovers, time passed away quite unconsciously. The hour for departure had arrived, and Oliver, bidding her "good-night" at the garden gate, mounted his horse and rode away towards Nicosia.

"Poor, sweet little Hattie!" soliloquized Oliver,

as he galloped along the homeward way; "such faith and confidence should not be destroyed. What will be your fate? Why, of course, a broken heart, like thousands of others." For a moment he was silent, and then resumed: "I am the most consummate villain and the greatest coward on earth. I win that pure innocent girl's love, and am not brave enough to battle with the tide of adversity for her sake. Oliver Bennett, you are truly cursed in being born rich."

Thus communing with himself, he made his way home, to dream of his love, the Forest Beauty.

#### CHAPTER VI. WAITING FOR BUSINESS.

HERBERT seemed inspired with new desires and resolutions after the evening party at Judge Bennett's. He applied himself to his books with renewed vigor and energy, and awaited with no little impatience the advent of his first client. Sometimes, to break the monotony of his everyday life, and when tired of reading, he would pass into the office of Esquire Lustful, where he would frequently meet other members of the bar, who, like himself, had come in to enjoy a social chat. He likewise, in this manner formed the acquaintance of many of the citizens of Nicosia and the surrounding country, who had, at times, occasion to call upon the Justice relative to business matters.

Whenever there was a trial in progress before the Esquire, he would step in, and observe the proceedings, in order to familiarize himself with the manner in which Justices' practice was conducted in Missouri. It was only in the trial of cases that Esquire Lustful assumed that important bearing which he alone could so well and characteristically display. He rigidly insisted that the majesty of the law should be *vindicated*, and woe to the poor criminal that had the misfortune to be arraigned before him for a preliminary examination. He was almost certain to find himself bound over to appear at the Circuit Court.

The attorneys of Nicosia had a way of ensuring success for the plaintiff in a case before Esquire Lustful. Whenever they had a client who desired to bring a suit before him, they first sent him over to the old Squire to state their case, and get his opinion on their cause of action. His fondness for giving legal advice was certain to lead him into a trap. In nearly every instance he would assure them they had a good cause of action, when



the attorney would follow with his suit, and as a result, the Squire could not well go back upon his advice, which to his credit be it said, he never did.

Herbert was not long in discovering all the weak points and idiosyncrasies peculiar to the Squire. He had ample time to study human nature as well as his books, and he availed himself of the opportunity.

The long spring and summer days rolled by, and still that *first* client had not turned up in Herbert's office. Although many other young men would long ere this have become disheartened and dispirited, *he* still hoped on and patiently waited. Possessed of a very good library, consisting of some of the best text-books on pleading, evidence, real estate, equity, and contracts, together with a few other miscellaneous legal works, including a complete set of the Missouri State Reports, he spent his time profitably in thoroughly mastering their contents. He worked up imaginary cases, made out briefs, and hunted up authorities that could be successfully cited *pro* and *con*, thus thoroughly disciplining and training his mind for the work before him, when the *first* client *should* make his appearance, and not only the first, but all future clients that might entrust their cases in his hands.

Instead of Esquire Lustful proving of any advantage to him, as expected, he seemed but the hungry hound that lay at the door of his office, to swallow everything, in the way of legal business, that came along. If a conveyance was to be made, the Esquire was always ready to do it, at half the rate an attorney could afford to do it. If a contract, article of agreement, or partnership papers were to be "drawn up," Lustful was the man to do it. Very frequently his articles of agreement and partnership contracts, like his advice, caused more litigation; but the fish went to some older and more experienced lawyer's net.

"Is there any use of studying?" soliloquized Herbert one evening, as he sat holding a volume of Story's Equity Pleadings in his hands; "what reward does this country offer to the faithful student? It seems to me, that no man can prosper here so well as a first-class humbug. Here I toil day after day, week after week, and month after month, to store my mind with a knowledge of the law, in order to mete out justice to the people, yet I am constantly passed by, and an ignorant, bigoted old Justice of the Peace is taken as authority instead."

Harsh and unjust as this seemed to Herbert, he accepted it in the light of a fact, but too palpable to the discriminating mind, and trusting that time might even correct this injustice, he resigned himself fully to whatever the Fates might have in store for him.

A few evenings after, as he was walking along the street, he heard some men discussing the question of witness fees in criminal cases. The question was, as to whether a witness could be compelled to attend court in a criminal case, without having his fees first paid him. One of the parties strongly asserted that he could not be so compelled.

"You are entirely wrong, my friend," said Herbert, pausing near the men; "the law is directly the opposite."

"Well, they say you are entitled to them in advance," persisted the man.

"I can't help what the people say; our Statute says they are not," replied Herbert.

"Oh! I don't know or care much about what the book says; I got my authority from Esquire Lustful, and that is pretty good."

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed Herbert, as he turned and walked away, "what is the world coming to, when the word of the Justice of the Peace is preferred to the Statute laws of the State?"

A day or two later, some of the town officials were considering the question of licensing peddlers, while Herbert was present and quietly listening to the arguments advanced.

"You cannot do it," declared Herbert; "the Supreme Court of the United States has declared the Peddler's Act in our Statute unconstitutional."

"How do you know that?" asked one of the Councilmen.

"It is so reported in Sixty-second Missouri State Reports."

"Well, what has the United States Supreme Court got to do with Nicosia? We have a special charter and ordinance to govern us," said he.

"But the town and State laws must all be subservient to, and in harmony with the Constitution of the United States," rejoined Herbert, hoping, if possible, to make him see the point.

"Well, I can't help that; Esquire Lustful said that, according to our charter, we could charge a license for peddlers, and I am going to do it."

"All right then, go ahead," cried Herbert, now more thoroughly disgusted than ever. "If Esquire Lustful's opinion is superior to that of the

United States Supreme Court, take it," saying which, he turned and walked away.

The day following this, while sitting at his desk, engaged in writing a letter to his mother, he heard footsteps coming along the hall. They passed the Justice's door and continued on. His heart beat high with hope. Could it be possible that he was going to have a client at last, after all this weary waiting? The footsteps pausing at his door, were soon followed by a gentle rap on the door.

"Come in," cried Herbert.

The door opened, and a man, whom he judged by his outward appearance to be a mechanic, walked in and seated himself.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked Herbert.

"I don't know that you can," said the man, his face clouded with an angry frown.

"State your case," said Herbert, smilingly, "and I can soon tell you."

"I have just been bit by one lawyer," replied the man, "and I'm almost afraid to trust another."

"There is nothing compulsory about your trusting any one," said Herbert; "this is a free country. Every man can either be his own attorney, or employ one."

The man after reflecting a moment, then said:

"I was a subcontractor, or rather a day laborer, on Watson's house. Tull had the contract and he is not worth a cent, but he gets me to assist him. As I said, Tull has nothing but what under our law is exempt, but I depended on a mechanic's lien on the house to secure me. I made out my account and put it into the hands of Heedless and Grindstone, as they were the oldest and most experienced attorneys we had. They kept the account, and let the time for serving the notice on Watson expire before they thought of it."

"What was their reason for forgetting it?" asked Herbert.

"Too much business to attend to."

"Why did you not take it to some one who had less business than they?"

"I thought those who done the most would be the best."

"How much was the account?"

"Twenty dollars."

"And when did the time for serving the notice expire?"

"Last Friday."

"That was six days ago," said Herbert, musing. "My friend, you have brought me a dead body and ask me to cure it. Had you brought your case to me six days ago, I have not such a press of business but I could have attended to it for you. But you have waited until life has passed out of the body, and now bring it to me. There is no remedy for your case; your money is irretrievably lost."

The man arose and went out of the office. Herbert fancied he heard something very much like an oath escape his lips as he reached the hall.

"The world will never learn to trust young men," thought Herbert. "That man, with a perfectly just, plain and simple case, requiring no skill whatever to manage, suffers a loss for the want of promptness and vigilance on the part of his counsel, the best in the country—and why, he would like to know? Simply because they are crowded with more weighty and important business, and hence neglect such minor matters. Had he gone to some young man with less business, and one who had his reputation as a lawyer to make, he would have saved his twenty dollars of hard-earned money."

The *first* client had come and gone, but he did not leave the *first* fee; therefore, in a pecuniary sense, he had proven of very little advantage to Herbert.

Waiting on, hoping on for weary days, weeks and months, and no signs of business showing themselves, Herbert's spirits began to droop, and he felt himself growing despondent. Instead of finding business and money coming to his hands, he saw his small means day by day growing smaller; and without any resources for replenishing them when exhausted, he truly felt good cause for anxiety and depression of mind.

#### CHAPTER VII. DAVE DAWSON.

No urchin was more generally known in Nicosia than little Dave Dawson. His face was everywhere familiar. He ran errands from the grocery stores, carried water and fuel, swept the offices for nearly all the professional men, and made himself generally useful, wherever an honest penny could be turned. Among the many lads upon the streets like himself, he alone could be trusted. His face was honesty itself. Although his poor little body was oft pinched with hunger, and sorely tempted, he was never known to take any-

thing unless permission was given. While other boys in the neighborhood thought it fun to filch edibles whenever opportunity presented itself, Dave never forgot the words of his invalid mother, "Do not take anything that does not belong to you, Dave, unless permission by the owner is given you."

Honesty rewards everybody, and of course honesty rewarded even poor little Dave Dawson. Odd jobs were denied others and given to him instead. If a package was to be carried from one part of the town to the other, and it was entrusted to Dave's care, it was considered as safe as if in the hands of the Adams' Express Company. Yet with all the pennies and dimes that Dave could pick up, his poor little body shivered with the cold in the wintry weather, and he often went supperless to bed. His mother, an invalid, worked diligently with her needle, early and late, but even with their combined exertions they could not keep the wolf from the door.

While perfectly honest, he nevertheless had some bad qualities. With the associations he was brought into contact with daily, to have had no bad qualities developed would hardly have been in the nature of things human. The spirit of mischief was largely developed in little Dave, and nothing delighted him more than to be able to play off pranks on some one or other of the numerous draymen, loafers, or "bummers" of the town. Quick-tempered, bold and desperate when his angry passions were aroused, he frequently gave as well as received blows. He was quick to resent an insult, and woe to the fellow boot-black that dared assail him.

Mrs. Dawson, Dave's mother, was a widow lady, who had come to Nicosia about four years previous to the opening of our story. Dave was her only child. Reduced to the lowest extreme of poverty, she was obliged to take in family sewing and washing, or any other menial work she could secure, and to send little Dave out upon the street to hunt something to do, to help sustain themselves. Being an invalid, she was unable to do aught more than to secure a subsistence, meagre and stinted as it was.

It was one dark night several weeks after the grand soiree at Judge Bennett's, that little Dave was sitting by the side of the fireplace in his wretched home—the room scantily furnished, and floor bare, consisting of but one bed and cot; two chairs and one low stool, a table, a box, and

an old trunk. Dave sat on the low stool gazing thoughtfully into the fireplace, where blazed the fagots he had carried in from the woods that day. His mother sat by the table, whereon stood a bottle holding a lighted tallow candle. She was wearily plying the needle, every line of her once handsome face drawn with the mental and physical pain she was suffering.

Little Dave's comforts and pleasures had been but few. From his earliest childhood he had only known a life of toil and privation. The greatest comfort he enjoyed, when he was permitted to sit and meditate an evening like this, the wind howling fiercely around the miserable cabin, and enjoy the warmth and cheerful glow thrown out by the blazing fagots his young arms had borne from the distant forest.

His thoughts ran to the homes of the wealthy he had frequently passed on cold winter nights, when the piercing winds and blinding snow had so benumbed his miserably clad little body that he could scarcely move along towards his own poverty-stricken home; to the happy circles of children he saw in the brilliantly illuminated and comfortably heated parlors, giving no heed to the many children less fortunate than themselves, and last, though not the least discouraging thought, to the blessings they enjoyed in having an abundance to sustain and maintain life and bodily vigor. His thoughts naturally led him to wonder why God had made him so miserable and unhappy, and blessed others so bountifully.

"Mother!" he exclaimed, after gazing at the burning embers long and earnestly.

"What, my son?" answered his mother, in a sweet, musical voice.

"Is God good to all people alike?"

"Of course he is, child; why do you ask?" said his mother, showing her astonishment at the question.

"Does he love me as well as the banker's or merchant's little boys?"

"He does; he has said not a sparrow shall fall to the ground without his notice."

"Then mother, why are *they* allowed good things to eat, nice clothes to wear, and beautiful homes, while I have to work hard all the time, eat hard bread, and sleep on a hard bed at night?"

"My child, it is our lot to be poor, and we must bear our burdens, be they heavy or light," answered his mother.

"But, mother, why did he make us poor, and others rich?" continued little Dave.

"It seems that some are more fortunate in storing up the wealth of this world than others; but we are commanded to lay up our treasures in Heaven and not on earth. The rich whom you envy, my son, have cares and troubles we know nothing of," gently replied his mother.

"How can they, mother," rejoined Dave, "when all they can want is theirs? They have beautiful homes, plenty to eat and drink, fine clothes, with horses, carriages, wagons, cattle and everything you can mention."

"They many times lack a thankful heart, my son, as well as a contented mind, which only can bring peace and true happiness to a household."

"They must be a very ungrateful people, not to feel thankful for all they have," returned Dave, thoughtfully. "Had I the wealth of Judge Bennett, and his nice home, I would be perfectly happy."

"You could not, my son. Perfect happiness exists only in heaven. As long as we are troubled with mortal desires and ambitions, we can never be happy," said his mother.

"Is there no sorrow in heaven, mother?"

"None; we are promised perfect peace there."

"And shall we never be hungry there?"

"No, my son, we have the promise of being bountifully fed by our Heavenly Father."

"And shall we all have nice clothes to wear, mother?" eagerly asked little Dave.

"We are told that we shall be clothed in robes of white," his mother replied.

"Will I have nice clothes there, mother?"

"Yes, my son."

"Then I want to go soon, for I don't believe I will ever get any here," sighed poor little Dave.

"But you must be a good boy if you wish to go there. Nobody but good people can go to heaven," said his mother.

"I *do* try to be good," replied Dave.

"You must not get angry and fight with other boys, neither must you tell falsehoods, swear, steal nor do anything else that is morally wrong," continued his mother.

"I try not to, mother, but sometimes bad boys provoke me, and then I get naughty; however, I will never do so again."

"That is the way to do, my son," continued his mother; "read the Bible and do as it says, and you will go to heaven when you die."

"Mother, will I see my papa there?"

"Yes," replied the mother, choking down a sob.

"I never saw my papa, and oh! I think it would be so nice to have a papa, to take one by the hand and help him along. Had my papa lived, he would not have let his little boy go out on cold wintry days, and nearly freeze himself carrying wood home. Did papa ever see me, mother?" asked little Dave.

"Yes, he died when you were four months old," replied his mother, the tears fast tracing each other down her once beautiful, but now wan and faded cheeks.

"Will I know him in heaven, mother?"

"People say that we shall know each other in heaven," sobbingly replied the mother, her tears falling thick and fast.

"And will my papa know *me*?"

"Yes, my son, he will know you."

"And will he love me?"

"He will, we will love everybody there."

"Mother, why don't everybody love God, obey him, and try to go to heaven?" continued little Dave.

"I cannot tell, my child, unless it is because they are ignorant of the blessing of our Heavenly Father's love. Then Satan, we are told, is going about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. He puts bad thoughts in people's hearts, and makes them wicked," meekly replied his mother.

"Mother, he shan't get me; I am going to pray more, and try to be a good boy, for I want to go to heaven, and I don't care how soon, either!" replied little Dave.

That night he knelt by the side of his mother and repeated the Lord's Prayer with a sincere and earnest spirit. When he arose, he kissed his mother, as was his wont, and retired to his little cot.

Helen Dawson, completely overcome by the conversation with her little son, gave way to her overwrought feelings, and wept bitterly long after he became buried in slumber. She had not always been accustomed to a life of toil and poverty, but her little son had. Her earlier life had been one of luxury and ease, but Cupid, ever ready for mischief, linked her heart and fortunes with a poor, yet worthy mechanic. It was the same old story, often told. Her wealthy father, objecting to the match, she, under the influence of her

great and all-absorbing attachment for the idol of her affections, consented to an elopement, and for which her father, her only parent, utterly discarded her.

For two years all went well. Then little Dave came to bless them, but alas! in four short months thereafter, the husband and father sickened and died. From that time onward, hers had become

a life of toil and privation. She was now but living for her child, and as years rolled on and he grew to boyhood, her desire to make him an honest, upright, and pious young man ever increased. During all these years she had not heard from her father, and though at times in an almost starving condition, her proud spirit prevented her making known to him her destitute circumstances.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF DAI-NIPPON.<sup>1</sup>

BY FLORA BEST HARRIS.

SETTING free the bird of fancy, and bidding her flit across that wide waste of waters, "the Sea of Great Peace," she catches a glimpse of "Summer Isles of Eden," lying in dark, purple spheres of sea, seemingly those of which Tennyson sings in "Locksley Hall." Although it is only for a part of the year that Japan thus impresses one, yet the soft beauty of its summer landscapes forms a dream-picture in the mind more distinct than any other. The island empire is fairest of all lands, is the verdict of intelligent travellers who have scanned the wonders of every clime the world over, and their judgment must have been formed when the beautiful shores slept under sunny skies, toward which snowy Fujiyama lifted her radiant brow.

Just as Japan gives the impression that it should be a perpetual summer-land, so its olive-cheeked, dark-eyed daughters seem out of place when chill winds blow, and snowflakes fall. They should dwell only amid the rich glow of warmer, Oriental climes.

An aura of more ardent lands pervades their character as well as their outward guise. Amiable, polite, with a soft indolence of attitude and manner, one comes to expect fewer of the stern virtues that thrive in frosty Northern air. To understand the character of woman in Japan, however, we must go back to her childhood, and trace the influences, parental, social and religious, which then surrounded her and made her what she is to-day. I know of no more attractive object than the "little girl," as she appears, among our slant-eyed neighbors, when at her best. The soft

rose-flush on her cheek, the pearl-like teeth, the fresh red lip, the sparkling eyes, and the loops of dark hair nestling in their bright bandeau of crêpe and brave with dainty ornaments, the slender waist with its gay girdle, and the tiny hands and feet, all remind one of some elf-maiden, and he almost looks for the enchanter's wand to wave and spirit her away. This diminutive woman is far more prized in her home than her little sisters in India or China, and she is often as fondly petted as though she belonged to the superior sex, whose right to reign is established so well throughout the Orient. Her doll, which is only a Japanese baby in miniature, is as dear to her heart, and she delights in the mimicry of housekeeping full as much as the Western maiden. Her childhood, while it lasts, seems more really such than that in our own land; for it has more of Nature and less of Art in it than our elaborate modern civilization forces upon the young. Little girls, whose parents are in comfortable circumstances, and even those born in poverty, have a merry time upon the whole. Games of all varieties are at their service. A favorite one which I have observed, is called Femari, a sort of ball-play at which you will see the dainty daughter of the rich merchant, or the Coolie's neglected child engaged with equal zest. Battledoor and shuttlecock is another favorite, though it is not confined exclusively to girls. The third day of the third month brings every year a grand "matsuri," or fête-day for girls, large and small. New dresses and dainty food are prepared, and the home is bright and springlike with the blossoms of peach and cherry. Beautiful dolls, and toy-sets of furniture are brought out to grace the holiday, and the little ladies go through all

<sup>1</sup> Dai-Nippon means Great-Japan, and is a name used by the natives.



the ceremonies sacred to young housekeepers, serving the meals on fairy table-services suited to the size of the hostesses. The hundreds of holidays, and the many games and sports are, indeed, no mean factors in rendering the life of a well-bred Japanese girl fresh and inartificial; but we must note some other influences affecting more nearly her intellectual life.

Her education was confined, up to a recent date, chiefly to reading and writing—Hiragana—the common Japanese alphabet, to needle-work, cooking and music. Among the higher ranks of society, the composition of poetry and some little study of Chinese have been considered a part of feminine accomplishments. The woman's style of correspondence is so different from that employed by men, that it requires special study and practice, both as to modes of expression and the characters used. It is in the staple reading of the mass of Japanese girls, that one sees much that is inimical to sound mental development. To ancient tales rehashed, there is not so much objection; but there is a flood of trashy novels and love-tales, Oriental "dime novels," eagerly devoured by the average Japanese maiden, giving her mind but feeble nutriment, if such it may be called, and often infusing a poison that offsets the slight culture thus gained. A fair young girl from whom one would naturally expect refinement and intelligence, once gave me some hints regarding a novel she had lately read, and they were enough to make a pure-minded woman tremble for the honor of her sex, reeking as the record seemed to be with accounts of social crime, fit only for the *Police Gazette* furnished by our own lofty civilization. In needle-work, plain and ornamental, the young girl finds an occupation more healthful for her mind, and more profitable to those around her. Dressmaking, though much simpler than our own, and not regulated by *les modes Parisiennes*, still demands a certain amount of skill, for though the sewing is not elaborate, fashions change in some slight and subtle way, which an "outside barbarian," especially of the sterner sex, fails to note, and dresses of ceremony are quite artistic. Fashion has much to say as regards the colors to be worn, and the "country cousin" belonging to the better classes, if suddenly transferred to the "Capital," finds her highly prized costumes the subject of ridicule among her feminine friends. On the whole, human nature being much the same

everywhere, vanity finds as much to thrive upon as in Western lands.

Cookery, though understood to a certain extent, I am inclined to believe, furnishes but few first-class artists among ladies, old or young. They can attain to the ordinary skill demanded for daily food, but fall below the elaborate requirements of great occasions, so that men are very frequently employed by the better classes. In music a three-stringed guitar, known as the *Samisen*, is taught very widely; but among the more refined Japanese, there seems to be a lingering prejudice against it, owing to the fact that it is universally used by lost women to render their haunts more attractive. The *koto* or harp is a great favorite with those in comfortable circumstances, and the songs that accompany it seem to be of a more elevated character than those too frequently used with the *Samisen*, for, strange as it may appear to Western parents, an innocent child is often permitted to sing words such as would be heard only among the ranks of the ribald and profane, in Christian lands.

Dancing, though very common, may be termed rather a profession than a part of the Japanese girl's education, as the "geyshas," or dancing-girls, form a distinct class, and are trained to the accomplishment from early childhood. One may recognize the dancer and singer by their exceptionally gay costumes, and the freer use of cosmetics and ornaments. They usually take a special name embodying some pretty conceit, on entering their public career, such as "*Chrysanthemum*," "*Village of Flowers*," "*Little Fortune*," etc. It is a sad testimony to give; but I believe virtue to be a rare trait among them. The ruler of a certain province once felt compelled, by a sense of duty, to banish the geishas, for their influence was found to be as demoralizing as their beauty was bewitching.

Daughters in country homes learn spinning and various useful domestic arts. In certain districts, also, girls who must earn their bread, find employment in silk-worm culture, silk-reeling, and weaving, or by the branches of industry which the tea crops furnish. All these growing opportunities for toil provide ways of escape from the damaging public career of the dancing girl, and the still darker life of the Yoshiwara bond-maiden. One does not like to touch upon this last-named phase of Japanese society; but the vile



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traffic of the Yoshiwara is, in reality, a prominent profession, and must be noticed as such. Vice in Japan wears a uniform that all may know. In gorgeous robes, fretted with embroidery, with her handsome girdle looped in front, to distinguish her from the modest maiden, her head crowned with an ornamental circlet of tortoise-shell hair-pins, the fallen woman, trained to this life from childhood, sits at even-tide behind wooden bars, which do not conceal her from view, and yet seem like the prison walls of her destiny. What Japanese art can do to render the calling attractive, is done. Song, play, and story have woven garlands of romance about the courtesan's home, and have thus helped to gild sin with respectability; yet the flower-garlands are rank, and smell of the grave. Social guilt, though rendered lawful, is not, on this account, confined to the quarters

allotted to it; but the foul growth springs up, in secret haunts, throughout the cities of Japan, and unnamable crimes walk, hand-in-hand, with disease and death. From songs penned in heart-anguish by women of the Yoshiwara, from the suicide's grave made by pitiless taskmasters, from wife and daughter dishonored through obedient love, one common voice arises: "The beauty is ashes; the romance is rottenness." To a student of ancient Japanese history, it is evident that it is not native lack of moral courage that has kept woman spiritually trammelled in deathly bondage. She has, as a rule, been fettered through her perverted moral sense, and thus consents to soul degradation.

In proof of her spiritual courage, go back to the seventeenth century, when Romish priestcraft, always arrogant, fell into disrepute and lost an empire to the Church. The waves of fire and

blood that rolled over a million unhappy converts could not quench, in their flood, the faith of Japanese womanhood.

Brave and strong womanly believers went to martyr deaths, and they needed not canonization at the hands of Rome; for in the heart of universal Christian womanhood, these souls clinging to a Saviour, though seen but dimly through mists of error, must ever be enshrined as saints.

Girls are models of good breeding, according to the Japanese ideal, and their charmingly courteous manners are captivating, even to prejudiced Western eyes; especially as they extend them towards their parents, and do not wear them as a mere polish outside the home circle. One may observe more positive rudeness manifested toward father and mother in a year of the Occident, than in a cycle of the Orient. Maidenly disobedience, which thrives so vigorously in many American homes, is one of the rarities. In a well-written book, in the native tongue, designed for the instruction of girls, I found the *must* and *ought* to be its prevailing tenor, correlated by equally strong *must not*s. In other words, the sweet doctrine of womanly submission was carried to weary monotony, and patience failed before the perusal ended.

Let the daughter sink her own individuality in that of her parents before marriage, and let her abase herself before her parents-in-law, and bow to the will of her "august lord" after marriage. It is in great measure because the Confucian doctrines of filial obedience have been perverted, that woman's honor may be so readily bought and sold.

The wife who sells herself to infamy, in order to pay a husband's debts, the daughter who, from filial piety, voluntarily enters upon a life of shame, both receive applause rather than condemnation from the community in which they live. According to law, parents can no longer *force* their daughters to dishonorable lives; but the power of old ideas is stronger than the logic of any law, and women are sold as effectually as in former days.

Many a Japanese who believes in the new order of things, is still ready to "lift the corner of his eye," in native parlance, at the dire thought that the opposite sex may attain, in the island-empire, that freedom and influence which are its heritage in the West.

I have heard a scion of young Japan discourse so fluently on this subject, that it was easy to perceive how deeply rooted is the Oriental horror of "the hen that crows in the morning."

This chronic horror gives a candid and disinterested person great pleasure in recording that, though the henpecked husband is a *rara avis*, yet the species does exist, even in obedient Dai-Nippon.

We have glanced at the fresh morning-time of childhood; what of that supreme hour for which alone the Japanese maiden is popularly supposed to be created, the hour when she must doff her under-robe of scarlet *crêpe*, badge of virginity, and enter a husband's home, his property as well as his wife? Surrounded by parental affection, happy in her youthful sports, and well educated, according to the standard of the country, the young girl at thirteen finds herself no longer able to consider herself a child, but has womanhood thrust upon her. She lays aside the dainty hair-pins on which flowers blossomed, or fairy ornaments tinkled, and places the plainer metal substitutes in her dark hair, while her robes soon wear an aspect suitable for the grown-up young lady. Spite of the growing sentiment in progressive Japan against old ideas as to the proper age for wedlock, marriage still frequently takes place in the early teens, and my heart saddens when I think of my "little queen-rose in the rose-bud garden of girls" now wedded, and scarcely fifteen. The young girl has borne during maidenhood, only some pretty fanciful name, bestowed by her parents, and is called by no other until invested by her husband's, when the draught of nuptial wine has made her his possession, body and soul. Betrothed in early childhood, taken from its mimic play before maturity, and suddenly arrayed in bridal robe and veil of silken white, the maiden's preparation for the serious drama that awaits her seems but slight. She believes in the power of charms and amulets to protect, and in the might of false deities to help her; but amid the cares of maternity and sorrows of life she finds these inadequate to her needs; and aside from her duties as a mother, she either becomes a mere frivolous gossip, or bears a saddened heart whose record lies in her face. Well is it for her, if she meet only the common griefs that come to all; if love do not take flight when she has doffed the scarlet under-robe, special garb of maidenhood, and with it the

bright-hued girdle, and gayer attire which belongs to the young girl. Well it is for her, when she has clothed herself in the sombre tints of the matron, and made her face a caricature of its former comeliness, by shaven eye-brows and blackened teeth, if some attractive Hagar do not come into the home and arouse rankling jealousies there. So long as the Imperial ruler and officers high in rank set the example, so long will the system of concubinage be held in repute, and so long will many a wifely heart suffer the pangs that neglect awakens. If a wife goes astray, the direst vengeance seems too light to satisfy the husband's heart; but if *he* prove a traitor to *her*, what redress? The "might and the right" are in his hands, and the wronged wife either endures patiently, as best she may, or sadder than aught else, drifts into evil courses herself. The image of a straying and deserted wife, fair of face, strong of intellect, and capable of noble things, rises before me, as I write; and who shall account for gifts ill-used, and beauty desecrated, she or the faithless debauchee to whom she was linked? Sometimes deserted women resort to suicide; sometimes they call witchcraft to their aid, in futile seeking for revenge.

As the traveller wanders into the grounds surrounding some Shintoo shrine so often built on grove-shadowed heights, he may note among the trees some which seem to have been objects of school-boy mischief. Not so, however; the rain-rusted nails which deface them are mute witnesses of the "black art" as practiced by forsaken wife or sweetheart in Japan. Robed in white, a tripod on her head, and with her loose, dark hair, heavy with the damp of early morning, the stricken woman brings a straw figure of the traitor, and nails it to a sacred tree, calling on the gods for just judgment on him who has wronged her. Wherever a nail pierces the straw image, superstition tells her the deserter will suffer in his mortal frame. If less dramatic in her grief, she contents herself with merely driving nails into the effigy, and burying it beneath the spot where the beloved but faithless one is accustomed to sleep.

In loyalty to her husband and in devotion to her children, according to her knowledge, the well-bred Japanese woman is deserving of all honor. The maternal instinct, so fervent throughout the East, is also strongly manifested here; as the wife unblest with children is liable to divorce, motherhood becomes doubly desirable. Strange is it

that Superstition must lay its paralyzing touch upon the most sacred destiny allotted to woman!

Let us walk through the suburbs of some Japanese city, where the bamboo waves its graceful leaf tresses, or dusky green cedars lift their heads to look down upon fertile rice fields, in low-lying valleys. Do you notice yonder brooklet flowing through long grasses, and laughing over stones, in the same merry brook fashion common to our own woodland nooks? Beside it is a piece of cotton cloth, supported by bamboo stakes, behind which you see an upright board inscribed with mysterious characters. What is its mystic meaning?

Were you a native, you would know that it betokens death. A dipper is provided, and the passer-by pauses to offer a prayer, and pour a stream of crystal water upon the waiting cloth. This ceremony is called the "flowing invocation." Oh, Christian mothers, honored by all loyal, manly hearts, let its simple pathos stir your souls to pity! If the Japanese mother die in giving life to an immortal being, what recompense does Buddhistic superstition award to her? You would say that Heaven's sweetest joys should fill her cup with compensation for Earth's anguish; but Buddhism declares that she must sink away from bliss in the future world into a Lake of Blood, and there endure the penalties of some unknown crime. Pity for the unhappy one, joined to priestly craft, has planned this mode for her escape from penal tortures. When the long and frequent flowing of the water poured upon the cloth has broken its web, then, and not till then, will the tormented mother's soul rise above its agony and be free. Let us turn away from the saddening picture. That a true wife's devotion to her husband is held in high admiration, is proved by ancient tale and legend, kept in long remembrance. I will give but one instance:

Two thousand years ago, so runs the record, during war with Corea, a warrior left home and wife to do valiant service for his country. Sayohime, his wife, the loving-hearted, ascended a height to watch the out-going sails that bore her lover from sight, and to pray that he might return unharmed, a "conquering hero," from the fray. So deep was the ardor of her feelings, so earnest was her look, that her form became petrified, and a stone image alone was left to mark a wife's affection. Her name is a synonym for loyal,



wifely love, and will so remain while the legendary lore of Japan is prized by her people.

To glance briefly at woman's past record, in the annals of history and tradition, we find her, through all time, occupying a position of more freedom and influence than is usually accorded to the daughters of Asia. She has wielded Imperial power, and foremost amid shining names is that of Jingu Kogo, who reigned in the third century, a Japanese Zenobia.

On the death of the Emperor, her husband, she completed the task of subduing rebellious subjects which he had undertaken, and unwilling to relinquish the victor's glory, she hastened across the seas to attack the hostile inhabitants of Southern Corea, and made them tributary to her nation, by the "girded sword of great Japan." She is enthroned in the "Shintoo-Pantheon," and her son is the popular war-god, to whom the common people, Shintooist and Buddhist alike, seem eager to pay honor, thus shedding reflex lustre on her name. In the Japanese homes I have found one name that women universally hold in kindly remembrance; it is that of Ono-no-Ksmatsu, a "sweet singer" of the olden times. Even down to old age, through sorrows and trials manifold, her soul seemed to keep its ardor, and her songs have become a part of the fireside literature which is dear to the hearts of this people. Her name comes to me fraught with memories of pleasant gossip by the glowing fireside, where a fair-faced daughter of Japan, explained in winsome wise, her treasure books of feminine lore. It was woman's genius that made the Japanese a classic tongue. The service which a Dante rendered his mother-tongue, is far more than paralleled by that which woman in mediæval times rendered the literature of her land. The Chinese language, introduced through the medium of religion and literature, became a "ruling passion" with the scholar and the gentleman; and the rich and musical Japanese was left as the heritage of woman. So wide-spread was the influence of the Chinese, that when, in the tenth century, a certain writer produced a work in classic Japanese, it was called a "Woman's Diary." From facile feminine pens sprang some of the finest creations in prose and verse of which Japanese literature can boast. The ancient Shintoo Bible was preserved in a woman's memory, and thus handed down to generations of the future.

On the shores of beautiful Lake Biwa, classic

ground which poets and scholars love, a lady of rank began a work which still keeps its laurels green. It is the *Genji-mono-gatari*, which one versed in the literature styles "the parent of the Japanese novel and the acknowledged standard of the language of the period." We cannot recount further the illustrious deeds of ancient heroines, but pause to ask, what future career for the daughters of "Dai-Nippon?" The advanced thinkers of the nation are aroused for the better education of the sex, and a growing hunger for knowledge manifests itself among the girls, as well as among their studious brothers. Though the mass is yet inert, a new leaven is at work, and its movements must in time make themselves felt throughout the Empire, till woman shall take her proper place as companion and helper of man.

The new system of government schools, and, above all, the Christian schools taught by earnest women-missionaries are doing a great work for the girls of Japan. Christian literature, too, has begun its task of permeating their minds with a taste for something higher than the flimsy fictions that so often enthrall their young thoughts. The Empress has proved herself a worthy exponent of the new life that is to emancipate her countrywomen, trampling under foot semi-barbarous customs, and bestowing both money and personal effort to help on the good cause of female education. At the opening of a Normal School for girls in Tokio, her Majesty spoke as follows: "Upon hearing, last year, that this school was about to be established, in order to foster the growth of education for girls, I was unable to contain my joy. Its construction has now been completed, and the ceremony of its opening performed. My earnest desire is that this school may henceforth be prosperous, and that I may eventually see the beautiful fruit of female education appear in profusion through the whole land."

In the future of woman, we can but hope for great things, and yet it is in the spiritual more than in the intellectual forces at work, that we put our faith. How dare we trust that a pure ideal of Japanese womanhood can be created beneath the hovering mists of old Superstition, which still veil the sunlight in the "land of sunrise?" Shintooism, spite of its Pantheon, illustrious with fair feminine divinities, has proved too vague a faith to elevate the social life of woman. Confucian ethics, bestowing on the



stronger sex the strength of its maxims, have been perverted to her deep degradation, and Buddhistic Philosophy, with all its humanitarianism and moral teachings, sits in the dust, robed in gorgeous ceremonies, powerless to uplift a higher standard of womanly purity. But from amid the ooze and

slime which human error has heaped upon faiths not wholly devoid of truth, fairer than the sacred Lotus, pagan flower-symbol of purity, shall spring the "Rose of Sharon," matchless in its immortal loveliness, and shall fill with fragrance the souls of the redeemed daughters of Dai-Nippon.

## THE LOVES OF THE KINGS.

By MRS. B. F. BAER.

### PEDRO OF CASTILE AND LEON.

SPAIN, with her soft Southern skies, noble rivers, lofty mountains, and shady vales, holds a romantic interest for the traveller second to no country on the globe perhaps; and no portion of it claims such attention as Castile, with her lovely women, famed throughout the world for their extraordinary beauty.

Partly kissed by the blue waves of the Atlantic on the west, fanned by the fragrance-laden breezes of the Mediterranean from the south and east, hemmed about by the towering Pyrenees, and lashed by the turbulent waters of the Bay of Biscay on the north, Spain, with her sister State, Portugal, occupied the most isolated position of any of the powers of Continental Europe during the Middle Ages; and yet none were more harassed by internal dissensions, or scourged by fiercer enemies than the Moors proved to this unhappy country.

In no period of its existence, perhaps, was Spain in a more rebellious state than when the Infante Don Pedro, son of Alfonso of Castile and Maria of Portugal, was called to the throne of his fathers. This youth, then only sixteen years of age, was at once declared free of his minority, that the kingdom, already ripe for a revolution, might not be subjected to the additional evils of an interregnum; and young as he was, Pedro at once assumed the kingly prerogatives.

Scarcely had the crown shaded his brows, when a well-nigh fatal illness seized upon him, and for some time his life was despaired of; but "unfortunately for Spain," remarks a historian, "he did recover," to scatter terror and dismay among the factions that had sprung up in the court during his sickness, each party equally anxious and eager to secure the succession to its particular favorite in case of their young sovereign's demise.

It is but just to the subject of our sketch to state, that he came to the throne under peculiar circumstances. Maria, the Queen-mother, was still smarting under the most cruel blow that womanhood can sustain. Her marital rights had been most shamefully neglected by Alfonso, if not altogether set aside, and her place usurped by another, whose illustrious birth, dazzling beauty, and powerful family had not endowed her with sufficient delicacy to prevent her from listening to words of love from one already married, even though the lips that whispered them were those of her sovereign. In vain had the Queen and her brothers besought Alfonso to give up Leonora de Guzman. Priests had urged, and the holy Pontiff had commanded the King to dissolve this unsanctified union; but to the day of his death, Alfonso remained true to this affection, leaving all the bitterness and hatred engendered thereby, as a heritage of woe to his posterity.

The Guzmans were a powerful family, whose influence was not to be despised; but remembering only the wrong she had sustained from their kinswoman, Maria was quick to urge a swift revenge at her son's hands. It is not unfair to presume that Pedro illy brooked companionship with his natural brothers, and this pique was constantly goaded by his mother, until the very name of Guzman is said to have become hateful to him. The fair intrigant dreading the resentment that she had invoked on her own head, retired precipitately to the city of Medina-Sidonia, which constituted a part of her appanage, and there awaited further developments.

With this legacy of hatred, Alfonso left another in his ministers, which was scarcely less deplorable. Few monarchs have been more unfortunate in the selection of their advisers than the Castilian King, when his choice fell on Lara and Albuquerque,

both unscrupulous men, who still retained their power on the accession of the youthful Pedro, using their influence to the consummation of personal ends, and writing their names in letters of blood in the annals of this reign. To them is ascribed the fiendish plot to gain possession of Leonora de Guzman, who, safely entrenched in her castle, anxiously awaited the King's policy toward herself and family. Pedro, urged by his counselors and his mother, sent messengers to Medina, pledging his honor as a knight, with that of his ministers, that if she would appear at Court to pay the homage due him as her seignior, she should be as secure from harm as if she were within her castle walls. Such a promise in the middle of the fourteenth century, would have been considered sacred by most knights, redeemable with their lives if necessity so required; and trusting to the honor so pledged, the ill-fated woman ventured from her retreat, and repaired to Seville. Scarcely had she appeared at Court, however, when she was rudely seized and thrown into prison, from which she never came forth, dying of poison, administered by the Queen-mother's command shortly after her incarceration.

Having thus disposed of his father's favorite to his satisfaction, and patched up a treacherous peace with his brothers—her sons—Pedro turned his attention to matrimony to please his subjects, who vainly hoped to break up an amour which he had already begun with Maria de Padilla, and thereby check the increasing power of her influential family. The plague—the scourge of mediæval Europe—having deprived the young King of his intended bride, the Princess Jane, daughter of Edward III. of England, while on her way to Castile, he next sought, or rather was directed to Blanche de Bourbon, one of the most winning and accomplished women of the age. The preliminary arrangements were at once set on foot, and the French Princess was sent over to Spain to consummate the nuptials; but so infatuated was the King with the Castilian beauty, Maria de Padilla, that Blanche actually landed and proceeded as far as Valladolid before Pedro would consent to join her. This he did at the earnest solicitations of Albuquerque, who, not altogether blind to the consequences likely to grow out of a public affront to the Queen-elect, closed his protest with these clinching arguments, viz., "That the princes of the house of Aragon had an eye on the succe-

sion, and that the Moors would certainly invade the kingdom in case of his demise without issue; finally, that the state, his personal honor, and the cause of religion engaged him to hasten to the Lady Blanche, whom his subjects already considered his Queen."

This logic was not wasted upon the King, who at length tore himself away from the alluring charms of his captor, and set out for Valladolid, where his friends lost no time in hurrying on the marriage, which was celebrated with the greatest pomp and splendor. "In the procession to the church," says Dillon, "Pedro, robed in cloth of gold, faced with ermine, was mounted on a milk-white steed, having Albuquerque for his sponsor. The Queen, in a similar robe, rode on a beautiful white palfrey, richly caparisoned, followed by Eleanor, Queen-dowager of Aragon, on an elegant mule. The Queen's palfrey was led by the Count of Trastamara and Don Lello de Castilla, attended by Don John de la Cerda, and Nunez de Prado, Master of Calatrava, with many gallant knights in their train." This procession was one grand scene of splendor, and joyous gayety marked every countenance, save that of the King, who rode gloomy and silent by the side of his bride, taking no pains to conceal his discontent, although she was as beautiful, amiable, and accomplished as the most perfect connoisseur could have desired.

Alarmed at his coolness toward the Queen, and hearing a vague rumor that her son intended deserting the temporary court, Maria, in company with Eleanor of Aragon, went to him at dinner on the third day after the marriage, and with tears flowing down their cheeks, besought the King to pause before committing such a dishonorable act and causing his subjects to blush for their sovereign's disgrace. Pedro laughed at their fears, assured them that nothing was further from his thoughts than such a cowardly step, dismissed them with their suspicions lulled to sleep, and soon after mounted his horse, and, attended by a few gentlemen, set out for Montelban, where his Castilian favorite awaited him.

Shocked and indignant as they were at such an insult to their royal mistress, the French nobles of her train were at a loss how to deport themselves through such an ordeal; but they finally agreed to remain at Valladolid until despatches could be had from the King, Albuquerque and

his other friends framing all manner of excuses for the abrupt departure. In the meanwhile, the minister sent messengers to Toledo with all possible haste, praying the young monarch to return to his bride, and laying before him the troubles that would ensue from a contrary course.

These messengers were received with marked indifference by Pedro, who rudely ordered Albuquerque to join him at Toledo; but finding that the minister was cunning enough to see that the beginning of the end of his rule was at hand, withdrew into Portugal; the King, foreseeing trouble in the near future, did return to Valladolid, where he seems to have rendered no explanation for his strange conduct; indeed, it is doubtful if either his own subjects or the French knights dared to seek any.

The nuptial festivities were resumed, and for two days Pedro's friends fondly imagined that the disastrous breach was healed, and a quarrel with France postponed for a more auspicious day. What then must have been their chagrin, when towards the close of the second day, the King avowed his intention of retiring from Valladolid, without Blanche, his Queen! His mother besought him to remain, Eleanor of Aragon exhorted, and friends counselled, while the French knights stood aloof, haughtily indignant at this flagrant affront to their Princess, and booted and spurred, ready to leave a Court where they had been treated with such indifferent hospitality. But the parent's tears, the Queen-dowager's exhortation, friends' reason, and the Frenchmen's anger were alike powerless to save the infatuated monarch from his own destruction. Back to Toledo he went, and, in the bewitching presence of Maria de Padilla, forgot, or seemed to forget, that such a woman as Blanche de Bourbon ever existed. From the hour when he rode out from the gates of Valladolid, to the end of her short and ill-starred existence, he never saw the face of his unhappy wife again.

Hurt beyond measure by this cruel treatment, a stranger in a strange land—for her knights had returned to France disgusted and angry—the young Queen retired to Otordefillas, where she remained in strict retirement until Pedro, jealous perhaps of the universal sympathy extended to her, or, what is more probable still, angered by his subjects' importunity that she should be invested with her royal rights, brutally tore her

from this retreat, forbade all intercourse with his mother, and climaxed the insult by ordering her to Arevalo, where the officers of her household were dismissed for the King's minions, and Don Garcia de Padilla, brother to Maria, appointed lord of her bedchamber.

This was the final blow to Albuquerque's power, which had been on the wane from the date of Pedro's marriage, the minister's intercession in behalf of the French Princess having created a distrust in the King's bosom, that the Padilla faction eagerly turned to account. To this estrangement may be traced many if not the most of the misfortunes that marked the young monarch's after career.

Albuquerque, hating the master whom he could no longer govern, left Portugal, and retiring to Aragon, lent the influence of his powerful intellect to the rebellious Guzmans, who were constantly concocting new hostilities against the brother whom they detested—a not unnatural aversion, either, when we consider that their mother had suffered death at his hands for an intrigue in no degree more flagrant or shameless than the one in which the King had been a principal actor ever since his elevation to the throne.

In the meantime, the Queen of Castile was treated with such severity that many nobles rose in her defence, and with the sword demanded that she should be set at liberty and restored to her rights. The King promised to do as they wished, persuaded them to lay down their arms, and kept his word by murdering the ringleaders, and refusing to see the Queen. As a last resort, her unhappy condition was laid before the Pope, and a papal legate was sent to Seville to expostulate with Pedro in behalf of Blanche. Like a true courtier, he received the ambassador most suavely, listened to him most patiently, promised a compliance that he never intended to yield, and proved it by falling violently in love with Lady Juana de Castro. This young widow, whose scruples seem to have been above the average female of her age, rejected the King's advances with some indignation, scornfully referring to his deserted wife as an unsurmountable obstacle to their union. With all the impetuosity of his fiery disposition, the Castilian monarch sought out two priests, who really declared his marriage with the French lady null and void, and lent themselves and their holy office to the unholy purpose of

proving this to Lady Juana. She accepted their version, and the nuptials were celebrated with great *éclat*, the bride being immediately proclaimed Queen of Castile; but her triumph was short-lived, for the royal husband deserted her on the second day, and returned to his court, where the Padilla, whose influence seems to have weakened for the moment, once more resumed a sway which was never afterward disputed.

The deserted Lady Juana retired to Dueornas, assuming the title of Queen, much to the King's displeasure, which he manifested by reverting to the crown two cities which he had previously bestowed on her. The issue of this unfortunate marriage, Don John, was held a prisoner in the Castle of Soria under the charge of the *alcalde*, Don Bertran de Eril, whose daughter he married in fond hope of obtaining his liberty; a hope that was rudely crushed by his being detained more closely in irons; and he finally closed his miserable existence by death from a broken heart.

Pedro's second marriage, if it did not increase the natural ferocity of his temper, certainly did not lessen it. He returned to Seville full of anger against his natural brothers, two of whom were in open rebellion; and casting about him for an object on whom to vent his spleen, he selected Don Frederick, Master of St. James, as his victim. Inviting this nobleman to the court to receive his royal orders, the King so arranged that he should be struck down while in his presence. Don Frederick perceiving his danger escaped to the hall, where he made a gallant defence; but it was one too many, and he fell at length covered with wounds. Four centuries later, the blood stains of this unfortunate young nobleman could still be seen on the marble tiles of the palace hall, where his corpse lay in full view of the King while he dined. A ghastly appetizer, truly! From that day, Pedro's fury knew no bounds. Horror followed upon horror until he was known by the surname of "The Cruel." His subjects, trembling with fear of his tyranny, were distressed by rebellions on every side. Their beautiful hills and fertile valleys were ravaged by contending armies, their firesides desecrated and their homes laid in waste. Added to these trains of evils, as if to fill the already overflowing cup of disaster, the Pope issued the thunders of the Church against the King, whom he had endeavored to conciliate and govern at the same time. But the monarch, who

appears to have been singularly free from the religious superstitions of the age, defied alike the censures and their promulgator, absolutely refused to reinstate Blanche de Bourbon in her conjugal rights, and coolly dismissed the legate from his court.

And now death stepped in and claimed the only object which Pedro can be said to have loved with any constancy. Maria de Padilla, the one woman in the whole kingdom who could soften the ferocious disposition of this tyrant, died in the midst of the political revolutions that were harassing this distracted country, and his grief for her loss only rendered him more cruel and unjust. His favorite palace at Seville was no longer dear to him, for every grove and bath, every breath of air sweeping through its spacious halls and lofty rooms, reminded him of her whom he had loved so fondly in life. Stung by remorse for the amiable favorite who had yielded him so much, and to whom he had returned so little, he determined on a course of conduct as singular as it was inexplicable. To the astonishment of Europe, Pedro publicly declared that, in the first flush of his youthful passion for this entertaining lady, he had privately married her, producing witnesses to the ceremony as a proof of its legality, thus presenting to the world the curious spectacle of a Christian king who, at one time, possessed three living wives. If much marrying could make one happy, truly this monarch should have been in a blissful state!

This was a generous act on the King's part, and would have redeemed his character from many an opprobrium, if it had not been prefaced by a most heinous crime. Sending one of his servants to the keeper of the prison where Blanche de Bourbon was confined, with orders for her to be poisoned, the keeper refused to obey, and seeking the royal presence, requested to be relieved from further duty, as he could not commit such an offence against one so pure and good, even to satisfy the King, his master. Pedro fiercely dismissed him, delivered the Queen into the keeping of one of his mace-bearers, who administered the poison that ended her young life before a quarter of a century had planted its roses on her cheeks. Of all the sad domestic tragedies scattered over history's pages, it seems to us that none is more pathetic than that of Blanche de Bourbon. Her death accomplished, the monarch at once proceeded to legitimize the four children of Maria de

Padilla by announcing the private marriage before alluded to. Her remains, which had been buried in a convent of her founding, were removed to Seville, and reinterred with royal honors, and a splendid chapel built to commemorate her; while his much injured wife slept quietly enough in the Church of St. Francis, in a city of Andalusia, with nothing to record her virtues except the heart-rending story of her misfortunes, which will live long after marble monuments are in ruins.

The ferocity of Pedro appeared to grow with his years. Friend and foe alike shrank before his gaze. He gave his word of honor, to be broken whenever the humor suited him, and neither age or sex was a shield to turn aside his vengeance. The infamous murder of Don John, Infante of Aragon, was quickly followed by that of Eleanor, the Queen-dowager, who was likewise aunt to the Castilian King. These cruelties alienated his subjects, and Henry of Trastamara eagerly seized the opportunity to invade the kingdom, and formed an alliance with the French, who were anxious to avenge the death of Blanche de Bourbon, for that purpose. Pedro, who had hitherto resisted every attempt of the Guzman faction against the crown with a pertinacious bravery, appeared to break in courage before so formidable an array; and to the disgust of his Generals, hastened to Seville, collected his personal property, and retired from the country taking his children with him, hoping to meet a kind reception at the Portuguese court.

What then must have been his dismay when the Lady Beatrix, already betrothed to the Infante of Portugal, and whom he had sent on before him, with a detail of the personal effects that were to form her dower, was met on the road, returning to Castile, with the cool message that the engagement could not be consummated, in view of the late turn in the wheel of political affairs; and, moreover, that the only hospitality which the King of Portugal could extend to the King of Castile was a safe conduct through his dominions, a promise which was but poorly kept, as the knights deserted Pedro before the journey was accomplished.

In this pitiable state the dethroned king appealed to the magnanimous "Black Prince" of England for aid against the usurping Henry, and so strongly were the feudal laws riveted on the nations of Europe at that period, that we actually behold the most enlightened man of that age, as

well as patriotic, chivalrous soldier and brave knight, coming to the rescue of a King whose barbarity stands without a parallel on the pages of modern history, if we except the rapacious Ivan IV. of Russia, perhaps.

Trastamara was forced to retreat before these combined forces, and after a decisive battle, in which he lost the chivalry of his army, Pedro was once more seated on the throne of his fathers. But he had learned no lesson from his past career, for he resumed his seat only to recommence his system of bloodshed, and the generous "Black Prince" found, to his disgust, that he had allied himself with a ruthless barbarian. Sternly bidding Pedro to govern his kingdom with more humanity, the Prince of Wales returned to his own country, leaving the tyrant to the tender mercies of his enemies.

Henry no sooner heard of his departure than he began to gather together the remnants of his scattered forces, and once more struck for the crown of Castile. The King's subjects, who had remained faithful to him through all the vicissitudes of his varying fortune, saw with alarm that many of the nobles, who had been staunch heretofore, were ready to desert to the enemy, driven to the step by the remorseless conduct of their lawful sovereign. City after city fell before the conquering Henry, until Monteil itself, where Pedro had entrenched himself, was invested by the rebellious foe. The situation was critical. Famine threatened the besieged, sickness assailed them, and to cap the climax their water supply was cut off or gave out, which compelled the King to look to his personal safety. Hearing that a knight called de Guesclin was in Henry's army, he sent Rodriquez de Senabria, who had received some favor from the former, to tempt him with a bribe to allow Pedro a safe conduct through the lines environing Monteil. De Guesclin, who seems to have been a faithful subject, at once communicated the offer to his master, the Count of Trastamara. This nobleman, seeing a golden opportunity within his grasp, eagerly reached forth to clutch it. He persuaded his officer to sully his honor by betraying Pedro into his power, and the few qualms of conscience were silenced by the riches and honors to be gained by the treacherous deed. Pedro, in the last extremity, was decoyed to de Guesclin's tent, where, feeling that all was not right, he cried out: "Let's away," just as Henry, armed



to the teeth, appeared on the scene. The two brothers, not recognizing each other after years of absence, the Count exclaimed:

"Where is the Jew, who calls himself King of Castile?"

To this Pedro indignantly and courageously answered:

"Thou art a traitor; I am Pedro, King of Castile, lawful son of King Alfonso!" and at once the fearful and unnatural struggle for life began. The end is easily foreshadowed. What could a deserted man accomplish in the midst of foes, fighting against such odds, if he were thrice a King, and as dauntless as a lion? He fell, the betrayed victim of a misplaced confidence, just as he had urged many another to their doom, by promises of pardon and protection. Who shall say that it was not a just retribution?

To no one life in the annals of history, perhaps, did the tender passion bring more vicissitudes than to Pedro. His father's intrigue with Leonora de Guzman left the country in a political ferment, that was in no wise decreased by the son's falling into a similar one with Maria de Padilla. His subsequent marriage with the unhappy Blanche, and his ill-timed desertion of her, antagonized him with his subjects, leading them to revolt against his authority, to demand that the Queen be reinstated in her rights; and his promise, made only to be broken, that he would do so, added fuel to the flame; while her cruel death drove many a knight, faithful to him heretofore, over to the Count of Trastamara, and secured the hatred of the French as well. It procured for him also the animosity of the Church, for the dread sentence of excommunication was hurled against him, and

his kingdom laid under an interdict, which was not a small calamity in the Middle Ages.

Add to this the disaffection of the illustrious family of the de Castros, brought about by his infamous deception of the Lady Juana, and it will easily be seen that Pedro's loves had no small share in shaping his career. But it was not the grand passion for a good woman which always elevates the soul from which it springs; and while the fair Castilian favorite is represented to us as most amiable, her influence was pernicious, because her position was an usurpation, her reputation blasted, and her life open to the criticisms of the multitude. If she urged mercy for the condemned, her fatal beauty and fascinating manners sealed the Queen's death-warrant, and drew the King back to her side from Cuellar and the Lady Juana de Castro; and it is to be regretted that one who combined so much of the milk of human kindness with rare beauty had not possessed the more sterling qualities of mind as well as person, that would have led her to scorn such a dubious position as she held at the Castilian Court.

Pedro fell by his brother's hand in the very bloom of life, in his thirty-sixth year of age, and the nineteenth of his turbulent reign, leaving his kingdom in the hands of a Guzman, to exterminate the whole family of whom had been the one aim of his life. Historians have sought to modify, and biographers have toned down his cruelties, and excused his ferocity to the nobles by extolling his kindnesses to the lowly; but time has done little to mitigate the bloody annals of this reign, and Pedro comes down to us as one of the most hideous abortions of the ignorance and superstition of the fourteenth century.

## TEAR-STAIN.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

BABY FACE upon the pillow;  
Clear, pure pearl in golden setting,  
With those long, sad lashes wetting  
Either cheek's rose-dimpled billow.  
Art thou dreaming of thy sorrow,  
Little grievous, speechless wee one?  
Do those dark-winged woes still flee on  
In thy fancy's fair to-morrow?

Nay! the tiny lips are smiling!  
See those dream-birds' pinions flutter,—  
Not in soaring swift and utter,  
But in soft, expectant whiling  
With sleep's breeze of balmy dashes!  
Childish dreamer!—baby wise one!  
'Tis but sorrow's tear-stain lies on  
Many a grief beneath the lashes!

## THE THREE NAOMIES, AND THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

BY MRS. C. DURANG.

## CHAPTER XVI. A CONVENT IN SPAIN.

AFTER many months of painful suspense, Geraldine received the following letter from Mrs. Melbourne, dated

"CONVENT, *Cádiz*.

DEAR AUNT: Knowing your anxiety to hear from me, I trust this epistle to a secret emissary to forward to you.

The accomplishment of my object here is surrounded with difficulties. I could not get admission as a pensioner to any of those splendid monuments of Moorish architecture, the convents. Their gardens are indeed earthly paradises. Such combinations of nature and art have sometimes appeared to me in my dreams, but never before in reality; here graceful birds of the liveliest hues flutter, drink, and bathe in crystal vases, upheld by marble supporters of every form, yet the Cross is the foundation of all; it is introduced in some form in all its ornamentations. Thus magnificent vases, sculptured in white marble supporting a cross, round which the serpent of eternity entwines itself, on a rich acanthus-capped pillar, sheltering a pair of doves with sweet blooming flowers at their feet. Flowers and fruits perfume the air, that is cooled and refreshed by the fountains of waters; when at sunset the vesper hymn is heard from the chapel as it steals through the orange grove in accents made more melodious by the enchantment of the scene. It raises the thoughts to heaven, or at least conveys the mind back to that earthly paradise where our first parents tasted of that bliss unknown to their less fortunate children.

I could willingly forsake the outer world, had I no ties of duty to bind me to it, or no task to perform.

I was obliged to enter this convent as a novice, so I am under probation. Six months' experience will communicate to me all the information I wish to obtain.

I have abandoned the name of Naomie Huertas for that of Sister Agnes. The duties I have to perform are not displeasing to me, save now and then a feeling of compunction seizes me. Conscience will not be quiet, and I ask myself, am I

not an impostor? The knowledge that I have taken up my abode here for a secret cause, without being devoted to their opinions, torments me, and keeps me in fear. If all were divulged, I would be condemned as a heretic. Well, well! my cause and mercy will protect me.

I should rejoice much to see my beloved country, and live to see her embellished with such architectural beauties as this country boasts of.

Here, it has been the work of ages, and the wealth of mines have been expended on it. The Moors have left mementoes of their taste in their mosques, palaces, and their Alhambra, so that they can never be forgotten. Here they stand in monumental glory, evidences of their skill in the arts.

My thoughts often recur to the resources of my own dear land, whose magnificent natural objects of trees, beasts, birds, and reptiles present themselves to aid the mind of Genius, and the hand of Art.

The cap of the Corinthian order was but a thought of chance. When the affectionate nurse, in decorating the grave of the Greek maiden, placed her basket of flowers, with her bridal veil on the roots of the Acanthus, that struggled through all difficulties, and put forth all its leaves, that faithful nurse did not know that it would be the means of commemorating her mistress through the aid of the genius of the gifted Callimachus, who moulded the weeping graceful leaves into the Corinthian cap.

P. S. I have just gained some information that is of great importance to me, from Sister Marie.

I have learned that a lady bearing the name of Naomie Huertas had been placed in this convent by her family, but she has been removed, and sent on some foreign mission, to atone for some great sin that she had committed.

This news has created a great excitement in my mind. Can it be possible that I have so easily obtained a clue to that in which my dear father failed?

I must close in haste. As soon as possible you shall hear from your ever affectionate Niece."

CHAPTER XVII. THE CHILDREN OF THE FOREST  
IN NEW SOCIETY.—A DEATH.

CLARENCE had not had any communication from his family, or any one belonging to him. He did not know whether his father or mother were alive; or if alive, where they were, or where to direct his steps. As he would be likely to get the best information from his Aunt Beaufort, therefore he directed his steps towards their farm.

His thoughts ran on the future. He must now enter a new sphere of life; there were responsibilities that he must assume and meet; the support of his wife and adopted sister had now become a duty; he had no longer the Indian's fields of grain and the game of the wild woods to resort to. New duties, new labors, new scenes were before him.

After several days travel they arrived at what had been Clarksfort. Clarksfort no longer, but Chicago, the great commercial mart for the West! He was in amaze! Where was the block house, and two log cabins? They were gone; handsome stores and palaces replaced the felled trees; steamboats, the bark canoes of the savages.

He sold the furs, skins, and all but their three favorite horses, which yielded a very handsome sum. They were soon equipped in suitable dresses, and then proceeded by steamboats and railroads, until they arrived near the old farm.

He looked for the woods where his boyhood days were so happily spent. They were no more! A village covered the ground where the trees grew that he had played under. His heart sank within him as he thought which way he should go, when he inquired where Mr. Beaufort had removed to. Hope came to his relief when he was told that he had not removed, but still remained at the mansion just out of town, and directed him to it.

They proceeded on till they saw the old barn. At the welcome sight of the dear old building his heart bounded with joy; he would have entered it and thrown himself on its floors in thankfulness; but there stood the mansion in all its lofty pride, inviting them in.

On inquiring for Mrs. Beaufort they were shown into one of the handsome parlors; Naomie looked at everything with delight and wonder.

"What names shall I give?" inquired the servant.

The girls looked at the man with astonishment. "Names!" they reiterated together.

"Say, a stranger!" answered Clarence.

When the servant was gone they asked Clarence what the man wanted with their names, when he explained to them that it was usual for visitors to send in their names when they went to make a call.

Idaho thought it very strange, and Naomie laughed heartily at the idea, saying, she did not know that a name was of any use. "However, I rejoice that we were baptized; wasn't it lucky?"

Geraldine did not keep them waiting long; on seeing them, she inquired who she had the pleasure of addressing.

The girls looked at each other puzzled, when Clarence replied:

"Is there no trace or resemblance left by which you could recognize a nephew of yours?"

"A nephew! What! our long-lost dear Clarence Melbourne? Yes, yes; I know him now!" she exclaimed, as she clasped him in her arms.

"My mother! Oh, tell me where is she?"

"Years ago she sailed for Spain, to fulfill the wishes of your grandfather."

"And my father! Is he gone there also?"

With much emotion she answered, "No! he is dead! He was taken captive when he was in search of you, and was killed by the Indians. Your mother saw him fall, and they killed her young babe at the same time."

Clarence was so overcome by the communications he received that he entirely forgot his companions, until his aunt called his attention to them, and expressed her wish to know his history.

He then related to her all his adventures, from the time he had been stolen to the massacre of the tribe. "Here is all that is left of them, my wife and this dear adopted sister."

"Then they must both be my nieces for the future, and I hope that they will always find me a kind aunt. But you must need rest and refreshment."

Supper was soon ready, the best rooms prepared for them, and everything was done to make them feel at home.

Percy was delighted to see them. "Now," said he, "we will have a family. Geraldine's people seem to be all their lives flying after one another, playing pussy wants a corner; when one gets in the others fly out. Now, I hope you will make this place your corner, and give over the play."

"That, time must determine. In the confused state that I am in it is impossible to say what I will do. It is like commencing life anew, as if I were born but a few years ago—the whole period of my captivity was a blank in my life—I must learn my duty to myself and all mankind."

"We will talk over all this when you have reflected on all things. When you have been long enough here to make you feel at home, then we will proceed to business."

A feeling of gratitude for the kind reception caused Clarence to be silent on the subject of his leaving them. Geraldine would not let any allusion be made to their future course.

"Clarence, you will have to remain here till your mother's return. You and Percy can settle whether you learn a profession, a trade, or become a farmer; settle that between you. But as to the girls, they are my charge. They both have talents, and must be instructed in the accomplishments requisite for good society. I will see that proper masters are procured for them; I find that you have given them good plain education. The foundation is well laid. It is a pity that we do not know the family name of Naomie."

"She is my adopted sister."

"Then let it be Melbourne."

The change from the wild forest life to that of the gay world was one well calculated to delight the youthful girls. Idaho viewed the change calmly and coldly, but with Naomie it was different, every object to her was enchanting; music charmed her, and she studied hard to make herself perfect in it. With French she found but little difficulty; it was the correction of its errors troubled her, as many of the tribe had spoken a patois French. But Idaho was insensible to joy or sorrow; everything was alike to her, she did not care to learn.

It was a great annoyance to her husband, who devoted all his thoughts to make her happy; although they were surrounded by women with cultivated minds, he never allowed a comparison detrimental to her to enter his thoughts. He endeavored to consult her as to his future pursuits. Alas! she was a passive, inanimate being, from whom he could get no advice. All he could get from her was, "Yes," or "no." "Do as you please!"

The pretty Belle Washington was on a visit; she assisted Naomie to try and arouse her to have some ideas of her own; but it was all in vain, she was very amiable, but a complete puppet.

Oh, how Clarence regretted the time that he had lost in captivity, that time that should have been devoted to learning some profession or business. His manly spirit would not brook a life of dependence. He consulted Percy as to what he thought could be soonest learned, and be the most profitable.

"You see," answered Percy, "you are too far advanced in life to study a profession; then to learn a trade you should become a boy again, that you cannot do; so the best thing to be done is to turn farmer."

"But what is a farmer without a farm? to get one requires a capital."

"Well, well! cannot I give you enough for that? I was your father's friend, he was mine; and I wish to speculate in being yours."

Clarence could not speak his thanks; he pressed the hand that Percy had extended to him with a warmth that spoke without aid of words, but at the same time his noble spirit shrunk from the acceptance of an offer that pride urged him to refuse. He wished to earn a living by his own talents and industry, and he feared to compromise himself by receiving such aid from a person on whom he had no claims.

Naomie's lively, buoyant spirits were the delight of all in the house. Night, noon, and morning, her merry laugh and song were heard, although she would give them terrible frights by her daring dangerous exploits, many of which she would get Belle sometimes to join, but always Minny, who was ever ready to assist her in any mischief, and fib to get out of it, which was sure to bring a long lecture on her, both from Geraldine and Naomie, who was always the most eloquent on the occasion. "Yes, Aunt; certainly truth should be always told. I remember I was taught that by Clarence when I was a child, and by the great Chief, my father, and by all the tribe of the Menomonees"—at that moment her curiosity was aroused by a ring at the door, and she just got down stairs in time to hear Bridget tell John, to "say Mrs. Beaufort was not at home."

"Yes, she is, Bridget; how can you tell John to say so, when you know that she is up stairs?"

Bridget indignantly rushed up to her mistress with her complaints, followed by Naomie.

"Indade, Misthress Beaufort, I doesn't know what 'ell ever do wid Miss Nayome. When Misthress Walker called to pay yeas a visit, I tould

John to say, according to orthers, that you warn't to home. Miss Naomie sings out, 'Yes, she is; she's up stairs; ain't you ashamed to tell sich stories.' Niver mind, sez Misthress Walker, here's my card. Mithress Walker was too much of a lady to blame John, so she walked away with her compliments left wid him, and her card."

"Now, Aunt, was I not right? They said you were out, and you are not; so they were all telling falsehoods."

"Well, Miss, Mithress left the orthers to say she was out."

"Why, Aunt! Isn't that a fib? You did not, did you?"

"Yes, I did, my dear girl; I told them to say I was not in; that meant, I did not wish to see visitors. The lady of fashion understands that, and knows that it would be inconvenient for me to see her, so she leaves her card, and that answers for a visit. Therefore it is not considered in the light of a falsehood in the fashionable world."

"Was not the message in the English language?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Oh, dear, it is very hard to learn to be fashionable. Bridget, I am very sorry; I did not understand the fashion; I suppose I will soon know better."

"I 'spose you will, Miss; but I hopes it isn't many sich frights that 'eel give us, as ye did this blessed morning."

"What fright was that, Bridget?" Geraldine asked.

"Only this, Aunt; you know how I do love my dear old horse Cornplanter. I only went to rub him down. This was a great horror to James, who said to me, 'Oh, Miss, young ladies don't rub their horses themselves.' 'Don't they,' said I; 'but I do;' and I rubbed and rubbed, and the dear old horse seemed so thankful to me, and almost asked me to take a ride. So I jumped on his back, and we took a ride together, without that horrid heavy saddle that James always puts on him. So away we flew, till we got to the top of Anthony's Nose; that you know is not more than twelve miles from here. To be sure, that mountain is rather steep for a horse to climb, but Cornplanter was used to climbing mountains. Ha! ha! ha! poor James, he tried to follow me, but he could not do it with that horse of his, with a saddle as heavy as himself."

"Really, Naomie, you do frighten us dreadfully!" observed her aunt.

"Do I; well, never mind. Now, Bridget, you have told your tale, you may leave me to my aunt's care. I will study fashion so well that I will know a truth from a fashionable falsehood, that is when truth is truth, and when it is not, and I will behave myself."

"Och! but you're a darlint; bless you," said Bridget, as she departed, raising her hands and eyes to heaven.

A grand ball was given by Mrs. Walker, to which she invited Mr. and Mrs. Beaufort, Clarence, and the young ladies.

There were two weeks of preparation. Mantua-makers and milliners were employed to exert all their skill, as Mrs. Beaufort was determined that her protégés should appear in the height of the fashion. Rich satins, silks, handsome jewelry, laces and flowers were artistically introduced in adorning them. The rooms were brilliantly lighted, the music was enchanting, and they were received by Mr. and Mrs. Walker with marked respect, and introduced to the guests, who were all strangers to them.

Most unfortunately there was one branch of education that Geraldine had forgotten in her catalogue of accomplishments. That was dancing! Therefore, when the dancing commenced, they had to sit still and be lookers on. That to Naomie was dreadful! Her feet felt in motion as if they must dance, but alas! she did not know how to use those refractory members, and there she had to sit looking at others enjoying themselves; it was a sad punishment to her, she would rather have got up and danced an Indian war dance than to sit still while such music was playing.

During the intervals of the music, conversation became general. Naomie looked really beautiful; her childish face and form looked like the picture of innocence arrayed for slaughter amongst them. Her dress was of pure white, of the most costly appearance; pearls and japonicas were the ornaments she wore, which were in harmony with her lovely fair complexion, forming a beautiful contrast to the brunette Idaho, whose dress was of a rich golden hue, with diamond and ruby ornaments tastefully arranged in her raven black hair.

The tongue of envy had been at work all the evening, and at length caught food to give it strength, at seeing them seated during the dancing.



Their remarks were so numerous that Miss Oakland feared that they had been overheard, therefore endeavored to make the *amende honorable*, and approached them as if they had been uttering high praises, saying, "I declare, it is quite a pleasure to have your company. But why did you not join in the dance?"

"Our dancing is quite different from yours," replied Idaho, perfectly unconscious that she was making a reply that might expose them to ridicule if the circumstances of their former life were known.

Naomie perceived on the face of Miss Oakland a smile of derision, which roused her proud spirit, and she observed: "Oh, yes; the Menomonees never dance such stupid kind of dances."

"The Menomonees!" exclaimed Miss Oakland; "who are they?"

"They are those of our ancient, noble race!" replied Naomie, with a look of exultation and pride.

Miss Oakland had never heard of the tribe of Menomonee Indians, and concluded that the ancient, noble race must mean some high order of nobility. Consequently she changed her manners and behavior to the supposed high-born ladies she was talking to, and before leaving them hoped she would have the honor of their company at a ball she intended to give in a few weeks. "Where I hope, dear ladies, you will overlook the stupidity of our dances, or else be the leader, and introduce yours in their place." Clarence bowed his thanks, and Miss Oakland lost no time in spreading the information that she imagined she had gained; and before the evening was over every one had it that Mrs. and Miss Melbourne were descended from the highest orders of nobility; some said, of Spain, others of France, but all united in paying the most servile attentions to the youth and beauty of Mrs. Walker's visitors; nor was any of it diminished when the lady of the house led Naomie into the music-room, where her charming voice sealed the doom of envy and called rapture from all.

The invitation from Miss Oakland came in due time.

"I will not go. I do not like her!" said Naomie.

"Then you must send your regret," observed Geraldine.

"My regret! What is that?"

"A regret in fashionable terms means a note in answer to an invitation to a ball or soiree, expressing your regret that you cannot attend, other engagements preventing you."

"But, I do not regret it. I could go if I wished; but I do not wish to go. Suppose I write and say so at once, can't I?"

"Oh, no; that would be an insult."

"Truth, an insult? So then fashion requires me to write a falsehood, and put my two beautiful new names that that same fashion has given me to it. Ah! the Menomonees never would have made me sign Minehaha to such a fib; but I will do it. Now I think it is no great harm in me. For it was fashion that gave me the name of Naomie Melbourne, and fashion asks Naomie Melbourne to sign the falsehood. Is Minehaha accountable for it, or Naomie?"

So the regret was written and sent, to the great relief of Idaho, who appeared every day more reluctant to mingle in society; the remembrance of her mother's apostasy, and her flight from the convent, seemed to weigh on her spirits, besides the sudden transition from a nomadic life to an elevated sphere in society bewildered and enervated her physical powers. Day after day she declined in health. The precepts of religion that had been instilled into her dawning reason by Clarence, in her forest home, burst into full existence, and futurity only appeared before her in all its glory. The stoic indifference to life that her race possesses was heightened by her desire to quit it, that her spirit might soar to the promised regions of bliss.

Her love for Clarence was lost in the anticipation of the change about to take place; thus, instead of the warm enthusiast that she was in her girlhood, she became a cool, dispassionate devotee, who considered her earthly mission as fulfilled when she sunk into a peaceful, everlasting slumber, from which she was never to awake in this world; the angel of Death veiled his own face, as if in pity for the poor girl who had been the companion of her childhood, who was kneeling in uncontrollable anguish at her side.

CHAPTER XVIII. A NEW ENTERPRISE.—HO! FOR THE GOLD DIGGINGS!—CLARENCE AND PARTY START OVERLAND FOR CALIFORNIA.

Time rolled on in years, yet no tidings came from Mrs. Melbourne. Clarence had waited im-

patiently for her return; his position was irksome to his independent spirit, although Belle's lively manners amused and fascinated him, and he might have remained a little longer quiet if they had not sent for her to return home.

Several of Clarence's friends were forming a party to go to California. The gold excitement was at its height. Every one thought they would make their fortune at mining, who had courage sufficient to undertake the hardships of a life of that kind.

Amongst the party organizing was Mr. James Lawrence, Albert Malvern, Edgar Mortimer, and several others.

Having made up his mind to accompany them, he informed his aunt; she endeavored to dissuade him, but in vain, and as to Naomie, as soon as she heard of it, she resolved to go too.

"Nonsense!" said Clarence, "a woman could not go on such an expedition. No one ever heard of such a thing."

"Well, they will hear of it now. You say that you are leading a life of dependence, although you are living with your own aunt. Now, I have no claim on any one, and if you cast me off, I will run away."

"Naomie, it is cruel of you to suppose that I would cast you off. My aunt will take care of you, if not for your own sake, at least for mine; but how would it look for me to take a young woman with us?"

"I am not a young woman, I am only a young girl, and if you do not let me go, I will go elsewhere. But we will talk of it another time."

"If you will only be satisfied to return with my aunt, you can go as far as St. Louis with us."

"Oh, yes, I will go to St. Louis;" she seemed delighted with the idea, seemingly giving up all idea of urging her suit.

"What is it I hear Naomie?" Geraldine inquired, with tears in her eyes, on meeting her. "You do not know how much I have become attached to you. You have supplied the place in my affections that the mother of Clarence held. And yet you would leave me."

Naomie could scarcely reply; her tears almost choked. "Indeed, I love you; the parting will be dreadful to me!" she threw herself into Geraldine's arms, and wept for some time, when she proceeded, "'Tis for a while, a very little while. He took care of me, and I must go to take care of him, and bring him back."

"But you do not know; only think of the privations that you will have to suffer, and what will people say?"

"I do not know what they will say, but I know what I will do; I will take care of Clarence as he has taken care of me."

A meeting of the parties for the proposed mining association was held, as it was arranged that the party were to purchase their wagons, machinery, provisions, and everything needful for the enterprise, at St. Louis, Mr. Beaufort supplying half the funds. Mr. and Mrs. Beaufort and Naomie were to accompany them as far as that place.

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Beaufort, "I have a favor to request of you. I have a young friend, that I have a great regard for, an orphan, who wishes to try his hand at prospecting in California; will you allow him to be of your party, and to take charge of him?"

"Certainly!" was the unanimous reply.

"He shall be no expense to you, for everything will be provided for the occasion. It is a speculation between me and the lad. He will join you at Independence."

The journey as far as St. Louis was a very pleasant one. Their stay there occupied some weeks in making preparation. All seemed well pleased with the trip.

Amongst the party that had associated together were young men of talent and enterprising spirits. Their leader was Albert Malvern, a very accomplished scholar; his appearance was very attractive, his form manly, his face intelligent, expressive, and his manners insinuating; in fact there was a certain *je ne sais quoi* that was sure to fascinate a young female like Naomie; she had just arrived at that age when enthusiasm usurps the place of reason. Her childish girlhood suddenly changed into womanhood, as love, like the summer's sun, expands the bud until it blossoms, while love sported round, and mocked them both. Could Albert behold her without admiring her? No! he saw a beautiful vision before him.

He endeavored to engage her in conversation, but in vain; she appeared as if in a dream. Thoughts were wandering to acts in contemplation, and then back to the new-found subject of admiration before her. Then to the peaceful home she thought of leaving—all these appeared in succession vividly before her. His presence recalled to her mind the consequences of a failure, and she hesitated what step to take.

It was this war, this violent struggle of will against the world's proprieties that paralyzed her faculties, and destroyed that enchanting *naïvete* that would have captivated him. She appeared as if in a dream, only replying in monosyllables of "Yes" or "No," and that so faintly murmured as to be almost inarticulate, that he deemed her a nonentity. The beautiful statue dazzled the sight of Albert, but left his other senses unimpaired, as he exclaimed: "Oh, for some Promethean fire, that, like Pygmalion, I could animate my beautiful statue!"

But the time for separation arrived. It was the first dull evening that the travellers had spent in St. Louis. Naomie withdrew at an early hour. The miners were to start in the morning in their wagons for Independence.

When they reached Independence they found the wagon was there before them; it was well supplied with everything necessary for the expedition, and an ugly looking boy, apparently between twelve or fourteen years of age. His complexion was very dark, almost amounting to the hue of a dark mulatto, his hair was very short and coal black, and eyebrows to correspond. His slender form was clothed in coarse homespun; he said his name was Francisco. A few days more spent in preparations at Independence, and they started to cross the plains to the far, far West.

#### CHAPTER XIX. THE INQUISITION.

DREARY, lonely and deserted seemed the home of the Beauports on their return. As they were mournfully conversing on the melancholy life that was in prospect for them, a stranger was announced, and a tall, manly form stood before them. Percy offered a seat, while Geraldine rang for a servant to light up the room. The gentleman remained silent until Percy asked his name.

"Do you not know me?"

"Melbourne!" exclaimed Percy. "My dear fellow, where have you been? Where have you come from?"

"Oh! why were you not here a few weeks ago?" asked Geraldine.

"Give me time, and I will answer your questions, and then allow me to ask you some. I was taken prisoner by the Indians, from whom I have escaped. Now tell me, where is my wife?"

"Gone to Spain to fulfill her father's wishes," answered Geraldine, as Melbourne sunk into his

seat, overcome by disappointment. "She saw you fall in the attack of the Indians?"

"And my daughter?"

"She was lost at that time, and has never been heard of since; but your son left here a few weeks ago for California."

"My son one way, my wife another; which way shall I go?"

"No way!" answered Percy. "Stay here; I have got you, and will keep you until some of them come back. You shall stay here and console us for the absence of those folks that are speculating in running to the different quarters of the globe."

The reunion of the old friends, companions in arms, was a pleasure to both of them. Percy was determined, if possible, to make his place a central home for the assemblage of all the family, when the following letter from Cadiz made Melbourne consent to remain there until he could hear further from his wife.

"DEC. — *At Sea.*

DEAR AUNT: When I wrote last, how little did I dream of the horrible events that awaited me! I had just finished my letter to you, when Sister Agatha rushed into my cell, pale and trembling. Her entrance was immediately followed by three knocks at my door. It was the dreaded signal of the officers of the Inquisition. On opening the door, I beheld the officials of that dreadful tribunal. They ordered me to be ready to appear before the Grand Master. I was hurried down into the Hall of the Convent, where all the officers of the Inquisition, priests, monks and nuns were assembled.

The dark Moorish architecture, its sombre carvings, gave a most solemn, terribly romantic appearance to the whole proceedings. I looked around; there was no voice said, God have mercy on her. No eye, that looked with kindness on me. I was borne off to a dark, damp cell; then for the first time I felt the horrors of fanaticism united with power.

Heaven keep my own dear country from such influences! After remaining in the dungeon for several hours, I was taken into the Hall of the Inquisition. Its walls were draped with black; on one side was the rack, on the other the headsman's block, before which stood the headsman with his axe; the Inquisitors were all arrayed in black, on which were the symbols of their office, the death'shead and bones in white. They were ranged

on each side. The Grand Master was seated on his throne in the centre. He was upwards of eighty years of age. His long white hair and beard hung over his black robe, while his sunken eyes, bent on the ground, seemed to tremble under his gray eyebrows. On being ordered to stand up before them, I inquired, "Of what am I accused?"

"We answer no questions, but ask them!" was the answer.

"What is your name?"

"Naomie Huertas Melbourne."

"By what right have you assumed those names?"

"My first and second names by the rites of baptism and birth, my last by my marriage."

"Where is your husband?"

"Dead!"

"Have you any children?"

"I believe so."

"You believe so? No evasion; speak to the point!" This question seemed urged by the Grand Inquisitor, whose whole frame trembled with emotion. My eye met his, and I saw a tear glistening in it as the recorder proceeded.

"How many children have you?"

"One son; perhaps a daughter!"

"Where are they?"

"My son was taken captive by the savage Indians. My poor daughter! Of their fate I am ignorant, and know not whether they are dead or alive!"

"Where were you born?"

"In the United States of America."

"Why did you leave America?"

"I came in search of my mother, who was a native of Spain, and of noble family." My answer had scarcely been given before the aged señor, the Grand Master of the Inquisition, gasped for breath; his eyes closed, his hands clutched the dark robe that enshrouded him, as he murmured, "Retribution! Yes, retribution come at last." Silence reigned for full fifteen minutes; at length he waved his long arm and slender fingers, ordering all to withdraw but myself; but the conflicting struggle was in vain. He fell senseless into the arms of the retiring officials, and was borne off. My trial was postponed on account of his illness, and I was remanded back to my dungeon.

Some weary days passed, how many I knew not, for day and night were the same to me. I ate my bread and water, and often fell asleep, overcome

by excitement and terror; at last I was awakened by the opening of the door of my cell; on its closing, the Grand Master of the Inquisition stood before me, with a dark lantern in one hand and a large bundle under his arm, which he placed on the floor. I was about calling for assistance, when he grasped my arm and motioned me to be silent. "Speak low!" said he, "the walls have ears, and spies are every where around us. You, poor girl, are the object of their suspicions. You must leave Spain immediately. I will convey you on board of a vessel that is to sail for England. You behold before you a miserable, broken-hearted wretch, who, in the midst of wealth and splendor, lingers out a desolate existence. Alas! how dearly have I atoned for the false pride of race. I stand almost alone in the world. I am like the withered, blasted pine, around whom the lightning flashes, and hope sports in derision. One branch only remains of what was once a powerful, noble family. On you depends the future existence of that solitary branch. I am the father of your mother."

Terror, mingled with unknown and conflicting feelings, oppressed me as I threw myself on my knees, imploring him to spare me.

"Spare you! my poor child. I must be the suppliant, for I am the sinner." Tears fell profusely from his aged eyes as he placed his trembling hands upon my head, blessing me, as he raised me to his arms, and proceeded to urge my forgiveness for injuries done to me and my mother. "I spurned her, exiled her, my daughter! Oh, forgive me. Do not deceive me; speak truly, and answer as you would were it your last hour, and Death standing ready to embrace you in its cold, dark folds. Your son! speak, tell me of your son! Your daughter, of my daughter! Where is that son?" The vehemence with which he asked the question almost terrified me, as I replied, "He was taken captive in the wilds of Florida, where his father was engaged contending against the native Indians to gain possession of the soil sold to the United States Government by Spain. When they were driven off the land to the far West, they seized him and bore him off with them. There was retribution in that; but a cruel retaliation to me. It was in pursuit of him that my husband was killed; and my poor daughter, an infant, whose eyes were not open to the light of heaven but a few months, was lost in the woods. Her fate is still in uncertainty."

"Is there no means by which we can recover the boy? It must be done; lose no time. I will make an application through our government to the American Government. But you must make your escape now by stealth, for even my power is nothing in opposition to that of the Inquisition. Haste, put on the dress that is in the bundle. I know each turn in the subterranean caverns under us. I will conduct you on board of a vessel that is to sail in the morning for England. Once there, you will be free to commence your search for your mother, by the direction I have prepared for you. Hasten, or daylight may overtake us."

While he was giving directions, I opened the bundle, and took from it a dress. It was that of an Inquisitor. I put it over my nun's habit, when we descended several stone stairs which led to a dark cave, from which we proceeded along winding avenues, till we came to a door, which he opened; we found ourselves in a street, where there was a voiture in waiting. He hurried me into it, took the reins, and drove on till we reached the quay, where a vessel was lying nearly ready to sail. He got the sailors to bring two chests on board that were in the voiture; he opened it then, then handed me a package, with the keys, saying, "Here is the name of the place where your mother is, with all the necessary papers for her release, and the title deeds of my estate for your son, my successor; every paper that will be requisite for his succession to my title and estates at my death, which I trust will not take place until I hold him in my embrace. In the other chest, you will find dresses suitable for you, and sufficient money for for all that you require. When more is wanted, draw on me for it. If that boy's liberty can be obtained by money, let it be done; thousands

shall be paid for it immediately. Remain in the cabin till the vessel is out at sea. Farewell! day is breaking, farewell. May the blessings of heaven be with you, and assist you in your undertakings!" The aged señor held me in his arms, and implored my pardon so fervently, so affectionately, that I believe that if he had asked me for my life I would have given it without a sigh. Pardon him? Alas! all sense of past wrongs were forgotten; love, filial duty, respect and affection only remained. I felt as if I had found a father, and his wrongs to me were blotted forever from my book of memory. At last with one seeming effort he rushed off.

I was once more alone. The vessel did not sail that morning. I remained concealed during the day, as numerous persons came and departed from or aboard the vessel, apparently in confusion.

At midnight the sound of the city bells were heard tolling in lingering, solemn peals, denoting the departure of the soul of some high official. A presentiment of some fear seized me. What was it? Why should it overcome me with dread. The captain came into my cabin; he seemed in a state of excitement when I inquired the cause of those peals? His answer was: "They toll for the departure of the soul from the body of Prince de Huertas, Grand Master of the Inquisition, your grandfather. I have to leave immediately."

Tears fell from my already wearied eyes at his loss, and terror struck to my heart lest anything should impede my departure. But worn and weary sleep came to my relief, and ere the break of day I felt the pure, free air that blew over the billows of the ocean. Oh, how I welcomed its blue waves as they were bearing me from the land of my mother, to herself, I hope!"

## THE LIFE OF MAN.

Only a baby,  
Kissed and caressed,  
Gently held to a mother's breast.

Only a child,  
Toddling along,  
Brightening now its happy home.

Only a boy,  
Trudging to school,  
Governed now by sterner rule.

Only a youth,  
Living in dreams,  
Full of promise life now seems.

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Only a man,  
Battling in life,  
Shared in now by a loving wife.

Only a father,  
Burdened with care,  
Silver threads in dark-brown hair.

Only a graybeard,  
Toddling again,  
Growing old and full of pain.

Only a mound,  
O'ergrown with grass,  
Dreams unrealized—rest at last.



## A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

BY SOPHIE S. HUNGERFORD.

SOME years ago my great-uncle, James Brown-  
ing, died, and left me his heir. My inheritance  
was sufficient to render me independent, and my  
pleasure at being freed from the arduous labor of  
teaching, hitherto necessary to maintain myself,  
was not alloyed by any deep grief for my uncle's  
death, for I had scarcely known him.

His early life had been spent in foreign travels.  
Some twenty years previous to his death he had  
returned to his home, a large, old house, situated  
on a plantation in Southern Maryland, which had  
been owned by his family since the first settlement  
of the State; and here he had lived a hermit's  
life, taking no notice of the attentions shown him  
by the neighboring gentry. These attentions had  
at first been pressing, for though his estate had  
been sadly curtailed of its original extent, he was  
"one of the old families;" but as time went on  
and he still held aloof, they gradually ceased to  
notice him, excepting to tell and hear wonderful  
stories of the splendid furniture of his house, the  
many curiosities he had brought home from foreign  
parts, and his eccentric, not to say insane, con-  
duct. This last idea amply explained all the rest;  
what sane man could withhold himself from the  
charms of *their* social circle?

Many of these stories had reached me, and  
though I did not believe all I heard, I was much  
disappointed to find in lieu of the Oriental splen-  
dor which had been reported only the plain, sub-  
stantial furniture which had been in the house for  
generations. Only in one wing had he made any  
change, but the three rooms which it contained  
were indeed very splendidly fitted up, and filled  
with curiosities in cabinets, sculpture, paintings,  
carvings, jewelry, silverware, and books. I had  
occupation for months in examining the treasures  
of this suite, and had been so engaged six months  
before I found the MSS. I am about to transcribe.  
Whether it was in truth what it purported to be,  
I cannot say; but the paper bore every mark of  
extreme age, and the language was so antiquated  
that, though well acquainted with French, I found  
great difficulty in translating it.

The following endorsement in my uncle's hand  
was written on the sheet which enveloped the MSS.:

"The enclosed came into my possession in  
rather a curious way. At one time in my travels  
I was induced, by circumstances which I need not  
mention, to stay for some years at an ancient  
château in the Spanish Pyrenees. My dwelling  
was owned by a gentleman who lived at Madrid,  
and it had been suffered to become almost ruinous,  
though the estate was cultivated by a farmer who  
lived at a village half a league distant.

Under these circumstances, my offer to rent the  
château was eagerly accepted, and I at once got  
workmen to repair such rooms as I needed. It  
was in removing the worm-eaten wainscoat from  
one of these that the MSS. was discovered in a  
small recess which contained other articles, which  
I sent to the owner, who willingly gave me the  
MSS.

On making inquiry I found that tradition cred-  
ited the writer with insanity. He had purchased  
the château when quite a youth, had married a  
Spanish lady, and left sons whose descendants  
still held the place. He was much respected, but  
from his aversion to society and other eccentrici-  
ties, was supposed to be insane. As the same  
thing has been asserted of me for the same reason,  
and I consider myself perfectly sane, I see no  
reason why Henri de B— should not have been  
sane too.

J. B."

## THE MSS.

My name is Henri de B—. I was born in the  
province of Auvergne, in the year 1640, but my  
parents removed from the town in which I was  
born, while I was yet an infant, and my first  
recollections are of the castle of Pigneral, of which  
my father was one of the officers.

In this gloomy fortress, sometimes used as a  
place of confinement for political prisoners, I  
passed my happiest years. I was an only child,  
but I was not lonely, for I had a playmate, whom  
I was taught to call "Monseigneur Philippe;" I  
never asked if he had any surname.

He had been under the care of the Governor of  
Pigneral ever since he could remember, and had  
never left its grounds, though he was allowed to  
wander at will through the gardens and courts of  
the castle.

Like any other child who had never known another playmate I loved Philippe, though he was both imperious and vindictive; but, as I was always made to submit to his will, and was naturally of a timid and yielding temper, we got on well together; and, as I said before, I loved him, having no one else to cling to but my father, for my mother had died when I was but two years old.

I was about sixteen when the first great event in my life took place. I went with my father to visit Paris. We stayed with a brother of my late mother's, who was in the service of Monsieur Foquet, the Superintendent of Finance, and through him we readily obtained admission to view all the sights and wonders of the metropolis. Through him too, we were admitted to places where we could see all the great people of the Court. I was enraptured at the beauty of the Queen Regent and her ladies, and surprised beyond measure at the splendid attire of all the glittering train. In my simplicity I thought the whole world must have been swept to supply such a mass of gold and gems. And yet this splendor was poverty compared to the display in after years, when courtiers spent the year's rent of an enormous estate on a dress for one fête to please their idol, the king, while poor mothers strangled their infants, that they might be spared the miseries inflicted on the wretched peasantry to raise the enormous sums so rashly squandered.

In the midst of one of these glittering court spectacles, I one day saw a youth of eighteen, whose dress of blue velvet, somewhat worn, and without any of the jewels so profusely worn by others, made him conspicuous amid the gorgeous crowd; but it was not the dress that struck me, but the appearance of the wearer in such a place. Forgetting where I was, I cried out, "Look, father! look! there is Philippe, whom we left at Pignerol."

My father bade me be silent, but looking at the youth said, "Mon Dieu! it is indeed he, but how is it possible!"

My uncle now inquired the cause of our agitation, and when my father replied, increased our surprise by stating that the youth in the blue velvet dress was the young king.

"But how is it possible," asked my father, as we returned home, "that the king is so shabbily dressed?"

"Ah," was the reply, "The king is a minor,

M. de Mazarin is the real sovereign, the Queen Regent is entirely governed by him; it is said they are privately married."

"Married! a priest! a cardinal married! impossible," interrupted my father.

"A cardinal if you please, but no priest," said my uncle; "Monsieur de Mazarin has never taken the vows, so it is quite possible, and it would be impossible to account for his influence with the Queen in any other way. He allows the poor young king a very small income, and even that is not regularly paid. It is said that the very sheets on his bed are darned, and he is so good, our king; when he reigns really, it will be well for France."

"But his mother, the Queen," said I; "she was splendidly dressed, why should he go thread-bare?"

"His mother does not care for him," said my uncle, "all her love is for 'Monsieur,' his brother; you saw him beside her."

"But he is so beautiful, the king, and looks so good," said I.

"That may be, but there is no reason to be given for a woman's whims. Who is this Philippe you speak of?"

"Indeed, I cannot tell you that," said my father. "He is a prisoner at Pignerol; was there when I went to the place. I know no more of him, except that we have orders to treat him with great deference, and he has everything he asks for granted to him."

"Except freedom," was the reply.

"That, of course," responded my father, "though he has never asked for it; he has the liberty of the castle and grounds, and I suppose scarcely knows that he is not free."

Soon after this we returned to Pignerol. We found the Governor, Monsieur de L—, ill with paralysis, and the command devolved on my father.

Some months after we received a visit from my uncle. He came with but one attendant and stayed several weeks. I was much neglected by Philippe during this visit; he was quite absorbed by the stories of Paris and the court, told by my uncle's servant, and spent nearly all his time conversing with him. Though it is true that I also might have listened to these stories, I did not do so, for I fancied that they wished to avoid me. Several times I was sure the conversation was changed when I joined them. With all the pride

of wounded affection I avoided them, and frequently stole away to a little retreat I had contrived for myself in the grounds, which was unknown to any one. One day I had almost fallen asleep in my little nest, when I was roused by voices just outside my hiding-place. I did not show myself, because to do so would be to reveal my hidden refuge, and beside I had a great curiosity to hear some of the conversation from which I had felt myself excluded, but what I now heard, bewildered and astonished me.

"It is true," said the stranger, "that Monsieur Foquet's attention was first called to the matter by Henri's noticing the great resemblance; he then went cautiously to work, and learned from many sources, but principally from Madame de Cheauruse, the history I have just told you. You are certainly the King's twin brother, and have as good, perhaps a better claim to the throne than he has."

"But why," I heard Philippe reply, "does Monsieur Foquet send you to tell me this? How can I regain my rights? Or even supposing I could do so, what can be his motive? for I cannot believe him to be actuated by a mere abstract love of justice."

"No, Monseigneur," was the reply, "Monsieur Foquet no doubt loves justice as well as others; but it would be questionable philanthropy to disturb the peace of all France that you might reign instead of your brother; nor does he propose to do so. Your great resemblance to the king has inspired him with the idea of substituting you for your brother; simply to put you on the throne and the king in the prison; and his motive is that the king loves him not, but is plotting his ruin with Colbert, who not only incites him to ruin the superintendent, but being a heretic, will, as soon as he gains power, induce the king to make laws in favor of the heretics, and France will be ruled by the Huguenots. To all this Monsieur Foquet of course objects, and thinks if he can succeed in his great scheme, that your gratitude will make you his friend."

"Most certainly his friend, but I should like to see Monsieur Foquet himself."

"Sire, he is at your feet," and I heard a rustle of the leaves as he bent his knee, "and is devoted, as he ever will be, to your service."

"But have you considered, Monsieur," said Philippe, after a pause, "the difficulties that make

your plan almost impossible! Even should you succeed in substituting me for Louis, though I see not how that is to be done, my ignorance of the persons, characters, and histories of the members of the court circles would soon betray all."

"All this I have thought of, your Highness. I have in my pay, and devoted to my interests, many artists and literary men who will do my bidding without inquiry. I will, where it is possible, obtain portraits of the principal courtiers and send them to you with minute accounts of the history and character of each; where it is not possible to obtain portraits, the written description shall be so accurate as to leave little room for fear of failure in not recognizing them. Fortune favors us in leaving the command of your prison as it is at present; I have made arrangements for forwarding parcels to you, and will take care that no change shall be made for some months at least. Now, if you can do your part by becoming thoroughly acquainted with the details I shall send you, that difficulty is overcome."

"I have a quick and retentive memory," said Philippe; "no long time will be needed for that."

"Then all, I doubt not, will go well. Take no one into your confidence; meet me at this same place at the usual time to-morrow; I will give you a package for present study, and inform you of means for future communication. Adieu, my Prince."

I heard him retire, but Philippe stayed some time in deep thought; at length, he too left, and I was free to leave my hiding-place; half stunned with what I had heard, I at first knew not what to do, but at length I concluded to conceal myself again next day, and then tell my father of the plot I had discovered. The papers which would then be in Philippe's hands, would vouch for the truth of a story, which without proof would seem too wild and improbable for credit. I doubted not that my father would at once do his duty, by arresting the conspirators, and informing the king's council of the plot.

Listening the next day, I heard the manner in which they were to correspond arranged, and learned that as soon as Philippe was perfect in his part, Monsieur Foquet was to give a grand fête to the king at his residence at Vaux, during which the substitution of one brother for the other should be accomplished. He urged Philippe not to delay, lest the king's patience should be ex-

hausted and himself arrested, which of course would ruin all, and added :

"Mark me, my prince, should all go well, do not at once show favor to me ; so sudden a change would cause inquiry ; seem suspicious of me, and talk of arresting me ; I shall understand it all."

"Such a part will be hard to play to my benefactor, my saviour I may say," replied Philippe ; "can it not be avoided?"

"It is really necessary that it should be done," was the answer, "But it pleases me that you should find it difficult." And his tone showed that he was gratified, as he took his leave.

Philippe walked up and down muttering to himself words that seemed to contradict his profession of confidence in Foquet ; but I paid little attention to what he said, being anxious to escape that I might see my father at once.

When I did see him, to my great surprise he took no such steps as I had thought he would ; instead, he told me to watch closely, and bring him instant information of all I learned, but not to breathe aught of the affair to any one.

This plan was very repugnant to me ; but the next morning my uncle and his disguised attendant left us, and as shortly after the man who had been bribed to deliver the packages to Philippe was dismissed, I concluded that my father had thought it best to put an end to the plot quietly, and not make known Monsieur Foquet's part in it, because of my uncle's obligations to him. Certainly, he kept a much closer watch upon Philippe, attending him often himself. As time went on and everything continued as usual, I began to think there was nothing to fear.

In the summer of 1660, my father was appointed to a post in the castle of the Isle of St. Marguerite on the coast of Provence, with orders to go at once to his new place. To explain his reluctance to obey this order, he let me know that he himself had conveyed the packages to Philippe when sent by Foquet, and had received from the superintendent large sums for this service and for keeping the secret. It now appeared to him that he should lose the hope of future payments, but the order was imperative. He *must* go.

I parted from Philippe with sorrow, but he displayed no grief at losing his old playmate ; neither, greatly to my relief and surprise, did he seem at all chagrined at the defeat of the plot, which seemed to me a necessary consequence of my

father's removal. For myself I was glad that the affair was at an end, and grieved that my father had been concerned in it. Now, that my mind was at rest on the subject, I enjoyed the change from Pigneral to sunny Provence.

We had been at St. Marguerite's some months, for it was late in the summer or early in autumn, that, in the early dawn of the morning, I was awakened to assist in receiving a prisoner who had just arrived in a close carriage, guarded by armed men. I hastened down to the court yard, and while my father read the order, handed him by the leader of the guards, I superintended the removal of the prisoner, who was in an insensible state, to the best apartment in the castle, which was hastily prepared for him.

His face was covered, and when I removed the mufflers that concealed it, in order to restore him to consciousness, I saw the well-known features of Philippe ; but, grown wiser than I had been in Paris, I made no comment.

In a few minutes my father entered in great haste, and ordered every one but myself to leave the room ; he then showed me a mask of black velvet with steel springs, which he said the prisoner was to wear, and not be allowed to remove in the presence of any one under pain of death ; that he was to be treated with great deference, and allowed every indulgence compatible with perfect security. The least failure on our part to obey these orders, would be utter ruin to us.

The unfortunate prisoner now showed signs of consciousness, he breathed more freely, and partly opened his eyes, then seeing me as I bent over him he started up crying :

"Who are you ? what do you want ! Where are Des Vardes and D'Agiullon ?"

"We know nothing, Monseigneur, of any such persons," said my father ; "we are here because you are a prisoner under our charge."

"A prisoner ! I a prisoner ! Villain ! I am your king."

Then seeing the tears on my cheek, for I now saw but too clearly that I had been mistaken in thinking our prisoner Philippe, and that the daring plot had succeeded, he turned to me and said :

"You feel for me ! If this is some jest let it end at once, and I will pardon all concerned. Where is Monsieur Foquet ? call him hither."

"I am sorry, Monseigneur," said my father,

respectfully, "that it is out of my power to call Monsieur Foquet. This is the castle of the Isle of St. Marguerite, and the superintendent is probably now at Vaux, where he is holding a great fête which the king honors with his presence; so you see we cannot think you to be the king. Moreover, I am ordered not to let you converse with your guards, and to see that you wear this mask."

To this, however, he refused to submit, and force would have been used had I not interfered. I knelt before him and said:

"I entreat you, Monseigneur, for God's sake, submit quietly to what is inevitable; you see that we are well disposed toward you, but if it is found that we do not obey the orders we have received, you will be put in charge of others who may not have the same kindly feelings. It is not for us to decide who or what you are; if you are indeed the king it will soon be made manifest. So submit, I entreat you."

"I will put it on," said he, when I had spoken, "but I swear to you that I am the king, or, at least, I was yesterday, the second day of the fête at Vaux. I went to bed there last night a king, and wake here this morning a prisoner."

"But how can that be?" said my father. "Vaux is many leagues from here, and you could not have come that distance in one night."

"Then was my night draught drugged," said he; "but why did he not poison me at once? Treacherous Foquet! Had I not been moved by pity, I should long ago have brought you to trial for your many crimes; my leniency has, I fear, ruined me."

To this no reply was made, and when we had attended to all his wants, and seen the mask placed on his face, we withdrew.

When we were alone my father said, "It is even so, he was drugged, and the plot has succeeded. Monsieur Foquet, doubtless, hopes to reap all the profit himself, but we shall see; I will wait till I see how he is rewarded before I make my claim."

"Oh father!" said I, "It is an evil thing that has been done, to remove a good and powerful king, and put a cruel usurper on the throne, for Philippe is cruel and hard. I wish you had had nothing to do with it."

"Nonsense, Henri, they are twin brothers, and one has as much right as the other; your scruples are weak."

As the slow months wore on, our prisoner seemed reconciled to his lot, though evidently surprised that no stir was made about his disappearance; he, at least, knew nothing about his twin brother. He whiled away the time by playing on the guitar and reading books which he had asked for and obtained, but we had orders to refuse him writing materials. To this he submitted quietly, but some time in the early summer of 1661, an event occurred which showed this quiet to be only assumed, and compelled us to guard him more closely: A fisherman one day brought to my father a silver plate, which the masked prisoner had thrown from his window into the lake; he had written on the plate with his knife, the story of his imprisonment, declared himself king, and called on all loyal subjects to aid him. There seemed no way of keeping the secret but to imprison the unlucky finder, but on questioning him, it appeared that he could not read, and that no one else had seen the plate, as he had brought it at once to the castle. So he was rewarded and dismissed.

As I looked at the neatly carved letters, and remembered that Philippe could scarcely write at all, I wondered how he surmounted that difficulty.<sup>1</sup>

Early in September my father, thinking it time to claim his reward from M. Foquet, began to prepare for a visit to Paris; but before he got ready to go my uncle arrived; he came at night, and with great secrecy. He brought news of the arrest of the superintendent, and gave the particulars of that event. Foquet had received numberless warnings, but, feeling confident of the king's gratitude, believed that all the disfavor shown him was only carrying out his own instructions. None of his friends could understand his obstinacy in refusing to believe in his danger and fly; and when his arrest did take place, it was managed so cautiously that not an instant was left for him to make disclosures, which might prove dangerous to the king he had made.

"I made my escape at once," said my uncle, "and I counsel you, Gaston, to do the same. The man we have helped to make king well knows

<sup>1</sup> This seems to account for the discrepancy in the statements of two well-known historians. One, writing of Louis XIV. at the age of twenty-four, says: "He could barely write his name." Another asserts "that when only fifteen he wrote with his own hand the order for the arrest of the Cardinal de Retz."



your knowledge of the secret, which is the cause of the ruin of Monsieur Foquet, and be sure he will not let us escape, unless we fly at once."

"I cannot go at once," said my father. "To do so is impossible; I must make arrangements to take my money with me. Besides, I don't really think that I am in any danger; you know I had nothing to do with carrying out the plot; I only delivered a few packets."

"You will do as you please, my friend," said my uncle, shrugging his shoulders, "but life and liberty are more than treasure, and I shall fly."

"Well, then," said my father, impressed by his manner, and moved by my entreaties, "I will fly; this is Tuesday night, on Thursday night we will go. I must have that time to prepare the means for flight."

In vain we urged him to fly that very night, or at least the next; he constantly refused, and we were forced to yield against our judgment.

When all our plans were arranged, I spoke of what had been in my mind ever since my uncle's arrival, and said: "Father, let us make what amends we can for the great wrong that has been done. It is evident that a wicked and ungrateful Prince has been substituted for a good one. Let us take the masked prisoner with us, and at least give him freedom."

A positive refusal was at first given, but on my uncle's joining his entreaties to mine, he consented. I went to the prisoner, told him all the story of Philippe, and the working of the plot; informed him of the arrest of Foquet, and of our intention to leave St. Marguerite, and take him with us.

He listened attentively, was much agitated when he heard of his twin brother, and thanked God fervently for the prospect of freedom, but urged our escaping that very night; this, however, my father would not consent to, though the Mask assured him that if once free, and able to reach the Queen Regent, the whole plot would be exposed, himself again king, and my father amply recompensed for all he might lose by flying at once. Nothing could move him from his resolution, fatal alike to himself and others.

In the course of the next day arrangements were made for our flight; relays of horses were placed at convenient stations, and a boat was made ready at a point reached by a secret door from the castle. My father's jewels and gold

were sewed into my clothes, and his bills of exchange and valuable papers placed in a pocket-book, which he carried himself. In short, nothing prevented our going Wednesday night, except my father's resolve to stay till Thursday. Then my uncle declared that he would go, and would meet us at the place where we first changed horses. The prisoner entreated to be allowed to go with him, but my father would not consent, and he submitted, saying with a sigh:

"I pray that your needless delay may not cost you your life, and me more than life; but God's will be done."

When he said this my father wavered, and had the matter been again urged would, I think, have yielded; but nothing more was said. Who can strive successfully with Destiny?

Early on Thursday morning a party of soldiers arrived, with orders to arrest my uncle; of course they did not find him. My father now regretted his delay; still all was not yet lost. The presence of the strangers made the escape difficult, but not impossible, and we still held to our plans; the more so, as the new-comers remained in the quarters assigned to them, and showed no intention of interfering with my father's command.

I saw the prisoner, and told him our plans were unchanged, at which he seemed much relieved. All went on quietly and well until dinner, which was served at eleven; during that meal my father was taken violently ill; I had been busied in another part of the castle, and had not partaken of the meal. When I was summoned to him I saw at once that he was dying. He demanded a priest to hear his confession, and in another instant appeared to become insensible. I entreated the officer who had remained near us all the time to go and hasten the messenger sent for the priest, as I feared he might be too late. He hesitated a moment, but seeing my father to all appearances dead, he left us together; by this device my father gained a chance to give me his pocket-book, and his last advice.

"If," said he, "I am right in thinking that I have been poisoned, your escape will be very difficult. I know not if you were spared, because you were thought to be ignorant of this fatal secret, or if your escape was caused by your absence from dinner. Make your escape to-night at all hazards; take the prisoner with you if pos-

sible ; but if, as I fear, a strange guard is placed over him, go alone, and do all you can to serve him afterwards. Oh ! that I had gone last night, as you all urged me to do. I have deserved to die, that you'—

The step of the officer was heard at the door, and he relapsed into apparent insensibility, which soon became real, and before nightfall my father was a corpse.

I refused all food and wine which were offered me, and while, to all appearance, utterly overcome by my grief, I roused all my energies to obey my father's last injunctions.

On pretext of retiring to my own apartment I hastened to the prisoner, acquainted him with what had taken place, and entreated him to furnish me with some letter or token which would cause me to be credited in case I should be forced to leave him behind.

He was much moved at my tidings, but I urged on him the value of every moment, and he at once made use of the writing materials which I brought to write two letters, one to the Duke de O— the other to the Prince de C—. He then gave me a signet ring from his finger as a token to them, saying, they were both familiar with it.

I then took my leave, telling him to be ready as soon as the night became dark enough to hide our boat, at which time I would come for him if his guard was not changed. When I had gained my room, it struck me that the placing of the guard need not prevent his escape ; I could bring him at once to my room, whence a secret passage led to the door where the boat was to meet us. It was not likely that the guard would do more than glance into his apartment ; a dummy lying in bed would satisfy them. Full of this plan I hastened to carry it out, but I was too late ; two new sentinels were before the door.

I was almost crushed at this last failure. "Alas !" said I to myself, "how can one contend against fate ; why did I not think of removing him before ; it is too cruel that I should have thought of it only when too late."

My repinings were useless ; I had to go alone and I did so, almost with despair in my heart, as I rode to meet my uncle and thought of the story I had to tell him. Indeed, so many misfortunes had befallen me, that I doubted whether my uncle would be at the appointed place.

These fears, however, were groundless ; he was

waiting for me, and when he had heard my account of what had taken place, and my resolution to go to Paris and deliver the letters which had been intrusted to my care, at once announced his intention of going with me, though he did not fail to point out the great risk we ran.

I was glad he agreed to go with me, for without his aid I should have found it very difficult, if not impossible, to obtain access to the great personages to whom my letters were addressed ; as it was, he found means to have me admitted the day after we reached Paris.

My first visit was to the Duke de O—. When I had shown the ring and delivered the letter, he bade me wait his return, and withdrew to the next room. There I heard his voice and that of a female conversing in Spanish, a language with which I was familiar. I did not hear all that was said, but quite enough to alarm me and put me on my guard.

He speedily returned, and with him a lady, the most beautiful, I thought, I had ever seen. They asked me many questions, which I answered as I thought most prudent. They made their comments sometimes in Spanish, sometimes in Italian, having asked me if I understood either of those languages, to which I answered in the negative.

It was a hard effort to look unconscious and unconcerned, for while the lady looked at me with a gentle smile, as if speaking in my praise, she said to her companion in Spanish :

"If the king learns of this, we shall share the fate of Foquet, and perhaps of this man's father. It is a secret which it is dangerous to know, and after all, who shall say which has the best title? My advice is to take from him the ring and the other letter ; if he has not understood us, he will have no reason to refuse. If he gives them up, have him followed to his lodgings to see that he has given a correct address ; and at midnight have him arrested by a *lettre de cachet* and taken to the Bastille ; he will be safe enough there. If he gives a false address, we must have him arrested at once."

So I was dismissed with smiles and thanks, the Duke taking the ring and letter with a promise to deliver them. Meantime, I was to await at my lodgings the joyful news of the restoration of the lawful king.

I took care to return thanks for the promises, and to give the real address of my lodgings. I did not breathe freely until I was in the street. I

soon perceived that I was followed, but walked on as if unconscious of the fact. As my address proved to be correct, and I was supposed to be quite unsuspecting of the nature of the reward intended for me, my lodgings were not watched, and my uncle and I succeeded in making our escape that night.

Here, near this little village of the Pyrenees I have lived ever since; here I loved, and here I married my love, and now after many happy years together, she has gone to her eternal reward, and I am left old and lonely, for my children have all gone out into the world for themselves. They are at Madrid, but even were they in France, they would not be recognized as my children, since they do not bear the name by which I was known there.

Now, in this winter of 1702, I feel as if I were forced to write this account of my early adventures, and I have contrived a secure hiding-place for it, for the tyrant still lives. Whether it will ever be found and given to the world I know not. But if so, by that time the fate of the unhappy captive will have long been forgotten. I have made as many inquiries as I dared, for my heart at times smote me when I thought of him waiting and hoping for the help that never came, and no

doubt thinking I had fled without an effort to serve him; but I have never heard any tidings of him. Extraordinary pains must have been taken to confine the secret to as few people as possible. And it is probable that with the exception of myself, for my uncle is long since dead, no one but the tyrant himself knows the real truth.

That tyrant still lives, and truly even in this life he is punished for his sins; not only by the pain he must feel at the state to which he has reduced unhappy France, where the curses of the widows and orphans he has made ascend to God daily, the humiliations he is now enduring in place of the triumphs and victories of his earlier years, but also in the domestic afflictions which have been so thickly showered upon him, that neither at home nor abroad can he, the wanton disturber of all Europe, find consolation.

I know not the fate of him whose place was usurped, but it could hardly have been worse in the end than that of the usurper, who has seen all his best hopes and dearest friends perish, and yet lives himself.

It is nearly the last day of the year 1702. It may well be that I shall never live to see another year; but I feel easier now I have finished my story.

## MASTERPIECES.

SUGGESTED BY A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT AT WEST POINT.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

INTO the chapel at West Point flew,  
One Sabbath morn in balmy weather,  
A tiny bird of gorgeous hue,  
That ev'ry eye from the preacher drew  
As fell from her wing a golden feather.

In mid-air poised, though not with fear,  
She gazed a moment on wond'ring throng;  
A shaft of sunlight lay warm and clear  
Above the pulpit, and floating near,  
She hushed the speaker by gush of song!

And now the picture that genius planned—  
The noble Weir—on the chapel wall,  
By the little messenger's wing is fanned;  
Lo! now on that female figure's hand  
Would she alight, but deceived, doth fall!

Next on the emblem of Peace and Love,  
The branch of olive those figures hold,  
Fain would she rest like a weary dove;  
Ah, the green wings seem to move above  
When her bright wings softly she would fold!

Again and again, with gushing heart,  
God's melody poured for ev'ry ear,  
Her feet are placed on that work of art  
Till dazed and frightened with sudden dart  
She joins her mate in the green grove near.

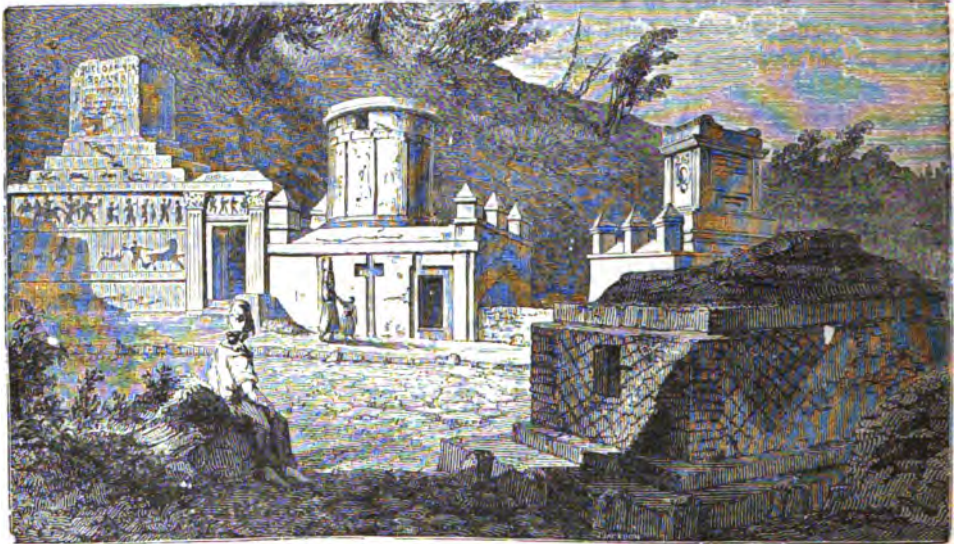
A murmur: "How nobly painter wrought,"  
I heard as I watched the gay bird go;  
"Better, perchance, than he knew," I thought,  
Like those who strove in the lists of Art  
For the victor's wreath, long, long ago.

## COINCIDENCES; OR, A VISIT TO POMPEII.

BY JOHN POPHAM.

ABOUT 4 P.M. on the 18th of April, 1871, three gentlemen entered the Neapolitan Champs Elisée, called the Villa Nazionale, for a promenade. After walking under the avenue of oaks for about an hour, they seated themselves opposite to the statue of Giovanni Battista Vico. The eldest appeared about fifty or fifty-five. He was of medium height, and slightly stout; had a high, but some-

two years younger, had spent five years at Bonn, where he had distinguished himself as a linguist. The brothers were much alike in appearance; both were tall, graceful in figure, light in complexion, and with sharply defined and nicely proportioned features, and clear gray eyes. Their dress was indicative of their character, quiet and refined; as it not unfrequently is, with gentlemen of refinement.



THE TOMBS AT POMPEII.

what narrow, forehead; large blue eyes, and a bright complexion. By his appearance, it would have been difficult for a stranger to determine whether he was American or English. He had travelled a great deal, and was somewhat cosmopolitan in dress, taste, and speech. He was, however, a native of Boston, and a bachelor. Allow us to introduce him—Mr. Charles Handison.

His two companions were his nephews, children of a brother about ten years deceased. On his brother's death (his wife having died previously), he had been appointed their guardian. George, the elder of the two, was now about twenty-three, and had, a few months previous to this introduction, completed his education in the University of Cambridge in England. His brother Edgar,

Hardly had they been seated, when two ladies, one middle-aged, and the other about twenty, accompanied by a maid and a courier, approached the granite basin of Pæstrium, which stands near the principal walk in these beautiful grounds, and not many yards distant from where the Handisons were seated. Here they stopped, and the ladies appeared to engage in an animated discussion on this antique.

Their appearance had no sooner caught the attention of George, than he exclaimed, "Here she is again! Isn't she beautiful? To my taste she exceeds all the beauties I have seen in marble or on canvas, and all the living faces from London to Naples."

"She is pretty," observed Edgar, "but I hesitate to pronounce her decidedly beautiful."



"Not beautiful!" exclaimed his brother. "Her figure is as perfect as the Venus of Milo. Her features are worthy of the Sistine Madonna. Her nut-brown complexion, illuminated as it is with those lustrous black eyes, and festooned with that mass of glossy dark hair, make attractions enough for the gods to worship."

"Tut, tut! this smacks of paganism," said the uncle, good naturedly. "I have seen that young lady two or three times since we have been in Naples, and I must confess her appearance has had a strange fascination over me. Now, don't be jealous, George. I fancy that I can trace in

If by any Darwinistic law the daughters of John and Jonathan could be blended, and the peculiarities of each softened by the admixture, an almost perfect woman would be the result. But as this may be unattainable, let us leave time to cure their faults. And whatever may be their defects, either of the American or of the English, they carry the palm over their sex of every other nationality, as maidens, wives, and mothers."

At this moment the ladies were seen directing their steps towards a terrace at the end of the gardens, and which extends to the sea, and from whence one of the finest prospects of the Bay



HOUSE OF SALLUST, POMPEII.

her face the lineaments of one whom I once met here many years ago, but who is now dead."

"They are English, I think," said Edgar. "They have not the dash, nor the mobility of feature of our American women."

"English or American," rejoined his brother, "they are evidently ladies. They have that unpretending ease and composure of manner which characterize refinement. I wish those traits were more frequently characteristic of our girls!"

"Our English prejudices again," smilingly replied Edgar. "If I want an amusing travelling companion, or a sprightly partner for a waltz, commend me to one of our country girls, in preference to any other."

"My dear Edgar," interposed the uncle, "I hope you will seek higher qualifications for a wife.

from the Riviera di Chiana is obtainable. The gentlemen did not think it becoming to follow them, and Uncle Charles relieved the shade of sadness which appeared in George's face, by assuring him that he would endeavor to find out who they were, and if desirable, seek for an introduction.

"Uncle," said Edgar, "when are we to make our promised visit to Pompeii?"

"On Saturday. You know my fondness for and belief in coincidences. On a corresponding day and month, twenty-eight years ago, I made my first and last visit to that place. I have therefore selected Saturday next for our journey thither." Hereupon they departed for the Hotel de New York, at which they were lodging.

Uncle Charles was an early riser. At seven





HOUSE OF PANSA, POMPEII.

on Saturday morning he was at a livery stable engaging a carriage for the proposed trip.

"Catelli," said he, "I want a couple of your best horses, properly fed; a carriage which will not fall to pieces after an hour's work; and a driver who will not exhibit convulsive rage, and lavish a dictionary of profanity upon the poor animals every ten minutes, and gradually diminish speed at every approach of a crowd of beggars and hawkers, for a drive to Pompeii. I propose to leave at eight and return about four."

"It will afford me," said Signor Catelli, "infinite honor to comply with her<sup>1</sup> wishes. I can accommodate her to perfection."

"But I must first see whether I can approve of the horses, and secondly we must agree on the price before the bargain is completed."

"Would not the illustrious Signore, whom I have had the honor to serve before, confide on my promise, that she shall have the best horses,

<sup>1</sup> It may not be generally known that it is a mark of politeness among Italians to address gentlemen in the third person feminine.

driver, and carriage my stable can produce? And as to the price, it is not worthy of mention; it shall be left entirely to her sense of justice."

"Oh no, Catelli. You know the Italian proverb, '*Alla borsa aperta, il giusta pecca.*' When the purse lies open, an honest man may sin. I will make no bargains open to misunderstanding."

Several horses were at length produced, and a couple selected, and a carriage.

"Now, fix the price."

At this command, Signor Catelli sighed. He shrugged his shoulders, he raised his eyebrows; and threw up his hands to indicate that such a selfish thing as naming a price was repulsive to his nature.

"Your price, Amica, quick, for there is no time to be lost."

"Considering these are the finest horses in my stable, which I have bought from la Marchessa di—"

"Never mind," interrupted Uncle Charles, "who you bought them from, tell me the price."

"Well, I will ask you only thirty franchi."

"You are extortionate as a New York hackman. I will give twelve, and one to the driver for '*buono mano.*'"

"Impossible."

"Then I go elsewhere." As he walked out, Catelli followed.

"You can have them for twenty-five."

"No."

"Will twenty suit her?"

"I will give no more than fifteen, and if the driver pleases me, he shall have two."

Catelli appealed to all the saints that such a sacrifice would be impossible, and was about to vow by "*Per la Sangue,*" etc., when Uncle Charles exclaimed, "Stop, I dislike profanity. You have my decision. I simply want your yea or nay."

"Then I must accept it, Signore," said Catelli, as he assumed a look of despair, which was a study for a painter, while he inwardly chuckled that it was three more than he could squeeze out of a German baron the day before, for a similar journey.

Punctually, Catelli's carriage awaited Uncle Charles and his nephews at their hotel.

"My dear uncle," said George, "would it not be cheaper and more expeditious by rail?"

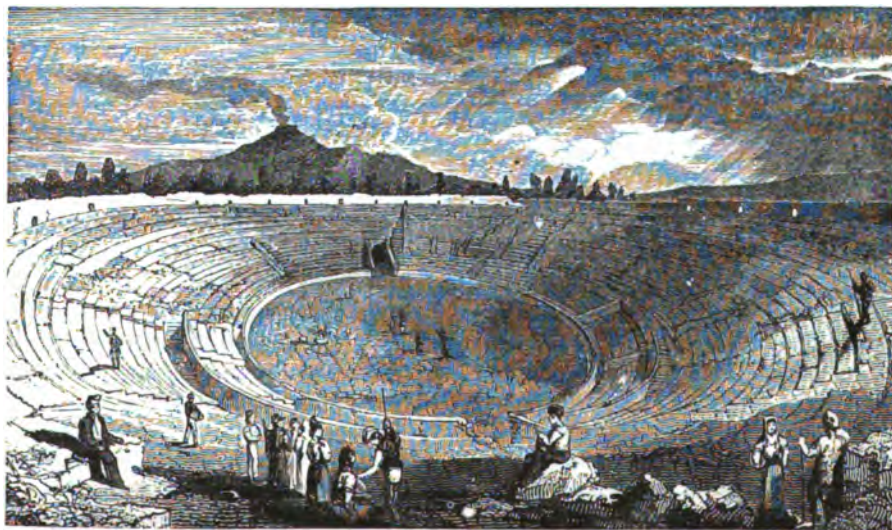
"Quicker, but not much cheaper. And had the difference in price been greater, I should still prefer the carriage."

"We should escape a bushel of dust apiece by railway, and have a chance of meeting some old travelling companions. I believe the Stimsons and McNaughtons are going there to-day."

"Ah! my boys, you are afflicted with some of the mistakes of the rising generation. Unless business be the sole object of a journey, and speed essential to its success, always prefer water to rail, a coach to water, and pedestrianism to all other methods of locomotion, if you desire really to see and enjoy the country through which you may be travelling. Three-fourths of modern travel is, to use a slang phrase, a fraud! The majority of tourists return to their homes no wiser than when they left. While steamboats and railways have facilitated intercourse, they have also promoted a vast amount of superficial travel. How few of our people who have lived for years in Paris, know much about France, or have any knowledge of the dissimilarity between French rustic, and city life. Three-fourths of foreigners going from Geneva to Basle, and from Basle to Splugen, see not a tithe of the beauties of Swiss scenery. I have known Englishmen and Americans who have lived several seasons in Germany and Italy, and who were as ignorant of the social life of the people as if they had never left their homes. You may remember, my boys, that General Scamper, whom we met some years ago in Boston, and who

told us he guessed he had done Europe pretty thoroughly, for hadn't he spent three whole months in travelling from New York to Liverpool, and from thence through France, Switzerland, Spain, and Germany; and who excused himself for not visiting Greece and the Ionian Islands, because his family would, as he said, waste four entire days in Rome and two days at Naples! He had given three days to Paris, and as long to London, but he thought all worth seeing in these cities might be seen in less time. The General is only a fair type of a large and increasing class. However, I'm talking too much, and time flies, '*Andiamo figli miei*,'"' said Uncle Charles, as he nimbly descended the stairs, briskly followed by his nephews.

Reaching the carriage, they found it surrounded by about fifty mendicants. There were ragged urchins of seven, to disease and decrepitude of seventy, who saluted our friends with a variety of gesticulations, and an eloquence of appeal unequalled in the realms of beggarmdom outside Southern Italy. Not wishing to aid professional mendicity and fraud, Uncle Charles wisely disregarded their importunities. And oh! *presto*, what a sudden change then took place among the disciples of St. Anthony! Not to parody Holy Writ, the blind appeared to see, the dumb to speak, the lame to walk, and an old woman who had been prominently feeble, suddenly acquired an activity of movement, and surpassed all the others in an eloquence of vituperation rarely equaled by our



ANCIENT AMPHITHEATRE, POMPEII.



most popular political orators during a Presidential campaign.

As the carriage disappeared to their view, their fury subsided, and at length they scattered themselves to seek another group of Americani, or a

But of here, as Byron said of Greece, we may say:

"All but the image of man is divine."

For close on our right throughout the journey we have the world-renowned bay. These lovely



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF VENUS, POMPEII.

Milord Inglese, on whom to repeat their importunities.

The road from Naples to Pompeii, amid so much of surpassing beauty of scenery, associated with historic interest, cannot be otherwise than delightful to the tourist, notwithstanding the clouds of dust and groups of beggars, and the frequent exhibitions of half-starved horses and overloaded mules and donkeys, which invariably accompany his progress. For example, here is a pony not much larger than a Newfoundland dog, nor half as fleshy, whose bare ribs eloquently speak of short commons, drawing a vehicle not unlike an old-fashioned French calèche. Let us count poor pony's burthens. Seated on the only seat are two women and a fat priest. At their feet are one man and three girls. The driver sits on one shaft, and two boys on the other; and hanging on the rear are four others, in all fourteen! And yet, by incessant flogging and cursing, the poor brute jogs along, and, as far as we know, lives to accomplish his task!

islands in the west are Procida and Ischia, their white houses glistening in the sun and contrasting with the bright green of the surrounding vineyards, and the picturesque forts on lofty peaks look like pearls set in emeralds. On the other side of the bay is the no less beautiful Isle of Capri, whose blue grotto is a never-ceasing object of wonder and delight. Facing you is old "Vesuvius," impressive even when, as he is now, comparatively quiescent, but still unpleasantly suggestive of that bottomless pit about whose properties theologians have been so frequently discussing of late. Almost at his

feet, and between them and the shore of the bay, and almost directly opposite to Naples, lies Pompeii. A little beyond it are Castelamare and Sorrento. The view from here, but still more so from the water, is of surpassing beauty, and the spectator may understand the frequent saying of the Italians, "*Vedi Napoli e poi mori.*"

Along the road our travellers passed several gardens rich in flowers, especially in oleanders and camelias; and orange trees, loaded with fruit, surrounding villas of more or less pretension to architectural beauty.

"We must stop," said Uncle Charles to the driver, "at the next orange grove, and purchase some of those delicious little oranges they call 'Madrinos.' I have eaten them in the West Indies and in Florida, and although I consider the Florida oranges superior to those in Havana, the Neapolitan is superior to both."

Accordingly, the *conduttore* stopped, and in a moment a dozen baskets of the fruit were screamingly offered, by some at two, and by some three,

for a soldi, a coin equivalent to a cent. After completing their purchases, they continued their journey, when George suddenly stopped the carriage again, and descending to the road picked up a morocco pocket-book.

Reëntering, he handed it to his uncle. By its weight and bulk, it appeared well filled. His uncle opened it, to ascertain to whom it belonged. Within the cover he found a name, printed in gold letters. On reading it, he exclaimed: "How remarkable! what an extraordinary coincidence, if it should prove to be true!"

"What is it, sir, another coincidence?" inquired the young men, almost simultaneously.

"I must reserve my reply, lads, until I meet the owner."

"But may not the name on the book be disclosed?" suggested George.

"Yes; it is Fanny Silverton."

"What's in a name?" jokingly remarked Edgar, who appeared amused at his brother's inquisitive looks.

"A great deal, sometimes, Master Edgar," said his uncle, and while he spoke, at a turn of the road they saw a carriage, like their own, occupied by four persons.

Both were now within a short distance of Pompeii. On arriving there, the carriage in front, instead of stopping as is usual at the street of the Tombs, proceeded to the Hotel Diomede.

Surmising that the owner of the pocket-book was one of the occupants, Uncle Charles followed them. Reaching the hotel, he left his nephews at the "*salle à manger*," and proceeded to make inquiries.

After an absence of about half an hour he reappeared, skipping, rather than walking; his face beaming with delight, he exclaimed: "Eureka! Eureka! Archimedes never felt as happy as I do. It is she! Isn't it an extraordinary coincidence?"

And then he began to whistle a popular air, and his nephews thought he was about to dance a tarantula.

They pretended alarm at his excitement. George fanned him with a handkerchief, while Edgar seized a carafe of water, and entreated permission to bathe his temples.

"Ah! boys," said he, "you may make fun of me now, but you will be as much astonished, if not as much delighted, as I am, when you know all I have just discovered!"

"Do for mercy sake tell us, Uncle, for it must be something marvelous to produce such unwonted exhibitions of delight," said Edgar.

"I will try to. In brief, then, the occupants of the carriage which was in front of us consisted of two ladies, with their maid, and a courier. After introducing myself to the ladies, I inquired if they had lost anything.

"Yes," said the elder, 'my niece has lost her pocket-book.'

"The name?"



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF ISIS, POMPEII.

"Fanny Silverton."

"Here it is," I replied; "and now," I added, "may I make a further inquiry?"

"Without now telling you of all that passed, I discovered the young lady to be the daughter of



two dear friends, now dead, and about whom I shall have a strange story to tell you, when we get inside the ruins. The elder lady is Mrs. Anthony Thesiger, an aunt of the younger; and what will interest George more, at present, is the fact that they are actually those we saw in the Villa Nazionale the other day, and will join us in our proposed exploration."

The young men, George especially, were both surprised and delighted, and entreated for an immediate introduction.

"I think I am fortunate in having lost it, Mr. Handison, because your finding it has been the means of introducing me to your uncle, who was a very dear friend of my parents, and whom I have often desired to meet. I thus owe you a double favor."

"The indebtedness is all on my side, Miss Silverton."

She slightly blushed and bowed at the compliment. Blushing among young ladies is said to be less common than formerly, and her modesty



INTERIOR OF A POMPEIIAN MANSION.

"Certainly, certainly," said the Uncle, "let us proceed at once."

We knew a British army officer, who had won four medals and the Victoria Cross, but who confessed that on two occasions he had completely lost his courage. The first of these was on his introduction to a lady with whom he had fallen in love at first sight; and the second was when he made his "proposal."

So George, who had hitherto been regarded as a lady's man, and was invariably at home in their society, now that the wish he most cherished was within reach, began to feel, for the first time, a little shaky.

The ladies were both very kind, and exhibited none of the stiffness usually shown by the English at an introduction. After a few of the usual commonplaces had passed between him and Miss Silverton, he said: "Pray, how were you so unfortunate as to lose your pocket-book?"

lent in his eyes a charm to the sweetness and intelligence of her face. He had often met and admired beauty before, but with very different feelings to the present. Then, he could quietly criticise it, as he would a picture, but now, he felt inclined rather to worship than to analyze. Surprised by the novelty, he asked himself, for the first time, if this could be really what is called "love?"

While thus ruminating, Mrs. Thesiger and Uncle Charles approached, and announced that they were ready to explore the ruined city.

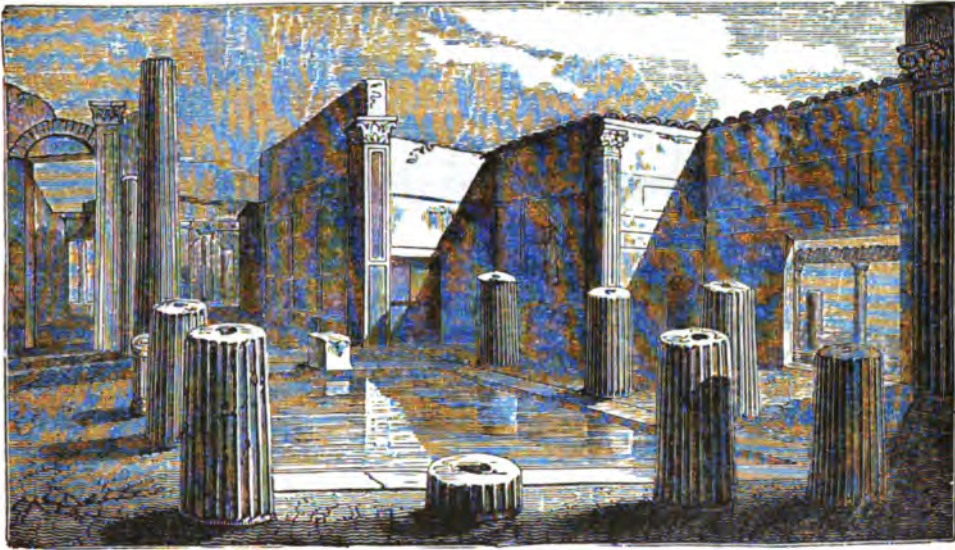
The sensation the first visit to Pompeii produces is usually somewhat novel. Unlike Rip Van Winkle when he awoke from his Centennial doze, and was astonished at the changes which had occurred in the meantime, the visitor here can scarcely half believe himself to be transmitted from the nineteenth back to the first century. For in some of the streets, the houses simply need



roofs and window shutters, and the appearance of a few men clad in togas and sandals, and a few women in loose and graceful Roman robes, and undisfigured with paniers, tie-backs, and high-heeled boots, to make the illusion perfect. The freshness of some of the frescoes on the walls, the perfectness of some of the mosaic floors, the bust of Cornelius Rufus, still standing in the Atrium as white and perfect as if it had just left the sculptor's chisel; the loaves of bread, though burnt, yet still perfect in form in the oven, the sign of the farrier,

and a threat. But, strange to say, the Quebec structure was erected anterior to 1759, several years before the house of Glaucus was exhumed. It then becomes an interesting question, how did the Quebec opponent of Monsieur l'Intendant Bigot learn of this design and motto?"

None of the party appeared disposed to answer the question, and as the city had been by this time pretty thoroughly explored they adjourned to the tablinum (drawing-room) of the house of Pansa, where, seated on the mosaic floor, Edgar



COURT OF A MANSION AT POMPEII.

of the barber, the wine-merchant, and the soap-boiler over their respective shops; the articles of jewelry and of domestic use, all appear so familiar that a spectator usually finds it hard to believe the catastrophe occurred eighteen centuries ago! Our friends carefully inspected these and other objects of interest, and when they reached the house of Glaucus, they saw on the entrance floor a dog, in mosaic, and below it the words, "Cave Canem" (beware of the dog).

"This reminds me," said Uncle Charles, "of a similar design and inscription which I saw in Quebec some years ago, over the door of a house built during the French régime, and which at the time of my visit was used as a post-office. Subsequently I read, in a Canadian magazine, that they commemorated a quarrel between the original owner of the house and a French official named, I think, Bigot, and were intended as a challenge

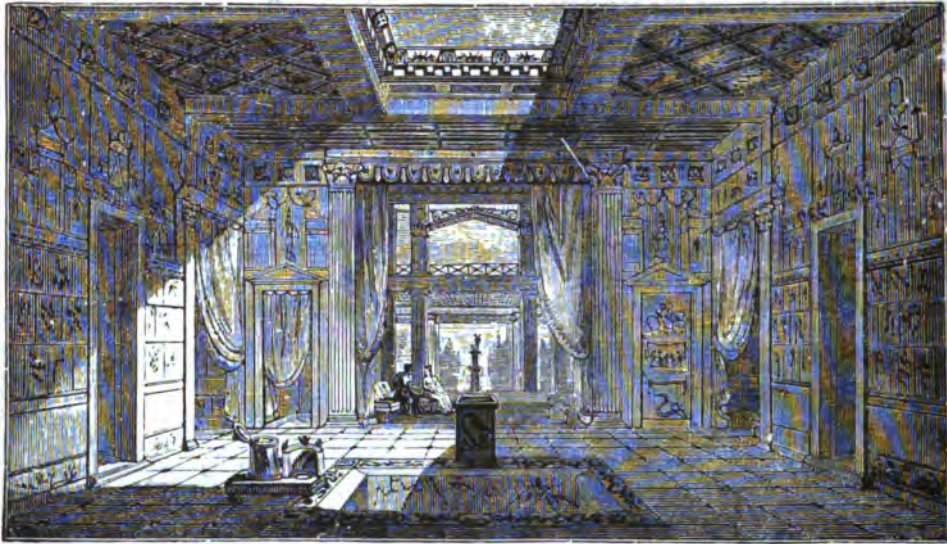
read them Pliny's description of its destruction.<sup>1</sup> It would be hardly possible to find a more appropriate spot for its perusal, and the guide-book descriptions are, to our minds, insufficient without this interesting narrative. During their peregrinations George had been less talkative to Miss Silverton than either his uncle or brother. By fits and starts he would be moody and communicative, now lively and then silent; but these we have been assured are no uncommon symptoms of the first attack of heart disease.

"Uncle," inquired George, "when are we to be entertained with that interesting revelation you promised us this morning?"

"At once, if there be no objection from the ladies."

The ladies warmly accorded their permission.

<sup>1</sup> Pliny's Letters, Book VI., Letter 16.



HALL OF A POMPEIIAN MANSION.

After a moment's pause Uncle Charles thus began: My nephews are often amused at what they are pleased to call a vein of superstition in my character, and whenever I mention that another coincidence has occurred, I invariably detect a half-suppressed smile on their faces. But the longer I live the more convinced I am, there are still around us numberless proofs that

There is a Divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them how we will.

"On a day and month corresponding to the present, but twenty-eight years ago, I visited this place. I was then in full enjoyment of health, possessed of ample means, and with the prospect of a happy future. At this time I was about twenty-seven, and had been travelling in Europe nearly eight months in company with three friends. Two of them had been school-fellows of mine, Frank Patterson and Arthur Salmon; the third (here Uncle Charles's voice became a little tremulous) was Arthur's sister, Sarah, who, I may mention, would have been my wife a few months later, had not Providence seen fit to remove her suddenly in the meantime.

Together we had visited nearly all the objects of interest we have seen to-day. I say nearly all, because, as you are aware, many important excavations have been made since. We entered at the Strada di Sepulcro, opposite to our entrance to-day, and ordered the carriage to meet us at the Amphitheatre. On our way to the latter, full of fun, we

met a lady and gentleman, both about our ages, and whom we had noticed twice before, inspecting the ruins. At this time they appeared very anxiously in search of something. They were English. He had the features and healthiness of complexion characteristic of his countrymen; and she, that open-heartedness of expression, in which reserve was mingled with intelligence, and honesty with simplicity.

Observing their distress, we inquired if they had met with a loss.

"Yes," said the lady, who I now noticed had been crying; "my husband has lost his pocket-book, containing money and other valuables, and we have been looking in vain for it for nearly two hours."

He then added, that he had taken this book from his pocket, while sitting on one of the lower tiers of the amphitheatre, and had entered some memoranda. He first missed it about half an hour afterwards, when about to pay for some refreshment at an adjacent hotel.

"What shall we do?" inquired his poor little wife of me, after some further conversation. "It contained nearly all our money, and all our letters of credit, and we are entire strangers in Naples." And then her large and clear blue eyes filled again with tears, while her husband, who was scarcely less agitated, tried in vain to comfort her.

Expressing our sympathy, which was sincerely felt by all of us, we joined in the search, but with-



out success, until the hour arrived when it became necessary to leave.

It is a very serious thing, I need hardly say, to lose one's money, when abroad ; but especially so, in these days, when railways were not so extended as they are now, and before the telegraph had been introduced into Southern Italy. At the time I speak of, the mail was the quickest mode of communication with Great Britain, and it took at least seven days for a letter to reach London, and as much longer for a reply to reach Naples.

On our way back, the misfortune of our English friends was frequently the subject of our conversation. Frank Patterson, on one occasion, hinted that possibly they were impostors. Poor Frank ! Sarah was very angry at this ; but he had some excuse for his skepticism, for he had been traveling several weeks with a fascinating Russian count and his wife, who spoke almost every European language and who appeared to know almost everything and everybody, and of whom he had written most eloquent descriptions to his parents in Boston ; but after they had been three days in Vienna, the Kellner quietly informed him that the Chief of Police requested an interview. On seeing that official he was told that his fascinating companions were swindlers. The count had been a valet, convicted of theft in Russia, and had escaped from justice. The countess had been the mistress of the count's employer, and was a supposed accomplice in his crime. He rushed back to the hotel to denounce them, when he was told they had just

left for parts unknown ; and he found nearly every article of value belonging to him had left also, together with a loan of fifteen hundred francs !

Then, again, about four weeks previous to our arrival in Naples, we met in Rome, our friends General Gulliber and his family, of Ohio. We found them in deep distress because the Baron de Reuss, who had been journeying with them for some months, and who they had believed owned estates in Hungary equal to a German principality, had eloped with Miss Emily Gulliber ; and the police had since informed her distressed parents that the baron had a wife and family in Bavaria, that he was simply Gottfried Gnaedinger, formerly a billiard-marker at Hamburg ! Remembering his own sufferings and those of the Gulliber family, Frank may be excused for his unbelief. But it was quickly dispelled by the confidence and sympathy expressed by poor Sarah. I ceased then to have any doubt. A woman's instinct is keener than ours to detect a fraud of this kind. A few moments after I heard her whisper to her brother to call on them in Naples, and proffer them assistance. I decided to forestall him ; I found them at their hotel, in greater distress than before. The book had not been found. On my arrival he was engaged in offering his watch and a valuable diamond ring belonging to his wife to the hotel-keeper as security for the loan of sufficient money to defray their expenses to London, by a steamer which was advertised to sail on the following morning. While the hotel-keeper was listening with apparent



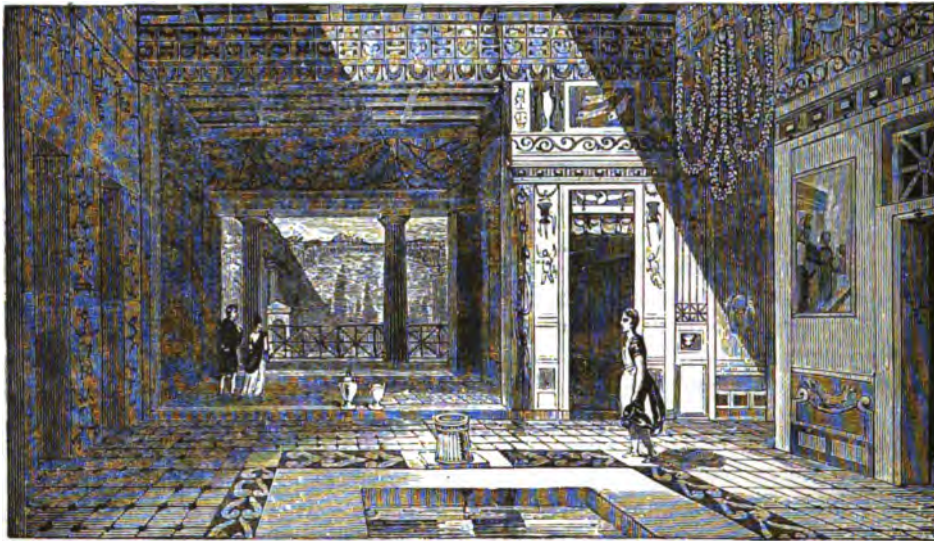
STATE CHAMBER OF A POMPEIIAN MANSION.

incredulity, I called him aside, and he reluctantly accepted from me, without security, the amount he needed. I shall never forget the look of gratitude his wife gave me. After handing them the amount, and receiving expressions of gratitude, we exchanged cards, and he promised to remit the loan to my address in Boston as soon as he reached London. We then parted.

I must confess that I expected on my arrival to find a letter from my English friends awaiting me. But in this I was disappointed. Believing

In this condition I became, as you may suppose, very despondent, when a friend informed me that the wealthy English house of Julyan & Co. was desirous of appointing an agent to introduce into the States an important article they had recently patented. My friend advised me to proceed immediately to England, and apply in person for the position, as he knew others were seeking for it. Furnished with some letters of introduction, I acted upon his suggestion.

On reaching London, I waited upon the firm.



ATRIUM OF A POMPEIAN MANSION,  
Showing the Pluvium and the Decorations on the Walls.

that some unexpected accident had delayed the remittance, I felt no further anxiety about it till some time after. Arthur would sometimes inquire about it. Frank soon concluded that I had been deceived; but Sarah, dear girl, up to the time of her sad death, which occurred about five months after our return, and within a few weeks of our intended marriage, never doubted their honesty, and always maintained that an accident or a mistake alone prevented the fulfillment of their promise.

Another period of eight years elapsed, during which I lost my betrothed, and also my fortune, and in this wise:

About twelve months after my return I became a partner in a firm of manufacturers, more for employment, than to make money. But my commercial adventure terminated disastrously, and at the expiration of six years we failed.

Introduced to two of the partners, I presented my testimonials, when they politely hinted that my prospect of success was doubtful, as one of the many applicants had been recommended by influential connections, and whom they wished to oblige. I left my papers, and they invited me to call on the following day. I returned to my hotel very much disheartened. On the morrow I called again, when I was introduced to another member of the firm. He was in mourning, and after a few moments of conversation he seemed to regard me with unusual interest. More than once I noticed him examining my letters, and he repeated his inquiry as to my name. After a short and desultory conversation, he abruptly inquired:

"Were you ever in Pompeii?"

"Yes," I answered, "about eight years ago."

"Did you," said he, "meet any strangers there?"



"Yes, I met an English gentleman and his wife, who had the misfortune to lose their pocket-book there, containing their money."

At this he rose rapidly from his chair, and seizing my hand, exclaimed: "I am he! It was my dear wife and myself whom you so generously befriended on that occasion. I suppose," he added, "it is my recently acquired beard and change of expression which prevented you from recognizing me before?"

My surprise was no less than his.

"Not that I am aware of," I replied.

"Yes," he said, "the name on the card is William Henry Scrivens, to which you added in pencil, 'Beacon street, Boston.'"

The mystery was thus solved. Scrivens was the name of a Virginian friend whom I had met in Rome, and whose card I must have accidentally placed in my card case. It was dusk when I visited the hotel, and being short-sighted, I had given it to them in mistake for my own, and wrote in pencil under his name, my Boston address.



POMPEIAN ARCHITECTURE.

"Now, first of all," said he, "tell me where you have been since we met? For, immediately after our return to England I remitted your loan to the address you gave me on the card, as you will see by reference to it, when you reach my house, where you must be my guest as long as you remain in this country. A few months later, the letter in which the money was enclosed was returned to me, with the intimation that no one bearing the name could be found there. I then advertised in a Boston paper for your whereabouts, and desired you or your friends to communicate it to me; but my appeal met with no response. At length my wife and myself gave up all hopes of seeing or hearing from you again. We feared that you had met with a fatal disaster. But," he continued, "you will excuse me for mentioning that you now bear a name different to that on the card you gave me in Naples."

"Why, all this," said he, "is as good as a romance. You can scarcely realize the pleasure this discovery has given me;" and he added, in a sorrowful voice, "my delight would be greater could it be shared by my wife."

"Is she dead?" I asked.

"Yes, she departed about eight months ago, leaving me one child, a daughter, about ten months old. Often did she express anxiety to see or hear of you, and regretted as much as I did our inability to find you."

Suffice it to say that I became his guest. At his charming villa, near Kensington, I enjoyed for nearly three weeks the cozy comforts of an English fireside, and pleasant intellectual intercourse with his friends. And withal he secured me the agency, which proved to be very lucrative both to my principals and myself. About fifteen years after this, my dear friend followed his wife.



About three years before his death I paid him another visit. His daughter was then in Germany at school, and under the care of her aunt.

Thus, through the loss of a pocket-book in Pompeii, twenty-eight years ago to-day, I was enabled to render a service which led to an appointment which has afforded me comparative wealth; and thus again, on the twenty-eighth anniversary at the same place, and by a similar circumstance we have the privilege of making the acquaintance of Miss Silvertown, the daughter of these dear friends! Are these not striking coincidences, my boys? And how true it is, that a benefit rendered, always reaps a blessing to the benefactor, sooner or later.

During their stay in Naples, George became very devoted to Fanny. Many a ramble did they enjoy together in the Capo di Monte. It was not long ere she showed her appreciation of his attentions, and they had the approval of her aunt and delighted Uncle Charles. About three months after, they were married at the British Embassy in Rome, in the presence of some of her English relatives, and a host of Uncle Charles's friends.

"Yes," said the Rev. Septimus Tristaur, to a group of ladies, shortly after the ceremony, "they are the handsomest couple I've ever married, and I have married a good many."

George and his wife have since resided in England. Uncle Charles and Edgar returned to a pretty cottage *orné*, on a beautiful spot on the seacoast, near Boston. Our last scene in this little drama, presents them on a bright May morning around their breakfast table. Several letters and some British newspapers are before them. The Uncle is attentively reading a letter from England. A newspaper extract falls from it. Edgar picks it up. His uncle desires him to read it. At his first glance over the contents he cries out, "Here's another remarkable coincidence!"

"What is it?"

Edgar reads: "At No. 9 Devonshire Terrace, Norwood, on the 18th of April, Fanny, wife of Mr. George Handison, of a son."

"God bless them," said Uncle Charles; "the eighteenth of April! Yes, another extraordinary coincidence!"

## MISSING.

By Lucy M. BLINN.

My two little fair-haired children, full of frolic and glee,  
Are missing to-night from the nursery, from their place beside  
my knee;  
Have you seen the little darlings in your rambles on the  
street?  
They cannot have wandered very far with those tottering,  
timid feet!

My little girl has bright, dark eyes, and lips like berries red,  
With hair of brown, like a flossy crown upon her baby head;  
She wore a dress of dainty blue, and an apron white as snow,  
And little red boots with the heels cut down and a hole in  
either toe!

My boy is a sturdy fellow, with a laughing, sunburnt face,  
There's nothing beautiful in it, only childhood's honest  
grace!

A clean checked apron belted down, hid the patches on his  
knees,  
And the tattered rim of his old straw hat went fluttering in  
the breeze.

You ask, "Have they long been missing?" "Is it long since  
they went away?"

It seems to me but a little while, yet I'm sure I cannot say;  
I keep no record as others do, in months and days and  
hours,

I count the years by their smiles and tears, their sunshine  
and their showers!

'Tis too quiet here without them—the house seems full of  
fears,

I miss their innocent laughter, I long for their childish tears;

The crib in my room is empty, and in the hall up stairs  
Stand side by side in the corner, two little ~~tattered~~ chairs!

When night comes down like a blessing, and I steal away to  
rest,

I sadly miss the little heads once pillowed on my breast,  
I forget all about my empty arms, and sing the evening hymn  
That I used to sing beside their crib in the twilight soft and  
dim!

'Tis true, that in yonder parlor sits a girl whose fair, sweet  
face

Brings to my mind a memory of the old time, childish grace.  
She tells me *she* is the little one my heart so longs to see,  
That hers is the same dear baby-form that knelt beside my  
knee!

And a bright-faced youth as tall as I, comes in as I muse  
alone,

Sits down in the chair beside me, with his face against my  
own,

And kisses and calls me "mother," and says *he's* the urchin  
bright,

Who wore the hat with the tattered rim, and slept in the crib  
at night!

It seems like a dream, yet it must be true; I did not count  
the hours

As they passed along to youth's fair land from childhood's  
birds and flowers,

And I softly ask the Father, as the quiet tear-drops come,  
That they be not counted "missing" when He calls the  
children home!

## OUR TELL-TALE LIPS.

BY L. MALLETT ANDERSON.

Most people think the eyes tell the story of one's life more plainly than any other, or all other, features.

Dr. Holmes says: "All of a man's other features are made for him; but a man makes his own mouth." So we think and believe, in many instances, the mouth to be the better delineator of character.

The fine indistinct lines about the mouth that are formed there by ill-temper, by grief, by cares, by selfish desires, by malice, by sorrow, by hate, by shame, by evil desires, by all the foes of our peace within, are all strong evidence of what is, or has been, our life's experience. The writing is legible to him who cares to read. Fine and indistinct though they be, they tell the plain unvarnished story, underscored and emphasized, without our consent.

The whole tragedy of a life may be written in the lines around the mouth. No matter how pleading the eye, how yearning the gaze, how sorrowful the expression, the mouth tells us most surely the truth. We can teach the eyes to look almost any emotion; to brighten when sad, to droop when glad, to look steady under fire of various feelings, whether of hate, or jealousy, or revenge; but the lips are not so pliable. Tutor them all we may, they will blanch, will compress, will curl with scorn, will pout, will draw apart, in fact tell what is passing within; hint plainly at the volcanic fires below, or the soft, sweet, melting presence of love in the bosom, or at the vague disquiet and unrest that possess some mortals; all can be seen through this medium, as if we looked through a curtain of gauze.

The clue to a man's nature may be hidden by a mustache, or burnside; a beard may cover up the coarsest feelings; therefore, a woman had better see the face of the man she marries, shaven, before she weds.

"The mouth," Leigh Hunt, says, "is the frankest part of the face, and it becomes more or less contracted in the course of years." Yes, all the gathered experience of a lifetime are caught and held there, while the eyes photograph the present moment.

Ah! what a battle-ground is the soul of man! What terrible conflicts go on within; what gods, giants, and monsters are our thoughts! How they plow the face with lines that tell of evil intentions, violation of moral law, wicked deeds, and sinful thoughts! And again, they leave the exterior fair and smiling, the cheek smooth, the eye soft, even the mouth sweet in expression. And so we gaze into the eyes day by day, and study the lines about the mouth; but so perfect is the watch, and so sleepless the sentinel upon the outpost, that we do not see even the "last act of life's tragedy." And thus the unwary are lured into the expectation of faithfulness and purity where there is only deceit and foulness.

We are oftentimes too generously or ungenerously estimated, on account of the eyes telling the tale of life. The glance of our friend or foe, our lover or accuser, is directed to the eye in a trying moment to read there a responsive look, endeavoring to fathom the depths from that source with the plumb-line of his own gaze, to the utter disregard of the mute language of the mouth.

And no wonder we gaze into the eye for all we wish to learn, for it is the magnetic force which attracts us and holds us entranced, spell-bound. So much has been said about the eyes, they have been immortalized by poets and painters; those liquid wells of thought; those bright twin stars that lead the spirit heavenward; those *ignes fatui* that drag the soul downward to Avernus; those lambent, iridescent orbs that compel our worship, that possess us through and through, body and soul, by a glance.

Yes, the eyes are eloquent interpreters, but how often the eloquent language of the mouth is but half understood, left unread with all its tremulous sweetness melting into tenderness at an endearing word or a fond glance.

Sometimes, in the same face, we find the cold crafty look in the eyes contradicted by the soft, sensuous lips, the full, warm mouth melting in its curves, almost infantine in its innocence. The eyes may wear a cold look, the cheek retain its natural hue, but if we should learn the story we fail to read there, study well the mouth. The

story of love in all its madness, all its strength of passion, speak of sorrow borne; all, all, we there decipher.

There is most certainly a set of muscles and nerves (ignorance of anatomy forbids our knowing anything positive on this head) around the mouth, which act non-volitionally, in fact in spite of one's will.

The dark, imploring eyes of Beatrice Cenci appeal to our sympathies; we pity beauty and innocence in such evident distress. But the infantile sweetness, the soft loveliness of her mouth, the tender lines of beauty without a severe line to mar its perfection, the sorrowful droop at the corners, indistinct as a shadow, bring to our eyes the tear, and we sigh for her woe, and cannot with such evidence believe her guilty.

In a certain picture of the "Mater Dolorosa" we meet with frequently, whose beauty is half hidden by a blue hood, we gaze only at the mouth, with its sensitive curves; with its sorrowful beauty and look of pain, and we almost feel that one more quiver of those beautiful lips and the tears will certainly flow down the perfect oval of her saintly cheek.

How sweetly the mouth smiles, how delicious the imprint of velvet lips; and again, how maddening, how despairing, is a last kiss from the lips of those in love. Ah! well; search the eyes, study well the mouth—doubt, mistrust, disbelieve all we may—yet the most faithless one of us has belief in one hand clasp, one human soul, one pair of eyes, one pair of lips.

## READERS AND WRITERS.

READING without purpose is sauntering, not exercise. More is got from one book on which the thought settles for a definite end in knowledge, than from libraries skimmed over by a wandering eye. A cottage flower gives honey to the bee, a king's garden none to the butterfly. Youths who are destined for active careers, or ambitious of distinction in such forms of literature as require freshness of invention or originality of thought, should avoid the habit of intense study for many hours at a stretch. There is a point in all tension of the intellect beyond which effort is only waste of strength. Fresh ideas do not readily spring up within a weary brain; and whatever exhausts the mind not only enfeebles its power, but narrows its scope.

We often see men who have over-read at college, entering upon life languidly as if they were about to leave it. They have not the vigor to cope with their own generation, for their own generation is young, and they have wasted the nervous energy which supplies the sinews of war to youth, in its contest for fame or fortune. Study with regularity at settled hours. Those in the forenoon are the best if they can be secured. The man who has acquired the habit of study, though for only one hour every day in the year and keeps to the one thing studied till mastered, will be startled to see what he has made at the end of the twelve-month. He is seldom overworked who can con-

trive to be in advance of his work. If you have three weeks before you to learn something which a man of average quickness could learn in a week, learn it the first week, and not the third. Business despatched is business well done; but business hurried is business ill done. Remember the old maxim, "The more haste, the less speed."

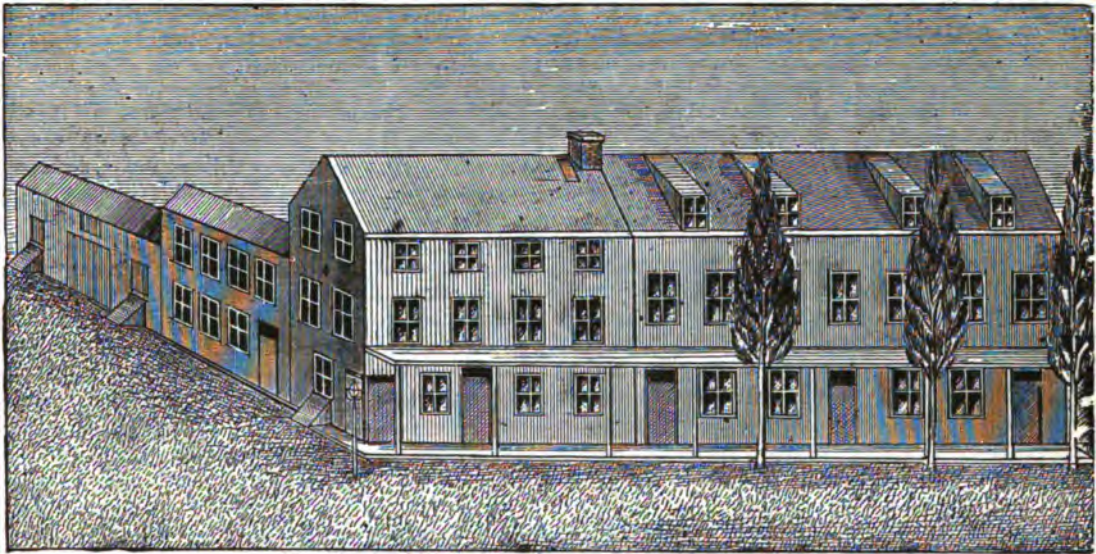
In learning what others have thought, it is well to keep in practice the power to think for one's self. When an author has added to your knowledge, pause and consider if you can add nothing to his. Be not contented to have learned a problem by heart; try and deduce from it a corollary not in the book. Spare no pains in collecting details before you generalize; but it is only when details are generalized that a truth is grasped. The tendency to generalize is universal with all men who achieve great success, whether in art, literature, or action.

The habit of generalizing, though at first gained with care and caution, secures, by practice, a comprehensiveness of judgment and a promptitude of decision, which seem to the crowd like intuitions of genius. And indeed nothing more distinguishes the man of genius from the mere man of talent than the facility of generalizing the various details, each of which demands the aptitude of a special talent; but all which can be gathered into a whole by the grasp of a mind may have no special aptitude for any.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

**Record of Old "Greenwich Village" Ferry-House.**  
—The story of this humble landmark, which nearly in its original entirety still stands, can be briefly told. And we give the facts as recently given to us by the venerable Peter P. Wendover, Esq., a highly respected aged citizen of the Ninth ward, in the city of New York, whose residence is on west Eleventh street, at the foot of which the old ferry-house was situated. This street from the first, and until a few

appropriately, for it was a very fast sailer, and with the captain at the helm was seen out in all weathers, darting across the broad Hudson when no other boat dared venture out. After a while in the progress of events came the lazy, broad-beamed horse-boat, slow, but sure. That was, we suppose, after bold Captain Green's day. He never could have consented to navigate a thing so provokingly unlike his dauntless and speedful "Flash." But the old Hammond



OLD FERRY-HOUSE AND TAVERN, "GREENWICH VILLAGE," NEW YORK CITY.

years since, bore the name of Hammond street, from Abijah Hammond, an old New York merchant, who owned largely in its vicinity about the beginning of this century. The picture represents the west front of the building, facing on the present Washington street, then *non est*—the Hudson River bank being but about half a block below, with no other street or house intervening. The ferry connected with it was between "Greenwich Village," as that part of the now city was then called, being a mere suburban and out-of-town locality, and Hoboken on the opposite New Jersey shore. It was probably a very ancient one, going back to the old Dutch times when those enterprising Amsterdamers built up a little *dorp* in this part of Manhattan Island, and Governor Van Twiller had a *bowerie*, or farm there. In Barent de Kline's day, or when he was landlord of this once noted ferry-house tavern, namely, just after the close of the last war with England, the date of the original draught of the building, the ferry-boat was the so-called petianger of the olden time, and Captain Green, a veteran, fearless, and most expert seaman, managed the craft. The petianger, we are told, had a foresail and mainsail, but no jib or topsail. He called his boat the "Flash," and very

street ferry was destined never to have a steamboat for its passengers. Its lease or its use did not survive the horse-boat era, of which the Christopher street ferry, a short distance below, and so generally known, took its place, having now been established for many years.

But to return to the record of the old ferry tavern. As a traveller's resort and refuge from the storm, its glory must have sadly waned when old Christopher street so got the better of Hammond, by the change above mentioned. Insignificant looking enough it has become, in the midst of the multitude of big brick structures sprung up all around it, West street beyond now skirting the river, and the dockage extending out eleven hundred and fifty feet farther into the stream, not at all to the advantage of sailing vessels. The *raison d'être* of taking its picture, is, however, yet to be told, which is briefly this. During the war of 1812-15, this building was used as a barrack for soldiers, and when peace was proclaimed, the owners, of course, sent in their bill for the Government to settle. This claim was presented and duly honored through the influence of the Hon. Peter H. Wendover, then representing the city of New York in Congress. He was the father of our venerable informant. A

large drawing of the property was then obtained, at the request of Mr. Wendover, for reference at Washington. He was a member of Congress for three successive terms, viz., from 1815 to 1821.

This highly respected man was born in the city of New York, where his Holland ancestors had dwelt for several generations before him. Previous to his going to Congress, he had been a city Alderman, and Assemblyman in 1804, and subsequently, agent of the State Prison, then located within the bounds of Greenwich. His last public office was that of High Sheriff of his native city. During his Congressional career, he had the honor of introducing, and successfully carrying through, a resolution for establishing the American Flag in its present form, which he supported by an able and highly patriotic speech.

Mr. Wendover was a practical business man in his habits, orthodox in his religious creed, a Democrat of the Jefferson school in politics, and through life emphatically of the *tenax proposita* type in character, zealous alike for law, liberty and the welfare of society.

He closed his useful life, at his own house, in Christopher street, New York, in 1834, at the age of sixty-seven.

WILLIAM HALL.

It was my intention to have replied before this to the article of Mr. W. T. R. Saffell, in the June number for 1876, of your magazine. After speaking of the picture of "Washington at Valley Forge," painted by Charles Peale Polk, and referring to my statement that he "died in 1822, aged 56," Mr. Saffell says: "If this is a fact, then he was born in 1766, and was therefore only *twelve* years of age in 1778,

when Washington was at Valley Forge. He could not have painted the picture at that tender and inexperienced age."

The question of Mr. Saffell seems to us easily answered. We do not think the artist was personally present at Valley Forge when he painted the picture of Washington. How to supply his naked and almost famishing army with clothes and food, no doubt occupied the mind of Washington to the exclusion of everything else, and he probably had no time to sit for a portrait. The portrait was no doubt painted after Charles Peale Polk had grown to manhood, just as many so-called historical paintings are executed long subsequent to the enactment of the events which they commemorate. Charles Peale Polk was the son of Robert Polk and Miss Peale, sister of Charles W. Peale, the painter, and doubtless inherited his talent from the mother's side. He had a sister, Elizabeth by name. His father, as we stated, was named Robert, a naval officer, who was killed during the French War. The father and mother of this Robert was Robert and Miss Guilette. This last Robert was the son of Robert Polk, Sr., and Magdalen Tasker Porter (widow of Colonel Porter), a daughter of Colonel Tasker, a chancellor of Ireland, whose residence was in Donegal County.

"Broomfield Castle," which is built on the river Dee, and by some called "Castle Keys," stands on the old family estate. Many of the descendants of the artist are living, as he was married three times. His first wife was Miss Ruth Ellison; his second, in 1811, a widow Brackenburgh, and his last, in 1816, Miss Ellen B. Downman. By these he had *thirteen* children—a goodly number of *Polk-stalks*. Charles Polk and Charles Peale Polk were one and the same person.

WILLIAM H. POLK.

## CURRENT MEMORANDA.

**The War Cloud in the East.**—The situation in Europe is considered as critical now as at any time since the beginning of the Russo-Turkish war. The latest news received up to the time of going to press indicate the possibility, if not great probability, that general war may be precipitated any moment.

For the first time since the Crimean war, the English dockyards are working full force, and the army and navy are to be put in quick readiness for such emergency as "her discarded interests" may require. While the English fleet is still lying within easy striking distance of the Turkoman capital, the Russian army of occupation is slowly but surely placing itself in a like commanding position on the land side.

Diplomacy has developed the fact that the Treaty of San Stefano conflicts with general European interests to such an extent that England and Austria have positively declined to enter a congress or conference of the Powers, unless the full stipulations of the treaty are submitted by the Russian Government for discussion and consequent modification. This action the latter Government refuses to take without reservation, and as a consequence the English nation declines to

enter the congress. Austria and France likewise refuse to enter the conference, without England and her interests are represented. The ultimatum of the English Premier to the Russian Imperial Court sets forth not only her own immediate interests, jeopardized by the treaty, but expounds in a very forcible and logical manner the various interests of other nations similarly affected, showing that it clearly conflicts with preceding European treaties, and is therefore not to be entertained.

Germany, which heretofore has maintained a somewhat neutral position, now through her Chancellor, the Prince Bismarck, takes decided grounds with the English, thus leaving the Czar the choice of either withdrawing from the advanced position he has taken, and making the concession demanded by the English nation, or single handed and alone maintaining what he has already secured by a war just ended, by entering upon another—the magnitude and severity of which may eclipse any of ancient or modern times, and which may eventually involve all Europe.

Indications point to a secret alliance between the Turks and the Russians, and we have no doubt such will prove to be the case, should the war-cloud burst. While the advan-



tages to be gained by such an alliance would be but trifling on the score of material force obtained, the seat of the conflict will thereby be transferred to Turkish soil, and the Russian cohorts placed in possession of the prize over which the struggle is to be made. In possession, it will remain to be seen whether or no the English arms, or perhaps even the combined forces of Europe, can dispossess her.

Unless some concession be made and better counsels prevail, we may look vainly for a continuation of peace throughout Europe much longer. The character of the political *status* is such that we may hear "the notes of war's rude alarms" at any moment. For ourselves, and for the sake of humanity, the slaughtered thousands of fighting men, the widows and orphans, the result of such a conflict, and the loss and destruction of property, we trust that the dire calamity may be averted.—ED.

People who are impatient at the slow recovery of commercial prosperity, forget the enormous burdens which we shouldered in the eight years after the war. Instead of adopting the old common sense rule of "pay as you go," we borrowed and pocketed the proceeds of our loans. We built railroads with bonds, and now the railroads are heavily taxed to pay the interest on the bonds. We borrowed and put up mills, factories and foundries which are either standing idle or running to pay for the oil and the waste that keeps the machinery in repairs. We bought coal mines which we must keep in operation, and when we have paid the miners and operating expenses, there is nothing left to buy bread with. Add to all this, corporate extravagance such as our fathers never dreamed of, a national debt of twenty-two hundred millions caused by the war, State and municipal debts three-fourths as much more, and a railway debt of twenty-three hundred millions. This is a new burden, one we never knew of before, and it entails on us the enormous annual tax of four hundred millions of interest. Is it any wonder that trade staggers with such a load as this?

The English army has long enjoyed the reputation of being the most expensively dressed in Europe. The most costly uniform is that of a Staff Sergeant in the Foot Guards, to clothe whom entails upon the country about seventy dollars per man per annum, and the cheapest man to equip is the negro private of the West India regiments, whose picturesque Zouave uniform costs about twelve dollars per annum.

**A Strange Coincidence.**—Mr. Theoron Barnum, a relative of the Baltimore Barnums, and the oldest hotel proprietor of the West, died in St. Louis recently. In his earlier years he was clerk in Barnum's Hotel, Baltimore, but went West and started hotel-keeping himself. At the same time his cousin, Mr. A. S. Barnum, also left Baltimore, and fixed upon New York as the scene of his fortunes. Their uncle, Mr. David Barnum, the founder of Barnum's Hotel, Baltimore, gave them advice and assistance. Theoron Barnum established a reputation as a hotel-keeper in St. Louis and made money. Allen S. Barnum did the same in New York, but recently his health failed him, and he returned to Baltimore to live. His health greatly improved.

Up to 11 o'clock in the evening he appeared to be as well as any one, when he died suddenly, from what is supposed to have been an apoplectic stroke. At that hour Mr. Theoron Barnum died in St. Louis. Such is the strange coincidence of two deaths.

**A Petrified Papoose.**—There recently came into Washington, without company of kith or kin, an Indian Papoose, of the Arrapahoe tribe. He is a little fellow, and is petrified, and has been set in state in the Smithsonian. He was found in a wild, lonely mountain gulch in Dakota, in a hollow tree, in which were also conveniently placed knife and food in a grip-sack for use, until his spirit should reach the happy hunting-grounds. His face is painted in red streaks, and his garments are fine and gaudy. A rare Arrapahoe blanket, made by hand by this tribe, and which would bring fabulous prices among connoisseurs, was wrapped about the little fellow, in his pine tree cradle. He is a very small wanderer from his Western camp fire, and looks lonely enough peeping from his glass case at the living throng of pale faces, and the ghastly multitude of skeletons that rear their wire-tied bones in the great museum hall. He probably does not enjoy his visit to civilization as much as he would if he could walk the streets, surrounded by a crowd of yelling gamins and crowding nurse girls; if he could take one squint at the shop windows, or visit the big east room of the Great Father; see the steam street-car that now rolls down the avenue without the aid of horses, or watch the yellow lights blaze out at nightfall like summer fire-flies, swarming over the marshy city of the nation's capital—it would be jollier for him but not for us. For dirty live Indians we can see nearly every day; but not a grand frozen little warrior such as this.

**Oatmeal as an Article of Diet.**—It is surprising how enormously the consumption of oatmeal has increased in our cities within the past few years; but we suspect that its merits as a cheap and highly nutritious food are not so generally appreciated in the country. Every one knows how generally it is eaten in Scotland, and in some parts of England it is equally popular as an article of diet. A correspondent of an English paper says:

"In West Cumberland, Westmoreland and North Lancashire, especially in the rural parts, it forms the staple of our food, not only amongst the laboring classes, but also in the families of tradesmen and the well-to-do; the children of most of them have porridge at least once a day. For the past forty years I have made my breakfast of a pint of oatmeal porridge, with very rare exceptions, and nothing else, fasting for four hours afterwards. If, however, I take any other form of breakfast, I find myself very hungry before the next meal, which is never the case when I have had my porridge. I feel assured that if the laborers of the southern countries, with their children, would but take a basin of oatmeal and milk porridge night and morning, with such other food as they can procure in the interval, we should have a much stronger and healthier race of men and women than now exist. A few years ago I had a Devonshire girl living with me as a servant. The girl was willing enough to work, but had not the stamina to perform it. This

I found, on questioning her, arose from the deficient and ill-advised diet on which she had been reared. She shortly began to take her porridge night and morning, and this, with a daily midday meal of meat, enabled her to perform her duty with ease."

The coal production of the world has increased enormously since 1845. In that year Great Britain produced 31,500,000 tons; in 1874, 125,043,000 tons. Belgium, in 1845, 4,960,077; in 1874, 14,669,000. France, in 1845, 4,141,517; in 1874, 16,949,000. Prussia, in 1845, 3,500,000; in 1874, 41,754,000. In the United States the production in 1874 was nearly ten times that in 1845.

**Our Army.**—We heartily coincide with a Western exchange as to the condition of our standing army, and the character of its officers: Its permanency is what gives the army strength and makes it what it is known to be, the purest branch of the public service. Let the attenuated battalions be filled to their maximum, and thus save thousands upon thousands of dollars, expended in transporting troops from one end of the country and back again in our absurd endeavor to make an army of twenty-five thousand men do the work of fifty thousand. . . . The officers of the army are well known to be among the most cultivated men in the country, and thoroughly loyal to republican institutions. Their whole education and life leads them to love their country. No men in this country have more deep seated respect for its institutions and laws. They represent every section, are nominated and get their places through, and by the very members of Congress who are talking this bosh. In no other country on earth is there so little danger from a standing army as in this.

**A Great Meteor in England.**—In November, 1877, a great meteor was observed in England, and Mr. Tupman

has only recently completed the investigations and calculations which he undertook relative to this extraordinary celestial visitor. He received about ninety direct and original communications on the subject, and forty or fifty newspaper paragraphs. The bolide first became visible to observers at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Tynemouth, Sunderland and York at 8 o'clock, twenty-four minutes in the evening. The gentlemen who noticed it are remarkably in accord in their observations. The appearance of the meteor was then that of an ordinary shooting star, and it was at the great height of ninety-six statute miles, vertically over a point thirteen miles north of Derby. Descending in the air at the inclination of 39° to the surface of the earth, when at a height of forty-eight miles exactly over Liverpool, it became intensely brilliant, and that was the moment when it attracted general attention. People as far distant as Essex, Roscommon, Edinburgh, Bristol and Queenstown, two hundred miles from it, describe it as being nearly as large as the full moon, and greatly exceeding it in brilliancy. Persons sitting in rooms with the blinds down were frightened by the flood of light which suddenly found its way in. The meteor exploded with great violence over the Irish Sea, twenty miles north-northwest of Llandudno, Wales.

The total length of its path was one hundred and thirty-five miles, which was traversed in about eight seconds, or with a velocity of seventeen and a half miles per second. The streak left in the air extended forty miles along the track, and was not less than two thousand feet in diameter. The noise of the explosion was heard at great distances, and at Chester it resembled a tremendous peal of thunder, people running out of their houses to see what was the matter. One curious circumstance is, that a body capable of producing such a commotion should suddenly be reduced to nothing but dully incandescent dust or ashes, which slowly fell a short distance vertically downward.

## LITERATURE AND ART.

**American Edition of Dickens's Novels.**—To meet a want seriously felt by the mass of American readers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia, are now publishing a new and cheap edition of the novels of this favorite author, which for beauty and excellence, far surpass any ever published heretofore. They are profusely illustrated from original designs by Phiz, Cruikshank, Brown, and other artists, and are handsomely bound. The world-famous characters of this writer are now placed within the reach of even the poorest bookworm in the land, and we have no doubt the edition will meet with an immense sale.

**Flirtations in Fashionable Life,** by CATHARINE SINCLAIR, and published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, is the fifteenth in order, just issued, of the "Dollar Series." This is a work that cannot fail to leave its mark upon society, and is one that can be recommended to all who love a really interesting work. The author in this has dis-

played her usual ability, and made it one of those rare creations that make their appearance at long intervals in the literary sky. She deals her blows right and left, exposing the deceit and artifice of fashionable customs, and inculcating lessons that even those whom she wounds must thank her for.

**The Story of Elizabeth,** by MISS THACKERAY, daughter of William M. Thackeray, Esq., the author of "Vanity Fair," constitutes the sixteenth volume of "Peterson's Dollar Series," a copy of which we have just read. Miss Thackeray possesses the happy and rare faculty of writing well. She narrates briefly, without being indistinct; she describes succinctly, without being abrupt, hurried, or ungraceful. Her keen powers of observation, and their nice, discriminating employment, are happily exhibited in her "Story of Elizabeth;" and in the descriptive scenes in it she shows her intense sense and appreciation of natural and

artistic beauty. It is full of touches of art, has a witching power, and is characterized by a charming freshness, a refined humor, an artless grace, and exhibits a fine perception of the various shades of character. It is also full of tenderness and delicacy, is exquisitely told, and is altogether a charming story, for no one paints a sense of sweet awe so vividly as she, or no one gives the thrilling surprises of life with a truer touch.

**Art in Fiction.**—Longfellow, in his poem "Keramos," gives the text for whatever remarks are called for on the subject of artistic fiction:

"He is the greatest artist, then,  
Whether of pencil or of pen,  
Who follows Nature."

Here is the secret of your art, O novel writer! "To follow Nature." When you *do* it, we feel the spell. When you *miss* it, we yawn and turn to something else.

The didactic novel, as well as any other, may follow Nature, and it must do so to be a perfect work. There is the more need that it should be strong in this fundamental structure, because of the heavy ethical load it is designed to carry.

When the novelist describes an outward scene, he is painting a picture with a pen, and we judge his performance as we do a picture painted with a brush, by its fidelity. So when he describes a character, or reports a conversation, or analyzes an experience, we instinctively compare his forms and colors with those of ideals which our minds possess, and we demand that the two correspond. The copy that fails in this respect is a poor one.

The novelist is simply a copyist in a broad sense. He gives us ideals, it is true, but his ideals are felt to be most effective when they match what we know to be realities, and so incorporate the truth which belongs to all true beauty.

If, for instance, a novelist should clothe his banker's clerk in broadcloth, we should suffer a disturbance of artistic sensibilities. All the world knows that bankers' clerks do not wear broadcloth in the counting-room. T. L. W.

**The Rival Belles; or, Life in Washington,** by J. B. JONES, author of "Wild Western Scenes," and "Love and Money," constitutes the seventeenth volume of "Peterson's Dollar Series," an advance copy of which we have

also been favored with by the publishers. The "Rival Belles," like its predecessors in the "Series," is elegantly and substantially bound in vellum, and embossed in gold and black. The very low price at which these volumes are sold, in connection with their attractive merits, should tend to give them a wide circulation, and win for them a widespread popularity, which they assuredly deserve.

**Liberty and Union, now and Forever, One and Inseparable.**—The famous speech of Colonel Haynes, and the masterly reply of the great Webster, in which the latter gave utterance to this well-remembered and oft-quoted patriotic sentiment, has just been republished in pamphlet form by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. It supplies what has long been wanted, a *verbatim* report of these celebrated speeches. Price, seventy-five cents.

The author of "My Summer in a Garden" appears in the *London Spectator* as "Sir Charles Dudley Warner," and in the catalogue of Mudie's great circulating library as "Charles Douglas Warner." But, whether knighted or adopted into the Douglas clan, his Egyptian book is in its fifth English edition. The British papers note that, when Mrs. Browning died, she was described in a French journal as "the well-known lady *nee* Miss Mitford, and authoress of the romance of 'Charlotte Brontë.'" But this is not more flagrant than Gilfillan's, when, in the course of accusing us of offsetting our authors against the English, he said, "for a Byron they offer a Bryant"—which reminds us of Fluellen's rivers that were in Macedon and in Monmouth. Bret Harte masquerades in German newspapers and official catalogues as "Bretharte."

Some amusing errors are pointed out in Wilkie Collins's last story, "The Duel in Herne Wood," which are quite as good as the memorable bull of the French novelist who made one of his characters begin a speech with, "We, men of the Middle Ages." The scene is laid in England in 1817, yet three of the characters speak of taking "Express Trains," and a fourth, a lawyer's clerk, sends a "Telegram" to his principal. There were no passenger railroads in England before 1825, while practical telegraphy only dates from 1844.

## SCIENCE AND MECHANICS.

**A German Theory of the Sun.**—A German doctor of Heidelberg has just published a book in which he earnestly sets forth that the sun is a cold body like the earth; that its rays receive their luminous and caloric properties when their rapid motion in space is arrested by such bodies as the planets; that light is a substance like water; that the decrease of hydrogen and nitrogen involves a corresponding increase of ozone, and that, as on his theory light and heat are the result of the union of the hydrogen clouds of the sun with the ozone and NH (sic) of the atmosphere of the earth, light and ozone increase at the same time. The use of Dr.

Schmidt's imagination is scarcely what one would call scientific, but it is interesting nevertheless.

Dr. Cornelius Fox writes in the English *Sanitary Record*: "There can be no question in the mind of any one who has taken an interest in sanitary subjects, but that scarlet fever poison is disseminated by letters, for proofs of this accident have been repeatedly afforded. The outbreak of this disease in a village post-office has presented itself to my notice on two occasions, and in both cases the disease has spread."

An important invention is announced to have been made by Joseph Albert, the Munich photographer. By combining the ordinary photographic process with that pertaining to a peculiar printing-press of his own invention, he is said to have produced images of objects with the finest shades of their natural color.

For the destruction of bugs on fruit trees, this simple and readily administered remedy is recommended: "Select a quiet morning, when the leaves are laden with dew, to throw up among the branches fine, dry coal ashes. By this means both sides of the leaves become coated with ashes, and the bugs are killed or driven off."

The mode in which the Germans keep up their valuable superiority in chemical manufactures is shown in the fact that one of the largest chemical works in that country employs six regular chemists, whose salaries vary between fifteen hundred and twenty-five hundred dollars yearly, and also engage the services of a celebrated chemist exclusively for theoretical work, paying him nearly ten thousand dollars a year. Such facts account for the industry and fruitfulness of the German chemists.

Entomological specimens may be instantly and easily killed by dropping a bit of chloroform on the insect's head. No fluttering or relaxation of the muscles is perceptible.

Two hundred and twenty street lamps at Providence, Rhode Island, which extend over a distance of nine miles, are now lighted and extinguished by electricity, in less than fifteen seconds, by one man.

Drawings made on the assumption that the light falls from the left hand top corner appear solid; but if the light is made to fall from the right hand lower corner, the objects will appear hollow.

**Communicating with Divers by Telephone.**—The telephone has found a valuable application as a means of communication with submarine divers. Signals have hitherto been transmitted by simple pulls on a line, but recently in England the instrument has been connected with divers' helmets. It recently was the means of saving the life of a diver, who just before fainting called to be pulled up, without making the additional signal with his rope.

**A Cubic Mile of Humanity.**—A fanciful genius suggests that it is now time to celebrate the completion of the first cubic mile of humanity, and gives a calculation to show that the bodies of all mankind, from the first Adam down to the Adams just born, if closely packed without diminution of volume, would exactly fill that space. Here are his figures, which our young mathematicians who have nothing else to do may verify if they can.

According to the orthodox chronology the world has been inhabited about 6,000 years, or 170 generations. Its present population is about fifteen hundred millions; but this density of population must have been slowly reached, since all are descended from an original pair. Consequently he takes

half the number of the present seven hundred and fifty millions, as the average population of the world from the beginning until now, making the aggregate of human bodies during the 170 generations, 127,500 millions. Since many die in infancy, and half are women, the average weight of each body is taken as seventy-four pounds. The aggregate weight of all mankind to date must accordingly be 4,212 million tons, or a little more than the weight of a cubic mile of sea water. Since the human body, with the lungs not inflated, is a trifle heavier than sea water, our calculator assumes that his estimated 4,212 million tons of humanity would fill the same space as 4,205 million tons of sea water, or precisely one cubic mile.

Taking the same figures and exercising the same freedom in striking averages, the mathematically inclined may deduce any number of amusing results. For instance, assuming the average length of humanity to be a little under four feet, the bodies of all mankind, living and dead, placed end to end, would just make a bridge from the earth to the sun!

**Mansillian Science.**—As an example of how easy an affair it is to invent new sciences in this progressive age, Mr. Richard Mansill's theory of planetary meteorology is monumental. Given a scrap-book of records of meteorological phenomena, a nautical almanac, and a vivid imagination, and where is the scientist who cannot propound an entirely new and original theory to account for every vagary of the clerk of the weather? Mr. Richard Mansill, however, advances beyond this goal of the average intellect, and to the above adds an electrical hypothesis, whereby he galvanizes into existence the defunct science of astrology, besides a remarkable amount of information the entire novelty of which no one will, for the moment, dispute.

"The base of the system," he says, "is that all planets, comets, and satellites go through a reversed change of motion, volume, and density at their perihelions and aphelions," and this is due to "reciprocating electric currents or lines that exist and undulate between the planetary bodies, and which currents are used to carry on these planetary changes with." When these passages occur, the electric line which exists and undulates and reciprocates causes volcanoes and earthquakes, tidal waves, cholera, and epizootics, besides other evils too numerous to mention, all, however, distantly related to the fact that the earth is an "explosive globe," which is balanced by motion, and that that motion is "the equivalent of cohesiveness." All of which, so far as any knowledge we possess to the contrary regarding electric lines and explosive earths, may be quite true.

**Curious Telephone Experiments.**—In a note to the French Academy, M. Brequet says that all the points of the telephone—the handle, the binding screws, the shell, etc., as well as the plate—may enable one to hear sounds. He demonstrates this with the string telephone. Attaching the string to any point of the Bell telephone, and using the parchment membrane, one may easily correspond with a person using a Bell telephone. Thus, by attaching several string telephones to a Bell telephone, several persons may hear the messages simultaneously.

To render string telephones more practically useful, M. Breguet fixes to the centre of the membrane two or several strings meeting there at an angle. The sound carried by one of them is propagated by all the others. A thread is also passed through the centres of membranes, which then serve as supports for long, straight lines. A sort of relay is also formed by means of a brass cylinder with two membranes, to which strings are connected. This method of extending the string telephone has been in use in this country for the past three years.

A magnificent pair of fossil elephant jaw-bones have been received at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, from the Black Hills. The preservation of the specimen is un-

usually fine, being less broken than any others now in the collection, and larger. The indications presented by this animal are of a new species of those gigantic pachyderms peculiar to prehistoric times, and, pending this decision, a lively time among the archaeologists may be anticipated.

"Which is the largest gland?" asked a Chicago medical professor of the newest arrival in the class the other day. The student buried himself in deep and attentive thought for a moment, and then brightening up suddenly, exclaimed, "The largest gland, sir, is—England!" Then the professor kindly led him aside, and pathetically advised him to think no more of medicine, but to join a minstrel show or enter the army.

## GOSSIP AND NOTE BOOK.

Bayard Taylor owns Schiller's court sword, and he can wear it when he goes to Berlin.

London is alarmed because Spurgeon's physical condition is such that he is not expected ever to preach again.

Joe Jefferson is enjoying his usual Rip Van Winkle spells on his farm in the island recesses of a Louisiana bayou.

Herr Ainsley, the author of the once popular poem, "Ingleside," died at Louisville recently, aged eighty-six years.

Mr. C. L. Eastlake, the author of the popular "Hints on Household Taste," has succeeded the learned Mr. Wornum as curator of the British National Gallery.

Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, now a very aged lady, will soon publish a volume containing "the wise sayings of all nations," upon which she has been engaged for many years.

Senator Randolph, of New Jersey, is an inventor. Among the ingenious exhibits of American labor-saving machinery at the Paris Exposition will be an excavating machine contrived by the Senator, and capable of digging a trench a mile long, three feet deep and nearly a foot wide, in ten hours, or equal to the labor of one hundred men.

Eli Perkins has found a woman a hundred years old, at Marshfield, Massachusetts, who remembers Daniel Webster when he was a boy there. When he was a boy, the old lady says, he was a good one, but that after he went to Boston he took to drinking and carousing. Either Eli lies or the old woman lies. Daniel Webster never saw Marshfield until he was a full-grown man, and never lived there until he was an old one.

A Yankee editor, in a financial article says: "Money is close, but not close enough to reach."

Governor Williams scratches matches on the seat of his store pantaloons just as he used to when he wore blue jeans; and his friends say that prosperity and store clothes have not made him proud.

Wendell Phillips is popularly supposed to have about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of filthy lucre stowed away in various safe corners. This is rather too much for a horny-handed working-man who is running a muck against the bloated bondholders.

Rev. Dr. Tyng, said recently, while speaking on the subject: "It is one of the follies of the age, this thing of old men clinging to places that belong to young men. Our young men of great ability and energy are kept back by old men who occupy the best places. In my own youth I took this view of the matter, and I have the same feeling now."

**Hoosier Criticism.**—Upon the advent of Christmas Eve, an unusual display of evergreen adornment distinguished the Episcopal Church of Warsaw, Indiana; emblematic designs and significant imagery forming a marked contrast to churches of opposing denominations.

A genuine "Hoosier," upon that occasion, sauntering up the aisle, inquiringly gazing upon wreaths, festoons, and, to him, cabalistic devices, with hearty good-will remarked to one of the High-Churchmen who hovered around the sacred altars, "Wall, now, you've got your gospel-shop fixed up first-rate; its nice." And with leisurely air, taking in "Stars of Bethlehem," and white-robed priest at that moment entering, serenely sauntered out.

A man remarked the other day that his axe was the "sweetest chopper" he had ever used, at the same time wishing to trade it off. And upon another occasion, a lady expressed herself as "powerful pleased."

Fastidious daintiness shrivels to the enfeebled mutterings of imbecility in this fresh atmosphere of original speech. At unexpected intervals in these comprehensive utterances, mines of pure gold dazzle the eyes of beholders, and thrill the stagnant blood of conformity to life again.



**An Arkansas Cow.**—The yield of milk from Northern dairy cows is incredible to people in regions where cattle are raised mostly for beef and hides.

Judge Grant was in Little Rock, Arkansas, in attendance at the United States court. One morning he saw a farmer with a slouch hat, and a genuine butternut suit, trying to sell a cow in the market there. It was a large, long-horned animal, and the planter was informing a man that the cow would give four quarts of milk a day, if fed well.

Up stepped the Judge. "What do you ask for the cow?"

"About thirty dollars. She'll give five quarts of milk if you feed her well," replied the planter, and he proceeded to describe her good qualities.

Said the Judge: "I have cows on my farm, not much more than half as big as your cow, which give twenty to twenty-five quarts of milk a day."

The planter eyed the Judge sharply for a moment, as if trying to remember whether he had ever seen him before or not, and then asked: "Stranger, where do you live?"

"My home is in Iowa."

"Yes, stranger, I don't dispute it. There was heaps of sogers from Iowa down here during the war, and, stranger, they were the all-fired liars in the whole Yankee army. Mebbe you mout be an officer in some of them regiments?"

The Judge slid for the court-house.

"Mr Marshall, the first discoverer of gold in California, is still living in Colusa," says an exchange. We should like to see a complete list of "the first discoverer of gold in California." He is far more numerous than even the author of "Beautiful Snow." He dies now and then, but as every California paper has one of its own, the number seems never to grow any less, and as in some neighborhoods he is but a middle-aged man yet, it is likely to be many years before he dies out entirely.

**Ex-Senator Wade** had some queer kinks in his mind. He was a firm believer in spiritualism, and looked on death as a mere change of scenes. Another striking peculiarity was the dread he entertained of setting for a picture. He used to say often that he had as much respect for a dentist's office as he had for a photographic gallery.

**Vinnie Ream** is working on a bust of Custer. Poor Custer! First, Sitting Bull scalps him, now Vinnie sculps him. It would be difficult to determine which is the saddest.

A Michigan man lately applied to Sheridan for a letter of introduction to Europe, and got the following: "This man's name is Jones, Jones of Michigan. Very Truly, P. H. Sheridan."

**Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines's** last plan is to build, when she comes into her fortune, a mammoth hotel at Washington, for Congressmen and their families. Rates of board are to be very low, so that Representatives can have no excuse for leaving their families at home; no boarder is to be out after a certain hour, and none may attend a place of amusement save in the presence of his lawful spouse.

**A Remarkable Story.**—An almost incredible story is related of Marshal Canrobert, who was sent to Rome to represent France at the funeral of Victor Emmanuel and the accession to the throne of Humbert. For the expenses of himself and suite he was given thirty thousand francs, of which he spent only thirteen thousand. On his return home he went to the foreign office and handed to the Minister of that department the balance, amounting to seventeen thousand francs. The Minister refused to take the money, saying that there was no precedent for such a thing, that the outlay was made and accounted for, and that there was an end to it. The marshal answered that if it was absolutely necessary that somebody should steal this money, he would rather some one else should do it, and asked for a receipt. Such is the story, and as Canrobert was born in 1809, before defrauding the public was considered no robbery, it is possible it may be true.

A popular author says: "I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all the rich and great; but if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be a healthy young man, in full possession of his health and faculties, going forth in the morning to work for his wife and children, or bringing them home his wages at night."

The young Miss Sherman, who is about to marry Senator Cameron, has, it is said, a fresh, blush-rose face, sparkling dark eyes and brown locks. She is twenty-two years old. Mr. Cameron is forty-five.

Episode in a political convention at Titusville, Pa.: "The Chairman—The Chair will not dispute the point with Mr. Carter." "Mr. Carter—The Chair had better not unless he takes his coat off." The Chair did not.

When a man has been hard at work in an obscure way for three years and at length achieves success, nine-tenths of his acquaintances insult him by offering to congratulate him upon his "luck."

He appeared to be almost gone. Rolling his eyes toward the partner of his bosom, he gasped: "Bury me 'neath the weeping willow and plant a simple white rose above my head." "Oh, it's no use," she snapped out; "your nose would scorch the roots." He got well.

**Bleischroder**, the German banker, is a bosom friend of Bismarck, who after much solicitation, obtained for him a patent of nobility. Thereafter the banker, who had so persistently striven for rank, affected to regard it as a bore. "If you only knew," he said to a friend, "what a nuisance it is to have honors and attentions paid to you incessantly! You can't even pass a guard-house but the troops turn out and present arms." "Surely you must be mistaken," said the friend; "those honors are only reserved for military officers of high rank." "I beg your pardon," said the banker; "I know it, because it was done to me to-day. If you don't believe me, ask Count Von Moltke; he was with me at the time and saw it all."

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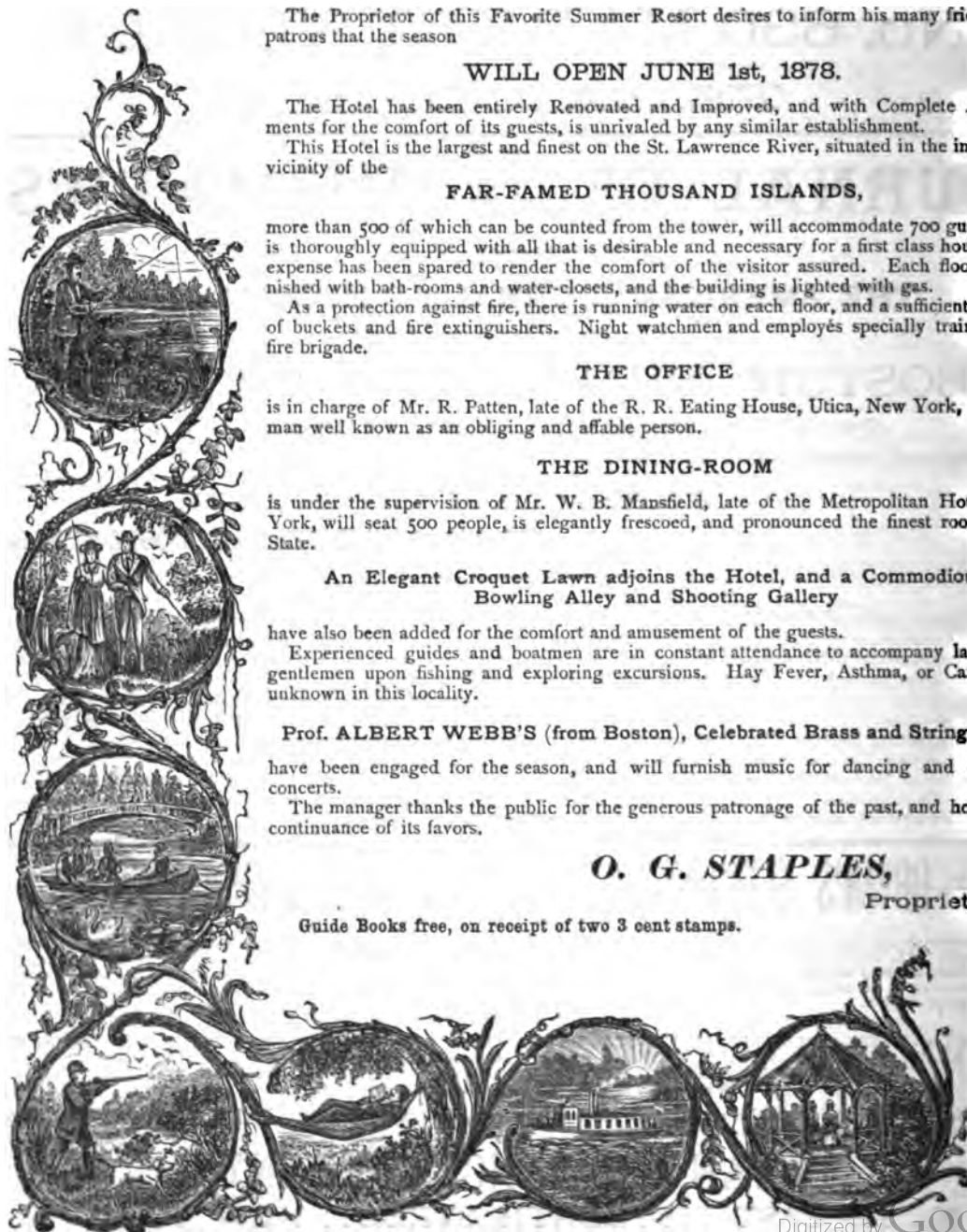
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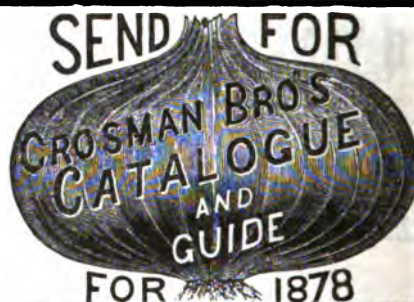
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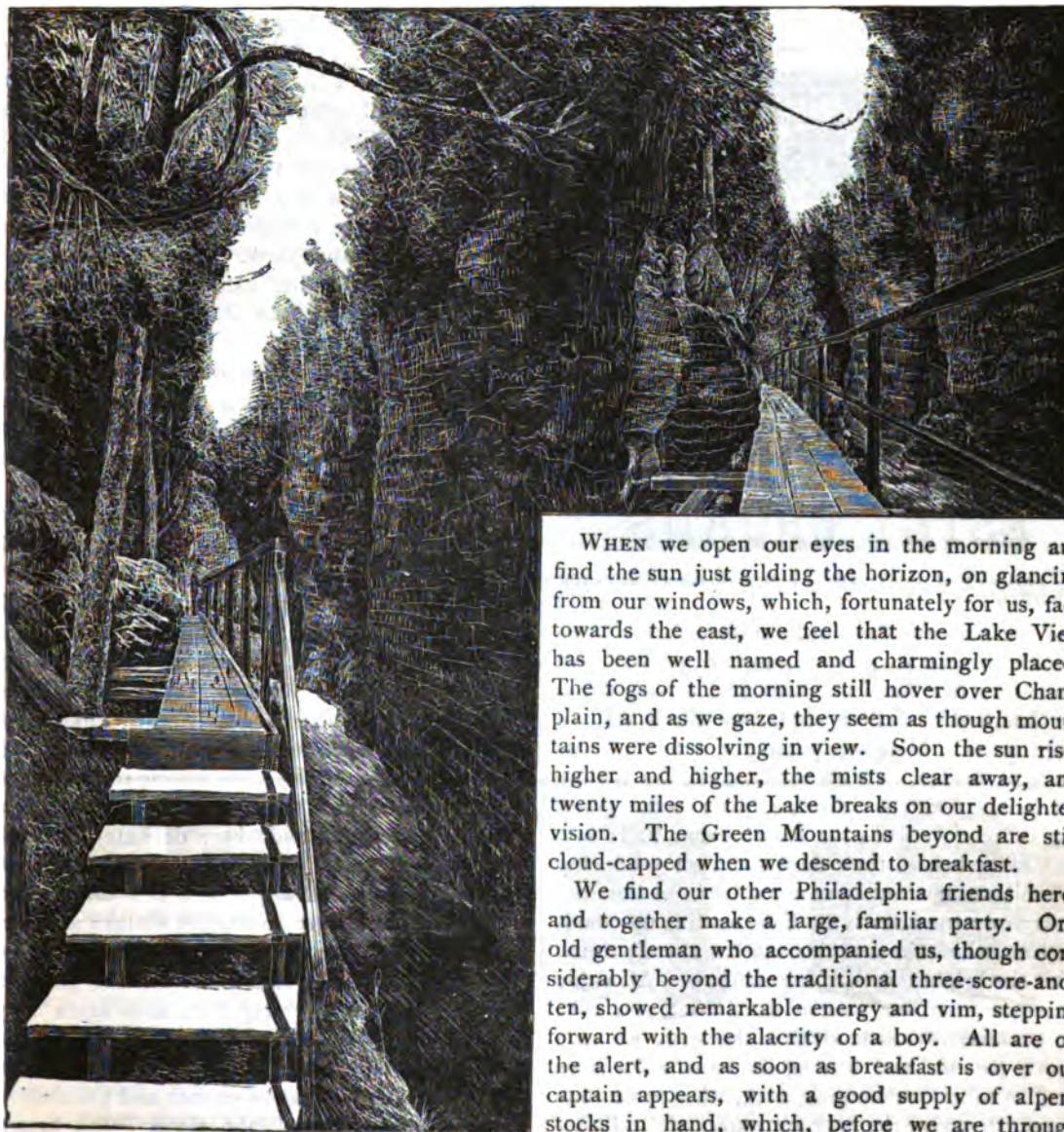
VOL. X.

JUNE, 1878.

No. 78.

## THE GLEN OF THE ADIRONDACKS: AU SABLE CHASM.

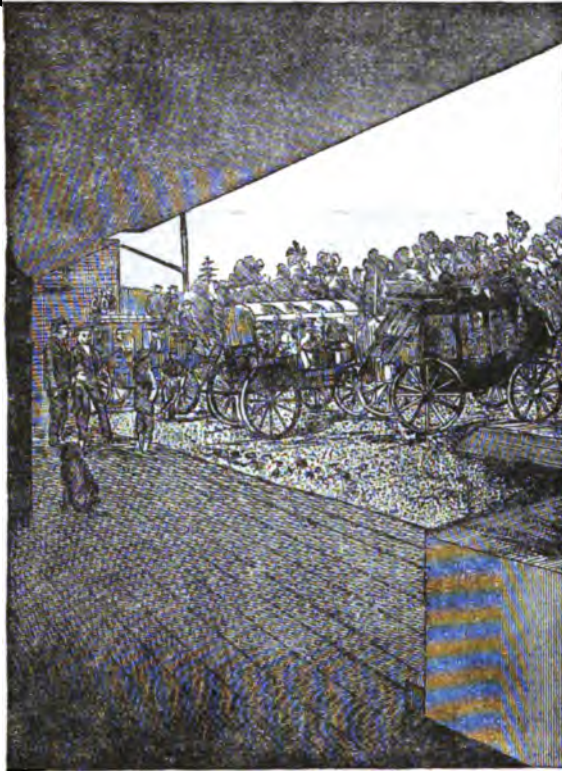
By J. BONSTALL.



WHEN we open our eyes in the morning and find the sun just gilding the horizon, on glancing from our windows, which, fortunately for us, face towards the east, we feel that the Lake View has been well named and charmingly placed. The fogs of the morning still hover over Champlain, and as we gaze, they seem as though mountains were dissolving in view. Soon the sun rises higher and higher, the mists clear away, and twenty miles of the Lake breaks on our delighted vision. The Green Mountains beyond are still cloud-capped when we descend to breakfast.

We find our other Philadelphia friends here, and together make a large, familiar party. One old gentleman who accompanied us, though considerably beyond the traditional three-score-and-ten, showed remarkable energy and vim, stepping forward with the alacrity of a boy. All are on the alert, and as soon as breakfast is over our captain appears, with a good supply of alpenstocks in hand, which, before we are through with, are pronounced valuable aids. The ladies

rig out with stout walking-boots, and fasten their skirts under their belts, so as not to trammel them in walking, and off we start. As we cross the



STAGES FROM PORT KENT, FOR THE AU SABLE CHASM.

road we pass the Pavilion, a summer-house large enough to seat about one hundred persons, and descending one hundred steps, and passing about one hundred and fifty yards, we reach the Au Sable River. Here we pause for a few minutes near the bridge, to view the Rapids, the boiling and foaming waters before us, prior to the grand leap of seventy feet over Birmingham Falls into the Chasm below, their dash and rush producing an exhilarating effect upon our spirits. A hundred yards down the river is the Fall, sending up clouds of spray, which the morning sun has already tinted in all the bright colors of the rainbow. All enjoy the sight from our present standpoint, and with the promise of again visiting the spot, we soon eagerly pass on, and leaving the road, a few steps bring us to an overhanging rock, whence we look directly down on the foaming waters of the Fall.

All are struck with admiration as they view the

magnificent Fall, and surprised that it has remained comparatively unknown till within the last few years. In winter the scene here is indescribably beautiful, the spray causing innumerable fantastic and graceful ice formations, with icicles pendant like gigantic stalactites from the rocks, thirty or forty feet in length.

A short distance farther on and we enter a rustic-looking lodge, where a book is presented to us in which to enter our names, and, paying each a fee of fifty cents, we pass through, and descending a winding stairway about one hundred and twenty-five steps we find ourselves in the Chasm. Turning short to the left an exclamation of delight springs from each as Birmingham Falls, in all their beauty and grandeur, burst on our view. We all pass up to a point almost within the mass of waters, the wind, however, fortunately carrying the spray towards the other bank. We here take a position with little inclination to pass on; the ladies particularly are intensely pleased, and talk of spending the day here, but the others remind them that time passes, and more is to be done, so retracing our steps we pass down the river on the rocky path, which is admirably clean and dry, and everywhere free from drip.

We soon reach a large rock, separated by a strip of water from the path, the space occupied by a beautiful little cascade. Stepping over this space we are on Rock Island, between which and the other shore of the river a charming Fall, about ten feet in height, named from its shape the Horse Shoe, is located. Here we look back to see, for the last time on this trip, Birmingham Falls. The water view here is very fine. Opposite us Pulpit Rock, one hundred and thirty-five feet high, overhangs the river, the jutting rocks fringed with ferns, of which the Chasm furnishes a great variety, while here and there delicate harebells hang their graceful heads, and the top is shaded by white cedars, Norway spruce and other evergreens. A short distance farther we turn a corner or elbow, and are fairly in the Chasm. The river varies in width, and sometimes the passages are not more than thirty feet, and again they widen to one hundred and fifty feet. Our footway, by the action of the waters, which at times overflow it, has become as smooth and polished as though done by hand, the stone being brown sandstone, or Potsdam Samanite. Geologists



claim the rocks here to be of the primitive formation.

A short distance farther, and our attention is called to a wonderful rift or parting, as it were, in the opposite bank, constituting quite a gorge, to which some one has given the euphonious name of "The Devil's Slide." It extends back at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and reaches the summit about three hundred feet back. A few yards below is another rift in the rocks, appearing as though caused by a sudden convulsion of Nature, and showing that if placed together the two sides would fit each other. This we named Split Rock Gorge, and it and its neighbor we thought would be well named as Dual Gorge.

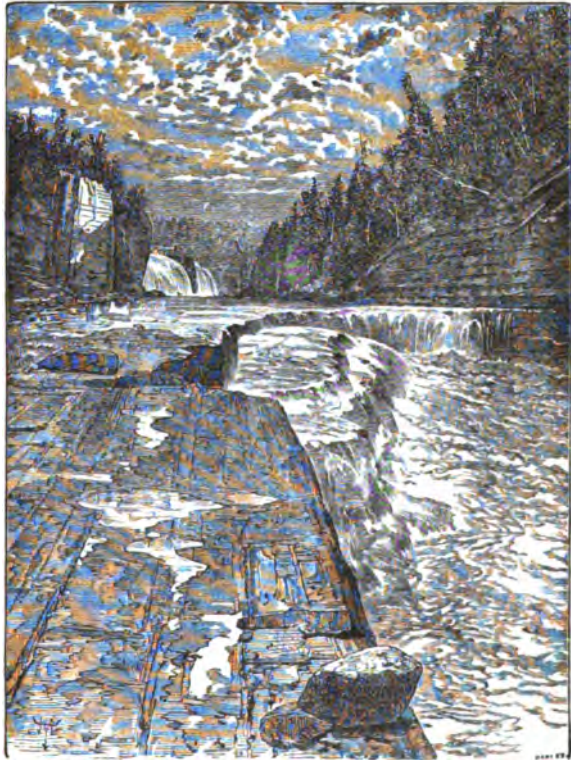
We are now in a large chamber probably two hundred feet in diameter, the rocks closing in so that apparently the river has no passage. In this chamber on one side, about forty feet above the bed of the stream, we find a cave some twenty-five feet deep, called the Devil's Oven. Passing out of the Oven we go to the water's edge, and on the side of the river on which we stand, sloping steeply above us, the rocks tower to the top in a somewhat ladder-like form, and are known as Jacob's Ladder. Opposite there is a projecting bluff nearly two hundred feet high, called Bellevue. The river, reduced to a width of about ten feet, rushes madly through between, causing a grand succession of rapids lashing and foaming ceaselessly, and forming the most beautiful water scene imaginable. One of our party very aptly named them the Battle of the Waters.

We go back a short distance, descend a few wooden steps, and crossing a short bridge nearly at the base of the Devil's Slide, step upon a rock upon which we all seat ourselves. Nature in all its grandeur and magnificence is before us. Here, stretching from rock to rock, and but a few feet above the foaming rapids, the Water Galleries, as they are called, are constructed, passing over which, we reach the foot of the long winding stairway leading up to Bellevue. Ascending this, we are all glad to make a long pause for rest and to recover our breath before proceeding.

From Bellevue we have an extensive view in each direction. At our feet is the Battle of the Waters, and about half a mile distant Pulpit Rock; in either direction, up or down the chasm,

we may see this great freak of Nature. Bellevue is about one hundred and fifty feet wide, crossing which, we descend a short stairway. An exclamation of wonder and delight escapes from the whole party, the ladies especially, as nestling down in a small chamber or niche in the rocks the "Fernery" comes in view, the rocks all moss-covered and gemmed with varieties of fern. Some of the gentlemen clamber down into the chamber to pluck ferns for the ladies, and were not Nature so very bountiful in furnishing fresh supplies, the rocks would soon show a barren aspect; as it is, the supply is continually renewed.

Leaving the Fernery, we pass down a short flight of steps, and a short distance along the rocks we come to a circular hole alongside the path, which we are told is the Devil's Punch Bowl, although it generally contains only water. A few yards farther on, our party make a pause whilst some of the more active clamber up the rocks,



HORSE SHOE AND BIRMINGHAM FALLS.

some twenty-five feet above the pathway, to examine a remarkable pot-hole or well in the rocks. This well is about five feet in diameter, almost

circular and perhaps twelve feet deep; is about forty feet above the present bed of the river, and evidently made by the action of the revolving stones. It was first brought to notice by James Weston of Keeseville, and is quite an interesting feature. The ripple-marks throughout the chasm are likewise interesting and a novelty.

Descending again to the pathway we shortly reach Mystic Gorge, which extends back at right angles with the river about three hundred feet and then reaches the level. About eighty feet up this Gorge, a large log has been left by the action of the water, one end elevated some twenty-five feet, showing what a mad torrent the Au Sable is at times.

Opposite the Mystic Gorge, on the other side of the river, is Shady Gorge, completely bedded with ferns and the rocks green with moss, and whose interior is never gilded by the sun's rays. One of the most interesting features of the Chasm, is its frequent lateral gorges; in almost every instance where one occurs, on the opposite side of the river is another, making, with the river only intervening, a continuous gorge or chasm, being moss-grown and thickly strewn with ferns. These, whilst their tops are densely shaded by evergreens, makes them perfectly charming, and add greatly to the beauty and varied character of the Chasm.

On one side of Shady Gorge is a beetling promontory of overhanging rock, which we named Cape Eternity. Our friend of three-score-and-ten taking charge of one of the young ladies, leads off, and ascending a few steps, our feet rest on the Long Gallery or Via Mala. This is one of the wonders of the Chasm, distinguishing it from all

other Glens. Imagine a gallery about one hundred and fifty feet in length only wide enough for one to pass at a time, firmly bolted into the rocks, and almost directly overhanging the rushing and boiling water fifty feet below, with the summit of the rock nearly one hundred feet above. But for this, further passage through the Chasm could not be had. This gallery has been likened to the Splügen Pass and Gorge de Trient, Switzerland. We pass over the Long Gallery, and descending

a few steps into a Gorge our attention is called to a double cave on the opposite side of the river, with a division in the middle having the conformity almost of a huge mud wasp's nest, and called Hyde's Cave. On the same side of the river, and just below Hyde's Cave, the walls of the Chasm arise almost perpendicularly, assuming the form of columns, and are very appropriately named Column or Castle Rocks. Passing on a short distance farther, we come to a deep Gorge immediately crossing our path, and were it not for a light, graceful bridge which spans it, our journey were ended here. This has been christened



CATHEDRAL ROCKS.

Smuggler's Pass, and is a weird, wild place, containing several caves, some of which have been made accessible by stairways. A short distance beyond is the Post-Office; here the rocks overhang the pathway, and about four feet above it are worn into small holes or receptacles, in which many of the visitors deposit their cards, containing their names and remarks about the Chasm. Here we find cards written in English, French, Japanese and Turkish, showing that already the fame of the Chasm is widely extended; here they accumulate, protected from the rain until the swirls of the winds scatter them.

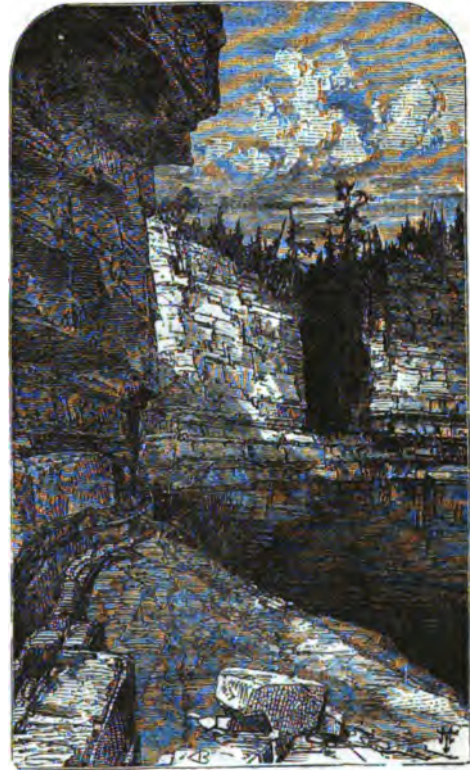


Leaving the Post-Office, we soon come to the Short Gallery, keyed into the rock similar to the Long Gallery, and after passing it see, a short distance ahead on the other side of the river, one of the most wonderful views in the entire Chasm; below us is the Upper Flume, whilst beyond Cathedral Rocks arise, one hundred and twenty-five feet in height, in a semicircular form, and not unlike the ruins of an old cathedral. At one end, closely jutting the river's edge, the king of all, the majestic Sentinel Rock, towers up in lofty grandeur, while at its base Table Rock, broad and flat, spreads itself, and whereon large groups gather at times to view the marvelous scenery. On Table Rock a singularly natural formation of rock is seen, perfectly representing a monster anvil. And as the devil has his Slide, his Oven, and Punch Bowl in the Chasm, this has not inappropriately been named the Devil's Anvil.

Passing along about one hundred yards, we come to a wooden shanty, where our party indulge in a glass of mild beverage known as ginger pop, prior to commencing a most wonderful boat ride. Entering a broad, flat-bottomed, scow-shaped boat, capable of seating a dozen persons, our boatman seating himself at the stern, paddle in hand to act as a rudder, we start, moving entirely with the current. Soon we shoot a small rapid, the rocks towering one hundred and seventy-five feet above us on each side, sometimes almost overhanging. At one point the stream narrows to thirteen feet, and where its depth is sixty feet. Looking back, we seem to be shooting, as it were, down hill. We pass through a flume about one-quarter of a mile in length, when we enter a beautiful pool or lakelet about one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and likewise surrounded by overhanging rocks. To our left, leaning its top against one side of a narrow precipitous gorge, is a large rock, broken off half way up from its base, called the Broken Needle, or Leaning Rock; whilst opposite is a most picturesque and beautiful rift in the rock called the Canyon of the Pool. We pause here some minutes, our boatman holding fast to the rock, whilst we look back and discuss this marvelous and unique boat-ride, and then a new pleasure and surprise awaits us, as our boatman once more turns the bow of the boat down the stream. The roar of rushing waters strikes our ears, and we soon enter the rapids of the Au Sable, down which we shoot with great velocity some quarter of a mile or

farther into a placid basin, whence the river flows through a flat open country till it empties into Lake Champlain.

There we regretfully leave the boat, and commence to retrace our steps toward the Lake View, our pathway winding along the verge of the river, giving us some charming views of the lateral gorges and canyons. We soon reach the point on the bank where the river is narrowest, and where formerly a bridge called High Bridge



THE BASIN.

spanned the Chasm. In connection with this, a legend is very frequently told, and it has been made the theme of a very fine poem written by Henry H. Bender and published some years since in the *Old and New*, and which we think is worthy of reproduction:

Down from the Adirondack woods  
The swift Au Sable pours its floods;  
Scouring on with might and main  
To still its tumult in calm Champlain;  
Type of a stormy human soul,  
Passion swept to a speedy goal.

There are rapids, cascade, and plunging fall,  
And torrent threading a mountain wall,

Where the chasmed banks mount close and sheer  
With jut and notch matched there and here,

As the hill had been lifted and broken in twain,  
And dropped a little apart again

To give the mighty waters room  
To pour them down through a mighty flume.

In the early days when the land was new,  
Ere mill and village along it grew,

And the river flowed unvexed and free,  
Untoiling in virgin liberty,

At a narrow point a bridge was made;  
High o'er the current its planks were laid.

Huge timbers stretched from shore to shore,  
The rude and simple frame upbore;

For miles the only crossing found  
For travel or traffic by settlers round.

High Bridge they called it in days of old,  
And this is the story about it told:

Max Morgan set forth one night to ride  
To the house of friends on the farther side.

The mists closed thick, and the darkness fell,  
But his trusty horse knew the pathway well;

And the rider rode on with pulse serene  
Though around or above could nothing be seen.

Not his horse, not his hand, could he guide by his sight,  
And horse and rider were part of the night.

But he knew ere long that the bridge was near,  
By the roar of waters that met his ear,

And soon as the sound rose loud and clear,  
The horse stopped sudden and shook with fear,

As if some dreadful danger lay  
Imperilling its onward way.

Max Morgan peered into the night;  
No gleam, no shadow met his sight;

He listened for voice or note of woe;  
Only the torrent dashed below.

"Go on," once more he sharply said;  
With cautious steps the beast obeyed.

He heard its panting quick and deep,  
And felt the flesh under him quiver and creep;

And it seemed to struggle, and labor and cower,  
As if held by some unearthly power,

And when its feet took earth again,  
The rider shuddered and took the rein,

As from the very thought to ride,  
Over that black abyss and rushing tide.

And swift he speeds till a glimmering ray  
Tells him where friends for his coming stay.

But when he enters and greets the host  
All stare as they had seen a ghost.

"How came you?" they ask in amazed surprise;  
"By the bridge, on horseback," he replies,

And stares in turn, as their arms on high  
They throw, and altogether cry:

"There's no bridge there! the gale to-day  
Swept plank and railing complete away.

The sleepers alone in their places lie;  
Such a roadway no creature to-night would try."

"But I crossed," he made answer, doubtfully;  
"Wait for to-morrow's light and see."

Back to the stream with the coming day,  
Max Morgan rode on his homeward way.

The tale had been true; every plank was gone;  
Bare timbers spanned the flood alone.

And along one of these, in the shiny ooze,  
Were scratches and dints of a horse's shoes,

Where, 'twixt life and death in the darkness hung,  
The glorious beast had crept and clung.

Max Morgan looked slowly along the beam;  
Then he glanced down to the foaming stream,

Forty feet from side to side,  
Eighty feet down to that turbulent tide.

Soon he turned and spoke his horse's name,  
And quick at the call to his side it came.

His arms around its neck he threw,  
And close to his breast his head he drew.

When he lifted his eyes and bared his head,  
"He giveth his angels charge," he said.

There are likewise a number of other legends  
about the Chasm which a want of space, however,  
prevents our quoting.

A pleasant walk through the shaded woods  
brings us with sharpened appetites to the Lake  
View House in time for dinner, after which we  
again sally out to see another beautiful waterfall,  
about three-fourths of a mile above the Chasm.  
Crossing the river we turn shortly to the left, and  
proceeding up a grassy lane, soon reach the river  
again at a beautiful little lake surrounded on  
three sides by picturesque rocks, the other side,  
and on which we are now standing, being a sandy  
beach sloping to the water's edge, and allowing a  
passage wide enough for the river to pass through.  
This is called the Eddy. Whilst standing on  
this sandy beach, the question whence is the name

of the river derived suggested itself, and we were informed that it is of French derivation, signifying "leading to the sands," and its proper pronunciation O-Sab'l.

Leaving the beach and clambering up a bank, we enter a finely shaded grove of stately pine trees, the ground all cleared of underbrush and with seats conveniently placed for picnicing purposes. Passing through this grove and along the edge of the woods about three hundred yards, we again turn to the left into the woods, and in a moment, as it were, Alice Falls greet our delighted vision. Though not as grand as Birmingham, they are equally interesting and picturesque. As we pass into the road, after viewing the Falls, our attention is called to a graveyard on the side of the hill, in which we find a slate tombstone bearing this quaint epitaph:

"Sallie Thomas lies here, and that's enough,  
The candle is out, also the snuff;  
Her soul is with God, you need not fear,  
And what remains is interred here."

When we again reach the hotel, we are quite willing to enjoy a rest for the remainder of the day in a comfortable Shaker arm-chair on the porch till we are called to supper.

As we were informed the Chasm was to be illuminated to-night in honor of the guests, at about eight o'clock, we of the Lake View, with the addition of a number from Keeseville and the surrounding country, wended our way toward the Chasm, torches being conveniently placed and bonfires kindled by the road to light the way. Before nine o'clock we are all in the Chasm, which, with the exception of a torch here and there, is still in absolute darkness. At a given signal the scene changes; numerous bonfires are lighted as far down as the Devil's Oven, and in its entrance one is appropriately placed. Suddenly, an exclamation of wonder, admiration and surprise escaped from all as their attention was drawn to Birmingham Falls, which now poured over a mass of waters, first crimson, then purple, yellow, and all the other different colors, lighted up and illuminated by Greek fire, and as the colors died out one after another, and we were about to turn away, an active and enterprising youth having passed up along the far side of the river until almost in the mass of waters, suddenly flashed more of the Greek fire, thus repeating the

grand display. It was a never-to-be-forgotten sight, worth a journey across the Continent to see, and as with weary steps we retraced our way to the hotel we discussed our day's experience, and all readily coincided with the speaker, who declared this a most wonderful place, and this the most enjoyable day he had ever spent.

The Chasm is not the only attraction here. Picturesque walks and drives abound. Only four miles distant is Augur Pond, the nearest of the



THE FLUME.

Adirondack Lakes, a picturesque sheet of water about three miles in length, and an average width of about half a mile. It is very irregular in form, and connected with a smaller lake by a narrow stream. The latter is only about a quarter of a mile from Augur, and is called Butternut Pond.

These two lakes are abounding in wonderfully large pickerel, to take which is very exciting sport. Mr. Henry Mould, a druggist of Keeseville, has taken pickerel from Butternut as high as thirty-five pounds in weight, and whilst we were at the



Lake View, brought one as a present to the host that weighed twenty pounds. It was baked for dinner, and our party all partook of it, and found it excellent. In the Chasm at the Pool and Basin large bass are often captured, whilst in Lake Champlain the finest perch fishing may be had. Fishing parties always start out near sundown, so the water may be in the shadow.

Less than two miles distant is the stirring little town of Keeseville. It has about four thousand inhabitants, a bank, post-office, telegraph office, weekly paper, a number of large stores, express office, and two good hotels, the Au Sable and Adirondack. There are several industries which mainly employ the working population of the place, which is situate on both sides of the Au Sable. The principal of these is the Au Sable Nail Company's works. Their product is horse-shoe nails entirely, and having the control of a machine patented by Mr. Dodge, one of their stockholders, they have been very successful. Their nails are made entirely of Norway iron, which they roll into thin rods, at their rolling-mill, near Alice Falls, on the Au Sable. The works are well worth a visit, every opportunity for which is courteously afforded by the polite officers of the Company. Prescott and Weston are located here, and are not only large builders, but also manufacture and sell large quantities of excellent furniture; indeed, they seem to be a very necessary part of Keeseville.

It will not be inappropriate in closing this article, to speak somewhat in detail of the Lake View House. This house has been recently built, and has all the modern appliances, such as gas in each room, baths and good pure water on each floor,

telegraph office, bowling alley, and billiard room. Mr. Vanaranam and his amiable wife as host and hostess, combine all the essential qualities. Everything is clean and neat; furniture in good taste, and bedding excellent, whilst the cuisine is all that the most fastidious epicure could desire. The house is four stories high, with a lake front of one hundred and twenty-five feet, and a porch the whole length, which, after nine A.M., is always shaded and inviting as a retreat, or for a prome-

nade. On the roof is a large platform or lookout, whence a delightful view can be had, and which is particularly fine just before sundown. Innumerable mountain tops meet the eye whichever way we may look. The mercury is rarely above eighty in midsummer here, the air delightfully pure, making it an admirable resort for any troubled with lung affections; and further, one very notable point, there are no mosquitoes.

This place, by reason of its admirable facilities, excellent accommodations, together with the agreeable and pleasant associations to be met with, is the best point for parties to

centre at and make their headquarters who may contemplate visiting the Adirondack resorts. And as it always is very troublesome and expensive to take large trunks or a great amount of baggage into the wilderness, tourists will find it a decided convenience to leave the greater part of their luggage here.

After spending several days at the Lake View, with frequent and detailed visits to the Chasm, and a careful examination and study of its many wonderful formations, we made up a party for the Adirondacks. How we got there, and what we saw when there, we may note in a future article.



THE SENTINEL AND TABLE ROCK.

## AN OLD-TIME COURTSHIP.

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF COUNT RUMFORD.

BY FRED. MYRON COLBY.

## CHAPTER I.

It was March, 1772. A beautiful woman sat in a room fronting the south and east, looking out upon the street. She was alone. Around her were the evidences of taste and wealth. The room was grand even with the quaint splendor of the time. The walls were adorned with paneling, and pictures hung thereon, valuable copies of the limner's art. The oaken floor was partially covered with a home-wrought rug woven of bright colors. In the broad open fireplace great logs were burning, throwing a bright, cheery warmth into the apartment. The furniture was antique, heavily carved—the stiff, uncomfortable furniture which made our great-grandmothers old before their time. A harpsichord stood in the corner, with an open Psalm-book on its cover, showing recent use.

The thought of music, however, seemed far distant from the heart of the woman as we glance at her now. She was dressed in the sombre garb of mourning, and her face was solemn with sad and gloomy thoughts. A woman no longer young, but still supremely beautiful, with a rare stateliness visible with every motion, and with bright eyes and pearl-tinted cheeks gleaming through the gloom and sadness, which many a modern belle might envy. Hair a dusky-brown arranged in the noble coiffeur of the period; eyes with a lustrous gleam behind the shadowy blackness; features regular in outline though of a queenly cast, and permeated with a spirit of beauty which only a pure, refined, noble womanhood could lend to their expression: this is the picture, and a true one of a famous belle of those ante-Revolutionary days.

Out of doors the snow lay cold and white, covering, as with a mantle, the gambrel roofs of the high square houses, the narrow street, the frozen earth, while the ice-fettered Merrimack gleamed like a sheet of silver through the waving sombre pines that clothed its shores. The day was one of intense coldness, a stern contrast to the weather of the preceding one, which had been mild and

sunny, suggestive of the early approach of spring. But during the night a sudden change had come about, and the poor birds that had been so merry the day before, sought shelter wherever they might find it from the piercing winds of a renewed winter.

Few people were out that day, and the street seemed almost deserted, yet the lady's gaze seemed perversely turned from the warmth and comfort within, to the contemplation of the dreary, wintry landscape without. Perhaps the scene was one more in unison with the chill in her own heart. As that may have been, there was certainly a look of regret on the beautiful face, and the dark superb eyes grew sadder still as they lingered longingly on the far-off hills. Nor did they brighten as with a weary sigh she turned from the window and slowly paced up and down the room.

The merry jingle of sleigh-bells on the keen frosty air drew her to the window again, just in time to see a sleigh dash up drawn by a powerful coal-black steed, whose frosted sides and steaming nostrils showed the speed at which he had been driven. Two muffled figures sprang out from the carriage, and presently the heavy brass knocker summoned a servant to the door. There was stamping of feet, and the sound of voices in the hall, and the lady had only time to seat herself in dignified composure, when the black servitor ushered in two gentlemen.

"Welcome, brother," said the lady, rising and greeting the foremost with outstretched hands; "but really your business must be urgent to take you out such a day as this. Black Gyp's jet hide was like a net of silver work as you drove into the yard."

"Yes, he came like the wind; but here is a friend, Sarah, I wish to introduce. Mrs. Rolfe, I have the pleasure to make you acquainted with Mr. Benjamin Thompson, the new teacher of the Rumford Academy, whom I have been so fortunate as to secure, and who arrived from Woburn yesterday."

With the punctilious courtesy of the period, the

two advanced and bowed. There was destiny in that meeting, though neither knew it. The white jeweled hand of the aristocratic widow met Benjamin Thompson's for the first time, and the grayish-blue eyes of the young schoolmaster scanned sharply the strangely beautiful face.

"You are a stranger in Rumford," said Mrs. Rolfe, motioning her guests to a seat. "I trust you will find it pleasant, Mr. Thompson."

"If all of its men are as hospitable as Mr. Walker, and the ladies all as beautiful as Mrs. Rolfe, I shall not find my stay tedious," he answered with grace and gallantry that appeared as honest as it was becoming to him.

The faint pink of the lady's cheek deepened to a brighter red, but the compliment was not resented.

"Sarah," observed Colonel Walker, her brother, "we have come to invite you to attend a party at our house, given in honor of Mr. Thompson. We wish him to be acquainted with the aristocracy, and to-morrow eve shall look for your company among the others. You will come of course."

"I think I can promise you with certainty, and I anticipate much pleasure. Father and mother and the rest are well, I trust."

"All well as usual," and Colonel Timothy Walker rose to depart.

Mrs. Rolfe detained him.

"You must not go till you have seen my Paul," she cried. "You do not know how he has grown."

She touched a cord and pulled it sharply. It was answered in a few moments by the entrance of an elderly African woman, who bore in her arms a twelve-months-old babe.

"You can go, Hepsy; I will ring when I want you," and the proud mother took her treasure from the black slave's arms.

"Yes, he has grown, I should hardly know the fellow, and he is the perfect image of its mother. Why, Sarah, there is not a look of his father in its face," and the tall gallant gentleman patted the face of the innocent child who lay like a snow-blossom on his mother's bosom.

The woman's face grew solemn with that sad regretful look that we have seen once there before, but only for an instant this time. The next moment she was toying with the child, who crowed and chirped like a young Hercules, pleased with the attention he was receiving.

"Oh, you naughty boy, you are ruffling my hair that took Cad an hour to dress, and will entirely ruin this lace. See, Colonel, isn't he strong and handsome for his age?"

The Colonel was looking on amused; but her eyes were beyond him, drawn there by a singular magnetism, to the lithe, stately figure of the stranger and the face above, with the earnest courteous eyes fixed so strangely upon her own. It was only an instant, but in that time she read much.

She thought "He is pleased with me, he loves me, and I—who is this man whose fervent admiration my heart does not resent?"

Benjamin Thompson was thinking: "It is a picture for a Raphael, eclipsing his own 'Madonna and Child.' My heart will always bow at the shrine. But what am I thinking? What have I, to dare hope to aspire to the hand of this regal woman and loving mother, whose whole life seems absorbed in her child!"

Aye, what have you, Benjamin Thompson? Poor, humble, unknown, to think of winning an aristocratic beauty, a belle and leader of society? Aye, what had he but bright, steady eyes, a bold, aspiring heart, a good brain, a fine person, everything in fact which have won the hearts of women since mother Eve bowed down to Adam's godlike mien!

We know this is digression; but we trust the reader will believe it pardonable as he follows on through this true story of a man's and a woman's love in the olden time.

They departed at last, and Mrs. Rolfe watched them as they literally shot up the street behind the flying hoofs of Black Gyp. As the last musical notes of the sleigh-bells vibrated on the air, she turned from the window, sighing audibly:

"Only six months a widow, and when I should be grieving my husband's death, I find this new feeling growing in my breast."

She stopped with a gasp, carrying her hand to her bosom with a convulsive gesture, as the babe with infantile prattle busied his little chubby fingers in the thick meshes of her loosened hair.

"Ah well, for my baby's sake his father shall be blameless, but if I marry again, love shall be the criterion. I sell not my charms again for gold or the wishes of my friends. Sarah Rolfe shall choose her own mate, and nothing but love can buy her."

Words fitly spoken, and prophetic, too, of an

early fruition of happiness with which the golden linked hours of the future were to crown her.

## CHAPTER II.

THE Walker House, the same old mansion that lifts its grand front at the present time on Main street, amid the beauty and splendor of New Hampshire's capital, was ablaze with light. Costly waxen tapers threw their radiance over the broad parlors and stately halls. Great logs blazed in the chimneys. Light, warmth, and cheerfulness filled the house.

"Tells ye what, Luce, dis yer ole house is packed about full ob de fustest company in the place. Massa Walker likes a good time as any one I ever did see, if he be a minister."

These words were uttered by a stout, intelligent looking negro man, to an equally good-looking dusky woman, as they paused for a short time at the open door of the kitchen, to gaze upon the assembling throng.

"Yes, dat is so; bery good man, dough, Massa Walker is. But dese 'ere be de kurnel's doings, Prince, ain't dey? Didn't ye hear what de young missus said yester night, how dat kurnel Timothy was gwine ter have all de tip-top people come out so dat de young Massa Thompson might see de 'tocracy? Reck'n dey's 'bout all here."

"Dar's a right smart lot ob dem, anyway," said the sable masculine. "I reckon we shall be purty busy to git supper for sech a lot."

"An' dat reminds me dat I'se got to be goin'. Miss Violet she done want me, I 'spect. Better come away yourself, Prince; dey don't care nuthin' fur darkies."

The two ebony servants, slaves in the household of Parson Walker, as he was called, hastened to their respective labors, while stately women in high-heeled shoes, rich brocade and cumbersome head dresses, and gay gallants in silk small clothes, ruffs, buff-colored waistcoats, silver buckles, and the brave costume of the Third George's reign, danced, talked, and flirted in far distant corridors, and under the full blaze of the gilded chandeliers.

How courtly and ceremonious they all were, the dames and gentlemen of a century ago, with their grand airs, low bows, and dignified, graceful courtesies! How grandly was danced the figures of the stately minuet! With what punctilious etiquette fair lips and bearded lips framed cour-

teous salutations and witty repartee! But human hearts beat the same then as they do now, and love and envy and ambition were as strong and fiery, though hidden perhaps under a more polite reserve.

All the beauty, wealth, and aristocracy, the *elite* of Rumford society, had assembled to do honor to the occasion. Rev. Timothy Walker, the pastor of the place, a man of wealth, culture and refinement, was the recognized head, the centre around which clustered all that was noble, good, and exalted in Rumford for fifty years. His son, fresh from Harvard, Colonel of the Third New Hampshire Regiment of militia under the king, and a lawyer of repute, was one of the magnates of the old provincial town. His invitations had been generally accepted, and the Stickneys, Eastmans, Rolfes, Bradleys, and Coffins, heads of the great families whose descendants still live in the famous colonial era, were now participants of the Walkers' lavish hospitality.

The cynosure of all eyes, the belle of the evening, was the beautiful widow, Mrs. Rolfe. There were ladies there younger than she, there were some dressed more gaudily, others who carried themselves with more beguiling blandishments, but none who in *tout ensemble* came nearer the perfect woman. Her dark robes, relieved by cuffs and collars of costly lace, showed off the rare loveliness of her face. Her dignified person, her command of language, and her perfect manners commanded the respect and won the homage even of the young gallants, much to the humiliation of younger belles. Some of the older men honored her for other charms than those of mind or person.

Colonel Benjamin Rolfe, one of the first settlers of Rumford, who had acquired great wealth by inheritance and industry, and influence by his ability and enterprise, at the age of sixty lost his bachelor heart to Sarah, eldest daughter of Rev. Mr. Walker, who was thirty years his junior. Influenced by her friends, more than swayed by the counsel of her father, to whom Colonel Rolfe was a near and dear friend, and who deeply prized his virtues, Miss Walker smiled on the aged suitor's wooing, and accepted his proposal of marriage. They were wedded in the spring of 1770, and Sarah Walker became mistress of an establishment that had not its equal in Rumford. But sooner or later there comes to all women who marry

without love the time when they regret the matrimonial yoke thus taken so rashly. It came to Sarah Rolfe. Her husband was kind and noble, loving her devotedly, ready to attend her slightest wish. She respected him, she honored him, she rendered him wisely duty; but she loved him not. Too late she discovered what constitutes real marriage, but she was too proud, too honorable, to do aught to wound her husband's heart or tarnish his name. A year later there came a little stranger to their household, in the shape of a beautiful little boy. The possession of this treasure awakened in the breast of the unhappy wife a new interest in life, and did something toward creating in her heart a tie to bind her to her husband. But six months after, Colonel Rolfe died, leaving her the wealthiest person in Rumford.

On this night no remembrance of that past life disturbed her. Never in her youthful days had she been more gracious and charming. Her eyes glowed, her silvery laugh was like that of a school girl's. Her friends marked the change, though no one read it rightly. Once she joined the circle of merry dancers at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Thompson, and went through the giddy measures of a quadrille with the handsome guest. They formed a striking couple. He, tall in stature, erect, finely formed, with eyes grayish blue, dark auburn hair, and features moulded after the Roman style, a model of manly beauty. She, with the Walker pride and beauty, looking up to him with smiling lips and glowing eyes. At the end of the dance he bowed and left her for a moment, at the call of a friend, and the widow, disturbed, she scarcely knew why, wandered away to a quiet corner, to have a short communion with herself. But she was forbidden the desired privilege.

"Has Mrs. Rolfe forgotten all her old friends that she ignores them to give her sole attention to a forward and needy adventurer?"

She turned, half angry at the intrusion, and confronted a middle-sized, pompous-looking man, with restless, crafty eyes, and brusque manners, whose military air corresponded with the title by which she addressed him.

"And by what right does Captain Stickney claim the privilege to command my actions?" asked the lady, a little haughtily. "I have never been apprised of the fact that you are the guardian and protector of Mrs. Rolfe."

The gentleman was confused for an instant, but soon recovered his equanimity.

"I seek not to unjustly criticise you, Mrs. Rolfe, but for the sake of old friendship, I have a right to demand something from your hand. And how have you treated me? Did I not solicit your hand for a minuet, and you refused me, and the next moment I saw you led away by this young upstart of a pedagogue, who has not yet fledged his maiden down, and whose purse is as empty as his brain!"

The lady waved a slight gesture of impatience.

"Cease! Captain Stickney," she said. "I cannot listen to this unjust denunciation of Mr. Thompson. He is poor, no doubt, but wealth goes not before a noble heart and courteous manners. I understand very well what prompted you to these utterances. You speak of friendship. I know of none save what comes from school-days' associations, and from love on the part of a man whose affection I despise."

"You speak harshly."

"I speak truly, Captain. I do not wish to wound your feelings, but you have put yourself in the way to receive my scorn. Do you wish to know why I refused you and danced with Mr. Thompson?"

"I should be pleased to receive the information."

"I can tell you. I refused you because I did not desire to raise hopes in your bosom which can never be realized. Various reasons decided me to accept Mr. Thompson's invitation: First, Mr. Thompson is a gentleman, and I could not well refuse him. Secondly, I desired to show him and the other guests the esteem I cherish for him. Lastly, I like the upstart, as you call him, and preferred his company to that of any other. Are you sufficiently well informed, Captain Stickney?"

"You are pleased to be sarcastic, Mrs. Rolfe," said the man, with a short, unpleasant laugh. "Doubtless, you will marry the young gentleman. He is poor; you can make him rich. The wealth you won by one marriage you will squander by another. I commend your judgment."

Mrs. Rolfe's eyes flashed. Scorn and anger blazed in her noble countenance.

"Enough, Captain Stickney; you have said enough," she said imperiously and decisively. "You have no right to wrong me as you do. Least of all, does it concern you who I marry. If I choose to wed again, I shall do so with or without your consent. I have refused you twice, but I may not refuse another; and Captain, I shall marry



for love and not for money. The Rolfe estate is large enough to divide and then have something to spare."

"Mrs. Rolfe, the last dance is forming. Can I have your hand? You will not refuse me?"

It was the voice of Benjamin Thompson, smooth, well-modulated, yet full of masculine strength and energy.

"Certainly. I will not refuse you; and, Mr. Thompson, after the music is over you may order my horse, for I shall not stay to supper."

She turned her back upon the discomfited Captain, who could have gnawed his tongue out for very humiliation, and joined with her partner the ranks of the dancers. Merrily the music sounded, and through the stately measures glided the forms of gallant beaux and brilliant belles. But none amid the merry throng did their parts better than the beautiful Rumford widow and the Massachusetts schoolmaster.

When the dance was over, Benjamin Thompson assisted his fair partner to the door, where a sable driver held a pawing steed in rein. With gallant courtly speech, he tucked the costly robes about her, and then as the small gloved hand rested in his, he said:

"I cannot thank you enough for your kindness to me. It is a large debt I owe you; how can I repay you?"

"The obligation is mutual. I have enjoyed your company much, and shall be glad to see you any time at the Rolfe house. This evening is a red-letter one in my existence, and you have made it so. If you do not consider your side of the debt balanced, you can cancel it any day by visiting my residence. You are acquainted with the way, and must not wait till you forget it. Good-night."

She waved an adieu, the driver's whip cracked, and the impatient steed dashed away, leaving Benjamin Thompson alone in the moonlight. Full of busy, restless thought, he went back within the crowded rooms, which seemed tenantless to him now that one face had vanished.

Ah! unknown to him much of importance had transpired that night to make or mar his future happiness. The historian tells us that Benjamin Thompson was a Tory; but he does not tell us what made him one. In this simple sketch, it will be our province to lift the veil and initiate the reader into the mysterious machinery which evolved the after-fate of our hero.

### CHAPTER III.

It was a gala day, and all Rumford was alive. The cold winter was long since past, spring had come and gone, and the fields and the forests were gay with the bloom of June. The warm sunshine rippled over the forest-embowered town, and touched the murmuring waters of the Merrimack with a silvery sheen.

The gay pageant heralded by so auspicious a day was one of the most splendid ever witnessed by Rumford, though it has seen many times since the gathering of the multitude, when great men and famous soldiers honored the place with their presence. The people, jubilant in feeling and gay with holiday attire, crowded the sidewalks, and from balconies and open windows bright eyes beamed upon the scene. Regiments of militia on foot and horse, in scarlet uniforms and rough provincial dress, marched along the street with stately tread. The cannons thundered forth hoarse greeting; bells added their sonorous clang to the chorus; music pealed its sweet enticement; banners floated from housetop and steeple, the Cross of St. George discernible in the crimson folds. Loud cheerings rose now and then from the excited populace, and hats and scarfs were waved above the sea of faces, and flower wreaths were flung by fair hands upon the open way.

The man to whom this joyous welcome was extended, in whose honor all this parade was made, rode in a coach drawn by four white horses. Preceded by twenty-four men clad in royal livery, bearing halberds, and followed by a glittering cavalcade, the carriage rolled slowly and grandly up the street. On its gilded sides flashed the *lion en couchant*, the famous heraldic insignia of the Wentworths, since grim Sir Marmaduke buckled on his armor and went forth with Cœur de Lion to fight the infidel in the Third Crusade.

And this was his descendant, Sir John Wentworth, the last and best of the royal Governors of New Hampshire, a gentleman of distinguished ability and culture; a patron of liberal learning; the founder, by its charter, of Dartmouth College; an earnest adviser and promoter of internal improvements; a true friend to the province as well as loyal to his Majesty, who gave him his commission. A grand looking man, stately and tall, with a fine patrician face, bright, courteous eyes, and brilliant smile, bearing well the proud reputation of his race, was Sir John Wentworth. There is no hint of the stern, resolute Governor in his face,

as he bows graciously right and left from his carriage windows. The cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, has not yet risen in the political sky. Peace and serenity prevail. The people are happy and pleased, and the royal Governor, proud of his popularity, regards them with paternal tenderness.

As the day closed the multitude dispersed, and the ceremonies of the day ended with an august and sumptuous entertainment. In the great hall of the town-house fitting preparations had been made for the reception of the noble guest. The walls were draped with evergreens interwoven with festoons of flowers, and the doorway was arched with draperies of silk and lace surmounted by the crimson folds of the royal banner. The room fills with the populace and the invited guests, officers of State, titled strangers, brave soldiers, and aristocratic dames.

"Who is that man?" inquired Wentworth, of Colonel Timothy Walker, as a tall, handsome young man walked past his seat, with the most beautiful and richly dressed lady present leaning on his arm.

"That," answered the Colonel, "is Mr. Benjamin Thompson, the teacher in our academy. He is a particular friend of mine, and a fine young man, I assure you."

"Bring him here, I want an introduction," said the Governor, abruptly.

A moment after Colonel Walker touched Mr. Thompson's shoulder.

"His Excellency desires to speak with you," he said. "Come, you must go with me."

The young man's eyes glistened; his form seemed to dilate with the consciousness of pride. To be thus noticed by such a man was indeed an honor.

"I will accompany you, Mr. Thompson," said Mrs. Rolfe; "I know Mr. Wentworth. You will like him."

Sir John was conversing in a tone of gay banter with some of the young ladies of Rumford, but he turned eagerly when Colonel Walker returned. His face lighted up with pleasure as he extended his hand to the charming widow.

"Mrs. Rolfe, I am glad to meet with you again. I have not forgotten the furore you made among our Portsmouth belles when you were at the capital with your late husband to attend the General Court one year ago last winter. Excuse me, but it is Mr. Thompson that I most desire to speak with."

"What can I do for your Excellency?" inquired the young academician, with a bow.

"Why, you are a born courtier!" exclaimed the Governor, "or else you have learned these airs of *les belles dames de Rumford*. Do you know I have often heard of you, and seeing you here wanted to know you. I think we shall be friends, Mr. Thompson."

"Give me something by doing which I may deserve your friendship. I am not worthy of the honor of being the friend of the noblest of the Wentworths."

"You have done sufficient already. You are a student, teacher; you have a taste for literature and philosophy. The divine thinkers and writers are the only truly royal men in God's creation. As one of them, Sir John Wentworth is glad to call you peer and friend."

"I appreciate your kindness, but you unduly flatter me," observed the youth, with a flushed brow.

"Have you never experimented in chemistry?"

The Governor smiled. Benjamin Thompson laughed. The ice was broken.

"Where did you learn that silly story?"<sup>1</sup> asked the latter, presently.

"I have friends in Salem; and besides, you are known elsewhere."

It was easy enough after this to talk, and Governor Wentworth found his friend an interesting companion. They conversed of poetry, of physics, of jurisprudence, of the fine arts; and it would be hard to decide which exhibited the more learning and good sense, the polished, aristocratic, experienced man of thirty-six, or the beardless youth of twenty. Nor could one have easily told who looked the noblest gentleman, though one belonged to a family held in high estimation at the English Court, descendant of a race who had played a prominent part in palace and camp and Parliament for five hundred years, and was versed in all the graces and accomplishments of a cour-

<sup>1</sup>Young Thompson was for some time a clerk in a store at Salem, Massachusetts, a place for which he did not show so much aptitude as he did for a chemist's laboratory. While there he was constantly engaged in making chemical experiments, and at one time came very near destroying the establishment, and losing his own life by an explosion of some of his compounds. Through this accident he was dismissed by his employer, after which he came to Rumford to teach.—AUTHOR.

tier's part, while the other, born in a small provincial town, of obscure parentage, poor, unused to society, acted only as Nature bade him. Ah! Chesterfield, was thine the assertion that no gentleman could be born of a family only after generations of education and culture? Out upon thee for a libeler!

## CHAPTER IV.

ON a chilly September evening Mrs. Rolfe sat in her cosy, luxurious parlor playfully engaged in toying with little Paul. It was the first cool spell of the season. The shutters were closely drawn, and the fire burned brightly on the hearth. A more charming picture could not be imagined than was presented by the mother and her child, the one majestic in mature beauty, the other so sweet and blooming in its fragile innocence as to well deserve the term some poet has applied to a child, "a flower of God."

Suddenly Mr. Thompson was announced, and the widow, never looking lovelier than she did now in her blushes, rose to receive him.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Thompson," she said, with bewitching frankness. "Paul and I were alone, and it was getting monotonous," and she grasped his hand, which he retained long enough to conduct her back to the great chair before the bright blaze.

He had not spoken, and now she noticed how pale and depressed he looked. There were dusky circles about his eyes, and his face was pallid and worn. Her woman's heart was touched at once.

"You are ill, Mr. Thompson," she cried, hastily. "What can I do for you?"

"My sole purpose in visiting you is to ascertain that," he answered, plunging boldly into his business, as all brave, energetic natures do. "I have come to learn whether I shall leave Rumford, or stay."

The widow looked at him sharply, her splendid eyes full of a strange, soft light. She could not fail to understand his meaning.

"Am I the arbiter of your destinies?" she asked.

"You are," he answered, rising.

"Then I shall not bid you go. We might as well deal with each other plainly. I love you; have you not long known it?"

She arose now and stood before him, with hurriedly beating bosom and glowing face. One fair

hand was held towards him, the other clasped her child.

"I have scarcely dared to hope it. Your confession has made me the happiest man in the colonies. I had almost made up my mind to destroy myself, if you refused me as you did Captain Stickney."

He kissed her lips fervently, bending as humbly and reverently as ever a devout worshipper to his God.

It was a very simple affair, very unlike the romantic scenes usually portrayed by the novelist, where the suitor pleads his case on bended knee, and the lady blushes, equivocates, and refers to "papa." But we are delineating history, not fiction, and though necessarily tamer, our humble sketch possesses the merit of being true.

They fell into an easy and confidential conversation after this.

"I cannot give you an unwedded hand," said the happy woman, breaking a short moment of silence that had fallen upon them, "but I give you a heart that never knew what love was till I saw you. And you, I am many years your senior; you are very sure you love me?"

"I loved you from the first. I should have spoken sooner, but I feared that I might be accused of mercenary motives. I cared not so much what others thought, but I disliked to have you cherish unjust suspicions of me."

"I esteemed you too highly for that; and now when do you wish to be master of the Rolfe estates?"

He did not appear to be embarrassed at her straightforwardness.

"How long a time do you desire to be in readiness?"

"My year of mourning expires in December. I shall then no longer owe my former husband anything. In three months I can be ready, and, dear Benjamin, I shall be a happy wife at last."

"Very well, then, that will suit me," he said. "My term of school begins to-morrow, if I wish it. It will close in twelve weeks. We will be married at Yuletide."

And so they were, being made one in that very room by Rev. Mr. Walker, the bride's father, amid a chosen circle of friends, December 25th, 1772. After the ceremony had been performed, and the congratulations were over, Colonel Timothy Walker handed his friend a sealed envelope.

It bore the Wentworth crest on its seal, and in a bold, shapely hand, there were traced on its back these words: "To Colonel Benjamin Thompson: Please accept this as a bridal gift from your friend, John Wentworth, Governor of the Colony of New Hampshire."

With eager fingers he tore open the covering, to find within his commission as Colonel of the Fourth New Hampshire Regiment of militia, drawn up and signed after the most thorough official manner. His eyes swam as in a mist.

Colonel Benjamin Thompson! People could not believe it. What had he done to gain that title? A beardless boy who had never heard the rattle of musketry, created a Colonel over the heads of men who had grown gray in service against the French and Indian foe! Everybody was surprised, or pretended to be, and a few took it seriously to heart.

Especially was Captain Thomas Stickney sorely moved with indignation at the appointment. He had coveted the position himself, and had eagerly sought for it, relying on his past services and his influential friends, and now to be superseded by his successful rival in love made him doubly furious with disappointment. At first he determined to throw up the commission that he held; but on second thought he preferred to retain it, even though he sacrificed his pride in serving for superior officer the man that he hated. The young upstart; good fortune would desert him some day; he would abide his time, and be ready to mount the wave which overwhelmed him. That was his thought.

He was not silent, however. There were other men who deemed themselves affronted by the sudden elevation of the beardless schoolmaster. His good fortune and the defeat of their own ambitious schemes filled all the superseded officers with envy and dislike, which rankled like the shirt of Nessus that Hercules put on. In fact, a large portion of the old aristocracy of Rumford arrayed themselves in opposition to Mr. Thompson, who, quietly ignoring all their insults and jealous antagonism, went serenely about his own business.

This only incensed them the more. He was by nature aristocratic, though his was not the ignoble aristocracy of birth or rank, but the pride of scholarship, of intellectual culture. His style of living also gave offence. Master of the Rolfe pro-

perty, he could outshine any of his rivals. He had servants without number, and costly carriages, and was often the guest, together with his wife, of the royal Governor, partaking of his hospitality at the Wentworth House at Portsmouth, and sharing it at his magnificent summer seat on the shores of Lake Winnipiseogee.

Meanwhile little Paul had a companion. A sweet little girl had come to divide with him the sunshine of their home. Blessed in his family relations, honored for his position, his style, his culture; the friend of Governor Wentworth, of Wheelock, the President of Dartmouth College, and other eminent men, Benjamin Thompson seemed riding on the highest wave of prosperity and happiness. Upon this bright day burst the storm of the Revolution.

#### CHAPTER V.

NEW HAMPSHIRE was among the first of the Colonies to take up arms for liberty. Her people were deeply imbued with the spirit of freedom, and though the personal popularity of Governor Wentworth and the influence of his friends were powerful, patriotism could not be flattered or coerced. The storm burst at length by the capture of Fort William and Mary in Portsmouth harbor, which some of the patriot citizens of that place and Dover accomplished on the eve of the 16th of December, 1774. The Governor was alarmed, but he could do nothing to stay the tempest. The province was in a turmoil, and the Assembly that met at Exeter in the spring of 1775, deprived him of all real power, and nominated John Langdon and John Sullivan delegates to the Provincial Congress at Philadelphia.

Although the personal friend of Sir John Wentworth, and deeply in love with his refined, chivalrous character, Benjamin Thompson's heart inclined him toward the patriot cause. Aside from this, he would doubtless have been influenced by his wife and her relations, for the Walkers were among the most prominent patriots of the State. Mrs. Thompson was herself a determined "rebel," and urged by her counsels, he offered his services to the State.

It was now that the malevolence of his enemies made itself apparent. He was charged with disaffection to the cause of the Colonies, stigmatized as a Tory, and denied any post or connection with the volunteer militia. He endeavored to prove

his patriotism, but in vain; they had no ears for his appeals. He demanded an investigation, but was put off with one excuse and another, till he was sorely tempted to seek redress by the sword. Chafed, disappointed, and indignant, he retired to his home to await the development of affairs.

But the enmity of his foes did not rest. He was suspected and watched, and finally there were whisperings of resorting to violence to rid the town of his pestilential loyalism, as they were pleased to term it.

One calm April evening the young husband sat with his wife in the large parlor, with the windows opened upon the night. They had been conversing about the political aspect of the country and of their own troubles; but a hush had fallen upon them, and they sat listening to the prattle of the children and the merry chorus of the frogs, whose voices came up from the Merrimack. Presently, a shadow crossed the yard, and soon after Colonel Timothy Walker entered. His manner was excited, and his face bore the marks of unconcealed anxiety. Mrs. Thompson's quick eye read the trouble on his brow, and she instantly guessed its import.

"What is it, Timothy?" she asked, rising and approaching her husband as though to guard him from any threatening peril. "You are the bearer of evil tidings. Hasten and inform us, that we may prepare to meet the danger."

"You have guessed it," he said. "There is danger, and I have come to warn you. My friend and brother, I am sorry, but you will be forced to leave the town till this storm blows over. Your old enemy, Captain Stickney, is busy at work stirring up strife. Some of the baser fellows denounce you as a spy, and to-morrow night they contemplate arresting you, subject you to a coat of tar-and-feathers, and ride you through the street as an example of patriotic vengeance. You must depart from town to-night, or it will be impossible for you to escape."

The wife, with a low cry, flung her arms about her husband's neck.

"Oh, my God, has it come to this?" she cried in a flood of tears. "Dear Benjamin, fly at once."

"And you and the children?" murmured the dazed man.

"I shall not leave you. Where your footsteps lead, there shall I follow."

"And you will disgrace yourself and kindred by

clinging to a Tory? Sarah, what will the Rumford aristocracy say?"

He spoke bitterly, for a moment forgetting her noble love in the thought of his enemies' baseness.

"You are no Tory. Benjamin Thompson. God knows that, and I know it. But if you were, my love for you should make me forget it. This is not the end. Your enemies will yet make a great man of you."

He bent and kissed her as a father might, saying:

"Thank you for that, Sally. My enemies may triumph for the time, but a just God will surely make all things right. Meanwhile, I have you and the children; of them they cannot rob me. But where shall we go?"

"You have friends in Woburn. We will take refuge among them for the time. It will take all night to reach them, and we must start within the hour."

"And you will leave all these luxuries, the home of your birth, the birthplace of your children, to follow me into exile, a wanderer who knows not where to find a home?"

"Why not? Am I not your wife; and besides, shall we not return when brighter days come upon us?"

"Of course; I had almost forgotten that."

But even as she spoke, Sarah Thompson felt that she was taking her final leave of the place. She saw dimly the course to which her husband would be driven; she knew the power and malice of his enemies, which would never rest till they made him a Tory in deed as well as in name. But she shrank not from her duty. Lovingly, earnestly, she took up the burden before her, and though she shed bitter tears at parting, she did not regret the step.

#### CHAPTER VI.

AFTER the battle of Lexington, which sent a thrill to the heart of every lover of his country, patriots from all quarters flocked to Cambridge. A detachment was there from Woburn, Massachusetts, in which was a young man of twenty-two, who applied to General Ward for a position in the Continental army. He was about to receive this coveted prize, when very startling stories began to circulate regarding his lack of devotion to the cause. Of course he failed to secure the desired commission, and was regarded with suspicion by the congregating patriots, so much so, in fact,



that he was even denied the privilege of giving his aid when fortifications were erected on Breed's Hill. Determined to participate in the battle, he went across the Neck in the thickest of the fight, to strike for his countrymen. But he was too late; the Americans were already retreating when he arrived, and he was forced to retire with them. He now demanded an investigation, and at a public hearing at Woburn, he was cleared of the obnoxious charges against him, after a full and prolonged examination. But this did not satisfy his enemies, who resorted to every base measure to make him unpopular. Still denounced as a Tory, his soul grew embittered, as well it might, and he concluded to accept his fate.

"Sally dear, said he one day as he and his wife were alone, "I have a letter here from an old and valued friend. Guess who it is, and what he says."

"I do not know; tell me, dear."

"It is from John Wentworth. He is in Boston, and urges me to come there. He has secured a situation for me as one of the clerks of Lord Howe. Read the missive for yourself."

He sat down and pulled her on his knee, watching keenly the varying shades that swept her features as she perused the paper.

"Well, what do you think?" he asked when she had finished.

"You must do what you think right, Benjamin; but I think you will never be appreciated here as you will there."

"Thank you, Sally, you have eased my mind of a burden. Your brother will be here to-night to help us arrange some property matters, and before another night I hope to be safe among our English friends. We will begin life anew, and perhaps a brighter era will dawn upon the life of Benjamin Thompson, the Tory."

His hope was realized. A magnificent future was before him, and he lived for forty years afterward, dying after one of the most brilliant and useful careers of modern times. He truly vanquished his enemies, for though they drove him from the country, he never forgot the land of his birth, and America to-day has no name for which she cherishes greater pride and respect than that of the once poor and despised Benjamin Thompson, who won wealth, station, fame, and died as Count Rumford, to whom not only kings and princes gave their esteem and friendship, but who won the gratitude of the most distinguished savans the wide world over.

## A REMARKABLE JUDICIAL TRAGEDY.

THE history of English law contains few more startling judicial tragedies than that to which the statute against murder owed such humane amendment as to make the finding and positive identification of the body of the slain person essential to the conviction of the murderer; and as the same remarkable case had a peculiar moral and social significance for the young lovers of all times, who, in their passionate devotion to each other, are altogether too apt to disregard the fortunes of everybody else in the world, it may be recalled appropriately for modern reading.

Upon the death of Mr. George Perkins, a widower of considerable property in London, it was found that his will appointed a brother of his, living near Epping Forest, the sole guardian of his only daughter, and directed that said guardian should inherit the whole fortune devised in case his young ward should die either unmarried or

without children. Implicit confidence in his brother, who was a middle-aged bachelor of limited means, had of course inspired the dying man to make such a will; but a number of family relatives pronounced the document an extraordinary piece of servile fatuity, and darkly hinted that harm would ensue from it. This feeling caused an alienation between the occupants of the Epping Forest residence and the aforesaid prophets, and made the latter become the bitterest persecutors of the dead man's brother in the strange and tragic succeeding events which have been described as follows:

Uncle and niece were both seen one day walking together in the forest, but the young lady suddenly disappeared, and the uncle declared that he had sought her as soon as he missed her, and knew not whither she had gone or what had become of her. This account was considered im-

probable, and appearances being clearly suspicious he was arrested and taken before a magistrate. Other circumstances, hourly coming to light, rendered his position serious. A young gentleman in the neighborhood had been paying his addresses to Miss Perkins. It was stated, and generally believed that he had gone, a few days before she was missed, on a journey to the north, and that she had declared that she would marry him on his return. The uncle had repeatedly expressed his disapprobation of the match, and Miss Perkins had loudly reproached him with his unkindness and abuse of his authority over her as his ward.

A woman named Margaret Oakes was produced, who swore that about eleven o'clock on the day on which Miss Perkins was missed she was passing through the forest and heard the voice of a young lady earnestly expostulating with a gentleman. On drawing nearer the spot whence the sound came, Margaret Oakes testified that she heard the lady exclaim: "Don't kill me, uncle; don't kill me!" The woman was greatly terrified, and ran away from the spot. As she was doing so, she heard the report of firearms. On this combination of circumstantial and positive evidence, coupled with the suspicion of interest, the uncle was tried, convicted of murder, and almost immediately afterward—according to the custom of those days—was hanged.

About ten days after the execution of the sentence upon the uncle, the niece reappeared, and stranger still, showed by the history she related, that all the testimony given on the trial was

strictly true. Miss Perkins said that, having resolved to elope with her lover, they had given out that he had gone on a journey to the north, whereas he had merely waited near the skirts of the forest until the time appointed for the elopement, which was the very day on which she disappeared. Her lover had horses ready saddled for them both, and two servants in attendance on horseback. While waiting with her uncle, he reproached her with her resolution to marry a man of whom he disapproved, and, after some remonstrances, she passionately exclaimed:

"I have set my heart upon him. If I don't marry him it will be death to me; and don't kill me, uncle; don't kill me!"

Just as she proclaimed those words she heard a gun fired, at which she started, and she afterward saw a man come from among the trees with a wood pigeon in his hand, which he had shot. On approaching the spot appointed for a meeting with her lover, she formed a pretence to induce her uncle to go on before her. She then fled to the arms of her lover, who had been waiting for her, and they both mounted their horses and immediately rode on. Instead, however, of going to the north, they retired to Windsor, and about a week afterward went on a tour of pleasure to France. There they passed some months so happily that in those days, when newspapers were scarce, when there was no very regular postal communication, and no telegraphs, they never heard of their uncle's sad fate until their return to England.

## THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

WHEN pressed beneath misfortune's hand,  
And troubles at his door shall stand,  
    However great his need,  
His faith and hope will ne'er depart  
And patience proved him to the heart  
    A gentleman indeed.

And if position, wealth and fame  
Unite to honor his good name  
    Among his fellow man,  
With loving heart and liberal hand,  
Amidst the needy he will stand,  
    The noble gentleman.

To raise the fallen, help the weak,  
Distress and sickness he will seek,  
    Nor grudgingly he gives.  
He loves to scatter good around.  
And in God's service always found,  
    A gentleman he lives.

And when the shades of death draw near,  
And meets the darkness without fear—  
    No vain regrets, no sighs;  
He hears his Saviour say, "Well done!"  
He goes to wear the crown he won—  
    A gentleman he dies.

SALO'S VIOLIN.<sup>1</sup>

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

WHEN the "World's Eye" at dawn o'er the Tyrol is peeping,  
 And Salo's green olive groves catches each ray,  
 The gray waves of Garda like bright flames are leaping,  
 As keels furrow lightly that beautiful bay!  
 Where the Ghibellines' war cry resounded of yore,  
 And Guelphs waved in combat the pennon-tipped lance,  
 Now fishers' sweet chorus is wafted ashore,  
 And slender vines twine like warm hands in the dance!  
 Where the "Water-Queen's throne" was like crystal im-  
 mersed

In the sea whose enchantment e'en Virgil gave wing,  
 And whose shores great Catullus in lyrics rehearsed  
 Till Verona's grand ladies their praises did sing;  
 In that magical spot, rarely hinting of death,  
 Save in vesper chant solemn that rolls from yon hill,  
 Near the Franciscan convent he drew his first breath,  
 Gasparo da Salo, of wonderful skill!

Have you read that old legend so tender and sweet,  
 Of motherless beauty, the fisherman's pearl?  
 How they roved the long shore-line with tireless feet,  
 He, lover and nurse of that radiant girl.  
 At tides' ebb there clambered, while pure odors' bloom  
 From rose-laden terraces, doited afar,  
 Lived again in her breath, and her dewy eyes shone  
 As over proud castles, Hesperus's star!  
 But her father's boat sank on the rock-splintered coast,  
 His shroud the white sail, dragging down to the grave:  
 "O, Gasparo, mio! dear father is lost!"  
 Shrieked lone Marietta,—"Oh, save him! oh, save!"  
 It was all like a dream—the waves closing o'er,  
 Their rosy light spreading no shadow above;  
 Never more could hand beckon that loved one to shore,  
 Though her dark hair waved signal, her voice pleaded  
 love!

In the harp-maker's workshop no longer was heard  
 Her soft mellow voice; she touched not the strings  
 Of lute that imprisoned the songs of rare bird,  
 Nor woke the vibrations that fluttered like wings!  
 Yea, Gasparo's glad mother had led her a w  
 At convent's walled entrance they breathed fond adieu,  
 And she whispered, "I'll come in a month and a day,  
 Will surely return to the sea, love, and you!"

<sup>1</sup> Gasparo da Salo, on the shores of Lake Garda, is mentioned as the inventor and maker of the *first* real violin—a violin which instead of the scroll shows the beautiful carved head of an angel. It is now owned by that wonderful violinist whose tunes have touched so many hearts in their profoundest depths. His name is Ole Bull.

The gate closed upon her: his mother grew stern,  
 She heard the lock click while her heart filled with joy:  
 "To our cot as his bride she shall never return;  
 No beggar," she murmured, "shall wed my fine boy!"  
 Then aloud to the youth: "She must pray for the rest  
 Of tempest-tossed soul that went down in the bay;  
 But like poor, unfledged bird that has dropped from the nest,  
 She shall cling to your neck in a month and a day!"

He heard her rich voice at the mass ringing clear,  
 Only balm for the wound that her absence had made,  
 For the month and a day grew a long, weary year!  
 By the hut of her father strange children now played;  
 While his mother rejoiced in her triumph; with pride  
 Spoke of orders from Milan, and begged him to go  
 And deliver the lutes, see the great world outside,  
 And bring a fair bride to the port of Salo!  
 But he smiled, oh! so sadly, and answered her, nay,  
 And fled to the rock where the Water-Queen rose;  
 There with hands tightly folded he sat day by day,  
 And longed 'neath the billows to bury his woes.  
 Soon illness o'erpowered; unconscious and mute,  
 Like one slowly dying, all prostrate he lay;  
 Then suddenly spoke: "Bring her voice in my lute,  
 Oh, imprison it there, for my sake, I pray!"

Then he lay as one dead, and the priest offered prayer;  
 To the nun's holy chapel the mother had fled—  
 Ah! who is this being, so gloriously fair,  
 Her black veil uplifting, that kneels by his bed?  
 "Gasparo, awake! darling, wake, it is I;  
 Marietta has come! one kiss I implore!  
 I bathe you with tears! let my heart's inmost sigh  
 Waft our souls into bliss on that beautiful shore!"  
 She was gone. And Gasparo revived from his swoon,  
 Restored, it was said, by miraculous prayer;  
 But the great convent bell tolled a dirge the next noon,  
 O'er flower-strewn form of the novice most fair.

And Gasparo repeated again and again:  
 "My love as an angel has kissed me to life;  
 I will form mystic thing, breathing pathos and pain—  
 Its voice through the ages with harmony rife;  
 In a magical lute those rich tones to confine,  
 Alone I will labor," he said with a smile:  
 "Some day shall the prize that I yearn for be mine,  
 It fits like a butterfly round me the while!"  
 Years sped, and the shape for his soul's need was wrought,  
 Voice sweeter than Ariel's brooded within;  
 The tones rare and golden his love had long sought;  
 And the world heard with rapture the first violin!





"SOME DAY SHALL THE PRIZE THAT I YEARN FOR BE MINE."

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## HERBERT ORTON; OR, JUSTICES' COURTS IN THE WEST.

By J. R. MUSICK.

## CHAPTER VIII. THE FIRST CASE.

THE summer had almost passed away, and yet Herbert had not received his first case. He came regularly to his office, but for all the business he did he might as well have remained away. He took advantage, however, of the time thus afforded him to store his mind thoroughly with the leading principles that governed the decisions of the higher courts in all branches of the law, and thereby prepared himself for the future, should fate decree him an extensive practice.

One morning, just as he had finished sweeping his office, and dusting the scanty furniture, he heard the pattering of many feet and the sound of many voices in the adjoining office of Esquire Lustful. From the nature of the footsteps, he judged many of them to be children. There was evidently some undue excitement, and he heard a sobbing cry as from a child in great distress or pain.

"Order! Order in Court!" he heard the old Squire proclaiming. "The majesty of the law must be preserved."

Eager to learn the cause of the commotion, he stepped into the Justice's office. As he entered he found the old Justice hobbling across the room to his table, a pipe in his mouth, and Kelly's Justices' Guide in hand. A constable named Foster was standing by a chair in which little Dave Dawson sat, weeping bitterly. A dozen or more terror-stricken urchins were gathered in the room, attracted by the circumstances surrounding the affair.

"Silence, boy! Silence! the majesty of the law must be preserved," said the old Squire, in a half guttural tone, as he took his seat by the table.

"What is the matter here?" Herbert ventured to ask of the constable.

"This boy here has been cutting another boy to pieces with a knife," replied the officer.

"Yes, and he came very near killing Sammy Williams," added the old Justice.

With this, little Dave again broke out in an earnest cry of supplication and despair.

"Order! Order, boy! the majesty of the law

must be preserved. Mr. Foster, call the Prosecuting Attorney, Mr. W. L. Scroggs," exclaimed the Squire.

Raising one of the west windows, opening out on the street, the constable yelled out:

"W. L. Scroggs! W. L. Scroggs! W. L. Scroggs! Come into Court."

"That will do now. He will be here soon and we will jist get this case right over with," said the Squire.

Dave set up another screaming cry, no doubt expecting to be hung the very next minute.

Soon footsteps were heard coming leisurely along the hall. The door opened and Scroggs, with the long pipe in his mouth, entered. It is almost needless to add, he was puffing away vigorously, as usual.

"Good morning! Good morning! my Christian friend and fellow-traveller through this vale of tears," he said, grasping Herbert's hand on entering. "I hope I see you enjoying the best of health."

"I have no reason to complain, and wish the same to you," replied Herbert.

"Here, Mr. Scroggs," interrupted the Squire, "this boy has been arraigned for violating Section 33 of page 450 of Wagner's Statutes, Volume I."

"All right, Squire; but before we attempt to enter into all the intricate paths and by-ways with which this labyrinthical profession is so astoundingly possessed, will you be so kind as to inform me whether you have any long green tobacco about you?"

"I have," said the Justice, drawing from his coat pocket a plug of the aforesaid long green.

Mr. Scroggs taking the plug, and shaving off a sufficient amount to fill his pipe, was soon puffing away once more. Taking a seat by the table, he elevated his feet to the top of it; pushing his hat back, and interlocking his hands behind his head, he asked:

"Well, now what is the nature of this offence, and does it involve the interest of all the urchins in town?"

The Court reserving a dignified silence, passed him the papers.



Mr. Scroggs took the papers and examined the complaint, the purport of which was "that David Dawson, on or about the 22d day of August, 18—, did unlawfully, in the township of —, County of —, by his act, procurement and culpable negligence, wound, maim, and disfigure one Samuel Williams, so as to do him great bodily harm, and endanger the life of said Williams; to wit, did assault, cut, wound, and maim affiant with a knife, with intent to do said affiant great bodily harm, and against the peace and dignity of the State."

"My youthful friend, or juvenile desperado perhaps I had better term you, you are charged with a very serious offence," said Scroggs, removing the pipe from his mouth just long enough to say that much.

"Oh! what shall I do! what shall I do!" moaned poor little Dave.

"Give me the papers, Mr. Scroggs," said the Justice.

"By all means arraign him Squire, and see what plea the young ranchero will enter," replied Scroggs, as he passed the papers to the Justice.

The Justice taking the papers in his long bony fingers, and opening the docket, said:

"David Dawson! you are here charged with 'wounding, maimin', and doin' one Samuel Williams great bodily harm, on or about the 22d day of August; do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"May it please your Honor," interposed Herbert, modestly, his heart beating violently, for this was his first appearance in court, and in this instance more of an intruder than as the employed counsel of the defendant, "perhaps it would be better for the young gentleman to have the advantage of legal advice before entering his plea."

"Certainly, he is entitled to a lawyer, if he wants one; who said he wasn't?" angrily replied the irate old Justice, fearing that his own knowledge of the rights of the accused might be called in question.

"David Dawson, do you want a lawyer?" asked the Squire.

Before the question could be answered the door of the office opened, and Mrs. Dawson, almost breathless, and highly excited, entered, exclaiming:

"Oh, my child! my child! where is he? Oh! what has he done?" as she glanced around the room. Observing him in the hands of the officer,

she ran forward and threw her arms around his neck, and bursting into tears, she cried:

"Oh Davy! Davy! why are you here, and what have you done?"

The poor little fellow could no longer restrain himself, and again broke out, sobbing bitterly, his heart almost breaking through the fears and terrors of the situation he found himself in, and the additional anxiety and depression of mind he had caused his already heavily burdened mother.

"Order! Order in Court! the majesty of the law must be preserved!" cried the Justice, bringing his bony fist down upon the table with a furious thump.

Scroggs maintained a dignified silence, puffing away at his pipe, while the constable stood glaring like a hungry tiger at the distracted mother.

"Oh, sir!" appealingly cried poor Mrs. Dawson, falling upon her knees before the Justice, "in heaven's name I ask you to let my boy go. I am a lone widow, and he is my only help on earth. Oh! if you are a father, think how *your* heart would suffer, to see your only child dragged away to prison!"

"I know; I know, madame," interrupted the Justice, his hard heart evidently slightly touched by the widow's frantic appeal; "but the majesty of the law, madame! the majesty of the law must be vindicated!"

"Oh, sir! for the love of God, have mercy," began Mrs. Dawson.

"Oh, shut up, or I'll put you out!" threateningly spoke the brutal constable, as he took a step towards the kneeling woman.

"I ask the leniency of the Court towards the defendant and his mother, until they can recover from their present agitation, and regain self-possession of mind sufficient to enable them to prepare for the defence," interposed Herbert.

Mrs. Dawson arose, and stood weeping by her child.

"Do you want a lawyer for your son, Mrs. Dawson?" asked the Court.

"I do not know any attorney, and am too poor to employ one," replied Mrs. Dawson.

"Perhaps, madame, you may find some one of our profession who possesses enough of the milk of human kindness that will espouse the cause of your son, as a matter of charity," suggested the wily Scroggs, from amidst a cloud of smoke.

"I know not whom to ask," sobbingly replied the widow Dawson.

"He—he is a lawyer," said a dirty-facedurchin, a companion of Dave's, as he pointed towards Herbert.

"Kind sir! will you undertake to defend my boy?" asked Mrs. Dawson, addressing Herbert. "I am poor, and cannot pay you now, but as heaven is my helper, your fee shall be paid, if these hands have to toil night and day for you."

Herbert consented. As yet, not understanding the full nature of the case, nor the circumstances surrounding it, he asked permission of the Court to consult with the defendant for a few moments. Taking the complaint, he withdrew from the Court, in company with Dave and his mother, to his own office in the rear. The constable, fearing his dangerous prisoner might attempt to escape, remained on guard at the door.

Upon examination of the complaint, he discovered that it was drafted under the 33d Section of page 450 of Wagner's Statutes of Missouri, Volume I., and the punishment for which offence was imprisonment in the penitentiary not exceeding five years; in the county jail not less than six months; or a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars, or *less* than one hundred dollars; or imprisonment in the county jail not less than three months.

Of course, Dave was not old enough to be punished with the full rigor of the law, yet the preliminary examination had to be conducted just the same as if he were of full age.

"How did your fight come about?" asked Herbert, as soon as they had got comfortably seated in his office.

"Oh, boo, hoo!" cried Dave, "what will they do with me? boo, hoo! boo, hoo!"

"Come, come; be a man, and don't cry so, but tell me what you have done," encouragingly spoke Herbert.

"Oh! hoo—boo, hoo! Will they hang a body?"

"Oh, no; I am not going to let them hang you. Be a man now, and stop your crying," urged Herbert.

Mrs. Dawson, having subsided, completely overcome with the full realization of the enormity of the offence as it impressed itself upon her mind, also gave free vent to her feelings, by joining her outbursts of grief with those of her son.

"Madame," said Herbert, in as professional a manner as he could assume, "I assure you this affair cannot be so serious as to occasion all this manifestation of feeling upon your part, and it is very essential that I should secure all the facts of the case from your son, which I cannot do, however, while you are exhibiting such a lack of fortitude upon your part. This case requires clear-headed work, and which cannot be accomplished by thus discouraging your son, and adding fuel to his already overdrawn fears."

"Thank you, sir; I will endeavor to compose myself. I know nothing about the law or courts, and when I learned that my only child, my darling boy, was arrested for crime, what else could have been expected, other than that I should give way to my overwrought feelings?" replied Mrs. Dawson.

"True, it is very natural, I will admit; yet please restrain your exhibition of feeling in this matter as much as possible," urged Herbert.

The mother and son in a few moments quieted down, when little Dave proceeded to tell his story of the affair. It was an ordinary boyish disturbance, and grew out of some of their plays and dealings connected therewith, and on account of which a spirit of jealousy had sprung up between them.

Samuel Williams, or "Sam," as he was more commonly known, had attacked Dave's honesty, doubtless through a spirit of envy at the good reputation that Dave had earned. In the course of their quarrel Dave, in a spirit of resentment it seems, had charged Sam with filching some peanuts from a peanut stand, making proof of the same by several bystanders. Suddenly recalling to mind the solemn promises made to his mother, he turned to go away, when Sam seized a clod of dry earth and broke it over his head, and taking advantage of Dave's position he sprang upon his back, and commenced pummeling him on the head and shoulders. Dave at the time had an open pocket-knife in his hand, and being considerably stunned by the blow and the suddenness of the attack, struck out wildly with it, stabbing his assailant in the leg, hip, and shoulder. He also had dug his thumb nail into Sam's left cheek, cutting a very severe gash.

This, in the main, was Dave's version of the affair.

"Oh, sir! can you clear him?" eagerly asked Mrs. Dawson.

"Oh, boo, hoo! boo, hoo!" cried Dave, "what will they do to me!"

"Be quiet, both of you; I think there will be no danger. I can accomplish nothing if you both give way in this manner, and unless you help me," added Herbert.

He then examined three or four urchins who had been eye-witnesses of the fracas, and found that they corroborated Dave's statement in every particular. Feeling assured that he fully comprehended the true facts of the case, he arose, and calling upon his clients and their witnesses to follow him, returned to the court-room.

"We are ready," said Herbert, taking a seat near the Justice's table.

"What do you plead, 'guilty,' or 'not guilty'?" asked the Justice.

"Not guilty," replied Herbert.

"Well, gentlemen, proceed with this trial, and make it as short as possible. Let's git through with it," suggested the Court.

"Squire," said the lazy Scroggs, taking his feet from the table, "before we enter into this legal conflict, from which but few of us can hope to escape whole, and which may involve an enormous amount of brain power and legal lore, will you be kind enough to strengthen my faculties by replenishing my pipe with some more of your long green tobacco?"

The Justice complied with his request, and once more he was made happy, through the fumes of a fresh laden pipe.

"Call your witnesses for the prosecution," said the Justice.

Scroggs called several boys and two young men. They were sworn, and the trial proceeded. The first witness was examined by the prosecution and then handed over to Herbert for cross-examination. Most of the spectators were boys, playmates of Dave, and the prosecutor.

The principal witness placed on the stand was Sam Williams himself. Herbert, preserving a dignified and well simulated demeanor, perfectly cool and collected, endeavored to draw out all the essential points material to the interests of his client. In the course of his cross-examination he succeeded in several instances in placing the witness in a most unpleasant and contradictory position.

It was the rule at this time that the evidence taken should be reduced to writing and signed by

the witness, and for this purpose the Justice had employed a young dry goods' clerk. As a consequence the trial proceeded very slowly, and it was noon before the Commonwealth had closed its side of the case. The drift of the evidence for the prosecution elicited that the assault was made by Williams, while Dave had provoked it.

In the afternoon the defence commenced with their side of the case. At this time criminals in Missouri were not permitted to testify in their own behalf, but were simply allowed to make a statement, not under oath. The defence opened with Dave's statement, a clear, succinct and straightforward version of the affair. This Herbert followed up with some witnesses, whose evidence fully corroborated it, plainly showing that he acted solely on the defence.

Scroggs cross-examined them, but could not entrap either of them. Finding that his cross-examinations only made the defence stronger, he abandoned it.

The defence closing their case, Scroggs, the prosecuting attorney, opened the argument. It is hardly necessary to follow with a report of the line of argument put forth, or the long catalogue of terms applied to the defendant by the voluble attorney for the State. It is enough to know that he pressed the commitment of the youthful prisoner with the utmost vigor, and in the strongest terms he could adopt.

Winding up his harangue with a peroration replete with bombast, giving full sway the while to unlimited flights of the imagination, he closed, but without resuming his seat, until he had first called upon the Court for another *fill* of the long green.

Herbert arose, and quietly, in a modest tone of voice, addressed the Court. The first few sentences delivered showed a slight quiver or tremor in his voice, but gradually gaining a more perfect control of himself, he soon felt entirely self-possessed. After commenting briefly upon the previous good character of his client, he proceeded to review the evidence of the case, as developed in the trial. He showed, by clear and forcible deductions, that the offence with which his client stood charged had been committed solely in self-defence, and that the *animus*, the very gist of the crime, to make his client amenable to the law, was wanting. He cited, in support of his arguments, from Kelly's Criminal Practice, Section

484; 2d Bishop's Criminal Law, Section 644; 38th Missouri S. R., page 270, and 4th Volume Blackstone, page 184. In closing, he touched somewhat feelingly the unfortunate circumstances surrounding his humble client, and the sorely tried and much afflicted mother by his side, and asked that the Court would thoroughly weigh the evidence, and give it a full and careful consideration before making its decision. His address was entirely devoid of fine-flown phrases, and contrasted very forcibly with that of his opponent.

Scroggs closed the case in a short reply, which proved but a mere rehash of what he had already, in a measure, gone over. Upon resuming his seat, the Justice leaning back in his chair, said:

"Under all the circumstances, as presented by the evidence before us, the defendant will be discharged."

Herbert had gained his first case, as well as the lasting gratitude of Mrs. Dawson.

#### CHAPTER IX. LOLA BENNETT.

WHILE Judge Bennett ranked as the leading citizen of Nicosia, by reason of his eminent abilities and character as an honest and upright man, supported by his great wealth, his daughter Lola occupied a no less enviable position in its society. She was the acknowledged belle of the place, and by her affability and gentleness of manner, won the esteem and admiration of all those who chanced to be thrown in her society. With just enough of her father's sternness and her mother's gentleness to constitute her a good and truly sensible woman, she exercised an influence in the community that made itself felt wherever she went.

Thoroughly educated in one of the best and most popular colleges of the West; handsome, accomplished, and the prospective heiress to one-half of the Judge's vast estate, she was a prize that any man might well be proud to win. Hers was also a charitable disposition; and to the village poor she proved a fairy, as many a cheerless and desolate heart could attest.

That Lola should have had many suitors was but natural, and the homage paid her was of the most dignified and respectful character. She, however, treated all alike, courteously and kindly. Of a lively and vivacious disposition she was at times given to a spirit of coquetry, but only on very rare occasions. Unconscious of the mischief

she wrought by her innocent play upon the feelings of her admirers, she only realized the imprudence of her conduct when she found them ready to avow their feelings for her. Deeply mortified, she earnestly begged their forgiveness, and in the seclusion of her rooms sought solace and peace of mind in a truly repentant mood.

A change, however, came over the spirit of Lola Bennett since the night of the soiree at her father's house. No one knew why. She went in society less often, and when she did, seemed only abstractedly cognizant of the pleasures and gayeties that surrounded her. Her mind was ever restless and apparently drawn away from the attractions and conversation of her associates. Some said she was in love, while others remarked that she was suffering penance for the heart-sufferings she had caused. Some again, ventured that it might be anxiety for the wayward course pursued by her brother Oliver.

The Judge too began to think that his daughter had occasion to do a great deal of shopping, since three or four times a day she was arrayed in her walking habit, and on her way to the village stores or walking around the square.

It was growing late in the season; and late of a certain day, found her sitting in the large bay window, looking down upon the quiet village that lay at her feet. She was alone, and silently pondering over some question in her mind.

"I wonder why he never goes out anywhere?" escaped her lips. "Since our party last summer, I have not seen him, or even heard of his being anywhere but to church. They say he studies very hard, and is seldom away from his office."

After a brief silence, during which her thoughts were busily wandering the while, her little fingers nervously tapping the window-pane, she exclaimed, pettishly:

"Well, who cares if he don't? I don't care if I never see him again anywhere. When I meet him upon the street, he always raises his hat and bows very politely, but that is all. He actually seems to avoid me, and I guess I don't care."

But Lola Bennett did care, nevertheless. She had met many young men since her advent into society, and this was the first one that had not shown at least some admiration for her.

The reader has doubtless conjectured that Herbert Orton is the subject of her thoughts. But do not, kind reader, suppose that Lola's chagrin is

caused by the fact that she could not add the young attorney to her long list of conquests.

Admired, courted and petted by a score of men, more handsome and wealthier than this young and unfledged lawyer, it was but natural for her to expect at least some evidence of admiration and attention at his hands, if nothing more. On the contrary, Herbert seemed unconscious of any inclination or feelings, other than those of ordinary friendship, and would have deemed it an act of presumption on his part to have entertained any such thoughts.

Why it was that Lola made him the subject of her thoughts, to the exclusion of her other and more favored suitors, it is not for us to solve. We may only conjecture the cause or causes. It may have been because she found in this young man such traits and qualities of mind as may have recommended him to her affections. His reserve and reticence of demeanor towards her only increased the ardor of her affections the more, until it might be said Cupid's dart had fatally cleft her fluttering heart.

A few moments later, Lola burst into a little silvery-like laughter, as she caught herself sighing.

"Sighing, and for what? Ha! ha! how foolish I have become. He cares nothing for me, and I care nothing for him," she exclaimed, *sotto voce*.

It was now growing dark. The myriad lights of the town below made it look like some enchanted fairy land. Glancing up the road leading towards the town, Lola beheld a little ragged urchin, with a large bundle of fagots upon his back, coming along slowly and wearily. As the boy reached the front-gate, he laid down his bundle of wood to rest himself, and stood gazing wistfully through the bars of the gate at the costly mansion, so pleasant and inviting.

Here was a subject to divert her mind from one which was growing more painful the while she gave it attention, and which might enable her to do a good deed at the same time. Arising from her seat, she went to the front door, and passed out on the piazza. The lad mistaking her intentions, hurriedly gathered up his heavy load and started on.

"Wait a moment, my little man!" she cried out.

"If you please, ma'm, I wasn't a doin' nothin'," replied the lad.

"Are you tired?" asked Lola, in a kindly tone, which at once reassured the lad.

"Yes, ma'm," was the reply, and in a tone which fully confirmed his answer.

"Are you hungry?" continued Lola.

"I am ma'm, I ain't eat nothin' since mornin'.

"And you are wet and cold, too?" observed Lola.

"In course, ma'm. I've been in the woods, an' it's been rainin' most all day," replied the lad.

"Come in then! There is a nice fire in the kitchen, where you can warm yourself, and the cook will give you a nice supper," said Lola, speaking encouragingly and kindly to banish any childish fears that he may have entertained. Thus urged, the lad entered the gate, and depositing his load of fagots in the yard, carefully proceeded to divest his torn and much worn shoes of any superfluous mud which may have attached itself in his journey, before entering the cosy kitchen.

"What is your name?" asked Lola, as she became more interested in the little fagot gatherer.

"Dave Dawson," he replied.

"Have you a father?"

"No, ma'm, he's dead," replied Dave, still cleaning his shoes.

"Have you a mother?" continued Lola.

"Yes, ma'm," replied Dave, as he finished up his shoes.

"What are you carrying those sticks for?"

"I'm takin' 'em home to make fires."

"Oh, what a long distance for such a little boy to carry wood!" exclaimed Lola. "But you are shaking with the cold; why, child! you are almost frozen; hurry on now, this way around to the kitchen;" and she hurried him along.

Dave Dawson was soon sitting before a large comfortable kitchen fireplace, in which lay a heap of blazing logs, the steam arising in clouds from his wet garments.

"Come Sally," said Lola to the colored cook, "fix this boy up a nice supper of fried ham, eggs, bread and butter, doughnuts and apples, with a glass of sweet milk."

By the time little Dave was warm enough to eat his supper, Sally had it ready. Hungry as he was, it was quite a feast to him, and Lola experienced as much real pleasure at seeing him relish it, as though she were herself enjoying the repast, under a like condition of the digestive organism.



"Have you any brothers and sisters?" asked Lola, in order to keep up a conversation with Dave, and drown reflections on the subject which had become painful.

"No, ma'm."

"Then you are the only child your mother has?"

"Yes, ma'm," said Dave, all the while giving his attention to the feast before him, and doing himself full justice.

"You ought to be a very good boy to your mother then, and not give her any trouble."

"I try to be good, ma'm, but Satan will get in my heart sometimes, and make me think and do wicked things."

"You must try to overcome Satan," replied Lola.

"I do, but sometimes he is too much for me. I promised my mother I would be good, and I wouldn't a cut Sam Williams with a knife, if he had'n't jumped on me with a rock."

"You don't mean to say you stabbed a boy?" asked Lola, in great astonishment.

"Yes, ma'm; but it wasn't my fault. I done it in self-defence; at least that is what my lawyer said it was, and that I was right."

"Your lawyer! why! were you tried for it?"

"Yes, ma'm."

"Who was your lawyer?" she asked, out of idle curiosity.

"That young man whose boots I used to black; Mr. Orton—Herbert Orton."

Lola upon hearing this became deeply interested. Instead of escaping from the subject of the young attorney, she had inadvertently been drawn into it.

"You say he cleared you?"

"Yes, ma'm."

"How long has that been?"

"Two months ago."

"Did he say you did right in stabbing the other boy?"

"Yes'm; no'm; he said it was self defence, but when he got me off, he told me I must not do so again, an' to avoid bad, quarrelsome boys."

"Was your mother much alarmed when the officers arrested you?" asked Lola.

"Yes'm; she came up there a cryin', but Mr. Orton told her not to cry, as how he would get me free, an' he did."

Lola asked a number of other questions in re-

gard to the trial, all bearing on the attorney for the defence in that case, and which were freely answered by little Dave. Having finished his supper, his pockets were filled with some fine luscious apples and cakes, and after being invited by Miss Lola to call again in a few days, he started for home.

It was late that night before Lola fell asleep, and when she did, it was to dream of the little prisoner at the bar, the weeping mother by his side, and the young attorney, without reward or expectation of reward, pleading for justice and mercy in his behalf.

#### CHAPTER X. MRS. DAWSON RECEIVES A VISITOR.

"HERE I am, mother," cried little Dave, throwing down his bundle of wood, "not a bit tired; had my supper, and oh, such a nice supper, and brought you ever so many nice things." As he concluded his cheerful speech he commenced diving into his pockets, and bringing out the large, rosy-cheeked apples he had brought with him from Judge Bennett's kitchen.

"Where did you get these nice apples?" asked his mother, as a smile lit up her wan and careworn face.

"Oh, the pretty lady up to the large brick house on the hill, on the road that goes to the coal mines, give 'em to me, and she said for me to come back again, some time," eagerly replied Dave.

"Of course you thanked her for all these nice presents?" said his mother.

"Why, to be sure I did, mother. I just said it as you taught me to, 'thank'ee, ma'm.' But oh! such a nice supper of ham and bread and butter, milk and doughnuts! Oh, it was perfectly splendid, mother. I only wish you had been there. It was just like bein' in heaven!" exclaimed little Dave.

"Oh, no, my child. Heaven is a much nicer abode than any earthly mansion made with hands can be," replied his mother.

"But I tell you, mother," said Dave, throwing down his cap, and standing before the fire with his hands crossed behind his back; "I tell you, Judge Bennett's kitchen is pretty near a heaven to a tired, cold and hungry boy."

"The lady was certainly very kind," said his mother.

"She was a perfec' angel, and that was another

thing that made me think it was heaven," added Dave. He told his mother all that had transpired that day, but which contained very little of interest outside of his visit to Judge Bennett's house. He soon talked himself asleep, from which his mother gently roused him, and advised his going to bed. Poor little fellow! the toils and fatigues of the day had been enough to weary a stronger frame than his.

Helen Dawson, kissing the forehead of her sleeping boy, returned to her seat by the table, muttering as she did so: "Poor little Dave, who never knew comfort, had you not been so bitterly wronged, you could live as much at your ease as the children of the banker, or even Judge Bennett."

She resumed her sewing. Bitter were the thoughts of the lonely widow, thoughts of a parent, once kind and indulgent, but who, through the evil influences and manipulations of a man, a very demon incarnate, had suddenly grown harsh and tyrannical towards her; thoughts of the jealousy, avarice, envy and hate, with all their kindred passions, that were suddenly brought to bear against her, to crush and destroy herself, and the honest toiling man she had promised her God to love, honor and obey; thoughts of how, like a whirlwind, they had been swept away before a parent's wrath, and out into a cold and friendless world, where misfortunes followed thick and fast.

Her reflections were suddenly interrupted by a rap at the door. Arising from her chair she went to the door and opened it, manifesting no little curiosity and eagerness to learn who of her neighbors had thus deigned to call upon her, and at such an hour.

Before her stood a tall man, past the middle age of life, neatly and plainly dressed.

"Is this where Mrs. Dawson lives?" he asked.

"It is," she replied; "who are you, and what do you want with me?"

The man stepped into the room, where the light of the candle fell full upon him, and removing his hat from his head, he said:

"Helen Dawson, have you forgotten me?"

'Twas like the appalling flash of the lightning's stroke, or the startling charge of an unsuspected enemy in ambuscade, to the widow. Terror-stricken, she staggered back, and had she not caught at the table, she must have fallen to the floor. Then, as if to shut out some fearful and

horrible vision, she cast her hands over her eyes. The stranger the meanwhile stood calmly enjoying the widow's discomfiture, a cold, sinister smile playing upon his countenance.

"Helen Dawson, do you not know me?" he repeated, the same taunting look never deserting his smoothly shaven face, while his dark green eyes glowed like the deadly iris of the venomous serpent.

"I repeat it; Helen Dawson, do you not know me?" words that fell upon her, colder and sharper than daggers of steel.

"Herman Linsey!" she gasped at last.

"Aha! I see that I am recognized," he replied, the smile upon his face deepening.

"In heaven's name, what brings you here? I supposed you were in the East, and that—that I should never see you again." Completely overcome, the poor woman sank into her chair.

"Of course you don't mean to say that you had hoped you would never see me again?" said he, coolly laying his hat on the table, and taking a seat before the fire.

"Oh, heavens! Herman Linsey, why did you come here?" imploringly asked the widow, again covering her face with her hands.

"Why! woman, what a question to ask of an old friend, whom you have not seen for years!" cavalierly returned the visitor.

"Is it true? Oh, heavens! is it indeed true, or is it only some frightful vision that my morbid brain has conjured up from dwelling too much upon the past?" excitedly and distractedly exclaimed Mrs. Dawson.

"Helen Dawson, it is no vision, no dream," said he, arising to his feet. "It is I, in the flesh and blood. Take hold of me, feel of me, and see if I am not here in *propria persona*."

"Herman Linsey, it does not require the sense of touch to convey to my mind your identity; but in heaven's name answer me, what brings you *here*? Is it impossible for me to find rest and freedom from your persecutions? Is there no place on earth where I may escape you, or shall I only find refuge and rest in the grave?" vehemently replied Helen Dawson.

"Why, Helen, how inhospitably you talk! I have travelled thousands of miles to see you; have had you in my mind for years, and when we meet for the first time for more than half a score of winters and summers, you greet me with remarks

not calculated to lead me to believe that I am welcome," he suavely replied.

"Welcome! welcome! Is the poisonous adder welcome to the bosom in which it has buried its deadly fangs? Welcome? you, who have ever been my evil genius, who has embittered my life, wrecked my hopes, and so turned my only parent on earth against me that he would see me and my child go begging in the streets, or refuse us the crumbs that fell from his table. Talk not to me of welcome! Rather would I welcome the deadliest and most infectious malady the flesh is heir to, than see Herman Linsey enter my door!" excitedly exclaimed Helen Dawson.

"Come, come, Helen; all such talk is nonsense. I would be your friend, aye, the best you ever had on earth, if you would only permit me. I have loved you ever since you were a little girl, and have tried in a thousand ways to convince you of the fact; but you refuse even my friendship. Helen Dawson, had you but taken the name of Linsey instead of Dawson, you would not now be dragging out a miserable existence in such a wretched hovel," tauntingly replied Linsey.

"Is it not enough, monster!" cried the widow, springing to her feet, "that you have dragged me from wealth and comfort to poverty and misery, that you must now come to taunt and insult me with your presence. Vile wretch! you have placed the poisoned chalice to the lips of a father, and turned him against his own flesh and blood, until his door is barred against it. Herman Linsey, you have had your revenge, now let me live the few years left me in peace."

"You mistake my intentions, Helen; I come not to seek revenge, or to exult over your misfortunes. On the contrary, although you have crushed and wounded my feelings, and deeply wronged and humiliated me, by rejecting my suit for your hand, I yet forgive you. I fervently loved you before you married David Dawson, and in which I had the full sanction and approval of your father; while in the case of Dawson, you know very well, Helen, that your father highly disapproved of his intentions in most unmistakable language. You married Dawson, however, and as a consequence, he has discarded you. Dawson is now dead, and because I feel disposed to take some interest in the welfare of his widow, I should not be treated as an enemy," coolly replied Linsey.

"If you take any interest in my welfare, and wish to make me happy, take the next train for the East, and leave me alone," curtly answered Helen.

"Woman, you know not what you are talking about; but I have said enough to you on this, my first visit. I shall stop several days in Nicosia, and will call on you again," said Linsey, as he arose to go.

"Do! do! if it is a pleasure to you to gaze upon the ruin and misery your lying, deceitful tongue has consummated!" added Helen Dawson, sarcastically.

"I assure you, it is no pleasure to me to witness the fruits of your disobedience, and which you could have so readily avoided, by making a wiser choice;" then casting his eyes on the sleeping boy, he continued: "That child whom you love, is toiling his young life away; but listen to reason, Helen, and he can be saved from further toil, privation and such misery; be educated, and made a man. Go on in this blind, furious way, and he will die, a little miserable consumptive, before the spring flowers have budded forth."

Linsey paused to observe the effect of his words. He had touched a chord in the heart of the widow, that at once began to vibrate. She cast a glance at poor little sleeping Dave, as he lay upon his wretched bed, deeply buried in the sleep of fatigue. It was too much for her overstrung nerves, and she gave way to a flood of tears.

"Woman, see you not yon pale face?" continued the wily and subtle Linsey, in a half whisper, pointing towards the sleeping boy; "will you see it grow paler and paler, until it has assumed the ghastly hue of death, or save him while it is in your power to do so?"

"Oh, heavens! my poor, poor boy!" sobbingly cried Helen Dawson.

"Be sensible, Helen, and consider well your best interests. Say, now, can I—will you let me be—your friend, and save your child from the grave?" urged the oily-tongued Linsey.

Her intense love for the comfortless waif conquered all scruples of resentment against her previous great wrongs and their authors, though the simple nod in answer almost crushed her spirit with its weight of misgivings and doubts.

"Now you are reasonable, Helen. I knew you would not act so foolish as to jeopardize the health and comfort of yourself and child unnecessarily; so good-by for the present."

As he passed out into the street a sinister smile lit up his countenance, and which to the eye of the observer denoted a feeling of triumph, boding Helen Dawson and her child no good.

#### CHAPTER XI. A RENCONTRE.

THE look of triumph visible on Herman Linsey's face was perfectly diabolical. Returning to the hotel he immediately retired to his room; but instead of going to bed, commenced pacing the room.

"My plan will win, its sure to win," he muttered, as he paced across the floor.

What this plan was the reader will be left to conjecture, until the course of our story develops it in order.

It was late when he retired to bed, and still later before he slept.

The next morning he was early astir.

"Will you leave on this morning's early train?" asked the landlord.

"No, I shall remain for some time; perhaps all winter," replied Linsey.

"Then you will want a regular room assigned you?" suggested the landlord, the expectation of a long board-bill looming up considerably in his mind.

"I presume I shall," was the reply.

After breakfast, Linsey, with cane in hand, left the hotel to take a promenade on the streets, and have a look about the town, which was as yet almost entirely new and strange to him.

The saloon was the first place that attracted his attention, and he strolled into it leisurely.

"What will you have, sir?" asked the tidy looking attendant, leaning over the counter.

"A brandy punch," replied Linsey.

"Good-morning, my Christian friends!" and in walked our friend Scroggs. Linsey turned and viewed the new arrival. He scanned him carefully over, as he approached the bar, apparently measuring the calibre of the man. Whether this included the long pipe that Scroggs had in his mouth at the time, we are not prepared to say.

"What will you have, Mr. Scroggs, some long green tobacco, or something in our line?" asked the bar-tender, half jestingly.

"My dear sir," said Scroggs, "you can greatly oblige your humble servant by condescending to prepare for his consumption that most delicious of all known beverages, a cocktail."

"Why, most assuredly, Mr. Scroggs; but one-half the amount of words you used, would have been sufficient," said the bartender, as he prepared the beverage.

"Perhaps it would; but talk is cheap, and our loquacious faculties constantly need cultivation," observed Scroggs, as he removed the pipe and drained the glass.

"How fares the law business, Mr. Scroggs?" carelessly asked the clerk.

"Never since the halcyon days of Bacon has the field of litigation been more fertile," replied Scroggs.

Herman Linsey the while sharply watched the slim, lean figure before him, while this play of badinage was going on between the two. His look of scrutiny betokened more than mere idle curiosity; it savored of a desire to thoroughly read the man before him. That such was the fact, we are assured by the thought that flashed through the mind of Linsey, and which he expressed *sotto voce*, "By all that's holy, I've found my man, I believe."

When Scroggs retired from the saloon he was followed by Herman Linsey. On the street, the latter introduced himself, and asked to have a private interview at his office, which was accorded him by the courteous Scroggs.

Some three hours later Herman Linsey left the law office of W. L. Scroggs, and walked down one of the most retired streets of the town, toward the home of Helen Dawson. On the same side of the street, but approaching from the opposite direction, came a man, to all appearance about thirty years of age, plainly and modestly dressed, and with his head bowed as though in deep meditation. The two gradually approached until within about four feet of each other, when the stranger suddenly raised his head, and the eyes of the two men met.

If Mrs. Dawson was astonished and terrified at the sight of Herman Linsey, Linsey received a shock that more completely astounded and annoyed him. He started back, as though a bottomless pit had suddenly opened before him and another step would have sent him into it. Some moments elapsed before he could regain his speech.

The stranger, on the contrary, seemed rather to have anticipated the meeting, and with a brow like a thundercloud, stood waiting for Linsey to speak first.

When Linsey had somewhat recovered from his

sudden discomfiture, he gasped, in tones akin to the suppressed roar of an enraged lion :

"Henry Owens; in the devil's name! why are you here?"

"Herman Linsey; in the name of humanity! why are you here?" coolly and calmly asked the stranger.

"Why should it concern you, where I go?" thundered Linsey.

"And why should it concern you, that I am here?" coolly retorted Owens.

"But I have business here," said Linsey.

"So have I," replied Owens.

"Yes, the business of an infernal meddler; you will yet cross my path once too often some of these days, my fine boy," rejoined Linsey.

"An unfounded assertion, and a useless threat, Herman Linsey, for you surely know that I have no fear of you," returned Owens.

"You have dogged my steps for two thousand miles, but you will rue it," hissed Linsey.

"How do you know that I have?" asked Owens.

"By your being here," replied Linsey.

"May it not be a coincidence?" suggested Owens.

"Nothing of the kind; what familiar face have you seen in this town, since your arrival?" sneeringly asked Linsey.

"Your own for one, though unpleasant to look upon, I assure you," replied Owens, in a perfectly nonchalant manner.

"What other? you know what I mean," repeated Linsey.

"Mrs. Helen Dawson," he thundered in reply, as he boldly faced Linsey. "Now, sir, that you know it, what will you do about it?"

"Henry Owens," gasped Linsey, hoarse with suppressed rage, "I know your designs here too well for you to deny them, and, by the Lord, if

you don't swear that you will return to the East, I will throttle you on the spot," he replied, with an air of determination, and taking a step towards Owens.

"Stand off, Herman Linsey," cried Owens, as he brought the bright barrel of a pistol menacingly to the front; "I know the man I have to deal with and shall ever be prepared for you. You are right, Herman Linsey," continued Owens; "I have travelled two thousand miles to thwart the most diabolical scheme that ever man or demon invented."

Linsey had paused. The determined air of Henry Owens and the ominous pistol in his hand, were enough to check stouter hearts than his.

"Herman Linsey, it seems we were formed to hate each other. We both struggled for a prize, I with honest intent, you with mercenary motives, and we both lost. You did not give up, and have sought the ruin, not only of a rival, but of one you professed to love. You have accomplished that; and now, by Heaven, your persecutions of Helen Dawson shall cease, or the blood of one or both shall pay the forfeiture of peace."

"You hold the winning card in your hand, Henry Owens, but only for the present. Put up your revolver, for there is no danger of my assaulting you. I will conquer yet, but not by the force of arms. If the widow Dawson needs a friend, it is not for you to dictate who her friend shall be; for the present, adieu!" and he passed Owens, and walked on towards the wretched home of Helen Dawson.

"May Heaven help Helen Dawson, and save her from such a friend as Herman Linsey! Better have a venomous reptile in her house. I am here to befriend her; but the scoundrel appears to have some hold on her. I must find out what it is. He has the advantage of money, but, thank Heaven, she cares not for that," muttered Owens.

He walked on slowly up the street.

## MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY.

WHAT is this body? fragile, frail  
As vegetation's tenderest leaf,  
Transient as April's fitful gale,  
And as the flashing meteor brief;  
When long this miserable frame  
Has vanished from life's busy scene,  
This earth shall roll, that sun shall flame,  
As though this dust had never been.

What is the soul? Eternal mind,  
Unlimited as thought's vast range;  
By groveling matter unconfined,  
The same, while states and empires change;  
When suns have waned, and worlds sublime  
Their final revolutions told,  
This soul shall triumph over Time,  
As though such orbs had never rolled.



## HISTORICAL FACTS REGARDING FOOD.

BY GEORGE B. GRIFFITH.

"TELL me what thou eatest, and I will tell thee who thou art," said the gastronomic Frenchman. | butcher's knife. Though forbidden to the Jews by the Mosaic law, the Greeks ate him in the heroic ages; and before the advance of luxury had given birth to professional butchers, the warriors of Homer killed their own pork, as well as dressed and devoured it. With the advance of refinement came the butchers, who sold meat by the pound in the markets of Athens, weighed in the scale as now. At one period Roman butchers sold meat by *mication*, in the following way: The buyer shut one of his hands; the seller did the same; each of them suddenly opened the whole, or a few of his fingers. If the fingers were even on each side, the seller had the price he asked; if they were odd, the buyer gave the price he offered. This was the old Roman way of "splitting the difference," but it was suppressed in the year 300 by a decree of Aprontanus. There used to be a plan still more simple among the early Dutch settlers in America. A Dutchman weighed everything by his fist when dealing with the aborigines; with this marvelous regulation, that when



"YE TRESPASSING PORKER."

May it not be held as a maxim, that the manners of individuals, their idiosyncrasies, inclinations, and intellectual habits, are modified to a certain extent by the nature of their food?

According to an eminent French savant, mankind before the Flood lived innocently upon fruit, vegetables, and milk—and not till the Deluge came to "modify this state of things," did the art of cookery, which he calls the "magiric science," begin to enlighten the world. The origin of the art is, however, involved in much obscurity, and we do not see that any of the legends, cited by various writers, are a whit more worthy of credence, nor do they throw much more valuable light on the matter than Charles Lamb's famous "Dissertation on Roast Pig," which must have been suggested by the mythic tale of the goddess Ceres, and a trespassing porker who met with a similar fate to that recorded in the famous Dissertation. Pig, however, once tasted, could never hope for a reprieve from the

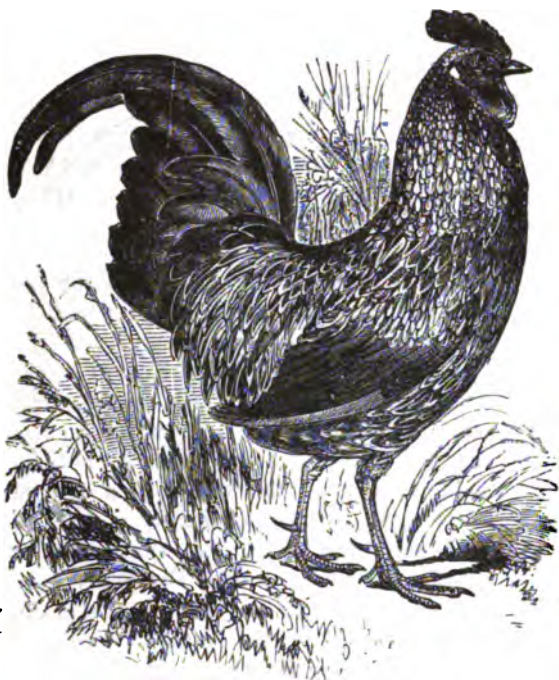
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"YE PRECIOUS FRIEND OF THE EARLY ROMANS."

he was a buyer his fist weighed a few ounces, but when he was a seller it invariably passed for a pound.

The Romans were especially a pig-eating race, and retained their fondness for pork from the



"YE WARRIOR OF THE GREEKS AND ROMANS."

foundation to the decline of their empire. The Cretans abstained from it in order to offer it to Venus; the Egyptians fled from the sight of pigs as unclean beings whose presence defiled them. Neither the Phœnicians, the Indians, nor the Mohammedans, would eat them. On the other hand, the Greek and Roman sages maintained that Nature had created the pig for man's palate. The Romans discovered fifty different flavors in pork, and under the hands of their skillful cooks, swine's flesh was often transformed into delicate fish, ducks, turtledoves, or capons. With them the Trojan hog was a favorite dish; it was a gastronomic imitation of the horse of Troy, its insides being stuffed with myriads of small game.

For a long time it was thought by the ancients a sin to eat the flesh of the ox, the friend of the husbandman. Homer's heroes, however, were not very scrupulous. Menelaus offered roast beef to Telemachus, and Agamemnon presented it to Nestor; and an ox was frequently roasted whole for a feast of Grecian heroes. Before their time Abraham cooked a calf, and served it to angels in the valley of Mamre. Moses places the ox in the

first rank of animals whose flesh is allowed to be eaten. Hippocrates praises ox flesh as nutritious, but thinks it indigestible; among the ancients it appears to have been generally roasted, but was sometimes boiled and eaten with sauce. Among the early Romans the ox was so precious that a citizen was banished for killing one that was his own property.

The lamb was one of the first animals offered in sacrifice, and was slain by most ancient nations for that purpose. The Greeks were so fond of its flesh that the magistrates of Athens were obliged to forbid the eating of lamb which had not been shorn. The Romans were equally so, and the flocks of the Campana hardly sufficed for the exigencies of the capital. In patriarchal times the kid was as much a favorite, and Moses ordained that either might serve for the feast of the Passover. The Egyptians, whose god was represented with the legs of a goat, abstained from killing a kid or eating its flesh. Among the Greeks it was considered a dainty, and the kids of Attica brought a high price. At Rome, too, they were highly prized, and the most delicate were fattened at Tivoli.



"YE IDOL OF THE SYRIANS."

The Roman peasants found the flesh of the ass palatable, and the celebrated Mæcenas having



tasted it, introduced it to the tables of the great and rich, but the fashion of eating it lasted no longer than his life. Galen compares the flesh of the ass to that of the stag. It is said to be eaten plentifully in the *guinguettes* of Paris, under the denomination of veal. Many nations consider the flesh of the dog excellent. The Greeks ate it, and Hippocrates was convinced that it was a light and wholesome food. The common people of Rome also ate it. The Hottentots in Africa feast on the flesh of the elephant; and Le Vaillant, the traveller, resolved, the first time he partook of an elephant's trunk, that it should not be the last, but he preferred even to that the foot of the colossal quadruped. The Greeks devoured the hedgehog, and the Roman peasants made a good meal of the fox. The camel was eaten both by Greeks and Persians, and the Arabs consider the flesh of the young dromedary equal to veal. The Roman ladies fed on the flesh of the stag, from a notion that it was conducive to longevity. In the early ages of the Church, poultry was regarded as a food for fast days, the rule of St. Benedict interdicting only the flesh of quadrupeds, and that of St. Columbanus permitting the consumption of poultry in default of fish. The cock was an object of worship in Syria; among the Greeks and Romans he figured more as a warrior than an esculent, but was gladly eaten by the lower orders. The hen was reckoned a bird of ill omen among the ancients, who sought to diminish their number by eating them. In Rome the art of fattening



"YE ANTIDOTE AGAINST POISON."



"YE FLAMINGO."

them, and of imparting a peculiar flavor to their flesh, was said to be perfected by Strabo, a Roman knight. The rage for fat hens grew at length so great that Fannius, the Consul, passed a decree forbidding the fattening process, fearing that not a living hen would be left in the empire. In old times the Egyptians hatched chickens in ovens; in the last century Reaumer recovered this art, which was thought to be lost, and it is practiced at the present day with satisfactory results. As for ducks, Plutarch (and yet he was a wise man), always gave them to his family when any of them were ill; and Mithridates, we are told, was accustomed to "mix the flesh of ducks with all he ate, as an antidote against poisons, which he feared." The duck, being such a good swimmer, was sacrificed in compliment to Neptune. Ducks were always served at the tables of the rich Greeks; but the more wealthy Romans only offered to their guests the breast and head, returning the remainder to the kitchen. The goose had its praises sung by Homer, and it was the favorite dish of the Egyptian monarchs. A sentiment of gratitude

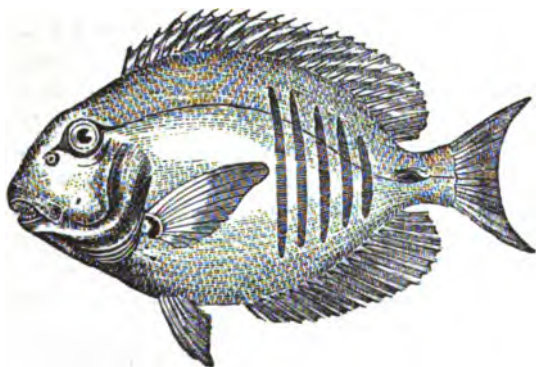
endeared them to the Romans, as by their noisy clamor they had formerly saved the capital, and they were reared both in town and country to guard the house.

At the anniversary of the deliverance of the



"YE STATELY OSTRICH."

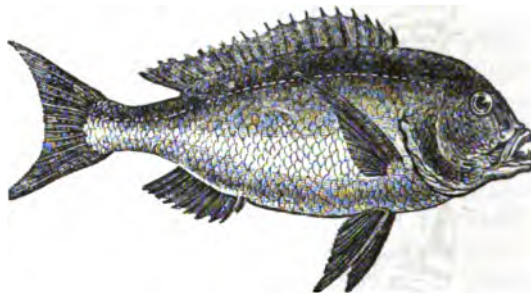
capital from the Gauls, the Roman people regaled themselves with boiled dog. At this solemnity a goose, laid on a soft cushion, was carried in triumph, followed by an unhappy dog nailed to a cross, whose loud cries amused the populace; thus



"YE EXCITING TURBOT."

they commemorated the signal service rendered by one animal, and the fatal negligence of the other. But time effaces the impression of gratitude, and for a century at least before the time of Pliny, the Romans had learned to eat goose, and by a perfidious art they fattened them delicately in

darkness in preparation for the spit. The most luxurious eaters, however, valued only the liver, and this they contrived to increase to such a size that it often weighed two pounds. Pliny says that Apicius found means to increase the livers to a size almost equaling in weight the whole body of the bird. This African feat was paralleled by a Queen of France who, according to Parmentier, spent sixty pounds sterling in fattening three geese, whose livers she wished to render



"YE LIVELY TUNNY."

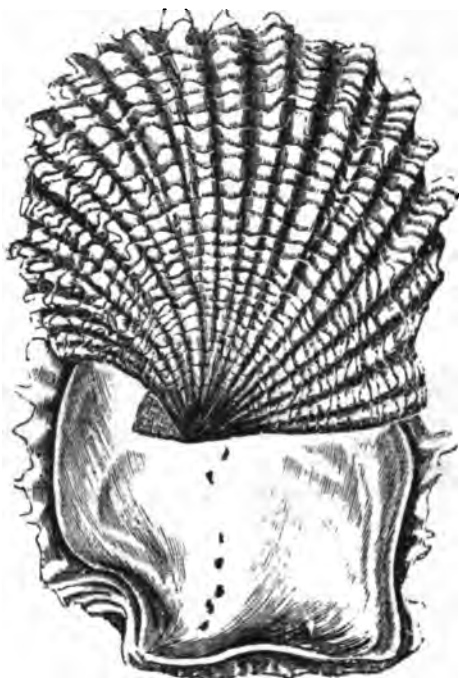
more than usually delicate. The taste for this fare was illustrated by the epicure who prayed that he might have a throat as long as the storks, in order the better to enjoy such dainty food! This is a poor wish when compared with the majestic conception of Quin, who, with respect to his favorite dishes, grandly asked that he might have "a swallow as long as from here to Botany Bay, and palate the whole way." The devotion of the old actor to exquisite living is further exemplified by the story of what used to take place between himself and his servant, when the latter appeared at his master's bedside to awake him. "John," said Quin, "is there any mullet in the market this



"YE DAINTY TROUT."

morning?" "No, sir," said John. "Then, John," replied Quin, addressing himself again to sleep, "you may call me at nine to-morrow!"

Goose is eaten in England on Michaelmas-day, because, says report, Queen Elizabeth was dining on goose when the news was brought her of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The turkey was long unknown to the Greeks, there being no Turkey in Europe during their palmy days. Sopho-



"YE FAVORITE OYSTER."

cles is the first who mentions it. In Egypt it was still more rare. It was first introduced into Rome in the year 115 before our era, where it was regarded as an object of uncommon curiosity. In a century later they had greatly multiplied, but afterward declined again. Two were exhibited as curiosities at Athens about the middle of the sixth century. The peacock had prodigious success among the Romans. Quintus Hortensius was the first who had them served in a banquet; and the novelty made an extraordinary sensation at Rome, becoming so much the fashion that no feast was thought complete without them. Horace preferred them to the finest poultry. Tiberius reared them, and put to death a soldier who had the misfortune to kill one. Ultimately they were voted indigestible, and were served up in their skin and feathers to be looked at, but not eaten. Among their feathered game, the ancients numbered the flamingo, of which they ate only the root of the tongue; the ostrich, of which Heliogabalus had six hundred slain for a single supper, the brains being the only edible part; the stork, and the crow, which last was thought by the Alexandrians a dish unequalled in delicacy.

With the Romans the love of fish became a real

mania; turbot excited a furor of admiration; the *muræna* Helena was worshipped; Hortensius, the orator, actually wept over the death of one he had fed with his own hands; the daughter of Drusus ornamented hers with golden rings; each had a name, and would come with speed when it heard the voice of the master. Sometimes in a moment of tenderness for his dear *muræna* Helena, Vedius Pollio, a Roman knight of the highest distinction, and one of the friends of the Emperor Augustus, could find nothing better to do than to feed them with the flesh of his slaves, who were thrown to them alive. There was, indeed, a barbarous refinement, if one may employ such a compound term, in all the Romans did at the table. The mullet will furnish us with one instance. This fish, alive, but with its scales removed, was placed on the table in a glass vessel, beneath which a spirit flame was kindled. The object was to allow the guests to regale themselves with observing the gradations of pink colors through which the fish passed until it was at once dead and cooked.

According to Dio, the early inhabitants of Britain did not eat fish. Under the reign of Edward II certain fish, especially the sturgeon, were forbidden at all tables save that of the King. King Stephen desired to modify the prohibition; but after his death the royal prerogative was resumed. In France any one might eat fish, but none could sell it without permission from the King. Louis XII. appointed six fishmongers to supply his table. Francis I. had twenty-two, and Henry the Great twenty-four. Under Louis XIV. fish came much in vogue, owing to the marvelous talent of that Prince's cook, who imparted to the flesh of fish the flavor of the most exquisite game. It was Vatel, the major-domo of Louis, who slew himself in desperation, because the supply of fish for his master's dinner was delayed. Among the Greeks and Romans the sturgeon ranked as a royal dish. Martial honors it with a pompous eulogium. It is caught in Siberia of enormous size, and is found still larger in Norway. M. Soyer informs us that the Russians make caviare from the spawn of this fish, and he might have added that the Russian nobility devour the roe raw mingled with the creature's blood.

The tunny was sacrificed by the Romans to Neptune, and but sparingly eaten by them. The Greeks praised it, but good livers ate only the belly of the fish. It abounds in the *Mediterra-*



nean and Adriatic, and it is a favorite amusement of sailors to harpoon them. They are sometimes caught of immense size, and weighing no less than a thousand pounds. The Greeks are supposed to have been strangers to the merits of the trout; but the Romans assigned it the foremost rank, next to the sturgeon, red mullet, and sea-eel. The cod supplied the ancients with an exquisite dish, and the only fault they found with it was its cheapness.



"YE MELONS OF THE GERMAN KAISERS."

Galen pronounced it excellent for digestion; the Greek cooks sprinkled it with grated cheese. Salmon was not known to the Greeks, and not to the Romans before the time of Pliny, who extols those of the Rhine, and still more those from the waters of Aquitaine. The Scotch peasants of two centuries back were less enthusiastic in its praise, if we are to judge from the fact of their stipulating, when hired, that they should not be compelled to eat it too often.

Among shell-fish, oysters appear to have been the greatest favorites both with Greeks and Romans. The Athenians called them the gastronomic prelude to the supper; they were served at every repast, and generally uncooked. The Romans, as a matter of course, improved upon their natural state, and one Fulvius Hirpinus made a fortune by fattening them with a paste made of honey and wine. De Blainville considers raw oysters easy of digestion, but tough and indigestible when cooked. The crab and the lobster found the favor they merited among ancient gastronomists, and had the honor of being eaten by

those who knew how to eat. The ancients had not the sense to appreciate frogs; in England they are disdainfully shunned; but in France there is a great consumption of them, especially in the spring. In Germany they eat the whole frog, except the skin and intestines; but in France they are satisfied with the hind legs, which when tender and properly done is a most delicate dish. We may close our account with the fish by stating

that in Greece and Italy the polypus was eaten, a frightful monster from which modern stomachs would recoil with disgust.

It was a settled maxim with Dr. Johnson that everything was "grass." He was not the original inventor of the maxim. The ancient people, the Jews, traced to the same source (the earth, of whose bosom it was the graceful veil), the fountains whence sprung many of their enjoyments. Romulus made priests of the twelve sons of his nurse, who had the grass, or, in other words, the advancement of agriculture, for their peculiar care. In those times, horses at the plow had their mouths rinsed with wine; and then, and down to a later period,

the plow itself was looked upon with as much superstitious affection by its driver, as a Mah-ratta gun was considered by its peculiar artillerymen. "Speed the Plow!" has indeed long been the prayer of all nations.

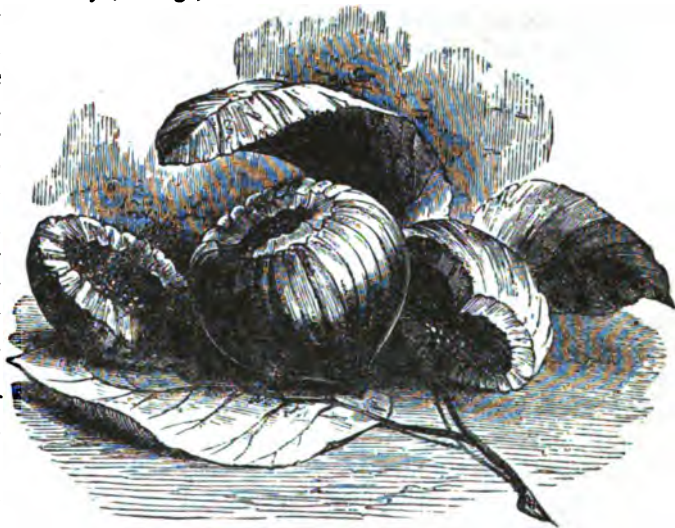
The bean appears to have been held in various degrees of estimation at various epochs. The Flamen of Jupiter could neither eat it nor pronounce its name, for the reason that the black spot in it was the type of death! The priests of Apollo, on the other hand, held it in honor and ate it with grateful appetites. No doubt, each party pronounced the other as unorthodox. The haricot had fashion given to it by Alexander, who introduced it from Asia. Green-peas were, what Brummel vainly strove to make them, universally vulgar. So were lentils with the Roman. The Egyptians, on the contrary, considered that children were well educated who were fed upon them. A predilection for peculiar production was undoubtedly common enough, though we are puzzled how to account for it. Thus Hippocrates held boiled cabbage and salt to be a specific for the

colic! Cato declared the former to be a panacea; and some looked upon the horse-radish in the same light; while young Athenian mothers, when nursing their infants, ate of it largely, for the supposed benefit of their luckless progeny. Perhaps this was the cow-cabbage. At all events, monster productions were the favorites of the day, and asparagus, which was accounted hurtful to the eyesight, and was the forerunner of spectacles, grew in Libya to a height of forty feet! So in Java, bantam-cocks stand a yard high; but in Europe they strut ridiculously at something like twelve inches. How the colossal asparagus was grown is a lost secret. Perhaps it was moistened with wine, as Aristoxenes did with his lettuces! It was eaten for pleasure, as onions and honey were for duty's sake. The latter compound, swallowed fasting, was accounted the best possible preserver of health! There were giants among onions too in those days; but in respect of size we know of nothing that can compare with what is asserted of Judæan radishes, namely, that foxes could litter in the hollow of them, and that they were of a hundred pounds weight. They were used as projectiles by the mob when the latter desired to pelt some ex-favorite of the previous day. The people knocked down their victims, and when the fray was over boiled their weapons and ate them with vinegar. So the Tartars not only rode but also ate their horses; and when the Egyptians had worshipped their leeks and garlic, nothing was pleasanter to the free-thinkers than to swallow their gods! There is nothing to surprise us in this. We may believe anything of a people who made of *assafetida* the chief ingredient in the seasoning of their dishes.

The ancients showed better taste in their love for peaches; but the enjoyment of them was a dear delight, for they cost a pound apiece. The sight of them alone afforded pleasure to some, though of their country cousin, the apple, many persons have been mysteriously afraid. Vladislaus of Poland, for example, never saw a golden-pippin without taking to his heels and roaring with affright. German kaisers, on the other hand, have been known to kill themselves voluntarily by over-eating of melons. Tiberius ate of that fruit at dessert like a hungry

school-boy, and yet he reproached poor Drusus for devouring too much brocoli at his dinner. Pelasgus had altars erected to him for telling primitive mankind that beech-nuts were better eating than acorns.

The Persian kings kept all the walnuts in Persia for their own eating; and we think it is Mungo Park who states that eggs are very scarce in a certain district of Africa, and that the priests there, who are excessively fond of them, have persuaded the laity that it would be sinful in the latter to swallow what heaven designed for the clergy. The magistrates of Attica were almost as particular about their celebrated figs, which they religiously protected from exportation. A little smuggling went on, nevertheless, and the informers who worked themselves into the confidence of the contrabandists and then betrayed them, were known by a name which posterity has, in another sense, adopted. They were the "sycophants," or "fig-declarers." Had the Romans allowed free trade with regard to the exportation of figs, the Gauls would have had one reason the



"YE CONTRABAND FIGS" OF THE ROMANS.

less for invading Italy. Neither royal nor priestly prohibition appears to have been long effectual in restraining men from an indulgence in good things. The Persians learned to eat walnuts in spite of the thundering ordinances of the great king.

Bread and milk gives us now but a simple idea of a simple, yet salubrious diet. It was used, however, for other purposes than food in the

ancient Roman days. Roman "exquisites" of either sex rubbed their faces with a mixture of bread and milk; nay, sometimes wore a poultice of the same on the face, in order to make their complexion fair; milk baths, too, were more common with the Romans than with the French in the days of Louis XV. Five hundred female asses supplied the daily bath of the Empress Poppaia. As an article of medical diet, this milk became fashionable in France in the reign of Francis I. It had been successfully prescribed for the enervated king, and forthwith all the nobility took to imbibing asses' milk as a symbol of their loyalty. Eggs were as fashionable in Rome when Livia kept one in her bosom till it was hatched; then, a "cock-chick" appearing, she and the augurs divined that she was about to present her husband with a male heir. The birth of Tiberius proved their excellence as diviners. But the singularity of incubation in an imperial bosom is surpassed by an old Egyptian method of cooking eggs without fire. "The shepherds of Egypt placed them in a sling, which they turned so rapidly that the friction of the air heated them to the exact point required for use." They must have had a curious taste; but after all, they were better than the *ragout* of hedgehogs, which was so greedily eaten by the Greek rustics. The *ragout* a "la Sardaigne," for which the King of Prussia thanked his cook Noel in verse, was not a more refined dish.

The Oriental nations were acquainted with the art of making pastry at a very early period. The Egyptians and the Jews served different sorts at their tables. The enlightened gluttony of the Greeks and Romans inspired them with a host of combinations more or less ingenious. The pastry cooks of Attica prepared some very excellent kinds, made chiefly of honey, sesame flour, and cheese or oil. The Athenians moreover made admirable dumplings by enclosing delicious fruit into a light perfumed paste. When conquered by Rome, Greece had the glory of dictating the laws of cookery to her haughty enemy. Gingerbread was not unknown to the ancients, the whole of Europe being supplied with it from the island of Rhodes. Rome borrowed from Greece the *artocreas*, a pie of hashed or minced meat mixed with bread, which, with some slight modifications, has reached to our own day. Cato, the wise philosopher, has left to posterity the following

receipt for a cake: "Crush," says he, "two pounds of cheese; mix it with a pound of rye flour, or, in order to render it lighter, throw in nearly half a pound of wheat flour and an egg. Stir, mix, and work this paste; form of it a cake, which you will place on leaves, and cook in a tart dish on the hot hearth." Our lady readers can experiment with this confection if they choose.

The early Greeks ate but twice a day, taking a full meal but once. The Romans for a long time did the same, and even so late as the days of Cicero it was accounted a monstrous thing to be *bis die satum*. Tiberius relaxed this restraint, and allowed greater indulgence; and subsequently the gluttonous emperors, so far from repressing the luxury of the table, sanctioned it by the authority of their example.

In France in the fourteenth century, in "well-regulated houses" people partook of five meals a day, and at dinner had commonly five courses or dishes. They dined at ten in the morning, and the meal was called, from the hour, *decimer*, whence the word diner (dinner). One or two centuries later they dined at eleven; and in the sixteenth and at the beginning of the seventeenth century at noon. Louis XIV. always sat down to table at that hour. The English dined equally early, and it was not till the eighteenth century that the present late hours came gradually into fashion. The great heroes of antiquity were all accomplished carvers; but then they were professional butchers. The people seem to have had appetite for all they could carve, if we may judge from the distributions made daily by would-be-popular potentates to the mob.

A distinguished French writer thinks that the Homeric age was distinguished by its simplicity; and, by way of example, he refers to the "facts" that "Patroclus peeled onions! Achilles washed cabbages! and the wise Ulysses roasted with his own hands a sirloin of beef!" This sort of simplicity, however, was by no means confined to the heroic periods of the human race. Charlemagne made a pretty annual profit by the sale of his own vegetables, and the queen consort of Gustavus Vasa not only made milk but sold it also. Poor Marie Antoinette, too, played at dairy-maid; but simplicity was not to be found in a dairy where the swains wore swords and the milk-maids flitted about, like Sir George Etherege's nymphs, in "silks and satins and rose-colored taffetas."

## THE THREE NAOMIES, AND THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

BY MRS. C. DURANG.

## CHAPTER XX. LIFE ON THE PLAINS.

JOURNEYING over the vast prairies, the eye surveyed the seas of verdure with delight. The tall grass intermingled with the cactus, that imperial monarch of flowers. But its beautiful subjects of meaner growth was a far more comfortable and a richer looking carpet to encamp on at night, than the rushes that the floors of the palaces and castles were strewn with in olden times; but the greatest care was requisite lest they should set fire to the chuck grass.

After several days' travel, they arrived at the foot of the Nevada mountains. This was the first place where they actually recognized the immensity of Nature in the Western regions; where every beauty of its Eastern sister is magnified in wonderful grandeur. For although the prairies are in themselves immensities, their being on leveler ground, they do not strike the imagination with that awe and reverence that the proud lofty mountains claim, and receive.

Numerous emigrants were encamped under the shadows of this everlasting snow-peaked range, each party forming a link in the temporary settlement. Their wagons were converted into fences, by placing them in circles, in the centre of which enclosure the cattle were driven for safety. The real gypsy fashion of cooking was resorted to, of hanging the iron pots on tripods, made of branches of trees, over the blazing embers.

Their watch-fires burning brightly through the darkness of the night, glimmered in friendly companionship to give salutation, offering a welcome to their fellow-travellers in the wilderness.

When in the solitary wilds, man meets man, they hail each other with delight. The grasp of the hand is given with real, unfeigned pleasure, and often a tear glistens in the eye at the meeting of an old friend. As there were no hostile Indians near, they concluded to rest themselves and their animals for a couple of weeks.

Francisco, who had kept close in his wagon during the journey across the prairies, now left it and wandered about the country. That wagon was a forbidden place to all but himself. He seemed pensive, but resigned, shunning his asso-

ciates, gazing on the mountains and their vast peaks with silent delight. At the close of each evening he reclined on a large stone, more like a statue than a human being, watching the changeful form of the clouds, which are more beautiful in these regions than in any part of the world, not even excepting Italy, for they are as brilliant in color, and more varied in forms.

Albert observed him taking the same position for several evenings. Thinking that the boy might feel neglected, if means were not taken to make him mingle with them, he approached him and spoke to him.

"I see you are observing these clouds. What do you think of them? Did you ever see as handsome before?"

"No! I have beheld the sun rise in clouds of golden hue, and set under a heaven of purple without perceiving the flight of time; I lose myself in the delight of gazing on the Blue Mountains softened with light vapors resembling my own thoughts, they become flooded with images filled with hope—that hope which flies off like the blue sky that receives its color only from reflection. See! There is a crimson and gold one which seems to play the coquette with those resembling a drapery round it; they sport with it as it opens and closes, as though they were concealing some aerial spirit from us children of the earth."

This answer seemed so singular and unexpected as it was given by the uncouth-looking boy, that it imposed a silence on Albert, and induced a train of reflections. Thus both remained silent watching the changing clouds until Francisco resumed his observations.

"See! see! now, there again they raise their vapory veil just sufficient to disclose a brilliant vista, a fit abode for angels! See, there arises another of varied hue, it flashes athwart as though it would chase them all away; behold the desperate struggle of each to take the other's place. Now comes the end, and all are lost in the shadows of night, for already the sun's tinted glories are vanishing, and the moon's messengers are floating on thick masses of white and leaden hues over the blue vaulted heavens! And now the queen of



night appears, tipping with silver edges her gentle messengers."

The moon had risen in all its brilliancy, casting her light upon the distant peaks, and leaving her shadows on the mountain sides.

Albert lingered with the boy, listening to his wild thoughts with curiosity and delight. As the light of the moon fell on his face, he tried in vain to discover any trace of intellectuality in that snubby countenance. No, all there seemed vacancy!

"You seem an Idealist!"

"I am. You see that little star that wanders through the dark space. I often think such may be my home in after days. It may be a pleasing resting-place, where I may repose free from care. Yes, I live in an ideal world; there is but one thing to draw me from it."

"What is that?"

"I do not wish to say. 'Tis getting late. The camp-fires are dying out. Good-night!" Francisco arose and withdrew to his wagon—Albert to his tent.

Two weeks passed swiftly on wandering over surrounding scenery, when they commenced ascending the mountains, taking advantage of the numerous passes that assisted them in their ascent and descent to cross the vast ridge. Many were the magnificent views that their delighted eyes rested upon when they paused to recruit themselves and their animals. Many were the nameless lakes they passed imbedded in mountain's bosom, nameless, for those solitary regions had not yet been sufficiently explored by travellers to meet with sponsors to christen them and the groves and cliffs.

Their first resting-place was the base of a leaden-colored lake, enclosed with mountains and rocks, the declivities of which were clothed with prodigious sized trees assimilated to enormous mass of earth and stones from which they sprung; corresponding to all objects round, were immense cascades, which precipitated themselves from rock to rock in foaming volumes, escaping from their snow-clad prisons, flowing on to be again inhaled by atmospheric influences, and by the force of gravitation drawn to the clouds to assume the various duties Nature assigns to them.

Here they encountered one of those storms which cannot be described, and which are only known and felt in mountains. The tumult of

armies in the battle's heat is not more fierce than the clashing clouds, lashed by the fury of the winds struggling and contending with the trees and projecting cliffs, which in vain resist the force and are buried in snow. In the midst of this war of elements which is waged in the air over the earth's centre, the distant mountains remain calm and quiet at a majestic height, faintly outlined in a pale blue sky exalted above the scene of contention. How or why, or how long they have enjoyed and will enjoy that repose, is not yet known. Those everlasting snow peaks exist seemingly forever, now and then casting forth their avalanches from the tremendous heights, thus enveloped in a vigorous atmosphere which protects them in their solitary grandeur, and forbid the approach of mortal steps.

Onward, onward they pursued their course, ascending and descending mountains, floating over rivers, examining their sands, and searching the hills. Alas! It was a hard task they had undertaken. "Now they had the gold," then "They had it not." At length fortune befriended them, and the dust which had hitherto blown in their eyes to blind them, disappeared, and in its place the real substantial metal presented itself.

They worked well for some weeks, when they proposed to take a little recreation and see the surrounding country.

At Mariposa they hired an Indian guide of the Ahwahnechee tribe, who were the original inhabitants of Yosemite Valley. The valley, he assured them, was "The Great Spirit's home on earth."

Clarence inquired what distance they were from it.

"About ten suns' travel" was the answer, meaning about one hundred and sixty miles. The Valley itself was but nine miles in length.

The Indian then led them through a wild romantic country, the Sierra Nevada being mostly in view as if beside them at times, seeming so near that they thought they could reach it by stretching forth their hands, yet the nearest approach to them was thirty miles, such was the atmospheric influence of the country.

On reaching Clark's ranche, they bargained to exchange their horses for mules, which were to be sent after them to the Mariposa Grove, the tops of whose tall trees were already in view.



After a pleasant drive of a few hours, they reached the grove of Mariposa. The eye looked through a long vista of trees of the species *Sequoia gigantea*, while the wind whistled through the pines and firs that intruded there. One tall tree stood alone at the entrance to the grove, called "Satan's Spear;" it was apparently over a hundred feet in height, and at least seventy or eighty feet in circumference; near it was a large trunk whose decayed branches gave it the look of a tower; near it was the "Twins" as the Indian called it. Those two trees linked together showed their terrible old age; their hearts had decayed so that there remained only the outside frame; their hollow trunks were large enough to contain their horses and shelter themselves. The magnificent appearance of those monster trees, and the exhilarating air induced them to linger there and encamp for a few days.

"If we could only transport some of those trees to our old homes, how they would astonish the natives!" said Clarence. "Here is one that, by its size and bark, must be over three thousand years old."

Lawrence suggested that they proceed to measure them, and his suggestion was at once carried out.

Some measured thirty, others thirty-four feet in diameter, making a circumference of over a hundred feet; they went on until they came to one of over a hundred and two, when they became weary of the job. They looked at each other, and the electric thought of their own folly ran through their ranks, and all joined in a general laugh.

"Hang it!" exclaimed Lawrence, "we were fools to attempt to take the measurement of these dumb chaps; why, it would employ an army of men for years, to measure all the trees of those groves; besides we could not get to measure their height, for some of them are hundreds of feet above our heads, as tall and as slender as a pole, keeping their strong guarded branches, delicate leaves, and smooth small cones to crown their heads, as much as to say, 'We will be kings.'"

"Here is a fallen one, we can measure that," said Clarence.

"True," was the reply. And it was quickly ascertained that before this giant tree bent to the fury of the storm, it must have reared its head nearly four hundred feet above the earth.

"There is good shelter in the hollow trunk of

this decaying tree for our horses," observed Albert. "Let us place them and our baggage in those stables that Nature has been kind enough to provide for them, and take a survey of the surrounding grove;" being ten miles deep there was much to explore.

"Yes!" said Ahwahnee, "those trees are but little babes to those of Calaveras Grove. White man say the 'mammoth,' that is, their biggest one, is over three hundred feet high and ninety-six around. That grove has one hundred and three trees belonging to its fifty acres; you better see yourselves, for this is white man's talk about his family of trees."

"We will see that, perhaps, on our return from the valley; now we will examine around here."

They all agreed to the proposition except Francisco, who preferred remaining with his horses in the shelter of the hollow tree.

As the wanderers pursued their course, they became fatigued and rested on the bank of a refreshing stream, amid the immense *Sequoia gigantea*, with its cinnamon-colored leaves revealed in all their glory. Here also were some of the monarchs of the English forests, "The Oak," who strove for supremacy of beauty, though not for stature, with the California natives. They extended their weeping branches over the water in gnarled, graceful, symmetrical forms, which being laden with their sumptuous foliage entwined together weaving green arbors, leaving their tall neighbors to fill up the background with their autumnal tints.

"We cannot measure such scenes," observed Albert, "but I tell you what I will do. I will sketch them. Then we can look at them when we are far away."

Albert being an enthusiastic amateur painter, commenced at once the task; but there being such innumerable shades of foliage, from Prussian to emerald green, sepia, sienna, yellow, and all the intervening tints, that he soon relinquished that task, declaring that it would take years instead of days to get the colors mixed, finally concluding that the attempt to sketch, and its failure, had taken his vanity down more than any female had done that he had met during his life.

Whilst Albert had been exercising his patience, or rather his impatience, at painting, his friends were amusing themselves shooting and fishing; they obtained plenty of grouse, and the beautiful

crowned California quail. In the chase the Indians had not forgotten their favorite dish of roasted grasshoppers; they were delicacies to them, as many of the tribe, when on the plains, live on them.

Bang! went the gun; after many successful shots its echo came back, accompanied by such sweet sounds as were never heard before in that wilderness.

Francisco, to amuse himself, sang several of his favorite airs. His melodious voice found an accompaniment in the echo from every dell and hill.

All were silent to listen, and wonder where the sounds came from. Clarence was annoyed; the voice seemed familiar to him. All the old Indian superstitions seized him, and tortured his mind. He feared lest it was a warning voice portending danger to Naomie. At length the sounds died away, and were forgotten in the chase.

The mules arrived in two days, and all were ready to start in a few hours. Francisco would not exchange his horse for a mule, but the rest of them were well stabled in the old trunk of the tree, and left in charge of the attendant who brought the mules. All being arranged, onward was the word of command, and merrily onward they proceeded, through masses of bright foliage which excluded the view of the entrance to the valley from their sight, until a sudden opening in the wood brought them to the verge of a precipice, where they halted.

They stood on Point Inspiration, which disclosed Yosemite Valley to their sight. Wonder, amazement, and delight arrested their senses. There it lay before them, with its natural turrets, cliffs, domes, and mountains in the distance.

They stood on the verge of that precipice; the chasm before them was near a mile in depth. It was a lofty perpendicular granite wall, whose base was hidden by verdure, whether of ferns, pines, or oaks, required a descent to ascertain.

Another wall of equally lofty proportions stood like a fierce opponent on the other side of the valley. It was called the Sentinel, and stood three thousand two hundred and seventy feet above the valley. The sun threw its gorgeous light and golden mist over the monarchical heads of the domes, while an intense bright luminous atmosphere enveloped all objects, and diffused itself into all animated subjects.

"Humph!" said the guide, with his true Indian

grunt; "there is El Capitan. Our name for him was Tutockanula, the Great Chief of the Valley. He was the fostering god of the valley."

From this eminence the eye had the whole range of the valley under its inspection. Looking to the east the guide pointed out the cliffs of the "Three Brothers," called by the tribe "Pompompasus;" by the whites it means "Mountains playing leap frog." They are said to be four thousand feet high. Beyond is the "Baby's Cradle," that we call "Tocayoe." Above that stands the North Dome.

"Why," said Lawrence, "that looks like one of the mountain rocks of Switzerland, magnified in size, with its polished surface shining in the light of the sun."

"Humph!" continued Ahwahnee, "there to the south of it is the South Dome, that we red men call 'Tissaach,' the Goddess of the Valley."

"See!" exclaimed Francisco, "what a beautiful shape 'Tissaach' has. How like a monstrous acorn it appears; its granite head reposes on its green cup, formed of pines, cedars, and evergreens."

"Tissaach is the good genius of the valley," observed the Indian.

Looking to the west, the valley widened as it embraced the lofty range of mountains, behind which the sun was fast sinking, its day's travel being done.

The approaching darkness warned them to prepare for the night, as it would be impossible for them to enter the valley before morning; their tents were soon pitched, and the evening meal prepared.

As the dark shadows of night fell over the valley, its stillness became more solemn and majestic; one by one its cliffs and domes faded from the sight, as though they had dissolved in air, and chaos again reigned over the earth. No sounds were heard; even the lips of man were closed, seemingly sealed by an oppressive gloomy grandeur of the invisible rocks.

The silence continued until the moon began to rise; its appearance broke the spell; its beams falling on the tops of the cliffs, transferred the gray tints to silver lights set in the blue sky. The dreariness of the desert was gradually dispelled, and life was infused into the animate bodies that had been held under the influence of superstition.

The valley no longer lay obscured in darkness;

the cheerful transformation that had occurred in Nature's course emboldened the spirits of the travellers resting on the edge of that immense precipice of rock, and the silence of the solitude was broken by the deep voice of one of the Indians, saying:

"We rest upon the bosom of 'Tutockanula,' the Great Chief who presided over the valley. He was ever a youthful immortal, who dwelt on his high rocky home, and cared for his people whom he loved. Leaping over the upper plains, he herded the wild deer, that the people might choose the fattest for the feast. He roused the bear from his cavern in the mountain, that the brave might hunt. From his lofty rock he prayed to the Great Spirit, and brought the soft rain upon the corn in the valley. The smoke of his pipe curled into the air, and the golden sun breathed warmly through its blue haze, and ripened the crops, that the women might gather them in. When he laughed, the face of the river was rippled with smiles; when he sighed, the wind swept sadly through the singing pines; if he spoke, the sound was like the deep voice of the cataract, and when he smote the far-striding bear, his whoop of triumph rang from crag to gorge, echoed from mountain to mountain. His form was straight like the arrow, and elastic like the bow. His foot was swifter than the red deer, and his eye was bright as the sun.

"But one morning a bright vision arose before him; a maiden sat upon the southern granite Dome that raises its head among the highest peaks. She was not like the dark maidens of the tribe below; for her golden hair rolled over her form of dazzling whiteness, her blue eyes were as the far-off hills before the sun goes down; two cloud-like wings waved from her shoulders, her voice was sweet as the birds of the woods.

"She whispered softly, 'Tutockanula!' then gliding up the rocky dome, she disappeared. Keen was the eye, quick was the ear, swift was the foot of the youth as he flew up the rugged path in pursuit; but her snowy wings wafted her away, and she saw him no more.

"Every morning now did the enamored Tutockanula wander over the stony barriers in search of the lovely Tissaack. Each day she laid sweet acorns and wild flowers at the foot of her dome, but he forgot the crops of Yosemite, and they without rain, wanting his tender care, had with-

ered away until all his tribe were likely to starve. Tutockanula's eyes were dazzled by the white wings of Tissaack.

"A committee of venerable warriors were sent by the starving tribe to Tissaack, whose remains are the South Dome. Full of sorrow for the fate of her nation, she implored 'The Great Spirit' to aid and succor them, and bring again their flowers and grain.

"Then a terrible noise like thunder was heard, and the mighty cone was rent asunder; half of it falling forward, checked the snow waters and drove them to the beautiful 'Lake Aweyah,' from which flows a stream into the valley, now forming one of the loveliest branches of the Mercede.

"The other portion of the cone stands there erect, a proud monument to the name of Tissaack. Some disregard her memory and call it the 'South Dome.' The heroic maiden died for her people; she has never been seen on the earth since. As she flew away, small downy feathers wafted from her wings; where they fell on the margin of the lake, thousands of white violets sprang up.

"Tutockanula was inconsolable for the loss of her. He carved her image on the face of this rock, a mile high, and his own also.

"Those who believe in these traditions, imagine that they can discern the faces on those rocks. Such is the legend of our tribe."

As the voice of the Indian died away, silence again usurped its sway, while sweet oblivion lent its aid to recruit the strength of the party for the coming day's exertions.

There was too much excitement in the minds of the tourists to let them sleep late. They were up with the sun, determined to behold all the charms that would be presented to them.

#### CHAPTER XXI. THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

A GENERAL survey of the road that lay before them took place before the rising of the sun.

Clarence was struck with dismay at the tortuous path, if so it could be called, that presented itself. There it was, twisting and twining from crag to crag, that apparently grasped each other over the steep precipices which threatened death to the rash intruder who should presumptuously invade their territory.

He endeavored to persuade Francisco to remain behind, he having refused to exchange his horse for a mule, but Francisco laughed at the idea of

doing either. "No, no," said he, "I can play at leap-frog over my horse's head as well as the bravest of you, if she would never be so treacherous as to play any trick upon me. Besides, Bessy is sure-footed and knows me well. Don't you, Bessy?" and he led her forward as he patted the favorite animal.

"Stay! our guide will lead the way, if you please," said Albert. "No gymnastics except under his direction, nor is there to be any premium given for broken limbs."

Laughter took the place of fear as they proceeded. Now and then they tarried to listen to the murmurs of the Merced river as it took its departure from the valley to lose itself in the distant vortex, and become lost in the depths of the Pacific Ocean.

The mule that the Indian rode became restive; but its rider, firm in his purpose, held on till the beast leaped over the precipice, and both escaped the danger that threatened them. The rest of the party not feeling so brave, yielded to the wishes of their animals, and dismounting, walked by their sides, content with having their baggage carried for them.

The travellers entered the valley under the frowning shadows of El Capitan, who stood there like a grim watchman, as if to guard the treasured Eden.

The valley was decked in all the glories of spring. The clear pure water of the Merced river threaded its way in a silvery stream. It was one luxuriant garden, carpeted with primroses, violets, cowslips, deer flowers, lilies, and various others of never-ending hues, which were but the groundwork for the majestic trees that grew under the towering masses of gray, neutral, and purple-tinted rocks.

The grove in which they encamped was under shelter of El Capitan, on whose top they rested on the previous night; it was situated so that in reaching it they had to pass "The Bridal Falls," on the south side of the valley, one of the most beautiful cataracts in the valley.

A small rivulet first peeps forth, as if wishing to escape notice, like a blushing bride coquetting with her admirer, until emboldened by success, she no longer conceals herself in her gauzy element, but rushes forth over an immense precipice, fluttering in the wind with sprays of diamond lustre, which sparkling with the reflection of the sun's rays, form a bright veil like silver lace, fall-

ing nine hundred and forty feet over moss-covered rocks, tall pine trees, and delicate flowers, not concealing, but increasing their beauties.

"Was there ever anything more transcendently beautiful!" exclaimed Francisco, as he gazed in wonder at the Falls.

"Hush!" whispered the Indian guide. "Speak low; it is 'Pohono, or the Bridal Falls.'" Amazed at the tremor and terror of the Indian, they remained silent till they had passed the Falls, then he spoke:

"It is Pohono! the evil genius of the valley! Our tribe dare not speak of it lest evil befall them. It sports in deceitful beauty to lure us on, and when darkness encloses the earth, it wanders in the footsteps of the red man, bearing him in its cold waters over rocks and mountains into the mysterious deep ocean, from whence he is heard of no more on earth. Our Indian maidens tremble at the name, and never repeat it at night."

They felt for the poor guide's superstitious terror, yet could not withhold their admiration of the Falls. Many thoughts crossed the mind of each as they surveyed the great magnificent objects around them.

They were in ecstasies at the beauties before them, especially Clarence, who could not help expressing his feelings. "I shall hate to leave this gorgeous country of magnified mountains and forests."

The book of Nature is a beautiful one to read when the mind is prepared for it by a knowledge of the arts and sciences, directed by the power of the Supreme Being which infuses Christianity into its researches, making man the instrument to draw forth its resources. Here she has made a record, sealed it with volcanic force, with fire and water as witnesses; if we may draw our conclusions, how else solve this mystery. "To what cause can be attributed all the formations of those wondrous works of heaven that are before us? What great convulsion of Nature can have wrought them?" observed Albert. "None can tell."

"If we can believe the tradition of the Indian, the history of Tissaack would lead us to suppose that it was an earthquake! Yet the formation of the Domes and the rude structures in the Valley, induce a belief that it was the work of mighty glaciers, which a terrible avalanche may have sent forth. The mountain rocks of Switzerland are the counterparts of them," said Clarence.

"Certainly, these polished monuments have some secret history that they are trying to reveal," continued Albert.

"They may owe their existence to some glacial power, as is declared by the brilliancy with which they shine and reflect the sun's rays; but whether that influence was united with volcanic agencies, or by glaciers alone, is beyond the comprehension of man at present to explain. However, they are imbedded in a most glorious country, whose blessed sunshine and shade invite one to repose under them. Who could not live here in sweet content, where plenty showers her golden harvests for man's wants!"

Francisco, who had been listening attentively to the conversation, calmly observed: "There is an awful sublimity in the surroundings; the vast towering granite walls, to whose rocky surface tall pines and cedars cling with all the tenacity that a shipwrecked sailor grasps the floating plank that Fate has sent him as he struggles in the wide ocean. The lofty mountains and terrific torrents inspire one with terror and dread. Could Milton's invisible sight have reverted back to survey this place after the fierce contention that raised those Domes from the earth's deep centre, and witnessed the fierce struggle of the elements, he would have found corresponding objects to complete his poem, and a field for his demons to do their work in. Then his 'Paradise Lost' would have been more complete. The rocks are the bones of the earth, which are the entrails of the globe, and subject to convulsions, like the human system, when electric and atmospheric or hydraulic influences come in contact. Here we, the creatures of circumstance, calmly survey those wonders, yet know not the moment some high impetuous force might burst from its prison-house to crush us with its strength."

Albert gazed at him with wonder, as he proceeded:

"Nature seems to have chosen this spot to display the magnitude of its power, which no eye has yet seen exceeded, when its monstrous surroundings have been contemplated. Here, beneath the shelter of the snow-crested peaks lie rugged turrets, buried in forest trees; while at a distance the Sierra Nevada, that range of mountains, seemingly watch over them to feed and nourish the soil and trees by the gentle streams she sends to them—whether for good or evil, is

yet to be proved. Those mountains that now reflect such delicate outlines upon the sun's rays, may become overcharged with that pure element, that she now so charily sends forth, and deluge hills, valleys, and forests, destroying them forever."

As he concluded, Albert inquired:

"From whence do you derive your ideas?"

"From thought and observation!" replied Francisco.

"Do boys of your age usually think so metaphysically?"

"Experience should answer your question better than I can."

"What is your age?"

"I never inquired!" was the laconic reply.

"Were you a coquettish girl, I could understand your reply; your being a boy, it perplexes me."

"A little perplexity may do you good. It may make you exercise your mind, which has been laying dormant."

After this answer, Francisco burst into a wild strain of song. Albert started; it was the same voice that he had heard before, and the one that had enchanted him when in the grove, and which had awakened superstitious thoughts in the mind of Clarence. He gazed in the face of Francisco. There was no trace there of anything he had seen before. Nothing, nothing! but the dark, uncouth face.

They tarried some time in this encampment, where the elasticity of the air allowed them to contemplate El Capitan (or the Captain), who, at the height of thirty-six hundred feet above them, seemed to frown on them as he sheltered them in his shade from the sun.

Half-way up this monstrous cliff is a solitary pine tree, which is imbedded in a niche, as though it were a shelter made for it to secure it from the rude winter winds; how or from whence it receives its nourishment is a mystery, but there it has grown and flourished, far above the reach of human hands.

They occupied the day in examining the objects around them, particularly the stony spires of "The Three Brothers," who raise their lofty peaks, like the three twin Roman brothers, in a firm phalanx, threatening their opposite neighbors, "The Sentinel" and "The Cathedral Rocks," and the Cathedral Spires, which bear the Indian name, 'Poosoorah Chucka,' Large Acorn Store-



house being the English for it. They have all elevated walls, imprisoning the grove and river in their enclosures with their immense height, frowning on the "Three Little Graces" that stand between them and the Bridal Falls.

All were fatigued after the day's rambling, when they returned to the camp, where the darkness of night made all things more solemnly grand. Surrounded by the gigantic granite cliffs the dreamers slept as though the catacombs of Egypt enclosed them. Francisco awoke, and viewed the scene with terror. One little glittering light shone in the distance, as if it were a star hovering over some favored spot to guard it from danger; it shed its lustre through all the gloom from the habitation of Messrs. Hutchings & Co. That one little spark of light dispelled the gloom of the night in the valley from the mind of Francisco, in silently establishing the fact that mortals like themselves lived and breathed through the dismal night, happy in the expectation of the morning dawn bursting on them with all its surrounding glories to make them forget the present dreary hours.

They were surprised to find that man had already commenced the work of civilization in this secluded portion of the globe. After a hearty breakfast the order of the day was a visit to the hotel, where they were kindly welcomed by the owners, and where good cheer awaited them. It was indeed a settlement away from the "busy haunts of man," where cheerful occupations luxuriated on Nature's bounteous productions. Here plenty reigned; rich harvests presented themselves, and repaid the laborers' slightest toil.

The hands of man had erected two dwellings, and commenced the work of preparation for a great establishment.

One of the proprietors, Mr. Hutchings, was very sanguine in his hopes of establishing a glorious place of summer resort, where fashion, science, taste, and art would combine to attract all Western tourists, when the Pacific railroad should be finished; surely none with equal variety can be found. It offers all the delights of an Italian climate and Italian skies; snows, avalanches, and mountains, as gigantic and varying as those of Switzerland; but richer in its mineral wealth than all Europe combined.

Opposite the hotel a cañon takes a southerly direction; it is two thousand feet deep. It is called "The Lover's Rest."

From the hotel there was a full view of "The Yosemite Falls," Large Grizzly Bear. The Indians call this cataract "The Choolooke." It first descends over a single ledge of mossy rock; this vast volume of water then resolves itself into a succession of rapids, which pursue their course in different directions, rolling over three granite barriers which receive it, to precipitate them into the valley, over tall trees of pine and cedar, which, falling over the branches, form in crystal drops, displaying great beauty, at times catching the sun's rays forming miniature rainbows, or when swayed by the fierce wind roar with thundering noises, resembling the sharp fire of artillery in a battle. The sounds are governed by the spirit of the wind, at times they greet the ear in heavy peals like thunder, changing their music as the tempest of zephyr commands.

In accomplishing its journey into the valley, this Fall traverses over twenty-two hundred feet. The first leap of the water descends sixteen hundred feet, from whence it rolls in its fury two hundred feet more, and its last concluding leap, over the trees and rocks, measures four hundred feet more.

They reached the "Yosemite Falls" by keeping in the channel of the river, where plenty of stepping stones were found, from the largest to the smallest of boulders.

Having reached the sheltering rocks that the water flowed over, they were well repaid for their trouble by an inspection of the wild romantic aspect of the place. Small stunted dark pines, mingled with tall firs protruding themselves through the gray moss-covered boulders, where it was impossible for the eye to discover any other vegetation. All was in solemn, sombre gigantic grandeur, formed by the upheaved mountains of granite.

It was arranged that the hotel should be considered as their rendezvous, whilst in their general excursions to the various points of interest, encampments were to be resorted to; in fact many of the party gave the preference to sleeping in the camp to the close air of the house, and as fatigue would overcome them in their distant rambles (particularly Francisco, who would frequently show symptoms of weariness that he tried to cast off), the tents were not only useful and agreeable, but absolutely became a luxury.

Returning from one of those excursions, Fran-

cisco seated himself on the grass, contemplating with pleasure the large butterflies that sported their brilliant colored wings daily in the sunshine.

The butterflies, like most of the productions of California, exult in size and beauty. Lawrence, who had been sent in search of him, on finding him, accosted him thus:

"Boy, you will never be a man. You are always tired. There you are lounging on the grass, watching those useless insects who flutter among the flowers, like so many women dressed out to ensnare fops and fools. Here is one for you," crushing it as he caught one for him. "There, you see, it is just like a woman; destroy her fine clothes, and what does she appear like! I am sorry I destroyed it. But there are plenty more, and as you want one you shall have it," accordingly, he caught one.

"Poor innocents," replied Francisco, "your fate, too, is like woman; they sported and exulted in their beauty until it became their ruin. Alas! why does man rejoice in the destruction of the most lovely of creation?"

"I thank you for your intentions; but their principal charm to me lay in their graceful sport among the flowers."

"You have a great deal of feeling for butterflies. You speak of them as if they were women," observed Albert, who had been listening unseen to Francisco.

"You here, Mr. Albert! I may have pity for them, and for women also," answered Francisco. "I thank you, Mr. Lawrence, for your gift."

Lawrence received his thanks without saying anything more, and went off to fish, leaving Albert and Francisco to argue the subject; when Francisco continued:

"You are so spiteful! I expect that you have been crossed in love."

"You think so? Indeed, I have not found one that I could love enough to marry."

"None beautiful enough to captivate you!" was the half scornful observation of Francisco.

Albert assuming a serious, thoughtful air, observed, "Beauty is an ideal charm altogether; few agree upon its points. You see the leaves on that tree?"

"Yes."

"They are all beautiful, yet no two alike."

"Yes, very beautiful while their verdure lasts."

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"True, but when that green cuticle withers and falls off, a skeleton of delicate texture remains, so fine that the hands of man cannot produce one like it."

"You are right," said Albert. "In one respect, personal beauty will, and does change. But intellectuality is what I want and require. Intellect that does not wither. Beauty is transient. The roses will fade from the cheek of youth; age will alter it. But there is a charm in an intellectual mind that nothing can efface."

"I will have to take some lessons from you, to teach me how to discover it. What are the principal characteristics of it? Is it in the voice? the manner? or the face?" There was something so coquettish, so feminine in Francisco's questions, that Albert was annoyed as he replied:

"You should have learned that of your mother. Why did you leave her?"

"I never knew a mother's love or care. I had no home but the wild woods and bark tents. I learned to climb the highest mountain crags, to battle with the young eaglet, and to shoot the flying deer. Often my nature shrunk from the butchery of the dying fawn as it raised its eyes imploring pity."

"Your wild life did not harden your heart entirely!"

"No, for we love our animals although we may destroy them at times. We have a legend among the Indians, that the prairie dog, the owl, and the rattlesnake live like a happy family in one burrow. And the serpent finds a fast friend in the turtle dove. The doves are called the rattlesnake's brother-in-law. They say that when an Indian kills a dove or mocks its plaintive cry, its mate will tell the rattlesnake, who will be in wait, and avenge the wrong by a deadly sting, and when one of the snakes is killed, the turtle doves watch over its dead body, and chant mournful dirges at its funeral."

"It was not from the Indians or the doves you learned the lovely melodies that you make the woods and valleys resound with at times. Where did you acquire the knowledge of music?"

"One who had my welfare at heart, had me instructed in all things necessary to civilize me. But alas! they could only accomplish that task in part. I looked at both sides of society. On the one side I saw deceit and falsehood; on the other, brutality that was most disgusting. Among

the savages, woman holds no position; she is the drudge, the slave of man. In civilized circles, woman's intellect is acknowledged, and gives her a rank equal to man in many respects."

While Francisco was making these remarks, Albert fixed his eyes steadily upon him, the doubts which had existed in his mind, as to the identity of the sex of Francisco, became more perplexing. There was a mildness of manners, a feeling of shame, so completely developed in the trembling form and voice, that it was almost impossible to decide.

Francisco perceived the earnest look, and instantly aroused his faculties, and then assuming a scornful manner, he proceeded. "Yes, certain forms are required, and money! Yes, money is a necessity; for money you barter everything in civilized life, from the bread you eat to the love you covet. Money carries its weight against all else. Place gold in the scales, try to balance it with truth! it stands motionless! Put in virtue! still the scales will not move, add honor! it is but a fluttering feather. Put in love! the beam will not descend; ambition and selfishness! ah, there is a gentle motion; but time breathes on the dross, a few atoms float in the air, but the sediment soon settles down. You must balance the substance with the same substance. Gold against gold; that is the only thing that will weigh down the scales to its lowest depth. Money is civilization. Money governs monarchs, empires, kings and nations. The natural feelings of the heart stand no chance opposed to such a bitter enemy."

"You speak strangely! You a boy! and one so young, I cannot understand you! Were you a woman, I should not wonder at your observations; they are those that would claim my admiration, my love."

"Your love! Ha! ha! alas! love with you is

but a word to be spoken in your moment of gayety. Love is not in your nature. You look on it as an everyday affair that may exist in thought, to amuse you for a brief season, but it will not reign in your heart. No, it is only in the unsophisticated one that love takes truthful possession; the oceans cannot wash it out, nor mountains crush it."

"Where can those unsophisticated beings be found?"

"They are few and rare, but you will find them in those who have just entered the spring time of life, whom the feelings of nature govern, not wealth; those who have learned to enjoy the works of the Creator. With those who can calmly contemplate them, a man may trust his happiness, his life. But let us change the subject. Behold how gracefully the orb of day bids adieu to earth, reflecting its smiles in gorgeous tints upon the clouds. Oh! how often have I watched for its return at early dawn as it chastens the leaden-colored mists away. The birds salute it with their joyous hymns of Nature's music."

"Francisco, there is some strange mystery about you. You are well educated, have great abilities, a strong mind, modest and unassuming. Why did you venture on this expedition?"

"I ought not to have done so. I feel every day more and more that I have done wrong in coming here, but—" He paused, and ere he could decide to acknowledge who he was or to remain in mystery, the horn (which was the signal for them all to assemble for their meals, or in case of any danger threatening them), was heard summoning them.

"See, the curling smoke of our lighted fires recalls us to our camps," said Francisco, as he bounded over the crags like a young fawn; whilst Albert followed in a state of perplexity and amazement, determined to seek an explanation of Clarence.

## FLEETING HOURS.

EACH hour as it fleets dooms a joy to decay,—  
From the chaplet of Hope steals a blossom away;  
Throws a shade o'er the lustre of life's fairy scene,  
And leaves but the thorn where the rosebuds have been.

It sullies a link in affection's young chain,  
Which once slightly tarnished, ne'er sparkles again;  
Spoils the sheaves which the heart in its summer would bind,  
To guard 'gainst a leafless and bleak autumn wind.

But a region there is where the buds never die,  
Where the sun meets no clouds in his path through the sky;  
Where the rose-wreath of joy is immortal in bloom,  
And sheds on the gale a celestial perfume.

Where ethereal melody steals through the soul,  
And the full tide of rapture is free from control—  
Oh, we've nothing to do in a bleak world like this,  
But to toil for a home in this haven of bliss!

## BLONDE BEAUTY.

BY L. MALLETTE ANDERSON.

"God gave blonde hair to the Northern women to console the men for the absence of the sun." Golden hair has always been thought most beautiful, because light is the ideal of all beauty. All antiquity adored blonde beauty, and from that day to this the fair ones with golden tresses,

"Hair, where the painter plays the spider, and hath woven a glorious mesh to entrap the hearts of men

Faster than the gnats in cobwebs,"

have been at various times the despair of painters, and the beloved of men. Aphrodite was a blonde; Daphne was also; and so was Helen of Troy. Homer called her "Golden Venus." Anacreon was fascinated with the blue eyes of the lady of his love; Pindar sang of golden hair and of black; but Horace only praised blonde hair. Ovid, too, was "dazzled by the rosy-fingered goddess" Aurora, with affluent golden locks.

The Magdalene had hair, golden as ripened wheat, and she who wiped the Saviour's feet with the hairs of her head, moistened with her tears, was a blonde. Apollo, god of supreme manly beauty, was "crowned with dishevelled light." Mars was blonde; so was Achilles. Lucretia Borgia, whom we used to imagine with raven tresses, was a blonde. Byron, when shown a lock of her hair, said, "if ever hair was ever golden, sure 'tis this of Lucretia Borgia's," and begged for only one strand of it. Lady Macbeth, too, whom we used to think a brunette, with drawn brows and murderous glance, was, we are told, a slight, shy pale little woman, with blue eyes and light hair.

The nineteenth century has been declared the age of blondes, as the eighteenth was of brunettes. Many who are not natural blondes, have become chemical blondes. Resolving to be in the fashion, they resort to dyes to bleach their hair, and by virtue of "Blondine" *eau de fees*, or ammonia, have changed from brune to blonde; in many cases to the destruction of what natural beauty they were endowed with. This is no modern invention or practice by any means, for blonde or yellow was a favorite color of the Greeks; and

the Greek girls of the period, often, by the use of dyes, bleached their sable locks.

The lovely, ill-fated Marie Stuart, covered her own natural dark braids with reddish fronts; Mesalina was a brunette, but wore a blonde wig; and actresses have further set the fashion in this particular. Golden hair lights up so beautifully by night, and contrasts so well with the gorgeous tints of a stage costume, which, with the brilliant gaslight, enhances the beauty, natural and borrowed. And they have made yellow hair to some extent the fashion. The actress whose freak of the moment it was, some twenty-five years ago, at the *Comedie Francaise* to play Ophelia in a blonde wig, probably did not think she was setting a fashion which would rage until the present day.

The blonde literature of the day has possibly something to do with it, too. Through such novels as "Lady Audley's Secret," we have come to think a blonde woman the concentration of all evil—under the guise of soft, childish manners, that they are the most heartless, cold-blooded, the most capricious, selfish, insatiable women. This feeling is carried into social life. The young girl fears the married blonde, and believes she will, by some Circean charm, beguile her lover, in spite of his fidelity and her love. Lady Audley, with her "Secret;" the blonde Aimée, as the fast Duchess; Lydia Thompson's blonde burlesque troupe; Laura Fair in court with streaming golden hair, and round, white arms, circling the Judge's neck, are all types which we meet with, and who, after a time, most likely break through the bonds of social life and propriety, and enter the land of Bohemia. How much responsibility novels and dramas of this vicious school must bear for this state of affairs is a question yet to be decided.

Schnaefhausen, from carefully gathered statistics, states that the majority of sopranos and tenors have light complexion and eyes, while with altos and bassos the reverse is true. Jenny Lind, Nilsson, and Sontag were blondes.

Germans, Swedes, and all the pale unripened beauties of the North are flaxen—rather than golden-haired; the opposite of the red-gold of the

Venetian blonde, to which class the auburn-haired love of Byron, Countess Guiccioli belonged.

Arsène Houssaye says :

"America sends to Paris the loveliest blondes. Among which we may describe the distinct classes, which, according to John Weiss, for brevity may be called 'the lunar and the solar.' The one seems as if blanched by sunlight that has been reflected : it wilts from defect rather than excess of warming power. The passions are contoured, like the body ; a sort of scrofulous habit seems indicated by a too delicate and thin complexion. It lurks in the lifeless yellow or chestnut of the hair, in the unsound teeth, and the languid speech. There is little valor for mischief in them, as there is little ambition for achievement. Their virtue seems only a temper, and that is kept faint, as if by constant exudation of the blood.

"And their women are, as a class, exacting, with a love cold and unresponsive as wives ; selfish and indifferent as acquaintances. They are generally slender, always colorless, flaxen-haired, dazzlingly fair, azure veined, with pale blue eyes, a greenish gray. Their hands are slim, thin, cool, and nerveless ; their blood runs cold ; their pulsations are even ; it is impossible to excite them. And they are always severe in their judgments, and have no charity for an erring sister. They marry well and live—forever. No man need ever marry one of this type, fragile as Sevres china though she may appear, with the most distant hope of ever being left a widower ; for they have great powers of endurance in all things, no nerves, no emotions, and their systems stubbornly resist disease. And when they do die, it is because it is ordained that they cannot live always. The extreme of this type have pale faces, not fair, hair like spun glass, and are cold, inanimate and unresponsive in every way."

The other type is the golden blonde, the warm, mellow, ripe beauty, with the sunshine meshed in the net of, her rippling hair, which in truant curls and wavy tendrils escape from the comb in the most bewitching way. She is always plump, generally medium size, always inclining to *embon-point*, which increases toward mature years, and is sometimes so brilliantly colored and so voluptuous in contour, that she degenerates into a suggestive resemblance to the gaudy pictures which adorn cigar-boxes. She is quicker in her movements than her less highly-colored sister, less

supple, but easy of carriage ; and her light rippling laughter peals out free and uncontrolled. Her hand is pink, warm and moist, and seeks yours in a close cordial pressure. Her throat is slender, white and curved. She has a straight nose, light brows, and gray, dilating, varying eyes, which are yellow in the sunshine, steel-gray in anger, and soft and dark under excitement. She is always indolent ; never under any provocation does any work whatever. She was born for pleasure, and generally has it, married or single. There is a lively fascination about her, which makes everything she does appear all right. She can, with a wave of her dimpled white hand, and a toss of her head, and a flashing glance from her fickle eyes, throw you a kiss, or do a thing, which, in another woman, would be wholly disreputable. Sometimes, she falls in love when a mere girl, for she matures early, generally with some one unworthy of her ; she, however, has force and will to get over it, and never becomes morbid. She is apt to marry young, and if unhappily, she leads her husband about with an occasional caress, and invariable good humor, and flirts and travels ; or when at home, has some pretty young girl with her, and of course is a great deal in society. She is wholly unreliable ; does not mind telling a fib, but has her good traits nevertheless. She would cheer you up with gay good humor, nurse you when sick, and take advantage of you when well. Sometimes she has blue eyes ; but generally this type have gray. If brown-eyed she is a better woman than has been described ; capable of stronger attachments, is more considerate, and less reckless.

The extreme of this type, the deep golden, or tawny blonde, is auburn-haired, and has brown eyes, long dreaming eyes, and a few freckles scattered across her nose, which in no wise detract from her sensuous beauty. She is languid, is fond of odorous blossoms, wine rooms, perfumes, and novels. She has a voluptuous figure, a yielding form, and luscious, ripe lips, which are maddening to kiss. And her low, rich laughter gurgles down in her round, white throat in a mocking, inviting way, which sets your senses all aglow. You never like her a little—you may avoid her altogether, as entirely too seductive—or you are her slave outright.

But the most exquisitely beautiful of all the types of blonde beauty, is that rare combination of



luminous black eyes and golden hair found in its fullest perfection in Northern Italy; one about which any man, nay, even the angels above might rave. In this kind of blonde beauty there is an exquisite fairness of complexion, tempered with a roseate warmth of color, and the full, roundly moulded form, and the passionate glance of the brunette of the tropics, altogether producing the most enticing form of female loveliness; so voluptuously seductive that the most ascetic would yield worshipping, at her two warm feet, intoxicated with her bodily beauty.

Moncure D. Conway, in his lecture upon the "History of the Devil," said: "According to an old legend, Lellieh, the first wife of Adam, was a cold, splendid woman, with wondrous golden hair. She was created Adam's equal in every respect; therefore, properly enough, she refused to obey him. For this, she was driven from the Garden of Eden, and Eve was made to order, out of one of Adam's ribs. Then the golden-haired Lellieh, jealous and enraged, pining for her lost home in paradise, took the form of a serpent, crept into the garden, and tempted Adam and Eve to their destruction; and from that day to this, Lellieh, the cold, passionless beauty, with golden hair, has roamed up and down the earth,

snaring the sons of Adam and destroying them. You may always know her dead victims, for whenever a man has been destroyed by her, you will find always a single golden hair wrapped tightly around his lifeless heart."

Now, this severely criticised class of beauties has one champion, for somebody has said that the ideal wife is a blonde; that she is soft and gentle in manner, and slow in motion. That women of her class have blue eyes, golden hair, mezzo-soprano voices, and wear moderate dress improvers. The hair and color are their own, and they fear strong men, but like to look at them from windows, balconies, carriages, and other places of security. They are a trifle unhappy, and have not been married to their first love. They cannot sew over well, but they have a positively maddening way of leaning over backs of chairs, while they are asking their husbands if they shall wear blue or pink ribbons. They have no mothers' living; they care little for going into society; they never desire to obtain the good wishes of other men, save where their husband's interest is to that effect. They regard their husbands as supreme arbiters in all matters. They would stay as they are, or fly to New Zealand with him, as he desired.

## THOSE TWO DEAF MUTES.

BY FRANCES E. WADLEIGH.

DIAH never considered the coach full unless it had at least twelve grown people—fourteen, if the majority happened to be remarkably thin—seated inside; the lumbering old vehicle would, however, only hold nine with comfort, with all the comfort there ever can be in a stage-coach, that is. So when he found that he must start from Sheldon, one cold November afternoon, with only four fares, he was immensely disgusted. And people always were more willing to pack in close together when it was nice and chilly!

The coach was to have started at four o'clock, but Diah waited full five minutes (an unusual concession for him), in the hope that he might get one or two more passengers; for at that hour there were only two occupants of the roomy coach, and

they had been there a quarter of an hour, long enough for the younger to drop asleep. The other two travellers, the belated ones, were ladies, young and well dressed.

Conscious that they were behind time, these dilatory ones scrambled quickly into the stage, and deposited themselves and their travelling-bags on the most available and least comfortable of the seats that had any pretensions to comfort whatever, those with their backs to the horses; the others being already appropriated by the two men.

"I hope it does not disagree with you to ride backwards, Bertie?" whispered one of the girls, the blonde, the one dressed in a navy-blue travelling suit, under pretence of arranging her companion's veil.

"No, indeed, backward or forward, it's all one to me. How about yourself?"

"It makes no difference to me either, fortunately; I must say, I think those men have very little courtesy, or they would have offered us those places when we got in. They look like gentlemen, too, as much as one can see of them through their coats and huge sealskin caps; but there, 'appearances are deceitful,' as you may have heard before."

"Oh, Virgie," exclaimed the brunette aloud in a tone where pity and remorse were blended, "we have, as usual, jumped too hastily to a conclusion; those poor fellows are deaf and dumb, and couldn't offer us their places if they wanted to."

"So they are!" replied the blonde, watching the play of fingers—not to say hands, arms, eyes and head—that was doing duty for conversation between the men. "Isn't it sad?"

But the two who were holding silent, though quite intelligible, intercourse, did not appear to merit the adjective; they smiled and nodded at one another as if they were not at all afflicted or unlike other people.

"Do you believe they can be shamming?" continued Virgie, as the one opposite her sank back in his corner sleepily.

"Oh no. While you were getting in, I noticed the one opposite me scribble something on a card and hand it to the driver, who only nodded in reply."

"Of course I am very sorry they are deaf mutes, but since we must have companions in our ride, I am so glad we have these, and not people who can hear, for I have something very particular to tell you."

"And it would not keep until we reached Mr. Thornton's, I suppose?" asked Bertie, mischievously.

"No, it would not; you know Minnie Thornton was always just the least bit jealous of our intimacy, and I feel sure we'll not have two minutes to our lone selves for a week. There's something I want you to do for me, Bertie dear."

"Anything in reason."

"Ah, that's just it; I fear you may not consider it in reason. But you'll stretch a point just once for your troublesome Virgie, will you not?"

"*Cela dépendre*; I can't consent to murder or steal."

"Nonsense; I am in dead earnest. I just want you to do a little bit of—of flirting for me!"

"Flirting! And for you!" exclaimed Bertie, almost in a scream; it was lucky those two men were deaf, Virgie said afterward, or she would have shocked them terribly. "No, no, anything but that. You are quite competent to do all the flirting needful for yourself and me too."

"I mean, I want you to flirt instead of me."

"Virginie Winfield, if you do not wish to drive your old friend and schoolmate quite to distraction, will you please rise to explain your very mysterious request?"

"I regret to say that I am unable to rise at this present moment; as the road is so stony, I might be suddenly precipitated on that mass of rough cloth, sealskin and silk mufflers which occupies the corner opposite me, and as he could not hear any explanation I might wish to offer, such a proceeding might be open to misconstruction. But without rising, allow me to elucidate the mystery."

"Pray do; I am all ears."

"Like any other donkey. Know then, oh friend of my heart, that my esteemed uncle and aunt, who hold the responsible and uneneviable position of guardians to this poor little orphan, have dark and cruel designs upon my future! They want me to marry an unknown male biped, simply because his land and mine—near Hebron, you know—not only lie side by side, but are dovetailed together in such an ingenious fashion, that quarrelsome people might fight over boundaries, and trespasses, and 'sich like,' for a lifetime. I have never seen this neighbor of mine since I was twelve years old, and he was an airy young collegian who delighted to snub and tease, and otherwise evince his contempt for lanky, awkward girls in short dresses; I detested him then, and now that I have been coolly informed by Uncle Henry, that his father and mine long ago settled it between themselves that we two must become husband and wife when I was of suitable age, I detest him more than ever."

"What is his name?"

"Philip Caldwell."

"What? Mr. Thornton's nephew? The 'cousin Phil' over whom Agnes and Minnie used to rave?"

"The very same."

"Why, Virgie, I think you would be very fortunate to win such a man for a husband; he is

remarkably talented, honest, upright, of good family."

"Handsome as Adonis, etc. ! Spare me the epitome of his virtues, I beg ; Aunt Janet has rung her changes on them until I am weary. If he had only just one vice, a little one, or even an imperfection, I might tolerate him ; but your pieces of propriety, your unassailables, I hate and suspect. And to think that I am to be delivered over to him like a parcel of goods bought and paid for—bah !"

"How am I to aid you?"

"He is at Mr. Thornton's now."

"O—h !"

"Yes, been there a week ; but I didn't know it until yesterday, or I would never have promised to be bridesmaid for Agnes. He has just returned from Europe. Now, Bertie, what I want you to do, is to take him off my hands, help me to avoid him, and—above all—not to expose me in the little game I intend to play. He is very fastidious, elegant and learned ; he wrote some papers on Chemistry last year that were very favorably noticed by some of the big-wigs, so I propose to disenchant him by being very stupid, rather unladylike, a little 'slangy' you know, unromantic, selfish, and a huge eater."

Here both the girls laughed merrily ; it was on the tip of Bertie's tongue to ask Virgie what reason she had for being so sure that the objectionable young man was any better pleased with his father's selection of a spouse than she was ; but she refrained. She knew that the little beauty was not so vain as her words implied, but dreaded, rather than really believed, that Philip would admire her ; she could not help knowing that she was as attractive in mind and manners as in person.

"I would gladly oblige you, Virgie, but you forgot that I am hardly a free agent ; Oscar might—"

"No, he mightn't ! With your permission I will write him this very evening, and explain our plan. I don't want you to really captivate Mr. Perfection, but just be more agreeable than I am ; nicer, you know, and more womanly ; let your good qualities bring my bad ones, real and assumed, into bold relief. Will you?"

"Yes, I will do that much ; but if there's any trouble—"

"I'll take the consequences ; whatever I may

be, I am neither a shirk nor a coward—why, what is the coach stopping for ? This isn't Mr. Thornton's."

The door opened, and the driver, taking out the gentlemen's valises, beckoned to them to alight.

"Oh, this is the tavern—or the hotel in miniature—of Brookfield," said Virgie. "Driver, haven't you taken us beyond the road that leads to Mr. Thornton's?"

"A little, not much. The river overflowed last night ; an awful freshet 'twas ! Dam washed away up to Milford ! And the bridge is dangerous. I'm going round past Parson Smith's ; that bridge's all right. 'Tain't much further."

Nor was it, for in less than ten minutes the coach deposited its light load at Mr. Thornton's hospitable door, and the two girls were rapturously received by its owners, their three daughters, four nieces and three young lady visitors. Agnes Thornton, the oldest, was to be married the first of December, and as this was the first wedding in the family, Mr. Thornton intended to make it a merry one, and invited his unmarried nieces and seven or eight of his daughters' former schoolmates to spend a month with him ; "two weeks before the wedding, to cheer up the bride, and two weeks after it to cheer up the bereaved mother," he said. The masculine element was decidedly in the minority just at present.

"Are you not almost frozen, my dears?" asked Mrs. Thornton, as she embraced the travellers. "Don't stop to make any change in your dress, but just lay off your hats and jackets and come down again ; supper is all ready. There are no strangers here."

So, amid much chattering, kissing and laughing, the bevy of girls escorted Bertie and Virgie up stairs, and in some five or ten minutes down again to the dining-room, where three young Thorntons, sons and nephews of the host, Dr. Weston and Sam Alden (whose sisters were among the girls already arrived), and a tall, handsome man of seven-and-twenty, who stood quietly in the background until Bertie and Virgie had greeted his companions.

"That, of course, is the paragon, Philip Caldwell. He is truly a magnificent looking man ; any girl might be proud of so handsome a cavalier—if he were a voluntary one," was the thought that flashed through Bertie's, as well as Virgie's, mind.

"And here's my nephew, Phil Caldwell, young

ladies. Phil, you and Miss Winfield are old friends, I believe."

"We were scarcely friends, were we Miss Virgie? Rather enemies, if I remember rightly," said Phil, in a rich, musical voice, as he clasped Virgie's hand in his own lithe, firm fingers.

"I believe we quarreled a little."

"Postpone fighting your battles o'er again until after supper, young people. Here, Phil, here's another of my pets, Miss Sargent."

"And another of the schoolmates," laughed Agnes.

"I think my cousins were fortunate in having so many pleasant companions at Madame Lasserre's, as they were wise in keeping up the friendship for so long. Three years since you graduated, isn't it, Agnes?" said Philip.

"Three years next July. There were fifteen of us then; we all met at Mr. Sargent's the next Christmas; but now there are only ten, and will be perhaps none this time next year, except poor, loverless me. All married and gone!" sighed Minnie, shaking her head in mock sorrow.

As the evening progressed, Philip seemed to be more and more attracted by Virgie's pretty face and bewitching ways; evidently he was not displeased with the wife his father had selected for him. Virgie was well aware of his looks of admiration, but took no apparent notice of him. The next day she began her self-assigned rôle, much to Mrs. Thornton's secret dismay.

"Mercy on me!" she soliloquized. "What has come over Virgie Winfield? I fear her summer at Newport had a bad effect on her, her aunt must have been culpably careless or blind regarding her associates; why the girl is almost 'fast'! What will Phil think? I wish he had seen her a year ago; she was simply bewitching then."

Which proves her to have been something of an actress. One day, when the young people were gathered around a roaring wood fire, listening to a shrill wind piping and whistling through every crack in the house, every bough of the leafless trees, and watching the fitful snow-flakes beat against the window-panes, Virgie declared her admiration of a certain French novel, of which some one spoke in deprecation.

"Well, I never saw a girl change as you have done!" exclaimed Sallie Weston. "When we were at school, you used to declaim against French novels, morals, customs—"

"But never against French fashions, Sallie! In all else I am changed; I am wiser, less unsophisticated than I was then. Oh, I assure you I have expanded vastly!"

Virgie took it for granted that Philip must be at least a little bit shocked; but she was undeceived when she heard him laugh, as one might at the nonsense uttered by some mischievous little two-year-old.

"I do believe he suspects I am playing a part. If it was anybody but Bertie Sargent who was in my secret, I should think she had betrayed me; but I can trust her implicitly," soliloquized Virgie. "Courage, my dear! Try him again."

"For my part, give me a good domestic English tale," said Louisa Alden, "one that breathes of home and—"

"Domestic! And a novel! Oh Lou, how tame! Give me one that describes balls and fêtes, operas and theatre!" Virgie exclaimed, with mimic fervor. "I want something exciting and lively, rattling and jolly."

"Country life would never suit you," said Louisa.

"Not a bit of it! As soon as I am of age, I shall sell my farm at Hebron and go to Paris—by the way, Mr. Caldwell, how would you like to purchase it? Being a neighbor, I will give you the refusal of it, if you like."

"Thanks, I accept your offer provided the terms are not too high. I always did like your house better than mine; so when the purchase is completed, I shall move into it and then we shall invite each and all of you—and your husbands—to visit us," replied Philip.

"We!" exclaimed Sallie, "who may 'we' be?"

"My wife and I."

"Perhaps your wife will not want us," answered Virgie, vexed with him for thus taking her for granted.

"I think she will," replied Philip, turning to Bertie, "don't you?"

Bertie laughed outright; she was so surprised at his unexpected falling into the line of action Virgie had mentally marked out for him. The other girls, especially his cousins, who were well aware of his father's wishes, stared at him in mute astonishment, not to say dismay. As for Virgie herself, she was so electrified, she could hardly believe her ears; perhaps she was even a little

chagrined, a trifle wounded in her *amour propre*, to find that the cavalier, whom she had expected to repulse with difficulty, should leave her without an effort to win, or even please her, and thus publicly avow his allegiance to Bertie, one of the best and sweetest, but not one of the prettiest or most stylish, girls in the world.

And from this evening, he desisted from the very few attempts he had made to revive their early friendship; his preference for Bertie was so marked, that the Thornton family were first uneasy, then seriously annoyed; but they, of course, had no right to interfere. Mrs. Thornton did her best, in a gentle, quiet way, to throw Virgie more, and Bertie less, in his society; but as she was not aided by either of the three most concerned, her success was not perfect. Sleighing, driving, skating, walking, dancing, singing or talking, Virgie saw her friend carrying out her instructions to the letter, and Philip aided her most warmly.

This was not what Virgie had intended; but how could she, even in thought, blame Bertie? Was it any fault of the quiet little brunette's, or, for that matter, of Philip's either, that Virgie suddenly discovered that she was actually in love with the once-despised "Mr. Perfection?" She tried to hide the knowledge even from herself; but on no other grounds could she account for her unreasonable desire to avoid Bertie, for her dreams of Philip by night and unwelcome thoughts of him by day.

"Oh, dear," said she to herself one day, "I wish I had never come here—no, I don't wish that, for perhaps I should not otherwise have known—pshaw! what a goose I am! I do wish, though, that those two horrid men in the coach that day had been all ears, for then I could not have proposed my little plan to Bertie until after I had seen Philip, and I am sure after seeing him once I could never—oh, dear! I shall always hate deaf mutes, poor things. When I die I intend to have engraved on my tombstone, 'Here lies Virginia Winfield, spinster, who died of two deaf mutes.' How I would like to know what Oscar Luxmore will say to Miss Roberta Sargent's flirtation? However, come what may, I must stand by her and defend her; she promised to keep Philip away from me, and she is keeping her promise most loyally. Save me from my friends!"

Almost as soon as Bertie and Virgie reached her house, Mrs. Thornton had made them promise to

remain with her until after Christmas. Philip declared his intention of spending the feast with her too; she could conjure up no reason for sending either him or Bertie home, therefore had to be an accomplice in their treachery, as she considered it.

Bertie had not the remotest idea that her conduct was inflicting pain on her friend; on the contrary, she often turned the knife in the wound by extolling Philip, and saying:

"Indeed, Virgie, I think you are foolish to slight him as you do; if you would only let him be as friendly to you as he is to me, you would like him as much as I do—perhaps fall in love with him."

"Nonsense, you cannot escape from your promise thus. Fall in love with him, indeed! So he thinks he has but to throw the handkerchief to me, does he?"

"I do not mean that; he is not so conceited. Indeed, I doubt if he remembers the bargain between his father and yours."

A comforting assurance, truly.

So the days glided by pleasantly enough to all but Virgie, and Christmas eve was reached. The new rector of St. Mark's church was a young man whose tendencies were decidedly "high;" among his innovations, as the old folks called them, was a midnight service to be held this Christmas for the first time, and all the Thorntons were expecting to attend it. The young people spent nearly all the day at the church, dressing it with "the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box;" but Virgie, having a severe cold, was persuaded to remain quietly at home until it was time for the midnight service. Accustomed as she was to unlimited attentions, she felt very lonely this long, cold day, and as it grew too dark to read, she drew a low chair to the open fire, and passed in review before her memory all her previous Christmas's; "where will I be this time next year, I wonder?" she said to herself, "and where will Bertie be? Oscar's wife, or Philip's?"

"All alone, and in the dark!" exclaimed Philip, quite unexpectedly.

"Yes; where's Bertie, and Minnie?"

"I left them all down at the church. To tell the truth, I was a little weary of evergreens, twine, nails, hammer, and, above all, of rector-worship. It was 'oh, Mr. Caldwell, please come and hang up these wreaths, there's the ladder;' or, 'you are



tall, Phil, just stand on the window-sill and fasten up the garlands; we'll pass them to you.' My arms ache, I tell you. But no one called on the young parson to *work*, oh, no! He only gave us his advice."

Virgie laughed, as she asked:

"Are they coming home to supper?"

"No; Mrs. Jeffreys took the whole tribe to her house and fed them. I came home for *my* supper, though; then, with your permission, I will drive you down to the church. It will be prime sleighing, and bright moonlight."

"Cold?"

"Not very, it is growing milder. No colder than it was when you and I rode up from Sheldon in Diah's coach."

"We never rode"—

"Yes we did, though. And you thought I was a deaf mute."

"Philip Caldwell, do you mean to say that *you* were one of those men? That you deliberately passed yourself off for a deaf man and listened to our conversation!" exclaimed Virgie, in hot anger, her eyes and cheeks blazing like coals of fire, as she sprang excitedly from her chair.

"Just listen to me for five minutes, and I will explain. I had no intention of listening"—

"Then why did you not act like a gentleman and announce your name before I had committed myself? Why did you not say at once that you were not deaf?"

"Because, having walked five miles that day in a sharp, cutting wind, I was very drowsy; indeed, I believe I was sound asleep when you two young ladies got in the coach. I did not pay any attention to you at first; then I heard one of you say that we were deaf mutes, but I was so sleepy that those and your succeeding words were scarcely more intelligible to me than if you had spoken Choctaw; in fact, I was not sure that I had not dreamed them until I heard my own name. If you had not been talking very earnestly you would have noticed me start at that; I was about to announce myself, when your identity and your comments on me flashed over me; then I understood clearly. You were prejudiced against me already, I found, so I thought if I spoke then you would not only be very much mortified at having been overheard, but would hate me worse than ever. I buried my ears deeper than before in my sealskin cap and collar, and really heard almost nothing afterwards."

"Was your friend deaf, or was he deceiving us too?" interrupted Virgie.

"Oh, he is deaf as a post; born so. He is the uncle of one of my college chums, and I learned sign language so as to talk to him. But don't say 'deceiving,' Virgie; I did not deceive you, you did it yourself; I thought the best course was the one I took. Would you not have hated me if I had had betrayed myself then? Now, tell me honestly."

"Yes, I should."

"Of course. So I trusted to time and a better knowledge of me to modify your opinion before I explained."

"I presume you told Bertie, long ago?"

"Not I; you are the first to know it."

"You and she were such very good friends," said Virgie, a little spitefully.

"Wasn't that according to your suggestion? She and I talked more about Luxmore than anything else; he was another of my college chums," answered Philip, drawing his chair closer to Virgie's. "But did you notice how our apparent flirtation has been distressing my aunt and cousins? They evidently thought Miss Bertie was poaching on your manor."

"How happened it that you got here before we did that night?" asked Virgie, in order to change the conversation.

"I walked across lots, and, as some bridge was out of kilter, you and your coach had to go quite a good bit out of the direct road; by that means I arrived here just two minutes before you. The folks here did not know I had been to Sheldon; I started for Lenox on some business at the bank, and after encountering you as I did, I never told any one how I passed the afternoon. Am I forgiven?"

"Ye-es, I suppose so."

"And you will wipe out all old scores against me, and start fresh?"

"I had no scores against you."

"No; only you didn't want a lover made to order, and I can't say I blame you. Our fathers meant well, I dare say"—

"Oh, never mind them!"

"But it is our duty to mind them; don't you know your commandments? Listen to them when they are read in church to-night. Now, nothing will suit me better than honoring my father by marrying the wife he selected for me."

"Of course you are sure of her consent?"

"Indeed I'm not! Wish I were," answered

Philip, passing his arm around the young girl's waist and drawing her towards him; "but in the last few weeks I've learned to love her so dearly that I have determined to win her if it takes me a lifetime. Am I too presumptuous, or do you really like me a little better than you did six weeks ago?"

"I hated you then," answered Virgie, softly.

"But you don't now?"

To this there was no *verbal* response.

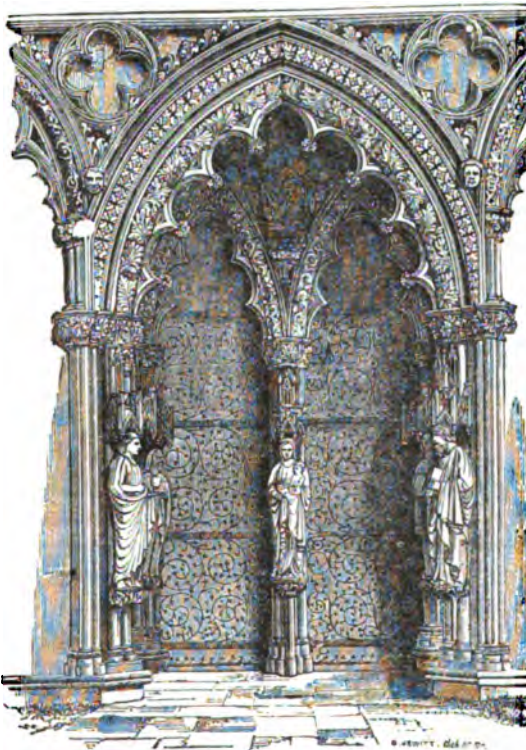
Never again did Virgie express a wish that those two men in the stage-coach had been anything but just what they proved to be; and when Phil's conduct was explained to his aunt and cousins they not only forgave him and Bertie freely, but said that they could not have managed matters better if they had tried. So all parties were suited.

## NOTES ON CARVINGS—MEDIÆVAL AND RENAISSANCE.

BY GEORGE C. MASON, JR., F.A.I.A.

It is related of Fra Angelico that every time he painted Christ upon the cross the tears would roll down his cheeks as if he were an actual eye-witness of his Saviour's suffering. With such feeling, how could he be otherwise than ecstatic in his work? The same spirit of veneration and love for the holy and the beautiful seems to have inspired all classes of artists and workmen. The cloistered monk, poring over huge folios and emblazoning their pages with gorgeously-painted Scripture stories, was not content with the seclusion of his cell, but aimed to rear aloft grand and imposing piles of masonry, with long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults, fit habitations for the God that he adored.

The eleventh and twelfth centuries were indeed a strange and wonderful era in the world's history; the Dark Ages had died of gloom and anarchy, and the great future was at hand, with all its unknown possibilities and triumphs of art. It did not spring into being full-fledged and



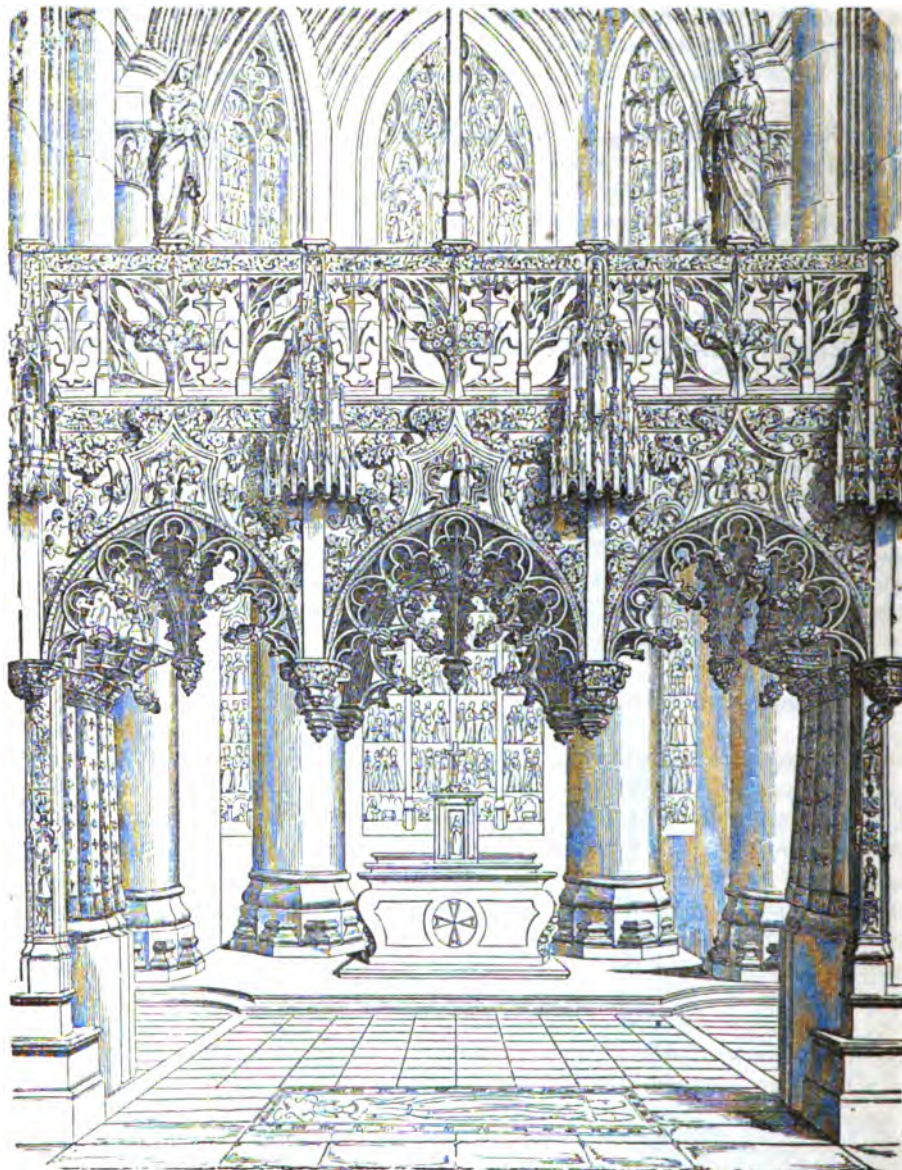
WEST DOOR OF LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL, ENGLAND.

armed for the conflict; slowly and surely were its foundations laid, then faster and faster, as the workmen gathered strength and knowledge. Impelled by faith and love, together with the desire to lift their work higher toward heaven, they toiled and prayed, until at length their efforts were crowned with triumph, and all Europe gazed with wonder on the vast cathedrals of Cologne and Strasburg, with their delicate tracery and feathery spires soaring far upward into the pure light of heaven. "Frozen music" was the name given to them by Madame de Staël; and Sir Walter Scott has invested the ruins of Melrose with a new charm in his tribute to its wondrous beauty:

"The moon on the east oriel shone  
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,  
By foliaged tracery combined;  
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand  
'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand  
In many a freakish knot had twined;  
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,  
And changed the willow-wreaths to stone."

It was indeed art triumphant. No other age than one of strong faith and determined will to do the best that in them lay, could have achieved

thy hands as chaff before the winds, as water which floweth away." Theirs was not a gloomy or fanatical faith; it was full of reverence, but



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. MADELEINE, TROYES, FRANCE.

such great results. Deeply imbued with the spirit of their mission, the mediæval workmen strove to invest their creations with lofty sentiments; climbing from pinnacle to pinnacle to sculpture them with Saints and Bible legends; they did not disdain to call on heaven for aid, and oft repeated the words of the Psalm, "Oh, God! we are in

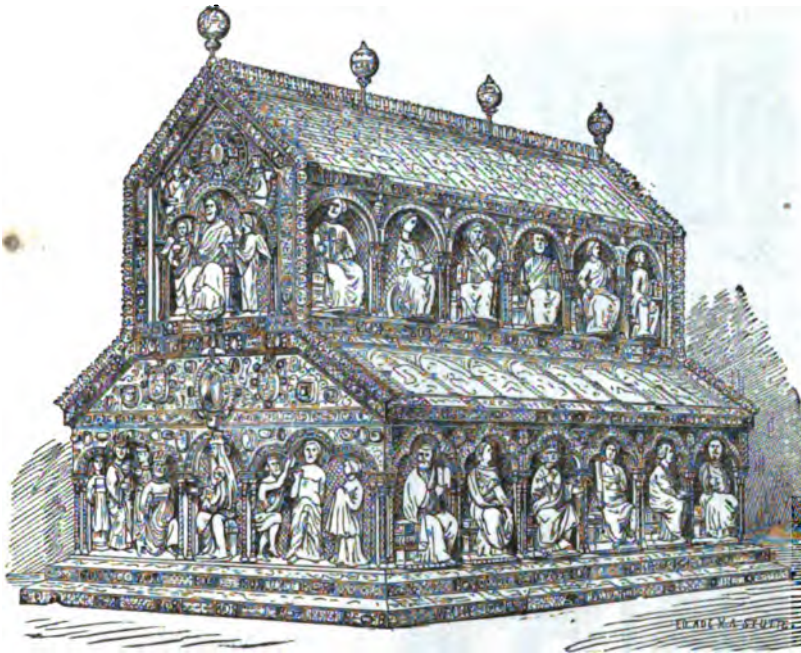
bright and cheerful; a healthy body and a living soul. Often the hard gray walls would echo back the refrain of the old carver's song:

"Mallet and chisel aloft I bear!  
Though above the clouds the swallows fly,  
I, with naught but my courage, dare  
Mount higher still toward the distant sky."



Of all the guilds and craftsmen who have left their impress on the architecture of the world, none have done better or more enduring work, than the carvers of stone and wood; the higher

their beds of stone, with a stern dignity that inspires us with awe and veneration. In smaller work the same devotion is manifest. Note the masterly way in which the leaves, fruit and flowers are grouped together; the freedom and life of the carving, and the wonderful delicacy of hand they indicate. The leaves are not of lifeless stone, but living leaves suddenly petrified; and this was not all the work of the master, but of his pupils and assistants; working under his supervision, it is true, but impressing on their works their own individuality. They everywhere adopted natural types for their work, but wrought them with great freedom; they fully realized that to attempt to represent a flower or a leaf in stone or wood, exactly as it appeared in Nature, was an impossibility; they labored to produce the type



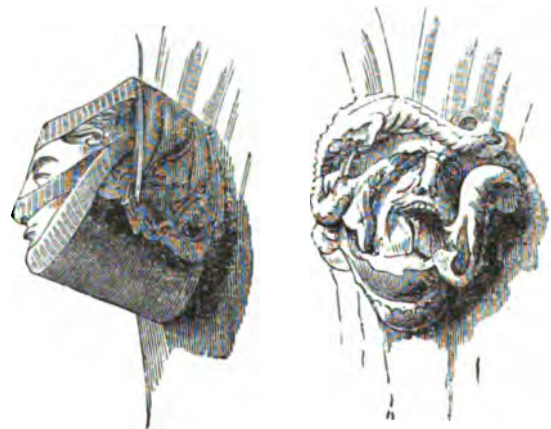
SHRINE OF THE "THREE KINGS," AT COLOGNE.

class of masons and sculptors—the art-workmen of their time. True educators, their work evinces the progress of civilization and thought, from the rude emblems in the Catacombs to the exquisite delicacy and boldness of the details wrought in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

They struck no feeble note, nor cut with careless and hurried hand. They adorned every angle and column with leaves and tendrils, carved from the flowers of the field and the lilies of the valley. Masters and men alike vied with each other to adorn the sanctuary; its form was that of the cross on which its Great Head had suffered, and they strove to adorn its walls with effigies of saints and martyrs.

The boldness and decision of their work is something marvelous. The Gothic carvers were uninstructed in the drawing of the figure; they had no Phidias for a master, but they had that within them which could animate any form, and breathe life into the hardest stone and stiff angular lines of drapery. Their saints and warriors look down upon us from the walls, or up at us from

with a certain amount of conventionality, to give life and honesty to the design. They followed

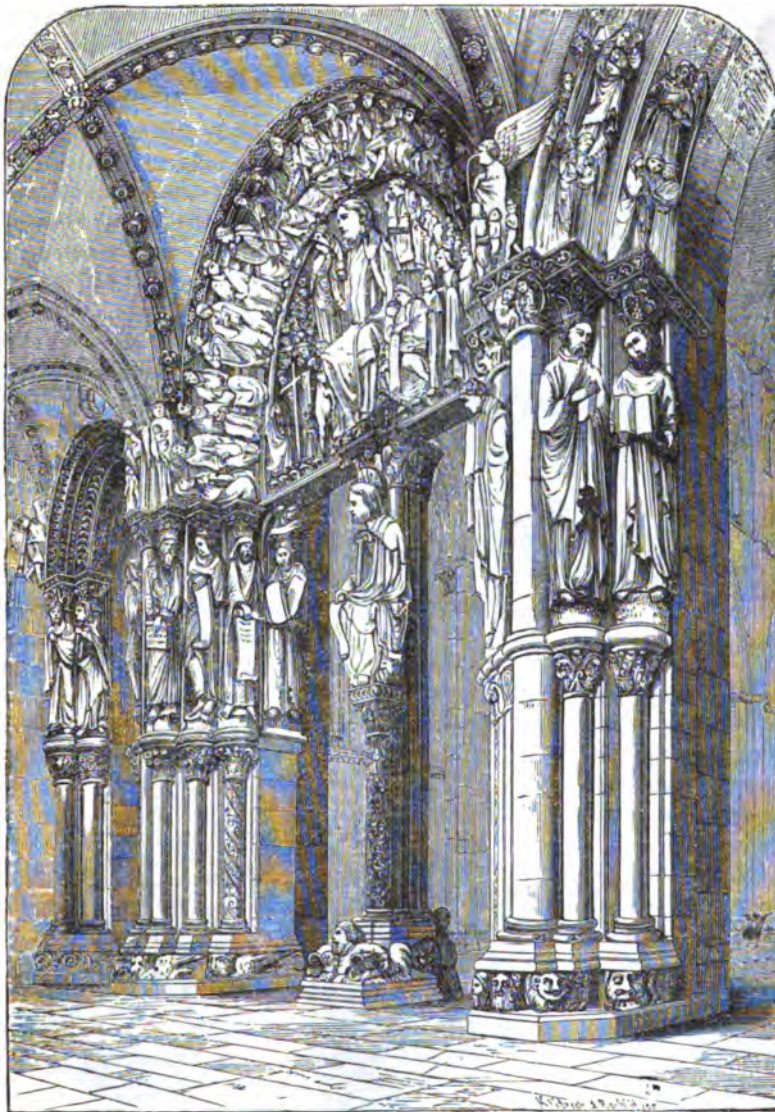


BRACKETS IN YORK CATHEDRAL.

Nature as a guide in giving to each material in which they worked a character suited to itself; it was a principle, and when its laws were infringed,

as they were later by the sculptors of the Renaissance, the work became unnatural, and gradually sank into the unmeaning convolutions of the Rococo. These later artists failed signally, for the reason that their ideas were based upon former

Thus carvings, modelled after natural forms without the additional life and character of conventionalism, seem dull and insipid, and we turn with a sense of relief to the sharply accentuated outlines of a less labored art.



PORTICO DE LA GLORIA OF THE CATHEDRAL OF SANTIAGO.

styles, and they lost sight of the necessity of adhering to Nature; they thought their conceits were far above her dictates, and they worked according to whim and fashion. Lord Macaulay has said, "If by correctness be meant the conforming to rules purely arbitrary, correctness may be another name for dullness and stupidity."

there, I would use the simple productions of the neighborhood; but in the mansion of a person who delights in such pursuits, or in a church built near his gardens, or under his influence, nothing could be more appropriate than to admit the influence of such taste or proximity into the architectural decorations."

Sir G. Gilbert Scott writes thus in advocacy of the enlargement of our range, in the selection of natural types: "I think that we shall always render our carving more pleasing by adhering, *in the main*, to the indigenous production of the country in which we are to work; and I would advise it, as a general rule, that the carver should, wherever he is engaged, study carefully the prevailing productions of that country, and derive from them the principal objects which he uses. By doing this, he will be able to introduce great variety into his work, and also be able to bring in many plants not used in ancient work. This is the true principle to go upon, and I would consider it as the established rule. I would, however, admit, and even encourage, exceptions. The cultivation of an infinity of beautiful exotics is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable characteristics of the age, and I would admit its claim to be represented in our architecture. I would, however, treat it as an exception in its use in decoration, as it is in fact. I would not use it in a country village where no floricultural luxuries are to be found;



A history of sculptors and carvers would be a romance full of deep interest and quaint legend. Linked together by the freemasonry of the craft,



ANGEL AT BOLOGNE.

they were seldom stationary in one place for any long period of time; a migratory fraternity, they traversed Europe and the East from end to end, wherever their services were required.

They always held to their old traditions and loved to impress upon their work the marks and emblems of their early training. Thus it is comparatively easy for the antiquarian to decipher their symbols, and give to each boss and capital a habitation and name. An unique specimen of wood-carving, in the Cathedral Church of St. Peter, at Exeter, may be cited as showing conclusively how the love of home and the discipline of their apprenticeship was wrought into English oak, by Flemish workmen of the thirteenth century.

Nearly every one is familiar with Wagner's opera "Lohengrin." The story is full of poetry of the Middle Ages. The appearance of the silver knight in a boat drawn by a white swan, sailing up the Scheldt, in answer to the maiden's prayer; the scenes that follow, the tourney, the wedding, and the ill-starred curiosity of Elsa, condemning the servant of the Holy Grail to leave her, after disenchanting the young Duke Godfrey, and harnessing the dove in place of the swan; as he drifts slowly down the river, the echo of his last words still hovers over the sad and weeping train:

"Accept the boon which heav'n doth grant—  
The Duke, the ruler of Brabant."

In one of the Miserere stalls of Cathedral Church of Exeter, is a carved panel, executed in the early English style (time, Henry III). The work is in excellent preservation and represents a boat, with prow fore and aft; therein a helmed knight, clothed in a scale or chain armor, with a swan drawing the craft along, whilst the ripples of the water are well rendered by fluctuating gouge cuts.

Is it not likely that this simple carving represents the same legend as "Lohengrin," who in answer to the maiden's prayer, appeared thus to the astonished men of Brabant?

"See! there! Behold a wonder! How? a swan?  
It draws a boat, and in it is a man.  
Yes, see him, there he stands, a gallant knight;  
My eyes he blinds, his armor is so bright.  
See, he approaches! With a chain of gold  
The swan would bring him here. Behold! behold!"

In proof of the above supposition being correct, I will cite a few notes on the same subject by Harry Hems, one of the most noted architectural carvers of the Victorian revival, and whose work, exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition, was much admired. These notes are from the English *Building News*. Rev. H Baring-Gould writes to him as follows:

"The misericord represents Helyas, the Knight



CAPITAL IN YORK CATHEDRAL.

of the Swan, ancestor of Godefroi de Bouillon, the Crusader and first King of Jerusalem. According to the legend, the heiress of Cleves was to be given

in marriage to the bravest knight in a tournament, to be held at Nynswegen on the Rhine. Just before the time, a knight arrived, asleep, and in a



RUINS OF MELROSE ABBEY.

boat drawn by a white swan. He fought and won the heiress, but only consented to marry her on the condition that she should not ask his name.

"A year and a day passed happily, and the Countess of Cleves bore a son; then she was unable to restrain her curiosity, and asked her husband his name. He sighed, and said he must leave her. The swan came, drawing the boat by a silver chain; he entered it, and was seen no more. The story is used in the opera of 'Lohengrin.'"

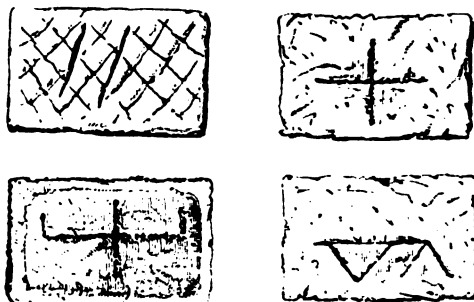
Archdeacon Freeman, in his "Architectural History of Exeter Cathedral," refers to the Miserere of the swan drawing a knight in a boat, as "supposed to refer to an old Bohemian story." An Icelandic Saga of Helis represents the knight of the swan as a son of Julius Cæsar. Nicholas de Klerc, writing in 1318, refers to the legend. "Because formerly the Dukes of Brabant have been much belied—to wit, that they have come with a swan—I have undertaken to disclose the truth in Dutch rhyme."

The wood used in this and in nearly every other work of the kind in England, is native oak; thus establishing the fact that the workmen were imported, and not the finished design. Again, the mediæval masons almost invariably cut their private marks on the stones which they wrought, and it is not uncommon to find the same masons' marks on buildings in England and on the Continent. In Bristol Cathedral the Miserere seats

are Dutch in character and execution, and many of the stones bear the same masons' marks as the stones in Strasburg Cathedral.

In connection with the latter edifice, legend upon legend has been woven around Erwin de Steinbach and his daughter Sabine. Still on the Eve of St. John—the burghers tell us—when midnight strikes, a noble company glide through the mazes of the old Cathedral. Masters, journeymen, and apprentices, clad in their quaint old costumes; the masters with compasses and rules; craftsmen with plumbs, squares, and levels; apprentices with heavy goods, greeting each other with the time-honored salute and token. Out through the western portal and thrice around the sacred edifice winds the misty train, old Erwin leading the way; up amid sculptured Saints that look down upon the sleeping city; higher and higher, where above the summit of the spire stands the image of the Queen of Heaven; still higher and circling round and round floats a cold, white-robed female form, the fair Sabine; in her right hand a mallet, and in her left a chisel, she flits in and out amid sculptured lace work, like the genius of masonry. As day dawns the phantoms disappear, to rest in the dark and gloomy crypt until another St. John's Eve shall summon them again.

During the fifteenth century the City of Nuremberg became noted for its art manufactures of every description. Among the carvers whose names have been preserved to us, Adam Krafft stands out in bold relief. His greatest work, the "Sacramentshauslein," stands in the Church of St. Lawrence. It is placed against a clustered column beside the high altar, and is intended as



MASONS' MARKS.

a receptacle for bread and wine. Above the small gallery, which surrounds the lower part where the Host is kept, the sculpture ascends in a series of columns and foliage, of the lightest and most fan-

ciful description, to the height of the springing of the nave vaults; where the crowning finial "bows



A SUPERB PILASTER.

its beautiful head like the snowdrop on its stem," gracefully terminating a work, which for originality, delicacy, and extraordinary elaboration, is a perfect marvel of sculptured stone. The folia-  
VOL. X.—30

tions are so flowing and delicate that popular tradition averred that its author possessed some secret for rendering stone plastic. Adam Kraft was born at Ulm, in 1430, and died in 1507. He wrought at the time when mediæval art was already tottering to its fall, and with the best of his fellow-craftsmen, helped to stay, for a brief season, the decadence which attenuated supports and frittered ornamentations were slowly but surely consummating.

With the decline of Gothic art there was a corresponding falling off in the life and character of architectural carving and sculpture. The spirit of the Renaissance was abroad, and although much that was beautiful was produced; the waving lines and voluptuous contours, the wild exuberance of arabesques and semi-classic details, chubby angels and sculptured clouds, evinced a want of dignity and refinement that gradually extended to the manipulation: strong contrasts and curious effects were aimed at; to attract and captivate the eye, instead of telling a simple, artless story by their very boldness, minute delicacy and intricacy of design, was the object sought for. Benvenuto Cellini had wrought masterpieces in gold and precious stones, intaglios and medals, so fine and exquisite that his skill was eagerly sought for and richly remunerated by the most powerful monarchs. The carvers in stone and wood, forgetting the dissimilarity of texture and use, followed in his train, and the result was disastrous to their art.

John Thomas Smith, in his "Antiquities of

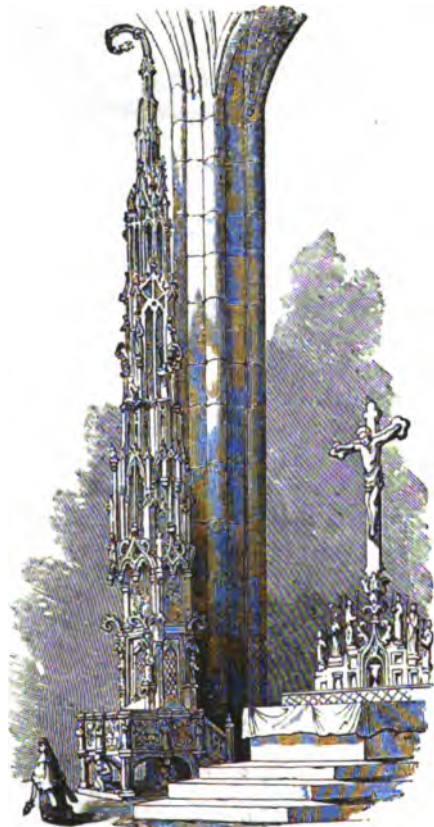


PENDANT, CHAPTER HOUSE, YORK, ENGLAND.



RELIQUIUM AT COLOGNE.

London and its Environs," says that "Samuel Monette, a native of Paris now living in London, claims the highest encomiums I can possibly bestow; his art is principally confined to flowers, and when I say that Grinling Gibbons was a mouse to him, I shall not utter too much; his carvings in wood are so light and playful, that they may be blown away; he designed the pulpits in St. Paul's Cathedral, Covent Garden, St. Margaret's, Westminster, etc."



SACRAMENTSHAUSLEIN.

The above was written about 1800, when the decline had reached its lowest limit, and a better day was about to dawn.

Grinling Gibbons, alluded to above, had proved himself an original and brilliant workman. He carved birds, foliage, fruit and figures, with astonishing dexterity; specimens may be seen over the communion table in St. James's Church, Westminster, and in the choir at St. Paul's. His finest examples are probably at Petworth and Chatsworth. The foliage of his garlands and flowers sweep

around in bold and harmonious curves, and no work was ever more free from conventional ar-

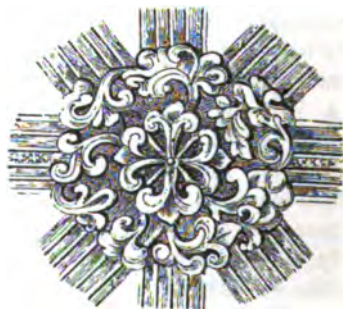


THE ROMAN AND GREEK ACANTHUS.

rangement. The materials employed by him were generally lime and other white woods. His school had many followers. We find the acanthus carving on mouldings around doorways and chimney pieces, down to the middle of the eighteenth century, executed with a masterly hand. On finishing his work at Chatsworth, Gibbons presented the Duke with a carving of a point cravat, a woodcock, and a medal. He died August 3d, 1721.

But this delicacy and minutiae in carving was destined to destroy all its purity and spirit; causing it to sink gradually lower in art and technique until it became almost extinct, with but little hope of revival.

Among the other arts that had by this time fallen into disuse and partial oblivion, was that of ship-carving, which, in the days of the Tudors, had held a high and worthy place, and afforded employment to large numbers of workmen. The carvings on the Dutch vessels were of great beauty, as may be seen by an examination of pictures of Vandervelt. During the long wars of George



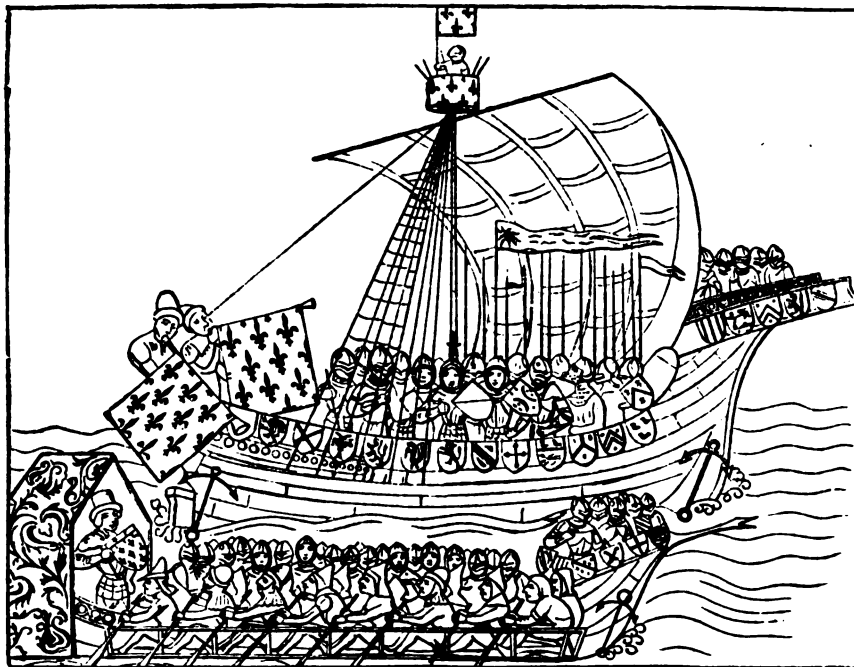
BOSS NAVI.

III.'s reign, this work was gradually neglected; at the beginning of that epoch there were not less



than three hundred carvers below London Bridge, and in 1810 the number had been so much reduced that not more than fourteen could be found, including three masters. Gog and Magog, in the

his opportunities, by conversing with him thus: "A mason, Pierre Henry, is like a soldier: he must do honor to the regiment of the trowel. The architect is our general; he makes the plan of



A CARVED SHIP, FROM AN OLD ENGLISH MSS.

Guildhall, are said by Mr. Smith to be the work of a ship-carver. They are made of fir, and hollow, he having stood upright in one of them. It was long maintained by some authors that they were made of paper, owing perhaps to their having been presented to the City of London by the Stationer's Company.

In bringing these notes on Mediæval and Renaissance Carvings to a close, I cannot do better than quote from a charmingly written little volume by M. Emile Souvestre. It is entitled "Confessions of a Working Man," and sets forth in a clear and straightforward manner, the feeling that should inspire the craftsman, if he desire to attain to more than mediocrity in his calling. No man ever yet rose above the commonplace except by close study, comparison and thoughtful contemplation of the works of his predecessors.

The "Working Man" above alluded to is a mason, sent early into a work-yard, and finding there a protector, who is continually urging him forward and leading him to think and improve

our battle, but it is for us to win it by bravely working with brick and mortar, as the troops yonder work the enemy. The true workman does not only think of the baker's bill; he loves the work of his hands; his glory is in that. Simple as



BOSS OXFORD.

I stand here, I have never hung the ribbons on the last gable without feeling a certain something in my heart. The houses in which I have had a hand seem to me like my children; when I see them, they rejoice my eyes."



## DANIEL WEBSTER'S HOME.

MR. HARVEY gives an interesting account of the circumstances under which Mr. Webster purchased his Marshfield property. Captain Thomas, who owned it, was to have a home in the house during his life. The following story is told:

The intimacy and friendship between Captain Thomas and Mr. Webster were peculiar. The Captain, though much Mr. Webster's senior, soon learned to look up to him with respect and admiration; he made Mr. Webster his Magnus Apollo, and at the same time entertained for him a sort of paternal affection. He deferred to Mr. Webster in all matters, excepting in some practical rules of farming, and nicer points of sporting, and the habits of birds, wild-fowl and fish—in all which matters the Captain was Mr. Webster's instructor. Their association, always pleasant, grew into mutual affection; and Captain Thomas, who, at Mr. Webster's suggestion, subscribed for the semi-weekly *Columbian Centinel*, watched with the most intense interest Mr. Webster's course in the Senate as reported in that journal. In 1829-30 the good Captain read Haynes's first speech. He waited in confidence for a triumphant reply. It came, and he was entirely satisfied. The faithful *Centinel*, however, soon brought him Haynes's second speech. He read it with extreme and painful interest. It excited in him the greatest apprehensions for the idol of his old age. He was overwhelmed with grief. His hero, his great man, his beloved, almost worshipped, friend was overthrown in debate by his Southern antagonist. The kind old gentleman's pride was humbled; he was in despair—his heart almost broken. Casting away the papers he rose and retired slowly to his room, directing some one to come and take his boots away, as he should never want them again. His family tried in vain to console him. He refused to be comforted. Like him of old he was ready to exclaim: "Ye have taken away my gods, and what have I more?" For three days he kept his bed, mourning over the fall of his friend, and refusing all consolation. His eldest son tried to persuade him that Mr. Webster was able to defend the cause of New England, and would yet have

his triumph. His only reply was: "It can't be answered, Henry; it can't be answered."

The fatal semi-weekly *Centinel* came again in due course. It was evening. The family were gathered around the fire in sad apprehension. The old man's mind seemed almost unhinged—they even feared for his life. The Captain still kept his bed, and appeared to have determined to hold to his vow and never to rise from it. All their efforts to rouse him had thus far proved ineffectual. On opening the paper it was found to contain Mr. Webster's second reply to Colonel Haynes. The family resolved at once that Henry should assume the task of carrying it to his father and try the effect of this medicine to "minister to a mind diseased." Henry entered the father's room with the paper and a candle. The old man groaned and asked what he wanted. Henry replied:

"Father, I have brought you the *Centinel*; I thought you might like to look at it."

"No, Henry, I don't want to see it."

"It contains a second speech of Mr. Webster in reply to Colonel Haynes."

"Oh, Henry," said the old gentleman, "it is of no use; it can't be answered; I don't want to see it."

Henry lingered, and seemed greatly distressed at his father's refusal. At last Captain Thomas consented to have the paper and candle left, and said that perhaps he would look at it. Henry went down stairs and reported the apparently unsuccessful result of his mission; and the little family drew closely around their winter fire more gloomily than before. Some time had thus elapsed when they were all suddenly startled by a tremendous shout from their father's room. They all rushed up stairs to see what had happened. The Captain was sitting on the side of the bed, with the paper in one hand and the candle in the other. As Henry entered, the Captain roared out: "Bring me my boots, Henry! Bring me my boots!"

Captain Thomas's recovery was so complete that he never again suffered a relapse of that mental complaint.

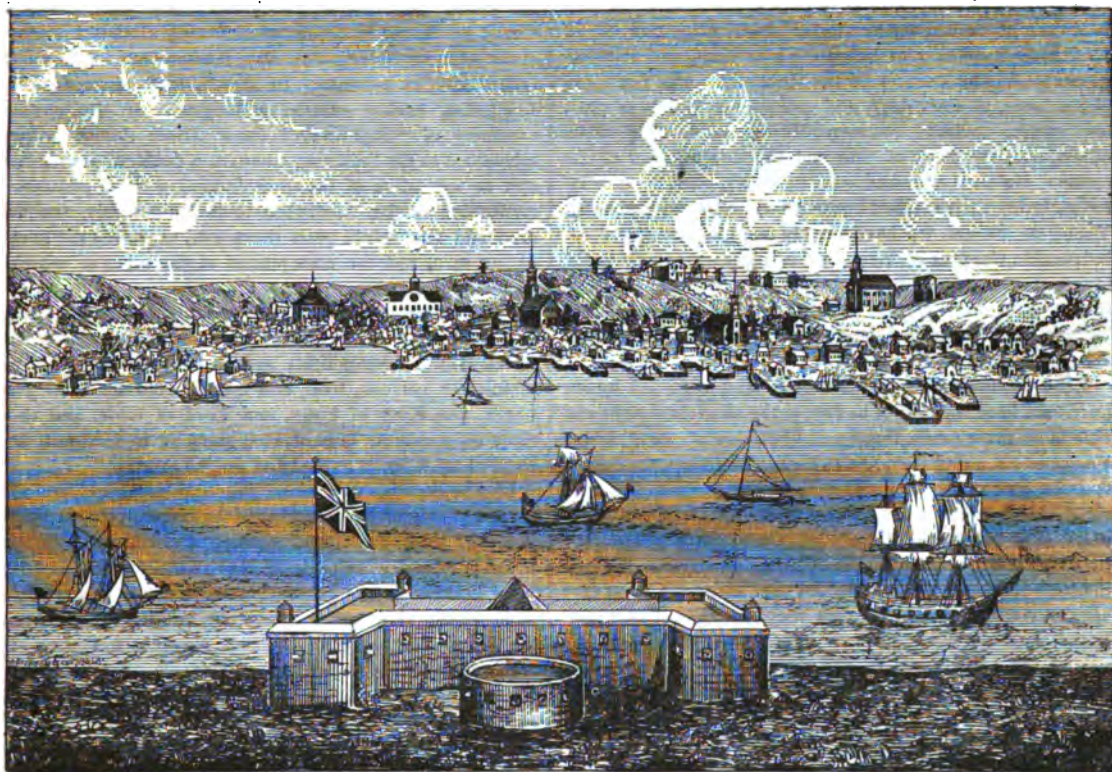
## NOTES AND QUERIES.

**Parchments and Indians.**—Ever since the twenty-second of December, 1620, we of the sturdy Anglo-Saxon blood have been busy making race-history in the New World. Ever since the Fourth of July, 1776, we of the since-mixed blood have been equally busy making national history in the new Republic of the West.

The century and a half comprised in the former period

We of this new people, therefore, can now well afford the time to examine the record of what has gone before, wherein much will be found worth recalling and imitating, as well as much fit only for oblivion and tears.

In all these years, here and there, all over the ever-increasing area of the early Colonies and the later federation of sovereign States, faithful pens have continually set them-



NEWPORT IN 1730, WITH FORT GEORGE ON GOAT ISLAND.

From an old painting in Redwood Library.

was, in more senses than one, a time of clearing up and preparing the way; a time of hut-life, so to speak, while the great house for the new family was building. The century covering the latter period has been an era of extraordinary, and at times of fast and furious progress; but it has sufficed to create out of diverse material a new, distinct, concrete nationality. The blended blood of many nations, blue and otherwise, the influence of new institutions, and new modes of thought and action—these have developed a new type, the American, as marked in feature, speech and character as the French, the German, or the English. The American Republic of to-day is no longer regarded as an experiment, while the American is himself an acknowledged, rugged fact.

selves tasks of record, preserving in all sorts of forms masses of undoubted fact, that carefully culled and firmly united by a skillful hand, will result in a monument whose evident solidity and simple grandeur the Old World cannot parallel.

Essentially a people living in the present and for the future, rather than in and for the past, we have not heretofore estimated the true historic value of the records left us. Salient points in our history are reiterated to tiresomeness; but the little things, the minor facts, are not to be despised or ignored. With the advent of our hundredth birthday, there has been much nosing among old parchments, much rummaging among time-stained letters, much interviewing of "the oldest inhabitant," and generally an enthusiastic de-

velopment of antiquarian zeal among our hitherto hurried and matter-of-fact people. And so the press has teemed with old legends revived and old tales retold, while many a village has found its Boswell as the country has its Bancroft.

For every useful fact thus dug up, ninety-nine worthless ones, no doubt, accompany it; but then no chaff was ever yet industriously sifted, from which some good grain could not be rescued.

If it be true, as Bolingbroke said, that "History is philosophy teaching by example," then some of these old historic scraps furnish forth ready-made to hand, a base on which may be founded a scheme of philosophy as sound as any dreamt in the closet or taught in the schools.

With these facts in mind, it is a marked feature of the past year that its occurrence has called forth many odd bits of local history relating to out-of-the-way spots, and half-forgotten nooks and corners of the Republic. Many of these places were, in early days, and still remain points of great importance, socially, commercially or politically; while others, with the lapse of time and the development of the country, are now overshadowed by or absorbed in new interest, losing their original consequence, often their identity. Young as we are, we have already our lost Troys, and our undefinable Gardens of Eden, nor can any man swear to the identical rock on which the first Pilgrim foot trod in 1620, though a massive granite canopy at Plymouth covers the boulder tradition has accepted as the stepping-stone between the Old and the New.

Least dwelt upon by the historian, least regarded by our ancestors, least thought of to-day, is the aboriginal right and title to all these lands, this "vast Continent of ours," which we are overrunning from sea to sea. Accepting the dogma that the Indian, like the old-time Southern slave, has "no rights that a white man is bound to respect;" accepting the doctrine of the "right of conquest," as set forth by the illustrious Chancellor Kent; nor seeking to dispute the undoubted justice of the Divine law that barbarism must give way to civilization that its pale may extend, still our sympathy need not wane, nor our interest refuse to follow the fate of the participants in any struggle for the supremacy that must ensue when two races or two degrees of civilization collide.

Feudally speaking, "might was right." The feudal régime is at an end, technically; but the same moral law applies, and will forever. In the days of the barons, armed retainers, horse, sword and spear, made "might," and that made what the victors, or the oppressors, called "right." Feudalism "came over in the Mayflower," not certainly in its old form, clad in armor and aggressive individuality, but still the same old figure in a new guise; the might and right of civilization is opposed to the impotence and wrong of savagery. Before this power all else beneath must bow, as it has from the death of "King Philip" to the discomfiture of "Sitting Bull."

And so, leading on and looking back, we whose thoughts have turned in this direction find that the earlier history of our country is as interesting and instructive as that of any land under the sun.

Every one knows of, or has seen old Newport, in Rhode Island. With its natural attractions of climate and situa-

tion, with its artificial allurements of social life, there are few places on the continent so inviting to the antiquary, the artist, the student, as this same quaint old town of Newport (or "*Nieu-Port*," as it used to be spelled in "y<sup>e</sup> ancient tyme"), whose history extends back full two hundred and thirty-nine years. This is not the place to trace the history of this community. It has already been done in detail by able hands; but no allusion to the childhood of "Little Rhody" would be complete without the record of the first compact signed by the venerable men who redeemed the "Isle of Rhodes" to the uses of civilization. Compelled to leave Massachusetts, a little band of people, after wandering in the wilds of New Hampshire, turned their steps toward the south. Arriving at Providence, they were kindly received by Roger Williams, who, having already a foothold at the head of Narragansett Bay, recommended their colonization near its entrance. In March, 1638, this company of wanderers, having effected a lodgment on the northern extremity of "Aquidneck" (now *Rhode Island* proper), subscribed to the following compact, a declaration as solemn and as indicative of the spirit animating these pioneers of civilization as that subscribed to in Philadelphia, one hundred and thirty-eight years afterwards, expressed the temper of the men, and the emergencies of the times of which it was the outgrowth:

"We, whose names are underwritten, do swear solemnly in the presence of the Great Jehovah, to incorporate ourselves into a body-politic; and as He shall help us, will submit our persons, lives, and estates, unto the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, and to all those most perfect laws of His, given us in His most holy word of truth, to be guided and judged thereby."

The beginnings were small, the vicissitudes many. First a struggling colony, it managed to keep alive. Gradually Newport itself grew, and became a commercial port, to which it is to-day the pride of Newporters to boast came the New Yorkers to buy goods from beyond the sea, while its home-owned ships sailed in and out, building up the wealth the Revolution sapped. Colonial Newport has gone—the whole character of the place has changed—and for these, if for no other reasons, any chapter in its annals is instructive and any research among its relics interesting.

There are other matters here than ancient china and obsolete furniture to reward the enthusiast who digs in the dust of ages, though an American Jonathan Oldbuck might study castrametation to his heart's content among Greene's ruined lines, or an American Schliemann successfully ransack the fields for Indian arrow-heads and Revolutionary cannon balls. Every man is at liberty to antiquarianize according to his own sweet will, and the student of records consequently may find his account in searches among the old manuscripts.

It may seem an extraordinarily dry and uninteresting amusement to pore over the ponderous tomes in the strong room at the City Clerk's office; and if one's reading were to be restricted to the routine matters of to-day, it would be stupid enough. But take down the old Colonial Records and stand face to face with two centuries ago, and straightway the fashionable Newport of to-day is swallowed up in the earnest Newport of old. Curious as these records are,

they lose some of their interest, from the fact that all the originals are no longer accessible, and copies only are to be seen. When Newport was evacuated by the British in 1799, some of these volumes were carried away on a man-of-war. This ship was subsequently sunk near Hell Gate, in the East River, above New York, and with her the records. Subsequently recovered from the wreck, they were returned to the authorities at Newport. Stained, water-soaked, and almost illegible, they were carefully laid away, and only a few years since, several industrious gentlemen, with indefatigable patience, deciphered and transcribed the whole into great new books. One is indignant to think of this calamity that cannot now be wholly repaired; but it is something to have these records preserved at all. The tattered originals are, however, religiously kept, and the sight of them suggests still another colony.

The most fascinating mass of records in the country is undoubtedly the unbroken series in the Clerk's Office in Plymouth. Here, safely stored, each book on a separate iron shelf in a fireproof vault, arranged in order of date, are all the records from the memorable 1620 down to date. It is awe-inspiring to turn the leaves of the simple story of that first terrible winter, written in the quaint hand and in the obsolete phraseology and orthography of the sturdy Governor himself. Here is a veritable History of Plymouth. Here is no glamour of romance to hide the rugged facts set down in a few terse sentences, as though even the ink-horn was well-nigh empty with the pinching poverty, and the fingers too stiff with cold to guide the wretched pen. These ancient pages, with the cramped, crowded writing, economizing every inch of the miserable paper, clumsily enclosed within the rude leathern lids, are wondrously unlike the pompous volumes of modern record, with massive paneled covers and grand Russia-leather backs all brave with gilding; the perfect paper carefully ruled and paged within, over whose smooth surface, with more than liberal margin, the engrossing clerk of to-day spreads with many a flourish and vast waste of ink, the verbose tiresomeness of deeds or mortgages or the long-winded "proceedings" of Honorable Boards.

But returning to the "Narragansett Country;" curious among these Newport records of forgotten dealings and doings are the deeds of the Indian Chiefs, conveying to certain colonists all "ryte or tytel appertayneing" to various islands in Narragansett Bay, for sums whose diminutiveness would incline us to believe our ancestors were disposed to cheat the poor Indian, but that we recall his extensive estates, and the comparative insignificance of an island or so more or less. And further it may be said, a very little money—good broad silver pieces—went a great way in those days (to say nothing of glass beads, red cloth, and "Tower" muskets), while real-estate dealings were neither complicated nor expensive, for Real Estate Agencies had not been invented. "Spelling bees" and phonetic reformers will find wide range among the orthographic vagaries in which the scribes used to revel, and people in a hurry can derive many useful hints in abbreviation. Though mighty "Cachanaqueant" signs one deed with a very well drawn bow-and-arrow, and dusky "Awashaws" makes his mark on another with a picture of a murderous looking war-club, yet it is evi-

dent from the documents themselves, that the composition is purely colonial.

As a transaction in real estate, the purchase and sale of these islands is unique. All are quite near Newport. One is "Goat Island," called by the Indians "Nante Sinunk," now owned by the United States and occupied as the Navy Torpedo Station; another is "Coaster's Harbor Island," the Indian name of which was "Weenat-Shasitt," now owned by the City of Newport, and on which is the poorhouse and farm; the last is "Dyer's Island," a little further up the Bay, and directly west of Portsmouth Grove, where, during the War of the Rebellion, stood the great General Hospital for our soldiery.

The Indian title was vested solely in the chiefs, it appears, for it is "Cachanaqueant, a Chief Sachem of the Indians of Narragansett Bay and country," who personally sells to Benedict Arnold and John Greene these three beautiful spots for the sum total of £6 10s. It was a private speculation too, on the part of the colonists, though Benedict Arnold was the Governor, or rather "President," of the town.

How quaint the wording of the deed wherein the old chief is made to say, he "doe hereby sell and resign up all the ryte, title and possession . . . for the proper benefit and behoof of y<sup>e</sup> aforesamed . . . for them and their heyres . . . quietly to enjoy forever, together with all benefits, priviledges, profits, comodities and appurtenances to y<sup>e</sup> say<sup>d</sup> islands appertayneing" . . . and there is cautiously added ". . . also y<sup>e</sup> say<sup>d</sup> persons shall not, nor any of their heyres, be molested in y<sup>e</sup> use of y<sup>e</sup> say<sup>d</sup> islands by any Indians on any clayms or pretenses whatsoever." This was in 1658.

Fourteen years elapsed, when the town desired to acquire the ownership of two of these, "Goat," and "Coaster's Harbor" Island. So it is recorded that John Greene, in furtherance of this, generously agreed to surrender all his rights to the property to Benedict Arnold provided "y<sup>e</sup> say<sup>d</sup> Town of Newport will pay him (Arnold) ten pounds in current pay, for the six pounds and ten shillings, wch he disbursed fourteen yeares agone on y<sup>e</sup> accopt" (on that account). This is dated May 27th, 1672. A year before this a "Town order" was made, appointing what we would now call "a committee of three," to "treat with the Governor about the same, that so he may not incur damage by any kinckness he intended to do for this town, . . . and the persons are desired to return what may be transacted in the behalf to the next quarter meeting."

This momentous question, involving an expenditure of £10 from the Town treasury, must have seriously agitated the community for two years, for we find that on the 30th of April, 1673, the committee and the Governor had not yet agreed; so another "Town order" was issued, adding three more to the committee, with the following final instructions, as though the public mind sought rest: that "what all or the major part of them shall do as in order to the premises, shall be as authentick as if done by the town." This brought matters to a crisis, for the very next day the victorious majority make their report, having closed the bargain with the Governor. They examine his title with the bow-and-arrow signatures, and find it clear; but they see too that the first cost of all three islands was but "six pun ten," while the

Governor talks of £10 for two of them. So with praiseworthy economy, coupled with a loyal desire to recognize his Excellency's price, and yet not exactly pay it, the bargain is finally struck "... for, and in consideration of ten pounds in country pay, or six pounds, ten shillings in New England money," the former probably meaning corn, pumpkins, or other products of the soil, the latter the necessary number of silver shillings. But it was just now planting-time, so the day of payment was prudently deferred till after harvest; while, strangest of all, the committee went personal bonds for the Town, pledging, if not their "lives," at least "their fortunes and sacred honor." These are the words of this famous bond: "... We ... above named, do in the Town behalf ... jointly and severally engage ourselves, our executors and administrators, to pay, or cause to be paid, the sum of ten pounds, at or before the tenth day of November now next ensuing the date hereof."

The crops must have failed, or money grown scarcer, for harvest came but no corn, and no £6 10s.; but three years after there is appended to this quaint record this still more quaint receipt.

"Memorandum. The contents of this bill are received y<sup>e</sup> first day of May, 1676.

per me, Benedict Arnold, Senior."

Who shall say in these latter days, wherein we talk so flippanantly of millions, while public and corporate funds in the hands of Tweeds and Fisks are flung right and left like booty snatched in a sacked city, that there are not wholesome lessons to be learned from a musty record showing the scrupulous care with which our forefathers spent £10 of the people's money?

J. A. JUDSON.

That Coaster's Harbor Island was ever used for any purpose beyond the good one it now serves so well as a comfortable home for the poor, does not appear. During the last war, when the enemy's lines were uncomfortably near Annapolis, the Government removed the Naval Academy to Newport, and while the "Atlantic House" (now no more) was being prepared to receive the sailor boys, the school was temporarily thrust into Fort Adams. By-and-by the hotel was ready, and then Goat Island was often used for a drill ground. Efforts were made to induce the Government to establish the Academy permanently on Coaster's Harbor Island, but for some reason the scheme came to naught, and after a while the Academic buildings at Annapolis were reoccupied.

As for Goat Island, it was early a place of military importance; the fortifications here and on Rose Island, together with the works on the site of the present "Fort Adams," "Fort Greene," on Rhode Island, and the Round Tower on Conanicut Island, known at various times as "Fort Louis," "Fort Brown," and "Fort Dumplings," constituting the defences of Newport.

"A fort was built on Goat Island," the records say, "prior to 1700," probably during the reign of William and Mary. What name it bore in those days tradition saith not; but when "good Queen Anne" came to the throne, the colonists loyally named their stronghold "Fort Anne." But, "The King is dead, long live the King!" no sooner was Anne gathered to her fathers, and George I. reigned in her stead,

than the colonists held another christening and named it "Fort George." Now, they had a comfortable time of it for sixty years, for no one could tell which George they intended to honor. When the events of a hundred years ago made it no longer possible to honor any George who could be meant, some one named it "Fort Wolcott," a name that has proved so good, whatever its origin, it has outlasted the Fort itself.

It must have been rebuilt several times. Probably the first was little more than a heavy stockade, built in the excitement of the French and Indian Wars, and such was generally employed for defence against Indians. Perhaps it was strengthened later, and it was undoubtedly superseded by a masonry work of some pretensions. In the "Redwood Library" in Newport may be seen a queer old painting on a panel, lately removed from the wainscot of an ancient house, entitled "Fort George," in which is shown in the foreground a stone fort flying the British flag, and full-rigged British men-of-war close by, while the town of Newport dots the gentle slope in the distance.

The right to the site of the Fort has long been vested in the Government; but it was not until 1799 that the United States acquired the remainder of the Island by a payment to the town of fifteen hundred dollars, quite an advance on the original half of £6 10s.

Again the fort was remodelled, this time during or after the Revolution, and was regularly maintained as a garrisoned military post until the completion of Fort Adams in 1841, when the troops were transferred thither, and its days as a fortification, in strict military sense, were ended. For its time, it must have been a formidable work, for in 1841 its armament consisted of no less than thirty-four twenty-four pounders; seven eight-inch howitzers, and two ten-inch mortars, which meant war then, but now only so much old iron at half a cent a pound.

Since the Navy Department has occupied Goat Island for its torpedo station, it has been so altered and beautified that it is now one of the most attractive spots in all Narragansett Bay. The remains of the old fort, however, are well preserved. It is an earthwork of comparatively strong profile, riveted with a masonry breast-height wall, and provided with two or three stone magazines. Over the sallyport was a ruinous arch, lately repaired, and from one of the bastions, down a winding staircase, leads an underground arched passage-way, that debouches on the west shore, no doubt intended to facilitate succor in case of investment, and to afford exit to night sorties in boats.

From 1841 down to the Naval occupation in 1868 or '69, Goat Island was a desolate place enough. There was a miserable tumbledown wharf at which one landed at the risk of his neck; a few old cannons rusting their useless lives away, while birds made nests in their silent muzzles; a shed or two in the last stages of decay; and an old barrack that leaked like a sieve, in one end of which lived a still older Ordnance Sergeant, whose ostensible duty it was to take care of these same guns, but who, in reality, was generously given this quiet retreat in which to peacefully end his days.

Sergeant — had been for sixty years a soldier in the army of the United States, and before that even had been a drummer-boy in the British service, and must have been



fully eighty years of age when he died. Notwithstanding his garrulousness, the talk of this pleasant old man was entertaining beyond measure, as he

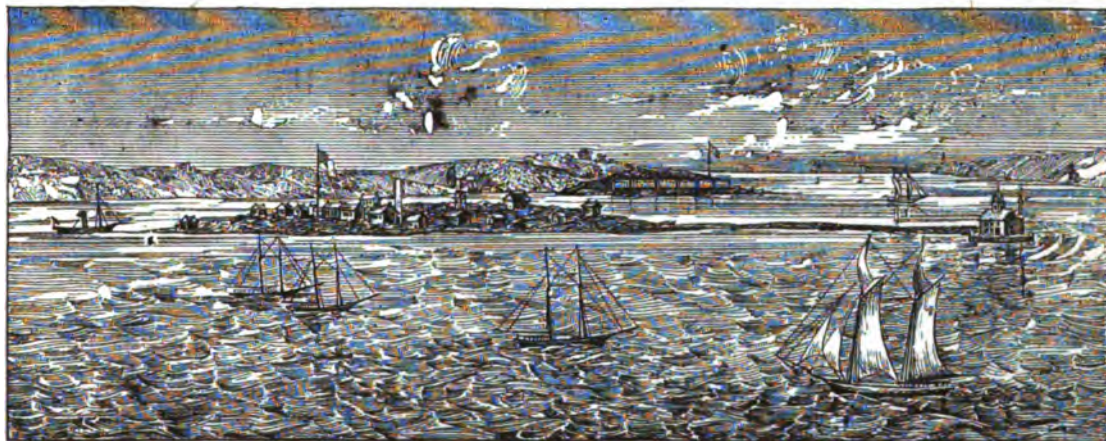
"Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won."

His memory was singularly exact, and all the events of his life he was wont to recount to any willing listener. When he talked of the *personnel* of the army to one familiar with its history, it was as a voice from "the other side." The famous Generals of the last war, on both sides, he remembered as youngsters, while the war of 1812 and the Mexican war were to him affairs of yesterday. It is doubtful if he realized the magnitude of the war of the Rebellion for allusions to its terrible and stupendous battles, as "Gettysburg" or "The Wilderness," called forth only passing

esting or comforting; but then there have been people who held it an honor to be even cursed by a King.

Surrounded by his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, the old man passed away, and the twenty-four pounders were without a guard. J. A. JUDSON.

During war times, we became so accustomed to uniforms that, especially in cities near the seat of war, a man in the plain clothes of a civilian was much more conspicuous than one in "soger clothes." But, say forty years ago, it was quite different; an officer clad in the full and showy uniform of the time being a brilliant object on the village street of a sunny day. In some countries officers ~~are~~ required to wear uniform and side-arms on all occasions; but in England and in this country it has never been customary, officers off duty, or on



UNITED STATES NAVAL TORPEDO STATION, GOAT ISLAND, NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, IN 1878.

With Fort Adams and the Ocean in the distance.

comment, while his heart was far away at Lundy's Lane and Chippewa, or Chapultepec and Mexico.

It was when General Scott's name was mentioned that the old soldier became thoroughly roused. He was an enormous man, fully as large and much the same figure as the General himself, and it is suspected he was not unconscious of the resemblance. For many years he had been "Orderly" to General Scott, and no doubt they were strongly attached. Once upon a time, the General, while in Newport, went over to Goat Island purposely to call on the Sergeant, and the good old man lived upon that memory until the end. Considering the General's character, it was certainly no small condescension on his part, while to the Sergeant it was the highest honor that could be paid him. It was good to see him while he told the simple story. Forgetting the weight of years, and drawing himself up to his full height of at least six feet three, he was wont proudly to say: "General Scott called on me here one day, sir! He took me by the hand and said, 'Sergeant —, I am very glad to see you.' And then he sat in that very chair where you are now sitting, sir, and talked to me for an hour, sir."

Certainly, no one but the old soldier could find much in such a commonplace interview either remarkable or inter-

detached service away from troops, usually appearing in clothes like other people; "cits," as our army call the costume; "mufti," as the English have it.

It is related that years ago, some queer old officer was in command at Fort Walcott, who, every fair morning in summer, directly after "guard-mount," stepped into his six-oared barge and had himself rowed to Long Wharf, when, clad in the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war," with flowing plume, glittering epaulettes, flashing aiguillette and clanking sabre, in solitary grandeur, he deliberately marched up "Long Wharf," through "Thames street," thence to "Back" (now Spring) street, up that to the State House, and down through "Washington Square" and "Long Wharf" to his boat, and so back to Goat Island.

The gentleman who is the authority for this was a boy at the time, and says he vividly remembers how himself and his boy friends used daily to watch and wait for this gorgeous warrior, and, boylike, untiringly follow his every step, mimicing his every motion, and so far as their means and ingenuity would admit, every detail of his costume also. What boy could resist the temptation when he

"The walk, the words, the gesture could supply,  
The habit mimic, and the mien belie?"

Like many another, this old officer thought, no doubt, that "the clothes made the man." In his case there might have been something in it. Perhaps he had not studied "Sartor Resartus" to advantage, nor seen the hideous vision of Carlyle, a declothed court and a disrobed King, or a "naked House of Lords." If he was ever tempted to cut his throat because, with the superlatively lazy man, he was "tired of buttoning and unbuttoning," then while he could endure it, the contemplation of buttons and bullion must have been his chief solace.

But the other old soldier, who lived for memories and not for uniforms, would never have exchanged the recollection of General Scott's visit for all the epaulettes and orders in the world.

J. A. JUDSON.

**Charles Peale Polk and his Picture of Washington.**—In the May MONTHLY, 1878, Mr. W. H. Polk replies to my queries in the MONTHLY for June, 1876, concerning the artist, Charles Peale Polk, and his picture of Washington, by saying that the portrait was no doubt painted after the artist had grown to manhood. We now learn that the portrait was not an original one, but a copy from another, made long after the days of Washington at Valley Forge, and from reading the various articles upon this subject, it will be seen that it was no fault of mine that I spoke of the picture in question as an *original*, painted at Valley Forge in 1778, for, in the notice of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, appearing on page 235 of the MONTHLY for March, 1876, and in the editorial on page 227 of the same, it is clearly stated that "Charles Polk" did paint, *at Valley Forge*, an original picture of Washington, now in possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Mr. Polk should therefore express no surprise at my surprise on learning from him that, in the days of Washington at Valley Forge, the artist was only twelve years of age.

Charles Peale Polk was a fine artist. This I learn from my observations of his original portraits of the father and mother of President Madison, painted by him in 1799; and if it is true that he did, at any time, paint an original picture of Washington, the fact should be known. If he did not paint an original at an actual sitting, it would be interesting to know from what picture he copied, and when he did it. If the artist painted a *picture of Washington at Valley Forge*, it is quite a different thing from painting, *at Valley Forge*, a picture of Washington, and writers on the subject of pictures should be careful to observe this difference. Mr. Polk painted, also, a life-size picture of Jefferson, which, a few years ago, was misplaced or stolen in Baltimore, and cannot be recovered by the owner.

Will Mr. Polk please furnish your readers with an historical account of the different paintings made by his distinguished relative, and especially of his picture of Washington?

W. T. R. SAFFELL.

**Which was It?**—A correspondent writes us to the effect that a friend and himself have had a controversy, which has terminated, as such things usually do, in a wager, and that we have been selected to settle the dispute between them. The subject of their dispute appears to be, the manner of Washington's crossing the Delaware on the eve of the Battle of Trenton, whether by fording the stream or in boats?

General W. W. H. Davis, in his "History of Bucks County," page 629, and who is very excellent authority, having given the subject the most thorough research, states that "The troops left their camps about 3 P.M. the afternoon of the 25th of December, and late in the day reached the place of rendezvous, at the mouth of Knowle's Creek, where the crossing was to be made, and near which a house still stands which shows marks of its occupancy by the soldiers on this memorable occasion. The morning was clear and cold, but the night set in stormy with sleet; it commenced to snow about eleven, and the river ran strong with ice. At 6 P.M. Washington wrote Cadwalader that, as the night 'is favorable,' he was determined to 'cross the river and make the attack on Trenton in the morning.' Wilkinson, who joined the army on the bank of the river, tracked the men by the blood from their feet on the frozen ground. During the day Lieutenant Monroe, with a piece of artillery, was sent across the river to the Pennington road, but joined the army in its march to Trenton next morning. The troops commenced crossing about sunset, and it was three in the morning before they were all over with the artillery. Washington called Captain Blount *to take the helm of the first boat*, and James Slack, a young man of twenty, son of Abraham Slack, who lived a mile above Yardleyville, William Green and David Lanning, *all acquainted with boats, assisted to ferry the army across.*"

The words we have *italicised* in the above extract, in our opinion conclusively settle the question, and fully corroborate what has always been our impression of this matter.—ED.

**Anniversary Centennial at Valley Forge.**—On the 19th day of June, 1878, the patriotic citizens of Chester, Montgomery, and surrounding counties of Pennsylvania, will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the departure of the American army from their camp at this now historic spot. The arrangements have been made upon an extensive scale, and will no doubt prove a fitting commemoration of the hardships and privations endured by our brave forefathers during the long and severe winter of 1777-78.

The programme contemplates an encampment of the Pennsylvania military; a grand review and inspection by the Governor and staff; an oration by Henry Armitt Brown, Esq., of Philadelphia, and a poem written for the occasion by a lady, a native of Montgomery County, we understand.

A project has also been inaugurated, with a view to the purchase of the property used by General Washington as his headquarters, and for which purpose a committee of ladies has been appointed, with Mrs. Holstein as Regent. The object is a laudable one, and should meet with success, as we have no doubt it will, since the matter is in most excellent hands. The price asked for the property is but a moderate sum, and the well-known liberality and patriotism of the "old Pennsylvania line," we know, will not let the matter prove a failure.

While the matter assumes as yet a home interest only, we deem it appropriate that a national interest should be accorded it, and that the patriotic of our nation should come forward with their contributions, however trifling, and thereby attest a nation's gratitude and love of veneration for its heroic defenders in its darkest hours.

## CURRENT MEMORANDA.

**The Eastern Question.**—The war-cloud has waxed and waned with its accustomed regularity during the past month. One day the news has been pacific, and the next extremely warlike. There has been about the usual amount of talk, and a little more than the ordinary activity in the preparations for war—especially by England. German mediation has been regarded as one of the probabilities; but a hitch is reported, as Germany only proposes a modification of the treaties of 1856 and 1871, a proposition satisfactory to Russia, but not to England, which adheres to its original terms. The complication between Russia and Roumania is growing more marked every day, and serious consequences are probable. Both Russian and Roumanian armies are concentrating at strategical points, so that if a conflict does break out they may be prepared. The very latest—Bismarck and Gortschakoff drawn off the field of diplomacy, both, oh! so sick!

**Still in Doubt.**—The aeronaut, Henry Carey Baird, nephew of that eminent political economist Henry C. Carey, who made such a successful ascension before the Currency and Banking Committee at Washington, D. C., some days ago, has not yet been heard from, and fears are entertained by his friends that his "balloon" may have collapsed! Various theories are suggested by his friends as to the causes which may detain him in the lofty regions—one of which is that his one billion dollars of paper currency is too light a ballast for the ethereal gas that is constantly freighting his balloon, and that, owing to the absence of the Committee, there is no one "to choke off the flow." May he not have gone after the millennium, which he so strongly prophesied as the result of his grand financial scheme? We should like to have the views of Hendrick B. Wright, that other expert balloonist.

**Resumption.**—The only thing that keeps gold from going to par, or, to put it properly, that keeps greenbacks from rising to par with gold, is the bare possibility that Congress may do something that shall disconcert Secretary Sherman's plans for resumption when the new year comes in. The one thing for Congress to do about resumption is simply to do nothing, and the sooner the country can be assured that this will be its course, the better it will be for all concerned. It is an open question with us, anyhow, whether it had not better adjourn, for the good of the country at large!

**The Brooklyn Scandal.**—We are extremely gratified to find that there are at least some of our cotemporaries that have the nerve and the manliness to treat this subject as it deserves. We heartily echo the sentiments as expressed by one of the most influential publications in this country, and also ask: What is there about Mrs. Tilton and her case that gives her the right to parade her private matters before the public with such unblushing effrontery? Three or four times has she hurried into print with statements which did

not concern the men and women of the United States any more than they did the king of the Cannibal Islands.

We know not and care not whether her manifold tales are worthy of credibility or not; we only know that when she comes before the public with a foul tale of guilt and iniquity, and excuses herself for so doing on the ground of an awakened conscience, it would have been quite as possible for her to seek repentance and make atonement in a more modest and less offensive way. Whatever her degree of guilt, pure women have no desire to have the shameless story forever thrust under their notice. She is to them just what thousands of other women are whose wrong-doing is never paraded before the public. If she really is the vile being she stands self-confessed, it would be far more becoming, far more sensible, and far more conducive to public morality to hide her guilty head out of public sight than to be thrusting it before people whose very womanhood is shamed by her infamous recitals. To come before the public as she has done, under the plea of humbling herself and confessing penitence for her admitted baseness, is hardly the way a truly penitent sinner would choose. These ends could all be more effectually reached by a less ostentatious course, and the cause of public morality be more effectually subserved thereby.

**Black and Belknap.**—Judge Black having brought suit against Ex-Secretary Belknap for five thousand dollars counsel fees in his trial for impeachment, is reported as having said a very sharp thing about Washington. Some one asked him how he could conscientiously defend a self-confessed criminal. He replied, that "there were only two ways for a man to make a living in Washington, one by robbing the Government, and the other by defending them when caught." If Judge Black fails in his suit, he may reach the conclusion that a living cannot be made at defending the rogues when caught. Belknap is the man who proposed Mr. Chandler as Secretary of the Interior. Zack came down handsomely to pull Babcock out of the penitentiary. Chandler enjoys the great privilege of being the only man in Grant's Cabinet who was not suspected of thieving, and he is indebted to Belknap for that honor.

**William M. Evarts, Jr.,** a son of Secretary Evarts, died at the residence of his father, in Washington, on Friday, April 26th, aged twenty-seven years. His death was caused by consumption, which had been preying on him for two years. Mr. Evarts was one of the eldest of the eleven children of Secretary Evarts, and closely resembled his distinguished father in his personal appearance. He entered Yale College in 1867, and after remaining there two years he went to Harvard, where he was graduated in the class of 1872. He was a great favorite with his classmates, and was especially beloved for his frank and generous nature, his chivalrous spirit, and his warm sympathies. After graduation his health forbade his beginning the study of the law,

for which he possessed great aptness, and he became connected with a tea house in China, whither he subsequently went. Here the symptoms of consumption began to manifest themselves after a time, and at last he was compelled to relinquish his post and return to this country. He sought refuge in Southern California, with the hope of prolonging his life; but it was all in vain, and he failed so rapidly that his parents were summoned West to meet him, lest he should die before seeing them. He was brought to Washington, and continued to grow feebler until death relieved him.

**S. Angier Chace**, who defaulted to the amount of half a million dollars, has been committed to the Taunton jail, not being able to furnish bail in the sum of three hundred thousand dollars for appearance in the Superior Court. An effort will be made, it is said, to secure his discharge, when the case comes up, on the ground that Chace did not commit what the law defines as an embezzlement; that he was authorized by the directors to use the corporation's name in raising money, and that there had been no loss to the corporation up to the time of his arrest. This plan may succeed; but for the sake of honesty and justice we hope not. To see this man go free while the directors who believed him honest and trustworthy are ruined by his dishonesty and breach of trust, would be a sad commentary on American justice.

**The English Labor Strike.**—A great strike has broken out in the Lancashire, England, cotton district. The "masters," as the employers are termed, have reduced wages, and the employes, to the number of many thousand, have stopped work in consequence. The strike is practically universal,

forty thousand operatives being out at Blackburn alone. It is to be regretted that it has occurred, as no good whatever will result from it.

**A Golden Wedding.**—Justice and Mrs. Clifford celebrated their golden wedding in their own characteristic way of doing things. On the 20th of March, after a quiet dinner at their hotel, they took a long drive together, talking of the happy day of fifty years ago, and all the blessings that had been theirs, among which could be numbered uninterrupted confidence and fidelity toward each other. Such a retrospection is worth more than all the gold and silver this world holds, for no value could purchase it.

**Wedding in High Life.**—It is announced, that a niece of Mrs. Hayes, Miss Lucy MacFarland, is shortly to marry Eric Bergland, Lieutenant of the Engineer Corps, a native of Sweden, a graduate of West Point, and recently a candidate for the Professorship of Mathematics made vacant by the death of Professor Church, at West Point. Lieutenant Bass received the appointment, however, and Lieutenant Bergland is ordered there as instructor in Engineering. The wedding takes place at Lexington, Kentucky, and is to be an elegantly arranged affair.

**Fitz John Porter's case** is to be reopened, and he is to have the chance to vindicate his course, which he has so long sought. This is simple justice, since it is claimed that new evidence, not attainable at the time of his first trial, is to be produced which will put the case in a new light. Generals Schofield, Terry, and Getty, who are to compose the court, can certainly be trusted to do justice in the matter.

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## LITERATURE AND ART.

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**The New Rocky Mountain Tourist, Arkansas Valley and San Juan Guide.**—Through the kindness of W. F. White, Esq., the gentlemanly and courteous General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, we have been favored with a copy of this most excellent work. We have seen a great many very finely arranged and profusely illustrated route books in our time and day, but never anything to compare with this in point of usefulness, artistic finish, and beauty of illustrations. For the convenience of all interested, intently or casually, in the glorious expanse of country between the Missouri and the great Continental Divide, we observe the new Tourist has been arranged into chapters, to which reference can readily be made for such particular information as may be desired. The agriculturist and economist, interested in the development of the greatest grain section on the Continent, will find in the chapter on Kansas such official figures from national and State authorities, as cannot but occasion profound surprise. The capitalist looking for in-

vestment, will learn much of great value in the chapter on wheat-raising, while the chapters assigned to the wool-growing and cattle-raising interests, must impress all with their point and force. To the tourist, seeking only the pleasures of a jaunt in the Rocky Mountains, the series of the chapters devoted to the resorts, the sublime scenes and exhilarating surroundings, will prove of unending attraction. The invalid seeking new life for the lungs, by careful perusal of the chapter on climate will learn of the ailments most benefited by sojourn in the Mountains, and also discover much of interest and importance in the chapters giving location, character and extent of the leading mineral springs of Colorado. With the return of silver to its original standard of value, and the constantly decreasing supply of gold in the former great gold regions of the world, the facts of the development of the as yet barely opened districts of the San Juan country, as set forth in the chapters devoted to the gold- and silver-mining interests, must impress capitalists and miner alike with the unparalleled richness of all that vast section of mineral

wealth in Southern Colorado. To the devotee to gun and rod, as well as to the amateur, the chapters on hunting in Kansas, and hunting and fishing in Colorado, will be almost an actual realization of the glorious sport pictured, and cannot but tempt many to brief or extended rambles in fields where game is so abundant and variety so exciting.

**Francatelli's Modern Cook Book, a Practical Guide to the Culinary Art in all its Branches**, by CHARLES ELMER FRANCATELLI, Pupil to the celebrated Carême, and late Maitre d'Hotel and Chief Cook to Her Majesty, Victoria, the Queen of England, is the title of a new publication received from the Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of this city. It is a reprint from the ninth London edition, revised and enlarged, and comprises, in addition to English cookery, the most approved and recherché system of all kinds of French, Italian, and German cookery; contains sixty-two illustrations of various dishes, and some fourteen hundred and sixty-two recipes; is in one large royal octavo volume of six hundred pages, printed on the finest tinted paper, strongly bound, and forms the largest and most complete work on this subject ever published. It is admirably adapted for use in hotels, restaurants, eating and boarding-houses, and in fact wherever extensive cooking is required, while at the same time every family can profitably study it, and learn to cook all things as they should be cooked. The price is but five dollars, and the work can be obtained of any bookseller, or from the publishers direct, on remitting the price.

**The Matchmaker, a Society Novel**, by BEATRICE REYNOLDS, is the eighteenth volume of the "Dollar Series," an advance copy of which has just been received by us from the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers. In style and merit it is in keeping with the preceding volumes of the "Series," and must become equally popular. It is charmingly written, and the incidents are happily portrayed by the author. We heartily commend it to all lovers of fiction.

**The American Almanac and Treasury of Facts, Statistical, Financial and Political, for the year 1878**, by AINSWORTH R. SPOFFORD, Librarian of Congress.—We acknowledge ourselves placed under very many obligations to the publishers of this truly valuable work for the copy forwarded us. We cheerfully coincide with the universal estimate placed upon it, and commend it to the attention of our readers as the most complete, comprehensive, and reliable compilation of its character ever issued, and wholly invaluable as a work of reference in national statistics. Price \$1.50, and for sale by the American News Company.

**Fairy Legends.**—It is said that writing fairy stories and nursery rhymes is among the lost arts. Many of those now current were probably told or chanted to their children by the mothers of the Aryan race, beside the river Indus, centuries before Cheops built his great pyramid, or Moses led the Israelites into the desert of Sinai. Most children have heard how the lion and the unicorn fought for the crown. In an ancient Egyptian papyrus, in the British Museum,

there appears the identical lion and unicorn engaged in a friendly contention for the victory in a game of draughts or checkers. In like manner other nonsense verses may be found to come of ancient lineage, and to be traceable to very unexpected origins. Among many so-called writers of fairy stories in modern times, many have done little else than collect the legends current among the peasantry, and have published them with the addition of a small amount of literary polish. The following fairy story, if its claim to newness is not unfounded, refutes the charge that authors have forgotten how to write such tales, as in ingenuity and delicate fancy it will compare with its older brethren. It appeared in one of the Paris almanacs, and is signed *La Voulaye*: A lazy girl, who liked to live in comfort and do nothing, asked her fairy godmother to give her a good genius to do everything for her. On the instant the fairy called ten dwarfs, who dressed and washed the little girl and combed her hair, and fed her, and so on. All was done so nicely that she was happy, except for the thought that they would go away. "To prevent that," said the godmother, "I will place them permanently in your ten pretty little fingers." And they are there yet.

**A Laudable Enterprise.**—The Smithsonian Institute proposes to publish an exhaustive work on American Archaeology, with numerous illustrations. It will be accompanied by a series of maps, exhibiting by appropriate signs and colors the localities and distinctive characteristics of ancient mounds and earthworks; shell-heaps; cave and cliff-dwellings; masonry; sculptured slabs or carved images; inscriptions and rock paintings; graves and cemeteries; aboriginal quarries and salt works; caches or deposits of objects in large quantities; workshops or places of ancient aboriginal industry; ancient roads or trails; and reservoirs and aqueducts, and it has issued a circular requesting all persons who have knowledge on any of the above subjects to aid in this great work by giving information of the same to the compiler of the volume. We are glad that the Smithsonian Institute has decided to add another and a complete work on this subject, for though the mysteries of the pre-historic ages of our continent may never be solved, yet the only possible way of even approaching that solution, is to gather up all the attainable facts in the case and have them ready for future use. For this purpose the Institute wishes to obtain copies of all books, memoirs, pamphlets, extracts from periodicals, and newspaper clippings having any relation whatever to American archaeology. It also desires to be informed of the locality of all collections of American antiquities, however small, whether in private hands or in public museums. Special information concerning these collections, the number and character of the most perfect and choice specimens, together with photographs, tracings, or other drawings of the same, will also be valuable, and may enable the Institution to publish a directory of all the archaeological collections in the United States. It is to be hoped that all those who can in any manner answer this call will cheerfully do so in order to make the forthcoming work as nearly perfect as possible.



## GOSSIP AND NOTE BOOK.

It behooves our friends of the "Square and Compass" to take warning from the fate that befell one of their number, and in future dispense with the services of an assistant in "keeping the minits" of their meetings. The unfortunate hails from the Southwest, and it is narrated that a few days ago, a dark cloud was observed hovering over his despondent brow.

"What's the matter, Uncle Mose?" asked a friend.

He shook his head as if he had nothing left to live for, and said:

"Ise in a peck of trouble. De Lord knows where dis beah is gwine to end. I'se done gib it up."

"What is the trouble about?"

After several sighs which seemed to come up from the bottom of his boots, he explained that he was the Secretary of the local colored Lodge of Free Masons; that he was the custodian of the books; that for keeping the books he was paid by the Lodge ten dollars a month; that every Saturday night, after the Lodge was over, he carried the books home, and turned them over to the "ole 'ooman, Aunt Dinah," for safe-keeping, and she stowed them away in her trunk, "along wid her 'fishal flowers, and fedders, and finery, and sich." He also stated that he had forgotten to mention to Aunt Dinah that he was receiving ten dollars a month for keeping the books, and he had uniformly forgotten to turn over to her the aforesaid ten dollars, but had squandered the same for his own little personal expenses; that some unknown demon had informed Dinah that old Mose was getting ten dollars for keeping the books, and consequently, when he remarked the other evening that it was time for him to go to the Lodge, and requested her to hand him out the books, instead of doing so she sat down on the trunk, and positively refused to turn over the documents until he paid over the ten dollars. When he told her the ten dollars were his for keeping the books, she retorted; "Who's been keepin' dem ar books? Hasn't I been keepin' de books in de trunk all de time? Han' out dem funds wat's comin' to me for keepin' de books."

"What did you tell her, Mose?"

"I tole her I wanted dem books to keep de minits in, dat she didn't know how to keep de books; but she 'lowed she was gwine to show me she knowed how to keep de books, and foah God! she is keepin' dem. De Lodge has pinte a committee to investigate my accounts, and dar she is, squatting on de trunk holdin' out her han' for de ten dollars I'se done spent. Doesn' yer know somebody who wants ten dollars wuff of whitewashin' done in advance?"

"Trying it On."—A plainly dressed man recently entered one of the numerous saloons in the vicinity of the Pennsylvania Railroad depot, in West Philadelphia, and requested the bartender to show him some samples of his best liquor. That functionary produced various brands, and the customer, critically tasting each in turn, finally made his

choice, and asked that several gallons be put up for him. He then informed the dealer that he was a dairyman, and that his wife and hired man had gone into the city with the wagon. As soon as she returned he would pay for what he had ordered. Would the bartender please put the demijohn under the counter while he awaited the lady's arrival?

The stranger took a seat and read the paper, but after the lapse of some minutes he coughed and remarked that the day was warm, and as the article of liquor was an uncommonly good one, he'd like to be favored with a little of his own. The demijohn was produced, and though the observant eye of the Boniface noticed the exceeding fullness of the glass, he naturally thought as it was to all practical purposes his customer's, he had a right to drink as much of it as he pleased.

The morning went on, and the operation was repeated again and again, until his movements towards the bar were marked by considerable uncertainty. Finally, when near noon, and the wife had not yet arrived, whereas the demijohn was one-third empty, he fell under the table, "tight" to speechlessness.

Then the suspicion that he had been victimized struck the bartender very forcibly, and gathering up the swindler by the collar, he administered sufficient castigation to bring him to consciousness. His worst dread, on second thought, was that his neighbors and rivals would hear of it, and have the laugh on him. To guard against this latter he offered the fellow the rest of the liquor and a dollar to boot if he would successfully play the same trick on his enemy across the street.

"I'm only too willing to oblige you, sir," was the bummer's reply, "but I did play it on him yesterday, and he made the same offer to try it on you."

## Old Love Letters.

She held the letters in her fair, white hand,  
And tears were in her eyes.  
As each dim line she closely, fondly scanned,  
Her soul seemed in her sighs.

What were her thoughts? Of maiden visions passed?  
Of young love dead in birth?  
Of dreams and hopes by Time's rude hand o'ercast,  
The Life now dead to Earth?

Nay! Not *these* the reasons of the woe  
That bears such Dead Sea fruit;  
'Mid all he wrote there's naught on which to base  
*A break-of-promise suit.*

On his marriage an English pugilist foreswore the ring and fighting forever. In accounting afterwards to people why his bills for arnica and linen bandages were so large, he used to say that when he made the promise, he had failed to notice that his wife was possessed of red hair.

**He Wanted to be Sure.**—He was a bummer, and certainly did not present a very imposing appearance as he sat in the corner with his head against the bar. Perhaps his lack of style may have been the reason why the other fellows seated around on the barrels spat tobacco juice over him, and made his head a target for cracker-crumbs and "quids."

This pastime, however, did not prevent their discussing the European war probabilities in their fullest extent. In fact, it seemed to add to the strength of the argumentative points they made when one hit him on the flaming nose, or struck with the expectorative stream a spot on the blue overalls, till then untouched. The better class of intellects is always thus able to combine solid usefulness with rational amusement.

They had reached that point where the likelihood of England's accepting the Congress was furiously mooted. But what the San Stefano treaty had to do with the dirty tall man throwing the larger half of a dried herring at the tramp, it would be hard to say. Still he stated he was not so sure about Britain's action, and landed the fish over the slumberer's head at the same time. The latter proceeding waked him, and he rose and shook himself together, beaming like a muddy sun behind a ruddy morning, on the aggressive debater.

It was done rather quickly, and the dirty tall man got one over the eye that sent him head foremost into the spittoon, while his most determined opponent who held out for the Russians all along, received a kick in the latitude of his waist that bent him double. Next, as though he had forgotten something he ought to remember, he cracked the two fellows on the skid back of the ear, and gave the bartender a shot in the neck that brought him under the counter.

It was over so soon that nobody seemed to know what caused the earthquake, and as the bummer left, he remarked:

"Dried herring and crackers are bad for the health, boys, but there is nothing like being sure of England and this Russian war. All I want, you know, is to be sure."

**Taking Liberties.**—Depriving a people of their freedom.

In summer, when a young man who has been paying assiduous attention to a number of decoctions partly made up of frozen water, is seen to slip and slide considerably over the pavement, it would be an error of judgment to put the blame on the ice.

**Political economists and art-writers** fail to take a certain view of the present ceramic craze. The practical use, and even the aesthetics of lumbering the house with pottery, jars, vases, etc., may be questioned; but none can deny there is a splendid field for their prospective utilization in the way of ammunition, when the heads of the family or the subordinate members have a free fight.

**A legal conveyance**—the prison-van.

At most boarding-houses it is not always an interesting mental exercise for the boarder to attempt to ascertain whether the reason he ate so little at breakfast was due to the knives being so dull, or the beefsteak so tough.

**Didn't Understand English.**—The wits of Athens are responsible for this. On the recent visit of General and Mrs. Grant to Greece, the distinguished visitors were introduced to the king and queen. Said Mrs. Grant to a friend on her return from the palace: "Why was I told that the queen understood English so well? I made use to her Majesty of the word 'skedaddled,' and she seemed quite stumped."

**Transportation.**—Old Dr. S—, after reading an agricultural paper, resolved to raise a brood of Cochin Chinas, and when next he happened in the city, purchased a dozen eggs of the right stripe and had them carefully packed in a basket to take home with him. Before starting, however, he dropped in to see an old friend, a Market street merchant and considerable of a wag, who, upon learning of the Doctor's poultry scheme, diverted his attention, while he sent out his office boy to buy a dozen duck eggs, and which he substituted for the Cochin Chinas in the basket, unobserved by the Doctor.

The Doctor unsuspectingly returned home, set his hen, and patiently awaited the process of incubation.

The consternation of the Doctor may well be imagined, when the juvenile "ducks" with their quack! quack! quack! greeted him one morning.

It was never safe to talk upon the subject of chickens to him after that little episode.

**MORAL.**—Keep a sharp eye on all wags.

**The Little Scholar.**—A little scholar got mad at his schoolmaster, and when the latter laid down his arithmetic on the boy's bench to go for his rattan, the scholar put some carpet-tacks on the book. When the schoolmaster returned to whack him, he himself, suddenly struck by a deep thought, inadvertently sat down upon the tacks, to his great surprise.

**MORAL.**—The Government should make it a point not to put too much Tax on Education.

**The Value of Time.**—The Dey of Algiers once upon a time used to be so fond of his fellow-creatures, that he would go with his most intimate friends, called Corsairs, all over the sea to search for them and bring them home. On one occasion he attacked a merchantman who refused his invitation, but the latter made his escape. After his arrival at his residence, the merchantman, in company with a friend known as a Sixty-Gun Frigate, returned to pay back the Algerine's compliments. In the meantime the old Dey had died, and his son reigned in his stead. The merchantman accordingly fought and whipped him.

**MORAL.**—He who fights and runs away,  
May live to fight another day.

**A Disastrous Ghost Investigation.**—A man saw a ghost while walking along a lonely highway at midnight. The ghost stood exactly in the middle of the road, and the wayfarer, deciding to investigate, poked at it with his umbrella. The next instant he was knocked twenty feet into a mud-hole.

**MORAL.**—Never poke an umbrella at a large white male when its back is turned.

**His Best Friend.**—At one of the narrower entrances of the Cemetery Pere La Chaise, Paris, workmen were engaged in fixing the roadway. Their material lumbering each side made it impossible for more than one vehicle to pass at a time. An undertaker's carriage and a sober-looking gig met, and each driver refused to turn out for the other.

Frenchmen are frequently profane, and on this occasion the two Jehus excelled themselves, their respective passengers meanwhile swearing from their carriages and adding to the din. Finally, the undertaker's coachman caught his opponent's horse by the head, and forced him out of the way. He then led his own steed into the Cemetery.

The undertaker was gazing out triumphantly at the occupant of the gig, intent on enjoying his victory, but the moment he saw him his jaw fell and his face blanched. Tapping at the window for the driver to stop, he cried out:

"Mon Dieu! I am a ruined man. I have insulted my noblest, my best friend in the world. Stop, that I may apologize. My dearest, dearest friend."

Meanwhile, the gig had driven off.

"Who is it," asked the coachman. "The Marshal President? Their Excellencies of the Ministry? Chief of Police? Who?"

"*Sacre!* No! I am ruined! I am the most unfortunate of men! It is Doctor H—, my truest, dearest friend. Mon Dieu, I am ruined forevermore."

**It was Funny.**—"Confound them for tinkering at our currency," exclaimed a Detroit business man as he laid down his cigar and looked over the papers in his wallet. "A man steps in, buys goods of me, makes a few figures on a piece of paper, and lo! its value to me is three hundred dollars! I take it to the bank, write my name across the back, and they hand me out pieces of other paper called money. No coin to lug around—no base alloy to detract from beauty. I say that they should let the currency alone."

Half an hour after that he entered a bank, threw down the endorsed check and remarked to the cashier:

"I was just thinking how funny it is that a simple bit of paper like that has such intrinsic value."

"Yes, it is very funny," was the grim reply, "for the maker of that hasn't a cent on deposit here."

"Let us tinker the currency" is now the motto of that business man.

**They say in Washington,** and think it is a reproach to their wives, that the best broiled steak in the city can be had at a gambling-house. Bless you, that is no reproach to the women. They haven't the same facilities for getting their husbands so drunk they can't tell the difference between broiled steak and fried sole leather.

**How to Choose a Wife Musically.**—Young men, listen to the advice of the *St. Louis Journal*, and choose a wife by the music she plays, and the way she plays it. If she manifests a predilection for Strauss she is frivolous; for Beethoven, she is impractical; for Liszt, she is too ambitious; for Verdi, she is sentimental; for Offenbach, she is giddy; for Gounod, she is lackadaisical; for Gottschalk, she

is superficial; for Mozart, she is prudish; for Flotow, she is commonplace; for Wagner, she is idiotic. The girl who hammers away at "Maiden's Prayer," "Anvil Chorus" and "Silvery Waves," may be depended upon as a good cook, and healthful; and if she includes the "Battle of Prague" and the "White Cockade" in her repertory, you ought to know that she has been religiously and strictly nurtured. But, last of all, pin thou thy faith upon the calico dress of the girl who can play "Home, Sweet Home."

Horace Greeley was in an awful humor one day, writes an old attaché of the *Tribune*, when a young fellow, with all the flush of budding genius on his brow and an official paper in his hand, came in.

"Please give that to Mr. Greeley," he said, with a lofty air, thrusting his letter into my hand.

I complied with the request, and was told to "show the young whelp up, and be d— quick about it."

The "young whelp" had scarcely entered the room, when Greeley opened on him. The following dialogue ensued:

Greeley—"I see you want a place on my paper. What are your qualifications! How much newspaper work have you ever done?"

Stranger (taken aback and hesitating)—"I—that is—you see by my letter of introduction that I am a graduate of Cornell Univ—"

Greeley—"That's no recommendation here. What can you do? What do you know about journalism?"

Stranger—"I came from L—, where I have done some work on the local weekly. And by the way, I am well (I may say very well) acquainted with your brothers-in-law, the Messrs. ———."

Greeley—"Is that so? Well, then, if you want to know what I think of that, I must say that you know a couple of mighty mean men! Good morning, sir."

The young man left, I believe, with a distinct impression that his mission was not the revolutionizing of journals.

Let us do our duty in our shop, our kitchen, the market, the street, the office, the school, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in front of some great battle, and we knew that victory for mankind depended on our bravery, strength and skill. When we do that, the humblest of us will be serving in the great army which achieves the welfare of the world.

It is a singular coincidence that as often as O'Donovan Rossa's rent day comes around he raises a wildly enthusiastic appeal for contributions to the "skirmishing fund."

"What," asked Professor Miller of the smart bad boy in the history class, "what did the Pilgrim fathers first do after landing at Plymouth Rock?" "Licked a hackman," replied the smart bad boy, who went to Niagara with his parents, last vacation.

And still the work of conciliation goes bravely on. And we wonder, we would just like to know, when the President is alone, in bed, at night, in the dark, when there isn't a soul near him, and no one can see him, nor hear him, we would just like to know what he honestly thinks of his policy then.

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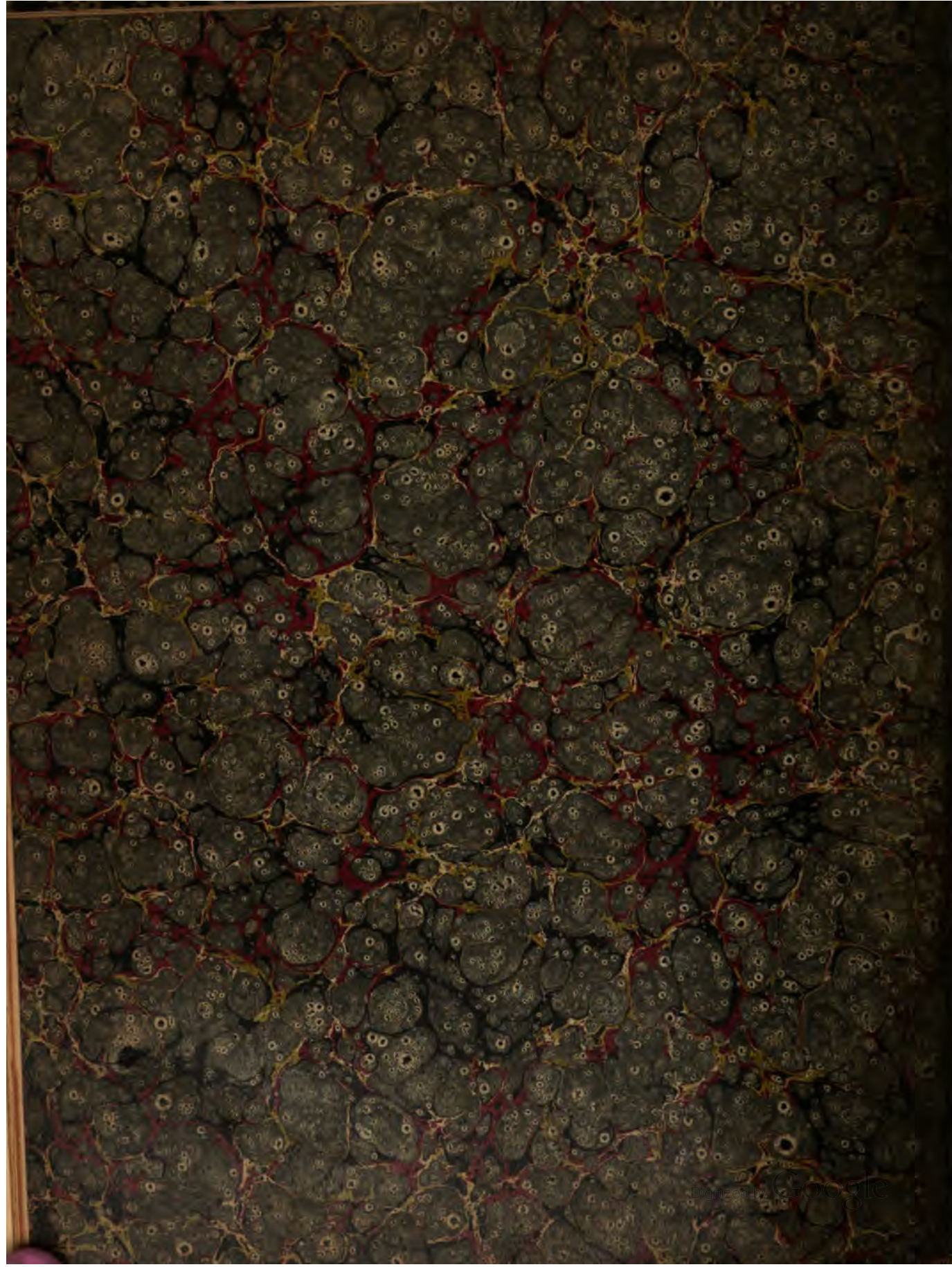
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